THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

JANUARY TO JUNE,

1824.

Why should not [illegible], at divers hours, delight, when the variety [illegible] alone to refresh and repair us?

BEN JONSON'S *Discoveries*.

VOL. IX

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ALPHABETICAL TABLE

OF

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CONTENTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

A WORD OR TWO TO OUR FRIENDS.

This is New Year's Day—for we of course presume that our Readers are cutting open our leaves on the first day of January; and it is generally expected that Editors should take this annual opportunity of speaking satisfactorily of what they have achieved, and prophesying lustily of what they intend to do:—they refer to their past pages;—they boast of their added talent;—in short, they would have good easy readers believe, that they have already produced the best possible Magazine,—and that they are on the very eve of producing a better. It is no unusual case that this prophesied amendment is all that the reader ever sees:—It is truly "a flourish of trumpets, and enter Tom Thumb." Now although this *be* the New Year—it shall be no year of *promise* with us.—We will tell none of your naughty Editorial lies for the sake of any custom;—not we. We will be no deceptive showmen,—hanging up a gorgeous portrait of our Lion's Head—with a mane like a muff,—and then taking the money, and exhibiting a mastiff. We can only say, at a word, that we have lost none of our old Writers, that we have gained several new ones,—and that we have added very considerably to our readers. Our pens are keen,—our spirits are good—and with the hearty old wish of "a happy New Year" to our friends,—we plunge at once into all the treasures of 1824.

A.—(no—that's not it—get out of the way, T. T. L!—Thy verses are always in the way!) A.—is brief but dull:—Thus is poor Merit suffocated.

We are obliged to *Philo-Cant* for his letter from Cambridge, although we can make no use of it. It is quite clear that he has not yet resolved himself into a style; for such a little pleasant wilderness of prose we never yet endeavoured to disentangle. Colleges, Proctors, Blue Devils, Buggies, Bullies, Bricks, Books, *cum multis aliis*, mix together confusedly like Peers, Patriots, and Mechanics at a public meeting. The letter is a full-had sheet of memoranda,—which, although amusing to an editor who knows how to extract a single nut from a heap of husks, would poze the inexperienced. If *Philo-Cant* could let his spirit leave off dancing, and take to the decency of order, we think he might tell us something about Cambridge that would suit the Editor and his Readers too.

The Verses in bad English, with a motto in worse Latin, are sent, per post, "to the place from whence they came."

Vita in Animâ, who *defends* "the appearance of the Ghost during the interview between Hamlet and the Queen," would do more if he were to attempt the defence of his brother for earwigging him in the garden, and making him a ghost at all. We never heard of any particular objection to his appearance, except by those persons who were not favourable to the sort of *prize show* of ghosts which the managers have endeavoured to make it.

Mr. Raymond, Mr. Pope, Mr. Egerton, and all the *stall-fed* gentlemen of the theatre, have invariably introduced their fatness in blue tin, to the great ruin of the ethereal, and "all that sort of thing." Ghosts should not weigh more than fifteen stone, we think, and then they may enter a room at any time.

Some of our modern versifiers might reap benefit, we think, from reading the following clever translation, which is at once light, simple, and fanciful, without owing any thing to the poor hard-used *flowers*, and *dews*, and *roses* of the every-day Muse. The translator is a stranger to us.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

*Translated from Benedetto Menzini.**

Listen, ladies, listen;
  Listen while I say,
How Cupid was in prison,
  And peril t'other day:
All ye who jeer and scoff him,
Will joy to hear it of him!

Some damsels, proud, delighted,
  Had caught him unespied;
And, by their strength united,
  His hands behind him tied:
His wings of down and feather
They twisted both together.

His bitter grief I'm fearful
  Can never be express'd,
Nor how his blue eyes tearful
  Rain'd down his ivory breast.
To nought can I resemble
What I to think of tremble.

These fair but foul murd*resses*
  Then stript his beamy wings,
And cropt his golden tresses
  That flow'd in wanton rings.
He could not choose but languish,
While writhing in such anguish.

They to an oak-tree took him,
  Its sinewy arms that spread,
And there they all forsook him,
  To hang till he was dead.
Ah was not this inhuman?
  Yet still 'twas done by woman!

This life were mere vexation,
  Had love indeed been slain;
The soul of our creation!
  The antidote of pain!
Air, sea, earth, *sans* his presence,
Would lose their chiefest pleasance.

But his immortal mother
  His suffering chanc'd to see;
First this band, then the other,
  She cut and set him free.
He vengeance vow'd, and kept it;
And thousands since have wept it.

For being no forgiver,
  With gold and leaden darts
He fill'd his rattling quiver,
  And pierc'd with gold the hearts
Of lovers young, who never
Could hope, yet lov'd for ever.

With leaden shaft, not forceless,
  'Gainst happy lover's state
He aim'd with hand remorseless,
  And turn'd their love to hate.
Their love long cherish'd, blasting
With hatred everlasting.

Ye fair ones, who so often
  At Cupid's power have laugh'd,
Your scornful pride now soften,
  Beware his vengeful shaft!
His quiver bright and burnish'd
With love or hate is furnish'd.

N. O. H. I.

* Born 1646. Died 1704. *Vide* his Works, Vol. iii. p. 74. Edit. 1734.

Our Chesterfield Correspondent J. S. shall be attended to in our next Number.

The fate of the Stray Students—W. C. D—The Mercian Princess—The Devil Sick—On Sculpture, &c.—The Midwatch—The Present Times, &c. &c. may be learned at our War Office, if their friends are curious enough to inquire:—But we pursue the same course that other great Ruling Powers adopt, and do not gazette the dead privates.

THE

London Magazine.



JANUARY, 1824.

HISTORICO-CRITICAL INQUIRY

INTO THE ORIGIN

OF THE

ROSICRUCIANS AND THE FREE-MASONS.

THERE is a large body of outstanding problems in history, great and little, some relating to persons, some to things, some to usages, some to words, &c. which furnish occasion, beyond any other form of historical researches, for the display of extensive reading and critical acumen. 1. In reference to *persons*, as those which regard whole nations;—e. g. What became of the ten tribes of Israel? Did Brennus and his Gauls penetrate into Greece? Who and what are the Gipseys?—or those, far more in number, which regard individuals; as the case of the Knights Templars—of Mary Stuart—of the Ruthvens (the Gowrie Conspiracy). —Who was the man in the Iron Masque? Was the unhappy Lady of the Haystack, who in our own days slept out of doors or in barns up and down Somersetshire, a daughter of the Emperor of Germany? Was Perkin Warbeck three centuries ago the true Plantagenet?* 2. In reference to *things*; as—who first discovered the sources of the Nile? Who built Stonehenge? Who discovered the compass? What was the Golden Fleece? Was the Siege of Troy a romance, or a grave historic fact? Was the Iliad the work of one mind, or (on the Wolfian hypothesis) of many? What is to be thought of the Thundering Legion? of the miraculous dispersion of the Emperor Julian's labourers before Jerusalem? of the burning of the Alexandrian library? &c. Who wrote the Εικων Βασιλικη? Who wrote the Letters of Junius? Was the Fluxional Calculus discovered simultaneously by Leibnitz and Newton; or did Leibnitz derive the first hint of it from the letter of Newton?—3. In reference to *usages*; as the May-pole and May-day dances—the Morris dancers—the practice (not yet extinct amongst uneducated people) of saying "God bless you!" on hearing a person sneeze, and thousands of others.—4. In reference to *words*—as whence came the mysterious *Labarum* of Constantine? &c. Among the problems of the first class, there are not many more irritating to the curiosity than that which concerns the well-known order of Free-masons. In our own language I am not aware of any work which has treated this question with much learning. I have therefore abstracted, re-arranged, and in some respects, I shall not scruple to say—have improved, the German work on this subject, of Professor J. G. Buhle. This work is an expansion of a Latin Dissertation read by the Professor in the year 1803 to the Philosophical Society of Göttingen; and, in respect to the particular sort of merit looked for in a work of this kind, has (I believe) satisfied the most competent

* There can be no doubt that he was. But I mention it as a question which most people suppose to be yet *sub judice*.

judges. Coming after a crowd of other learned works on the Rosicrucians, and those of Lessing and Nicolai on the Free-masons, it could not well fail to embody what was most important in their elaborate researches, and to benefit by the whole. Implicitly therefore it may be looked upon as containing the whole learning of the case as accumulated by all former writers in addition to that contributed by the Professor himself; which, to do him justice, seems to be extensive and accurate. But the Professor's *peculiar* claims to distinction in this inquiry are grounded upon the solution which he first has given in a satisfactory way to the main problem of the case -- What is the *origin* of Free-masonry? For, as to the *secret* of Free-masonry, and its occult doctrines, there is a readier and more certain way of getting at those than through any Professor's book. To a hoax played off by a young man of extraordinary talents in the beginning of the 17th century (i. e. about 1610—14), but for a more elevated purpose than most hoaxes involve, the reader will find that the whole mysteries of Free-masonry, as now existing all over the civilized world after a lapse of more than two centuries, are here distinctly traced: such is the power of a grand and capacious aspiration of philosophic benevolence to embalm even the idlest levities, as amber enshrines straws and insects!

Any reader, who should find himself satisfied with the Professor's solution and its proof, would probably be willing to overlook his other defects: his learning and his felicity of conjecture may pass as sufficient and redeeming merits in a Göttingen Professor. Else, and if these merits were set aside, I must say that I have rarely met with a more fatiguing person than Professor Buhle. That his essay is readable at all, if it *be* readable, the reader must understand that he owes to me. Mr. Buhle is celebrated as the historian of philosophy, and as a logic-professor at a great German University.* But a more illogical work than this as to the conduct of the question, or one more confused in its arrangement, I have not often seen. It is doubtless a rare thing to meet with minds sufficiently stern in their logic to keep a question steadily and immovably before them, without ever being thrown out of their track by verbal delusions: and for my own part I must say that I never was present in my life at one of those after-dinner disputations by which social pleasure is poisoned (except in the higher and more refined classes), where the course of argument did not within ten minutes quit the question upon which it had first started—and all upon the seduction of some equivocal word, or of some theme which bore affinity to the main theme but was not that main theme itself, or still oftener of some purely verbal transition. All this is common: but the eternal see-sawing, weaving and counter-weaving, flux and reflux, of Professor Buhle's course of argument is *not* common by any means, but very *un*common, and worthy of a place in any cabinet of natural curiosities. There is an everlasting confusion in the worthy man's mind between the two questions—What is the *origin* of Free-masonry? and what is the *nature* and *essence* of Free-masonry? The consequence is that, one idea always exciting the other, they constantly come out shouldering and elbowing each other for precedency—every sentence is charged with a double commission—the Professor gets angry with himself, begins to splutter unintelligibly, and finds on looking round him that he has wheeled about to a point of the argument considerably in the rear of that which he had reached perhaps 150 pages before. I have done what I could to remedy these infirmities of the book; and upon the whole it is a good deal less paralytic than it was. But, having begun my task on the assumption that the first chapter should naturally come before the second, the second before the third, and so on,—I find now (when the mischief is irreparable) that I made a great mistake in that assumption, which perhaps is not applicable to

* I believe that he is also the Editor of the Bipont Aristotle: but, not possessing that edition of Aristotle myself, I cannot pretend to speak of its value. His History of Philosophy I have: it is probably as good as such works usually are; and, alas!—no better.

Göttingen books; and that if I had read the book on the Hebrew principle —or βυστρόφηδον—or had tacked and traversed—or done any thing but sail on a straight line, I could not have failed to improve the arrangement of my materials. But after all, I have so whitewashed the Professor—that nothing but a life of gratitude on his part, and free admission to his logic-lectures for ever, can possibly repay me for my services.

The three most triumphant dissertations existing upon the class of historico-critical problems which I have described above are—1. Bentley's upon the spurious Epistles ascribed to Phalaris; 2. Malcolm Laing's upon Perkin Warbeck (published by Dr. Henry in his Hist. of Great Britain); 3. Mr. Taylor's upon the Letters of Junius. All three are loaded with a superfetation of evidence; and conclusive beyond what the mind altogether wishes. For it is pleasant to have the graver part of one's understanding satisfied, and yet to have its capricious part left in possession of some miserable fragment of a scruple upon which it may indulge itself with an occasional speculation in support of the old error. In fact, coercion is not pleasant in any cases; and though reasons be as plenty as blackberries, one would not either give or believe them "on compulsion." In the present work the reader will perhaps not find himself under this unpleasant sense of coercion, but left more to the free exercise of his own judgment. Yet upon the whole I think he will give his final award in behalf of Professor Buhle's hypothesis.

CHAPTER I.

Of the essential Characteristics of the Orders of the Rosicrucians and the Free-masons.

I deem it an indispensable condition of any investigation into the origin of the Rosicrucians and Free-masons—that both orders should be surveyed comprehensively and in the whole compass of their relations and characteristic marks; not with reference to this or that mythos, symbol, usage, or form: and to the neglect of this condition, I believe, we must impute the unsuccessful issue which has hitherto attended the essays on this subject. First of all therefore I will assign those distinguishing features of these orders which appear to me universal and essential: and these I shall divide into *internal* and *external* —accordingly as they respect the personal relations and the purposes of their members, or simply the outward form of the institutions.

The universal and essential characteristics of the two orders, which come under the head of *internal*, are these which follow:

I. As their fundamental maxim they assume—*Entire equality of personal rights amongst their members in relation to their final object.* All distinctions of social rank are annihilated. In the character of masons the prince and the lowest citizen behave reciprocally as free men—standing to each other in no relation of civic inequality. This is a feature of masonry in which it resembles the church; projecting itself, like *that*, from the body of the state; and in *idea* opposing itself to the state, though not in fact: for on the contrary the ties of social obligation are strengthened and sanctioned by the masonic doctrines. It is true that these orders have *degrees*—many or few accordingly to the constitution of the several mother-lodges. These however express no subordination in rank or power: they imply simply a more or less intimate connexion with the concerns and purposes of the institution. A gradation of this sort, corresponding to the different stages of knowledge and initiation in the mysteries of the order, was indispensable to the objects which they had in view. It could not be advisable to admit a young man, inexperienced and untried, to the full participation of their secrets: he must first be educated and moulded for the ends of the society. Even elder men it was found necessary to subject to the probation of the lower degrees before they were admitted to the higher. Without such a regulation dangerous persons might sometimes have crept into the councils of the society: which in fact happened occasionally in spite of all provisions to the contrary. It may be alleged that this feature of personal equality amongst the members in relation to

their private object is not exclusively the characteristic of Rosicrucians and Free-masons. True: it belongs no less to all the secret societies which have arisen in modern times. But, notwithstanding *that*, it is indisputable that to them was due the original scheme of an institution, having neither an ecclesiastic nor a political tendency, and built on the personal equality of all the individuals who composed it.

II. *Women, children, those who were not in the full possession of civic freedom, Jews, Anti-christians generally, and* (according to undoubted historic documents) in the early days of these orders—*Roman Catholics, were excluded from the society.* For what reason women were excluded, I suppose it can hardly be necessary to say. The absurd spirit of curiosity, talkativeness, and levity, which distinguish that unhappy sex, were obviously incompatible with the grave purposes of the Rosicrucians and Masons. Not to mention that the familiar intercourse, which co-membership in these societies brings along with it, would probably have led to some disorders in a promiscuous assemblage of both sexes, such as might have tainted the good fame or even threatened the existence of the order. More remarkable is the exclusion of *persons* not *wholly free*, of *Jews*, and of *Anti-christians;* and indeed it throws an important light upon the origin and character of the institutions. By *persons not free* we are to understand, not merely slaves and vassals, but also those who were in the service of others—and generally all who had not an independent livelihood. Even freeborn persons are comprehended in this designation, so long as they continued in the state of minority. Masonry presumes in all its members the devotion of their knowledge and powers to the objects of the institution. Now what services could be rendered by vassals, menial servants, day-labourers, journeymen, with the limited means at their disposal as to wealth or knowledge, and in their state of dependency upon others? Besides, with the prejudices of birth and rank prevalent in that age, any admission of plebeian members would have immediately ruined the scheme. Indeed we have great reason to wonder that an idea so bold for those times as the union of nobles and burghers under a law of perfect equality could ever have been realized. And in fact amongst any other people than the English, with their national habits of thinking and other favourable circumstances, it could *not* have been realized. *Minors* were rejected unless when the consent of their guardians was obtained; for otherwise the order would have exposed itself to the suspicion of tampering with young people in an illegal way: to say nothing of the want of free-agency in minors. That lay-brothers were admitted for the performance of servile offices—is not to be taken as any departure from the general rule: for it was matter of necessity that persons of lower rank should fill the menial offices attached to the society; and these persons, be it observed, were always chosen from amongst those who had an independent property however small. As to the exclusion of Anti-christians, especially of Jews, this may seem at first sight inconsistent with the cosmo-political tendency of Masonry. But had it that tendency at its first establishment? Be this as it may, we need not be surprised at such a regulation in an age so little impressed with the virtue of toleration, and indeed so little able—from political circumstances—to practise it. Besides it was necessary for their own security: the Free-masons themselves were exposed to a suspicion of atheism and sorcery; and this suspicion would have been confirmed by the indiscriminate admission of persons hostile to christianity. For the Jews in particular, there was a further reason for rejecting them founded on the deep degradation of the national character. With respect to the Roman Catholics, I need not at this point anticipate the historic data which favour their exclusion: the fact is certain; but, I add, only for the earlier periods of Free-masonry: further on, the cosmo-political constitution of the order had cleared it of all such religious tests: and at this day I believe that in the lodges of London and Paris there would be no hesitation in receiving as a brother any upright Mahometan or Jew. Even in smaller cities, where lingering prejudices would still cleave with more

bigotry to the old exclusions, greater stress is laid upon the natural religion of the candidate—his belief in God and his sense of moral obligation—than upon his positive confession of faith. In saying this however I would not be understood to speak of certain individual sects amongst the Rosicrucians, whose mysticism leads them to demand special religious qualities in their proselytes which are dispensed with by common Free-masonry.

III. *The orders make pretensions to mysteries:* these relate partly to ends, and partly to means; and are derived from the East, whence they profess to derive an occult wisdom not revealed to the profane. This striving after hidden knowledge—it was, that specially distinguished these societies from others that pursued unknown objects. And because their main object was a mystery, and that it might remain such, an oath of secrecy was demanded of every member on his admission. Nothing of this mystery could ever be discovered by a visit from the police: for when such an event happens, and naturally it has happened many times, the business is at an end—and the lodge *ipso facto* dissolved: besides that all the acts of the members are symbolic, and unintelligible to all but the initiated. Meantime no government can complain of this exclusion from the mysteries: as every governor has it at his own option to make himself fully acquainted with them by procuring his own adoption into the society. This it is which in most countries has gradually reconciled the supreme authorities to Masonic Societies, hard as the persecution was which they experienced at first. Princes and prelates made themselves brothers of the order as the condition of admission to the mysteries. And, think what they would of these mysteries in other respects, they found nothing in them which could justify any hostility on the part of the state.

In an examination of Masonic and Rosicrucian Societies the weightiest question is that which regards the nature of these mysteries. To this question we must seek for a key in the spirit of that age when the societies themselves originated. We shall thus learn first of all whether these societies do in reality cherish any mystery as the final object of their researches; and secondly perhaps we shall thus come to understand the extraordinary fact that the Rosicrucian and Masonic secret should not long ago have been betrayed in spite of the treachery which we must suppose in a certain proportion of those who were parties to that secret in every age.

IV. *These orders have a general system of signs* (e. g. that of recognitition) *usages, symbols, mythi, and festivals.* In this place it may be sufficient to say generally that even that part of the ritual and mythology which is already known to the public,* will be found to confirm the conclusions drawn from other historical data as to the origin and purpose of the institution: thus, for instance, we may be assured beforehand that the original Free-masons must have had some reason for appropriating to themselves the attributes and emblems of real handicraft Masons: which part of their ritual they are so far from concealing that in London they often parade on solemn occasions attired in full costume. As little can it be imagined that the selection of the feast of St. John (Midsummer-day) as their own chief festival—was at first arbitrary and without a significant import.

Of the *external* characteristics—or those which the society itself announces to the world—the main is the *public profession of beneficence;* not to the brothers only, though of course to them more especially, but also to strangers. And it cannot be denied by those who are least favourably disposed to the order of Free-masons that many states in Europe, where lodges have formerly existed or do still exist, are indebted to them for the original establishment of many salutary institutions, having for their object the mitigation of human suffering. The other external

* We must not forget however that the Rosicrucian and Masonic orders were not originally at all points what they now are: they have passed through many changes and modifications; and no inconsiderable part of their symbolic system, &c. has been the product of successive generations.

characteristics are properly negative, and are these:

I. *Masonry is compatible with every form of civil constitution;* which cosmo-political relation of the order to every mode and form of social arrangements has secured the possibility of its reception amongst all nations however widely separated in policy and laws.

II. *It does not impose celibacy:* and this is the criterion that distinguishes it from the religious orders and from many of the old knightly orders, in which celibacy was an indispensable law or still is so.

III. *It enjoins no peculiar dress,* (except indeed in the official assemblages of the lodges, for the purpose of marking the different degrees), *no marks of distinction in the ordinary commerce of life, and no abstinence from civil offices and business.* Here again is a remarkable distinction from the religious and knightly orders.

IV. *It grants to every member a full liberty to dissolve his connexion with the order at any time and without even acquainting the superiors of the lodge:* though of course he cannot release himself from the obligation of his vow of secrecy. Nay, even after many years of voluntary separation from the order, a return to it is always allowed. In the religious and knightly orders the members have not the power, excepting under certain circumstances, of leaving them; and, under *no* circumstances, of returning. This last was a politic regulation: for, whilst on one hand the society was sufficiently secured by the oath of secrecy, on the other hand by the easiness of the yoke which it imposed it could the more readily attract members. A young man might enter the order; satisfy himself as to the advantages that were to be expected from it; and leave it upon further experience or any revolution in his own way of thinking.

In thus assigning the internal and external characteristics of the Rosicrucians and Free-masons, I have purposely said nothing of the distinctions between the two orders themselves: for this would have presupposed that historical inquiry which is now to follow. That the above characteristics however were common to both—is not to be doubted. Rosicrucianism, it is true, is not Freemasonry: but the latter borrowed its form from the first. He that gives himself out for a Rosicrucian, without knowing the general ritual of masonry, is unquestionably an impostor. Some peculiar sects there are which adopt certain follies and chimeras of the Rosicrucians (as gold-making); and to these he may belong; but a legitimate Rosicrucian, in the original sense and spirit of the order, he cannot be.

CHAP. II.

Upon the ancient Historical traces of the Rosicrucian and Masonic Orders.

The accredited records of these orders do not ascend beyond the two last centuries. On the other hand it is alleged by many that they have existed for eighteen hundred years. He, who adopts this latter hypothesis, which even as a hypothesis seems to me scarcely endurable for a moment, is bound to show in the first place in what respect the deduction of these orders from modern history is at all unsatisfactory; and secondly, upon his own assumption of a far elder origin, to explain how it happened that for sixteen entire centuries no writers contemporary with the different periods of these orders have made any allusion to them. If he replies by alleging the secrecy of their proceedings,—I rejoin that this might have secured their doctrines and mysteries from being divulged but not the mere fact of their existence. My view of their origin will perhaps be granted with relation to Western Europe: but I shall be referred to the east for the *incunabula* of the order. At one time Greece, at another Egypt, or different countries of Asia, are alleged as the cradle of the Rosicrucians and the Free-masons. Let us take a cursory survey of the several hypotheses.

1. In the earlier records of Greece we meet with nothing which bears any resemblance to these institutions but the Orphic and Eleusinian mysteries. Here however the word *mysteries* implied not any occult problem or science sought for, but simply

sensuous * and dramatic representations of religious ideas—which could not otherwise be communicated to the people in the existing state of intellectual culture, and which (as often happens) having been once established were afterwards retained in a more advanced state of the national mind. In the Grecian mysteries there were degrees of initiation amongst the members: but with purposes wholly distinct from those of the masonic degrees. The Grecian mysteries were not to be profaned: but *that* was on religious accounts. Lastly the Grecian mysteries were a part of the popular religion acknowledged and authorised by the state. The whole resemblance in short rests upon nothing, and serves only to prove an utter ignorance of Grecian antiquities in those who have alleged it.†

2. Neither in the history of EGYPT is any trace to be found of the Rosicrucian and Masonic characteristics. It is true that the meaning of the Egyptian religious symbols and usages was kept secret from the people and from strangers: and in that sense Egypt may be said to have had mysteries: but these mysteries involved nothing more than the essential points of the popular religion.‡ As to the writings attributed to Hermes Trismegistus, they are now known to be spurious; and their pretensions could never have imposed upon any person who had examined them by the light of such knowledge as we still possess of the ancient Egyptian history and religion: indeed the gross syncretism in these writings of Egyptian doctrines with those of the later Platonists too manifestly betrays them as a forgery from the schools of Alexandria. Forgery apart however, the substance of the Hermetic writings disconnects them wholly from masonic objects: it consists of a romantic Theology and Theurgy: and th whole is very intelligible and far from mysterious. What is true of these Hermetic books—is true à fortiori of all later writings that profess to deliver the traditional wisdom of ancient Egypt.

3. If we look to ancient CHALDÆA and PERSIA for the origin of these orders, we shall be as much disappointed. The vaunted knowledge of the Chaldæans extended only to Astrology, the interpretation of dreams, and the common arts of jugglers. As to the Persian Magi, as well before as after the introduction of the doctrine of Zoroaster, they were simply the depositaries of religious ideas and traditions, and the organs of the public worship. Moreover, they composed no secret order; but rather constituted the highest *caste* or rank in the nation, and were recognized by the government as an essential part of the body politic. In succeeding ages the religion of the Magi passed over to many great nations, and has supported itself up to our days. Anquetil du Perron has collected and published the holy books in which it is contained. But no doctrine of the Zendavesta is presented as a mystery; nor could any of those doctrines from their very nature have been presented as such. Undoubtedly amongst the Rosicrucian titles of honour we find that of Magus: but with them it simply designates a man of rare knowledge in physics—i. e. especially in Alchemy. That the ancient Magi in the age immediately before and after the birth of Christ attempted the transmutation of metals is highly improbable: that idea, there is reason to believe,

* The word *sensuous* is a Miltonic word; and is moreover a word that cannot be dispensed with.

† See the German essay of Meiners upon the Mysteries of the Ancients, especially the Eleusinian mysteries, in the 3d part of his Miscellaneous Philosophical Works. Collate with this the work of Ste. Croix entitled *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Religion secrète des anciens Peuples.* Paris: 1784.

‡ On the principle and meaning of the popular religion in Egypt and the hieroglyphics connected with it, consult Gatterer's essay *De Theogonia Aegyptiorum* in the 7th vol.—and his essay *De metempsychosi, immortalitatis animorum symbolo Aegyptio* in the 9th vol. of the Göttingen Transactions. The path opened by Gatterer has been since pursued with success by Dornedden in his *Amenophis* and in his new theory for the explanation of the Grecian Mythology: 1802. Consult also Vogel's Essay on the Religion of the ancient Egyptians and the Greeks. 4to. Nuremberg: 1793.

first began to influence the course of chemical pursuits amongst the Arabian students of natural philosophy and medicine.

4. The pretensions of the DERVISHES and BRAMINS of Asia, especially of Hindostan, to be the fathers of the two orders need no examination,—as they are still more groundless than those which have been just noticed.

5. A little before and after the birth of Christ there arose in Egypt and Palestine a Jewish religious sect which split into two divisions—the ESSENES, and the THERAPEUTÆ. Their history and an account of their principles may be found in Josephus and more fully in Philo, who probably himself belonged to the Therapeutæ. The difference between the two sects consisted in this—that the Essenes looked upon practical morality and religion as the main business of life, whereas the Therapeutæ attached themselves more to philosophic speculations, and placed the essence of religion in the contemplation and reverence of the deity. They dwelt in hermitages, gardens, villages, and cottages, shunning the uproar of crowds and cities. With them arose the idea of monkish life, which has subsisted to this day—though it has received a mortal shock in our revolutionary times. To these two sects have been traced the Rosicrucians and Free-masons. Now, without entering minutely into their history, it is sufficient for the overthrow of such a hypothesis to cite the following principles common to both the Essenes and the Therapeutæ. First, they rejected as morally unlawful all distinction of ranks in civil society. Secondly, they made no mystery of their doctrines. Thirdly, they admitted to their communion persons of either sex. Fourthly, though not peremptorily enjoining celibacy, they held it to be a more holy state than that of marriage. Fifthly, they disallowed of oaths. Sixthly, they had nothing symbolic in their worship or ritual. If it should be objected that the Free-masons talk much of 'the rebuilding of Solomon's temple, and refer some of their legends to this speculation,—I answer that the Essenes and Therapeutæ either were Christians, or continued Jews until by little and little their sects expired. Now to the Christians the rebuilding of the Temple must have been an object of perfect indifference; and to the Jews it must have been an important object in the literal sense: But with the Free-masons it is a mere figure under which is represented the secret purpose of the society: why this image was selected, will be satisfactorily accounted for further on.

6. The ARABS, who step forth upon the stage of history in the seventh century after Christ, have as little concern with the origin of these orders. They were originally a nomadic people that rapidly became a conquering nation not less from the weakness of their neighbours than their own courage and religious fanaticism. They advanced not less rapidly in their intellectual conquests; and these they owed chiefly to their Grecian masters, who had themselves at that time greatly degenerated from the refinement of their ancestors. The sciences in which the Arabs made original discoveries and in which, next after the Greeks, they have been the instructors of the moderns, were Mathematics, Astronomy, Astrology, Medicine, Materia Medica, and Chemistry. Now it is very possible that from the Arabs may have originally proceeded the conceit of physical mysteries without aid of magic, such as the art of gold-making, the invention of a panacea, the philosopher's stone, and other chimæras of alchemy which afterwards haunted the heads of the Rosicrucians and the elder Free-masons. But of Cabbalism and Theosophy, which occupied both sects in their early period, the Arabs as Mahometans could know nothing. And, and if those sects had been derived from an Arabian stock, how comes it that at this day in most parts of Europe (and until lately everywhere) a Mahometan candidate would be rejected by both of them? And how comes it that in no Mahometan country at this time are there any remains of either?

In general then I affirm as a fact established upon historical research that, before the beginning of the seventeenth century, no traces are to

be met with of the Rosicrucian or Masonic orders. And I challenge any antiquarian to contradict me. Of course I do not speak of individual and insulated Adepts, Cabbalists, Theosophists, &c. who doubtless existed much earlier. Nay, I do not deny that in elder writings mention is made of the *rose* and the *cross* as symbols of Alchemy and Cabbalism. Indeed it is notorious that in the sixteenth century Martin Luther used both symbols on his seal; and many protestant divines have imitated him in this.—Semler, it is true, has brought together a great body of data from which he deduces the conclusion that the Rosicrucians were of very high antiquity.* But all of them prove nothing more than what I willingly concede: Alchemists, Cabbalists, and dealers in the Black Art there were unquestionably before the seventeenth century: *but not Rosicrucians and Free-masons connected into a secret society and distinguished by those characteristics which I have assigned in the first chapter.*

One fact has been alleged from Ecclesiastical History as pointing to the order of the Rosicrucians. In 1586 the *Militia crucifera evangelica* assembled at Lunenburg: the persons composing this body have been represented as Rosicrucians; but in fact they were nothing more than a protestant sect heated by apocalytic dreams; and the object of the assemblage appears to have been exclusively connected with religion. Our chief knowledge of it is derived from the work of Simon Studion, a mystic and Theosophist, entitled *Naometria* and written about the year 1604. The author was born at Urach, a little town of Wirtemburg; in 1565 he received the degree of Master of Arts at Tübingen; and soon after settled at Marbach, not far from Louisburg, in the capacity of teacher. His labours in Alchemy brought him into great embarrassment; and his heretical novelties into all kinds of trouble. His Naometria,† which is a tissue of dreams and allegories relating to the cardinal events of the world and to the mysteries of scripture, as well as of external nature from its creation to its impending destruction, contains a great deal of mysticism and prophecy about the *rose* and the *cross*. But the whole has a religious meaning; and the *fundus* of his ideas and his imagery is manifestly the Apocalypse of St. John. Nor is there any passage or phrase in his work upon which an argument can be built for connecting him with the Rosicrucians which would not equally apply to Philo the Alexandrian, to John Picus of Mirandula, to Reuchlin, to George of Venice, to Francis Patrick, and to all other Cabbalists, Theosophists, Magicians, and Alchemists.

Of the alleged connexion between the Templars and the Rosicrucians, or more properly with the Free-masons,—which connexion, if established, would undoubtedly assign a much earlier date to the origin of both orders,—I shall have occasion to speak in another part of my inquiry.

X. Y. Z.

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* See Solomon Semler's Impartial Collections for the history of the Rosicrucians. In Four Parts, 8vo. Leipzig: 1786-8.

† The full title of this unprinted and curious book is this: 'NAOMETRIA, seu nuda et prima libri, intus et foris scripti, per clavem Davidis et calamum (virgæ similem) apertio; in quo non tantum ad cognoscenda tam S. Scripturæ totius, quam naturæ quoque universæ, mysteria brevis fit introductio—verum etiam Prognosticus (stellæ illius matutinæ, anno Domini 1572, conspectæ ductu) demonstratur Adventus ille Christi ante diem novissimum secundus per quem homine peccati (Papá) cum filio suo perditionis (Mahometo) divinitus devastato, ipse ecclesiam suam et principatus mundi restaurabit, ut in iis posthac sit cum ovili pastor unus. In *cruciferæ militiæ Evangelicæ* gratiam. Authore Simone Studione inter Scorpiones. Anno 1604.' An anonymous writer on the Rosicrucians in the Wirtemberg Magazine (No. 3, p. 523) and the learned Von Murr in his treatise upon the true origin of the Rosicrucians and Free-masons, printed at Sulzbach in the year 1803, have confounded the word Naometria (Ναομετρια) *Temple-measuring*, with Neometria (Νεομετρια) *New art of measuring*, as though Studion had written a new geometry. By the Temple, inner and outer, Studion means the Holy Scriptures and Nature—the liber intus et foris scriptus, of which St. John says in the Revelations—" I saw on the right of him who sat upon the throne a book written within and without, and guarded with seven seals," &c.

THE SON AND HEIR.

I do not wish to mention how the following pages came into my possession. I scarcely know to whose history they relate; but have at times imagined to that of an Earl of A——l, whose story bore some resemblance to the circumstances here mentioned. These papers, few as they are, seem evidently imperfect, and were, I should think, hastily and carelessly written. I have inquired in vain after those which are wanting, for the conclusion is certainly abrupt and unsatisfactory. CYRIL.

*August the 1st, A. D. 16**.*

I do heartily thank my God, that I have at last determined to write down in detail many circumstances connected with the event which has made my life on earth a state of shame and misery. I am a less wretched creature than I have been; but there is no rest for my wounded spirit, till it shall please the blessed God to take me from this world. I dare to hope that death will take with my poor mortal body, the load of guilt and anguish, which now lieth heavy on my spirit. I found not this hope in myself; I knew not of it, till I read of one who washeth with his blood the guilty conscience; who with his searching spirit visits the loathsome chambers of the heart; and although his light showeth there sins long forgotten, or all unobserved till then, each one bearing a visible form and substance; yet there is a peace that the world knoweth not, which cometh often where that purest light hath shined long. "Do I dream? or hath not this light, this sacred peace, come into my sad heart?" the light and peace are but one spirit, but the nature of that spirit is such, that, till it hath purged from the sight its dull and mortal mists, the soul seeth nothing but its dazzling brightness. Then gradually doth the light take unto itself a form, even that dove-like form which descended visibly on the head of the meekest and holiest son of man.

What I am about to write, I wish to be seen; I would make my story a warning to others. I would wish my crime to be known—my memory to be execrated in this world, if by means of my example the remorse which I feel might be spared to another; if the remembrance of my guilt might cool the boiling blood, and stop the mad fury, of some individual whose disposition may resemble mine.

———

My youth was passed in the thoughtless and extravagant gaiety of the French court. My temper was always violent; and I returned home one morning, long after midnight, frantic with rage at some imaginary insult which I had received. My servant endeavoured to speak to me as I entered the house, but I repulsed him violently, and rushed up to my room. I locked the door, and sat down instantly to write a challenge. My hand trembled so much that it would not hold the pen: I started up and paced the room: the pen was again in my hand, when I heard a low voice speaking earnestly at the door entreating to be admitted. The voice was that of my father's old and favourite servant. I opened the door to him. The old man looked upon me with a very sorrowful countenance, and I hastily demanded the reason of his appearance. He stared at me with surprise, and spoke not: he walked to the table where I had sat down, and took from it a letter which in my rage I had not noticed. It announced to me the dangerous illness of my father; it was written by my mother, and entreatingly besought me instantly to return to them—Before dawn I was far from Paris. My father's residence was in the north of England. I arrived here only in time to follow the corpse of my beloved father to the grave.

Immediately on my return from the funeral, my mother sent to me, requesting my attendance in her own apartment. Traces of a deep-seated grief were fresh upon her fine coun-

tenance, but she received me with calm seriousness. Love for her living child had struggled with her sorrow for the dead; and she had chosen that hour to rouse me from the follies, from the sins of my past life. My mother was always a superior creature. I felt, as I listened to her, the real dignity of a Christian matron's character. She won me by the truth, the affection, the gentleness of her words. She spoke plainly of my degrading conduct, but she did not upbraid me. She set before me the new duties which I was called upon to perform. She said, "I know you will not trifle with those duties. You are not your own, my son; you must not live to yourself; you profess the name of Christian, you can hold no higher profession. God hath said to each of us 'My son, give me thine heart.' Have you given your heart and its desires to God? Can you be that pitiful creature—a half Christian? I have spoken thus, because I know that if you have clear ideas of your first duties, and do strive to perform them, then will your relative duties be no longer lightly regarded. Oh my son, God knows what I feel in speaking to you thus in my heaviest hour of affliction, and I can only speak as a feeble and perplexed woman. I know not how to counsel you, but I do beseech you to think for yourself, and to pray earnestly to God for his wisdom and guidance." Before I left my mother's presence, she spoke to me also on my master passion, anger, mad ungovernable rage. She told me that even in the early years of my childhood, she had trembled at my anger,—she confessed that she had dreaded to hear while I was absent, that it had plunged me into some horrid crime. She knew not how just her fears had been; for had not my father's death recalled me to England, I should probably have been the murderer of that thoughtless stripling who had unknowingly provoked me, and whom I was about to challenge to fight on the morning I left Versailles.

My mother did not speak to me in vain. I determined to turn at once from my former ways, to regulate my conduct by the high and holy principles of the religion I professed, and to reside on my own estate in habits of manly and domestic simplicity.

About three years after I had succeeded to the titles and possessions of my forefathers, I became the husband of the lady Jane N——e, and I thought myself truly happy. Two years passed away, and every day endeared my sweet wife to my heart, but I was not quite happy. We had no child; I had but one wish; one blessing seemed alone denied — the birth of a son. My thoughts, in all their wanderings, reverted to one hope—the birth of a son—an heir to the name, the rank, the estates of my family. When I knelt before God, I forgot to pray that he would teach me what to pray for; I did not intreat that his wisdom would direct me how to use what his goodness gave. No, I prayed as for my life, I prayed without ceasing, but I chose the blessing. I prayed for a son—my prayers were at last granted, a son was born to us—a beautiful healthy boy. I thought myself perfectly happy. My delight was more than ever to live in the pleasant retirement of my own home, so that year after year passed away, and only settled me down more entirely in the habits of domestic life. My boy grew up to be a tall and healthy lad; his intellect was far beyond his years; and I loved to make him my companion, as much from the charming freshness of his thoughts, as from the warmth of my attachment towards the child. I learned to wonder at the satisfaction I had once felt in mere worldly society, as I studied the character of my son. He was not without the faults which all children possess, which are rooted deep in human nature; but in all his faults, in his deceit, and what child is not taught deceit by his own heart? there was a charming awkwardness, an absence of all worldly trick, which appeared then very new to me. I used all my efforts to prevent vice from becoming habitual to him; I strove to teach him the government of himself, by referring not only every action, but every thought, to one high and holy principle of thinking and acting, to God; and I strove to build up consistent habits on the foundation of holy principle. I was so anxious about my son that I did not dare to treat his faults with a foolish indulgence. I taught him to know that I could punish, and that I would

be obeyed; yet he lived with me, I think, in all confidence of speech and action, and seemed never so happy as when he sat at my feet, and asked me, in the eagerness of his happy fancies, more questions than I could, in truth, answer.—I cannot go on speaking thus of those joyous times which are gone for ever—I will turn to a darker subject—to myself.—While I gave up my time, my thoughts, my soul's best energies to my child, I neglected myself, the improvement of my own heart and its dispositions. This may seem strange and improbable to some. It may be imagined that the habits of strict virtue which I taught to my son would, in the teaching, have been learnt by myself; and that, in the search after sound wisdom for him, I must have turned up as it were many treasures needed by myself. It would be so in most instances perchance; it was not so in mine. The glory of God had not been my first wish when I prayed for a son. I had imposed upon myself in thinking that I acted in the education of my child upon that sacred principle. It was honour among men that I looked for. I had sought to make my son every thing that was excellent, but I had not sought to make *myself* fit for the work I undertook. My own natural faults had been suffered by me to grow almost unchecked, while I had been watchful over the heart of my child. Above all, the natural infirmity of my character—anger, violent outrageous anger, was at times the master, the tyrant of my soul. Too frequently had I corrected my child for the fault which he inherited from me; but how had I done so? when passionately angry myself, I had punished my boy for want of temper. Could it be expected that Maurice would profit by my instructions, when my example too often belied my words? But I will pass on at once to my guilt.

The Countess, my mother, had given to Maurice a beautiful Arabian horse. I loved to encourage the boy in all manly exercises. While a mere child he rode with a grace which I have seldom seen surpassed by the best horsemen. How nobly would he bear himself, as side by side on our fleet horses, we flew over the open country! Often, often do I behold in memory his clear sparkling eyes glancing with intelligence; his fair brow contracted with that slight and peculiar frown, which gives assurance that the mind shares in the smile of the lips. Often do I see before me the pure glow flooding over his cheek, the waves of bright hair floating away from his shoulders, as he galloped full in the face of the fine free wind.

My boy loved his Araby courser, as all noble-spirited boys love a favourite horse. He loved to dress, and to feed, and to caress the beautiful creature; and Selim knew his small gentle hand, and would arch his sleek and shining neck when the boy drew nigh, and turn his dark lustrous eye with a look like that of pleased recognition on him, when his master spoke.

My child was about eleven years old at the time I must now speak of. He usually passed many hours of the morning in the library with me. It was on the 17th of June, a lovely spring morning, Maurice had been very restless and inattentive to his books. The sunbeams dazzled his eyes, and the fresh wind fluttered among the pages before him. The boy removed his books, and sat down at a table far from the open window. I turned round an hour after from a volume which had abstracted all my thoughts. The weather was very hot, and the poor child had fallen fast asleep. He started up at once when I spoke. I asked him if he could say his lesson? He replied, "Yes," and brought the book instantly; but he scarcely knew a word, and he seemed careless, and even indifferent. I blamed him, and he replied petulantly. I had given back the book to him, when a servant entered, and told me that a person was waiting my presence below. I desired the boy, somewhat with an angry tone, not to stir from the room till I returned, and then to let me hear him say his lesson perfectly. He promised to obey me.—There is a small closet opening from the library; the window of this closet overlooks the stable. Probably the dear child obeyed me in learning perfectly his lesson; but I was detained long; and he went to the closet in which I had allowed him to keep the books belonging to himself. A bow and arrows which I

had lately given him were there; perhaps the boy could not resist looking on them; they were lying on the floor when I entered afterwards. From that closet Maurice heard the sound of a whip—he heard quick and brutal strokes falling heavily. Springing up, he ran to the window; beneath he saw one of the grooms beating, with savage cruelty, his beautiful and favourite little courser. The animal seemed almost maddened with the blows; and the child called out loudly to bid the man desist. At first the groom scarcely heeded him, and then smiling coldly at the indignant boy, told him that the beating was necessary, and that so young a gentleman could not understand how a horse should be managed. In vain did my child command the brutal fellow to stop. The man pretended not to hear him, and led the spirited creature farther away from beneath the window. Instantly the boy rushed from the room, and in a few moments was in the yard below. I entered the library shortly after my son had left it. The person who had detained me brought news which had much disconcerted, nay displeased me. I was in a very ill humour when I returned to the room where I had left Maurice; I looked vainly for him, and was very angry to perceive that my request had been disobeyed; the closet door was open; I sought him there. While I wondered at his absence, I heard his voice loud in anger. For some moments I gazed from the window in silence. Beneath stood the boy, holding with one hand the reins of his courser, who trembled all over, his fine coat and slender legs reeking and streaming with sweat: in his other hand there was a horse-whip, with which the enraged boy was lashing the brutal groom. In a voice of loud anger, I called out. The child looked up; and the man who had before stood with his arms folded, and a smile of calm insolence on his face, now spoke with pretended mildness, more provoking to the child, but which then convinced me that Maurice was in fault. He spoke, but I silenced him, and commanded him to come up to me instantly. He came instantly, and stood before me yet panting with emotion, his face all flushed, and his eyes sparkling with passion. Again he would have spoken, but I would not hear. "Tell me, sir," I cried; "Answer me one question; are you right or wrong?" "Right," the boy replied proudly. He argued with me—my fury burst out.—Alas, I knew not what I did! but I snatched the whip from his hand—I raised the heavy handle,—I meant not to strike *where* I did. The blow fell with horrid force on his fair head. There was iron on the handle, and my child, my only son, dropt lifeless at my feet. Ere he fell, I was deadly cold, and the murderous weapon had dropt away from my hand. Stiffened with horror, I stood over him speechless, and rooted awhile to the spot. At last the yells of my despair brought others to me—the wretched groom was the first who came.—I saw no more, but fell in a fit beside my lifeless child.

When I woke up to a sense of what passed around me, I saw the sweet countenance of my wife bent over me with an expression of most anxious tenderness. She was wiping away the tears from her eyes, and a faint smile broke into her face as she perceived my returning sense.

I caught hold of her arm with a strong grasp, and lifted up my head; but my eyes looked for the body of my child—it was not there. "Where is it?" I cried; "Where is the body of my murdered boy?" When I spoke the word "murdered," my wife shrieked—I was rushing out—she stopped me, and said, "He is not dead—he is alive." My heart melted within me, and tears rained from my eyes. My wife led me to the chamber where they had laid my child. He was alive, if such a state could be called life. Still his eyelids were closed; still his cheeks, even his lips, were of a ghastly whiteness; still his limbs were cold and motionless. They had undressed him, and my mother sate in silent grief beside his bed. When I came near, she uncovered his fair chest, and placed my hand over his heart; I felt a thick and languid beating there, but the pulse of his wrists and temples was scarcely perceptible. My mother spoke to me. "We have examined the poor child," she said, "but we find no wound, no bruise, no marks of violence. Whence is this dreadful stu-

por? No one can answer me." "I can answer you," I said; "no one can answer but myself. I am the murderer of the child. In my hellish rage I struck his blessed head."—I did not see the face of my wife, or my mother—as I spoke I hung my head; but I felt my wife's hand drop from me; I heard my mother's low heart-breaking groan. I looked up, and saw my wife. She stood before me like a marble figure, rather than a creature of life; yet her eyes were fixed on me, and her soul seemed to look out in their gaze.—"Oh my husband," she cried out at length, "I see plainly in your face what you suffer. Blessed God, have mercy, have mercy on him! he suffers more than we all. His punishment is greater than he can bear!" She flung her arms round my neck: she strove to press me nearer to her bosom; but I would have withdrawn myself from her embrace. "Oh, do not shame me thus," I cried: "remember, you *must* remember, that you are a mother." "I cannot forget that I am a wife, my husband," she replied, weeping. "No, no, I feel for you, and I must feel *with* you in every sorrow. How do I feel with you now, in this overwhelming affliction." My mother had fallen on her knees when I declared my guilt; my wife drew me towards her; and rising up, she looked me in the face. "Henry," she said, in a faint deep voice, "I have been praying for you, for us all. My son, look not thus from me." As she was speaking the surgeon of our household, who had been absent when they first sent for him, entered the chamber. My kind mother turned from me, and went at once with him to the bedside of the child. I perceived her intention to prevent my encountering the surgeon. She should have concealed, at least for awhile, her son's disgrace; but I felt my horrid guilt too deeply to care about shame. Yet I could not choose but groan within me, to perceive the good man's stare, his revolting shudder, while I described minutely the particulars of my conduct towards my poor boy. I stood beside him as he examined the head of my child. I saw him cut away the rich curls, and he pointed out to me a slight swelling beneath them; but in vain did he strive to recover the lifeless form: his efforts were, as those of my wife and mother had been, totally without success. For five days I sat by the bedside of my son, who remained, at first, still in that death-like stupor, but gradually a faint life-like animation stole over him; so gradually indeed, that he opened not his eyes till the evening of the fourth day, and even then he knew us not, and noticed nothing. Oh, few can imagine what my feelings were! How my first faint hopes lived, and died, and lived again, as the beating of his heart became more full and strong; as he first moved the small hand, which I held in mine, and at last stretched out his limbs. After he had unclosed his eyes, he breathed with the soft and regular respiration of a healthy person, and then slept for many hours. It was about noon on the fifth day that he woke from that sleep. The sun had shone so full into the room, that I partly closed the shutters to shade his face. Some rays of sunshine pierced through the crevices of the shutter, and played upon the coverlid of his bed. My child's face was turned towards me, and I watched eagerly for the first gleam of expression there. He looked up, and then around him without moving his head. My heart grew sick within me, as I beheld the smile which played over his face. He perceived the dancing sunbeam, and put his fingers softly into the streak of light, and took them away, and smiled again. I spoke to him, and took his hand in my own; but he had lost all memory of me, and saw nothing in *my* face to make him *smile*. He looked down on my trembling hand, and played with my fingers; and when he saw the ring which I wore, he played with that, while the same idiot smile came back to his vacant countenance.

My mother now led me from the room. I no longer refused to go. I felt that it was fit that I should "commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still."—They judged rightly in leaving me to perfect solitude. The calm of my misery was a change like happiness to me. A deadness of every faculty, of all thought and feeling, fell on me like repose.—When Jane came to

me I had no thought to perceive her presence. She took my hands tenderly within hers, and sat down beside me on the floor. She lifted up my head from the boards, and supported it on her knees. I believe she spoke to me many times without my replying. At last I heard her, and rose up at her entreaties. "You are ill, your hands are burning, my beloved," she said. "Go to bed, I beseech you. You need rest." I did as she told me. She thought I slept that night, but the lids seemed tightened and drawn back from my burning eye-balls. All the next day I lay in the same hot and motionless state, I cannot call it repose.

For days I did not rise. I allowed myself to sink under the weight of my despair. I began to give up every idea of exertion.

My mother, one morning, came to my chamber. She sat down by my bedside, and spoke to me. I did not, could not, care to notice her who spoke to me. My mother rose, and walked round to the other side of the bed, towards which my face was turned. There she stood and spoke again solemnly "Henry," she said, "I command you to rise. Dare you to disobey your mother? No more of this unmanly weakness. I must not speak in vain, I have not needed to command before. My son, be yourself. Think of all the claims which this life has upon you; or rather, think of the first high claim of Heaven, and let that teach you to think of other duties, and to perform them! Search your own heart. Probe it deeply. Shrink not. Know your real situation in all its bearings. Changed as it is, face it like a man; and seek the strength of God to support you. I speak the plain truth to you. Your child is an idiot. You must answer to God for your crime. You will be execrated by mankind, for *your* hand struck the mind's life from him. These are harsh words, but you can bear them better than your own confused and agonizing thoughts. Rise up and meet your trial.—Tell me simply, that you obey me. I will believe you, for you never yet have broken your word to me." I replied immediately, rising up and saying, "I do promise to obey you. Within this hour I will meet you, determined to know my duties, and to perform them by the help of God." Oh! with what a look did my noble mother regard me, as I spoke. "God strengthen you, and bless you," she said; "I cannot now trust myself to say more." Her voice was feeble and trembling now, her lip quivered, and a bright flush spread over her thin pale cheek: she bent down over me and kissed my forehead, and then departed.

Within an hour from the time when my mother left me, I went forth from my chamber with a firm step, determined again to enter upon the performance of my long-neglected duties. I had descended the last step of the grand staircase, when I heard a laugh in the hall beyond. I knew there was but one who could *then* laugh so wildly; and too well I knew the sound of the voice which broke out in tones of wild merriment ere the laugh ceased. For some moments my resolution forsook me. I caught hold of the ballustrade to support my trembling limbs, and repressed with a violent effort the groans which I felt bursting from my heart—I recovered myself, and walked into the hall. In the western oriel window, which is opposite the doors by which I entered, sat my revered mother: she lifted up her face from the large volume which lay on her knees, as my step sounded near: she smiled upon me, and looked down again without speaking. I passed on, but stopped again to gaze on those who now met my sight. In the centre of the hall stood my wife, leaning her cheek on her hand. She gazed upon her son with a smile, but the tears all the while trickled down her face. Maurice was at her feet, the floor around him strewed over with playthings, the toys of his infancy, which he had for years thrown aside but had discovered that very morning, and he turned from one to the other as if he saw them for the first time, and looked upon them all as treasures. An expression of rapturous silliness played over the boy's features, but, alas! though nothing but a fearful childishness was on his face, all the child-like bloom and roundness of that face were gone. The boy now looked indeed older by many years. The

smiles on his thin lips seemed to struggle vainly with languor and heaviness, his eyelids were half closed, his cheeks and lips colourless, his whole form wasted away. My wife came to me, and embraced me; but Maurice noticed me not for many minutes. He looked up at me then, and, rising from the ground, walked towards me. I dreaded that my mournful appearance would affright him, and I stood breathless with my fears. He surveyed me from head to foot, and came close to me, and looked up with pleased curiosity in my face, and then whistled as he walked back to his toys, whistled so loudly, that the shrill sound seemed to pierce through my brain.

August the 15th.

This day I have passed some hours with my poor boy. He is changed indeed. All his manliness of character is gone: he has become timid and feeble as a delicate girl. He shrinks from all exertion, he dislikes bodily exercise.—The weather was so delightful this morning that I took Maurice out into the park; he gazed round upon the sky, and the trees, and the grass, as if he had never looked upon them before. The boy wandered on with me beyond the boundaries of the park into the forest; he made me sit down with him on the bank of a narrow brook, and there he amused himself with plucking the little flowers that grew about in the grass, and throwing them into the water. As we sat there, I heard afar off the sounds of huntsmen; soon after a young stag came bounding over the hill before us, and crossed the stream within twenty yards of the spot where we sat. The whole heart of the boy would once have leapt within him to follow in the boldest daring of the chase; but now he lifted up his head, and stared at the stag with a look of vacant astonishment. The whole hunt, with the full rush and cry of its noisy sport, came near. Up sprung the boy all panting, and ghastly with terror. "Make haste, make haste," he cried out, as I rose; "take me away;" he threw his arms round me, and I felt the violent beating of his heart as he clung to me. I would have hurried him away; but as the dogs and the huntsmen came up close to us, the boy lost all power of moving. I felt him hang heavily on me, and, raising his face from my shoulder, I saw that he had fainted. I took him in my arms, and carried him along the banks of the stream till we were far from all sight and sound of the chase; and then I laid him on the grass, and bathed his face and hands with water. He recovered slowly, and lay for some minutes leaning his head upon my bosom, and weeping quietly; his tears relieved him, and he fell asleep, I raised him again in my arms, and carried him still asleep to his chamber.

August the 19th.

My poor injured child loves me. I cannot tell why, but for the last few days he has seemed happier with me than with any other person. He will even leave his mother to follow me. I feel as if my life were bound up in him; and yet to look on him is to me a penance, at times almost too dreadful to be borne. How he did sit and smile to-day among the books, for whose knowledge his fine ardent mind once thirsted. They are nothing to him now—he had been before amusing himself by watching the swallows which were flying and twittering about the windows; when, taking up a book, I tried to read. Maurice left the window, and sat down on the low seat where he had been used to learn his lessons. He placed a book on the desk before him, and pretended to read; he looked up, and our eyes met. Again he bent his head over the volume: I had a faint hope that he was really reading; and, passing softly across the room, I looked over his shoulder. The pages were turned upside down before him, and he smiled on me with his new, his idiot smile: he smiled so long, that I almost felt as if he wished to give a meaning to his look, and mock the anguish which wrung my heart.

August the 20th.

I had ordered the Arabian horse to be turned out, and this morning I took Maurice to the meadow where Selim was grazing. The little courser raised up its head as we approached, and, recognizing its master, came towards us. Maurice had not noticed the horse before, but then he re-

treated fearfully, walking backwards. The sagacious animal still advanced, and, turning quickly, the boy fled from him; but the sportive creature still followed, cantering swiftly after him—Maurice shrieked loudly like a terrified girl. Groaning with the heaviness of my grief, I drove away the once favourite horse of my poor idiot boy.

Sunday, August the 30th.

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the psalms, Maurice walked softly down the aisle and entered my pew. He stood before me, with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed but vacant gaze. My heart melted within me, and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me, it seemed to ask for my prayers. Sinner as I am, I dared to think so.—It must be to all an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless to worship there, it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not *unwilling*, but *unable* to pray. Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had ever mingled with my prayers. His vacant features seemed to say, "You have a mind whose powers are not confused—you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you, the hopes of glory are daily visible to you." Oh! God, my child stood before me as a more awful rebuke, as a rebuke sent from Thee. Did not his vacant look say also, "Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made? Think upon what *I was*? Think upon what *I am*?" With a broken heart I listened to the words of life; for while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me, and seemed to listen too—When I bowed my head at the name of Jesus, the poor boy bowed his. They all knelt down; but just then, I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair: my son clasped my hand, and when I looked round I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face, and kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him; I did fall on my knees to pray for him, and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that for my Saviour's sake, my prayers were heard, and trusting that our Heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of———

RECOLLECTIONS OF ITALY.

After three weeks of incessant rain, at Midsummer, the sun shone on the town of Henley upon Thames. At first the roads were deep with mud, the grass wet, and the trees dripping; but after two unclouded days, on the second afternoon, pastoral weather commenced; that is to say, weather when it is possible to sit under a tree or lie upon the grass, and feel neither cold or wet. Such days are too rare not to be seized upon with avidity. We English often feel like a sick man escaping into the open air after a three months' confinement within the four walls of his chamber; and if "an ounce of sweet be worth a pound of sour," we are infinitely more fortunate than the children of the south, who bask a long summer life in his rays, and rarely feel the bliss of sitting by a brook's side under the rich foliage of some well-watered tree, after having been shut up week after week in our carpeted rooms beneath our white ceilings.

The sun shone on the town of Henley upon Thames. The inhabitants, meeting one another, exclaimed: "What enchanting weather! It has not rained these two da[illegible], as the moon does not c[illegible]

Monday, we shall perhaps enjoy a whole week of sunshine!" Thus they congratulated themselves, and thus also I thought as, with the Eclogues of Virgil in my pocket, I walked out to enjoy one of the best gifts of heaven, a rainless, windless, cloudless day. The country around Henley is well calculated to attune to gentlest modulations the rapturous emotions to which the balmy, ambient air, gave birth in my heart. The Thames glides through grassy slopes, and its banks are sometimes shaded by beechwood, and sometimes open to the full glare of the sun. Near the spot towards which I wandered several beautiful islands are formed in the river, covered with willows, poplars, and elms. The trees of these islands unite their branches with those of the firm land, and form a green archway which numerous birds delight to frequent. I entered a park belonging to a noble mansion; the grass was fresh and green; it had been mown a short time before; and, springing up again, was softer than the velvet on which the Princess Badroulboudour walked to Aladdin's palace. I sat down under a majestic oak by the river's side; I drew out my book and began to read the Eclogue of Silenus.

A sigh breathed near me caught my attention. How could an emotion of pain exist in a human breast at such a time. But when I looked up I perceived that it was a sigh of rapture, not of sorrow. It arose from a feeling that, finding no words by which it might express itself, clothed its burning spirit in a sigh. I well knew the person who stood beside me; it was Edmund Malville, a man young in soul, though he had passed through more than half the way allotted for man's journey. His countenance was pale; when in a quiescent state it appeared heavy; but let him smile, and Paradise seemed to open on his lips; let him talk, and his dark blue eyes brightened, the mellow tones of his voice trembled with the weight of feeling with which they were laden; and his slight, insignificant person seemed to take the aspect of an ethereal substance (if I may use the expression), and to have too little of clay about it to impede his speedy ascent to heaven. The curls of his dark hair rested upon his clear brow, yet unthinned.

Such was the appearance of Edmund Malville, a man whom I reverenced and loved beyond expression. He sat down beside me, and we entered into conversation on the weather, the river, Parry's voyage, and the Greek revolution. But our discourse dwindled into silence; the sun declined; the motion of the flequered shadow of the oak tree, as it rose and fell, stirred by a gentle breeze; the passage of swallows, who dipt their wings into the stream as they flew over it; the spirit of love and life that seemed to pervade the atmosphere, and to cause the tall grass to tremble beneath its presence; all these objects formed the links of a chain that bound up our thoughts in silence.

Idea after idea passed through my brain; and at length I exclaimed, why or wherefore I do not remember,—"Well, at least this clear stream is better than the muddy Arno."

Malville smiled. I was sorry that I had spoken; for he loved Italy, its soil, and all that it contained, with a strange enthusiasm. But, having delivered my opinion, I was bound to support it, and I continued: "Well, my dear friend, I have also seen the Arno, so I have some right to judge. I certainly was never more disappointed with any place than with Italy—that is to say, taken all in all. The shabby villas; the yellow Arno; the bad taste of the gardens, with their cropped trees and deformed statues; the suffocating scirocco; the dusty roads; their ferries over their broad, uninteresting rivers, or their bridges crossing stones over which water never flows; that dirty Brenta (the New River Cut is an Oronooko to it); and Venice, with its uncleaned canals and narrow lanes, where Scylla and Charybdis meet you at every turn; and you must endure the fish and roasted pumpkins at the stalls, or the smell—"

"Stop, blasphemer!" cried Malville, half angry, half laughing, "I give up the Brenta; but Venice, the Queen of the sea, the city of gondolas and romance—"

"Romance, Malville, on those ditches?—"

"Yes, indeed, romance!—genuine

and soul-elevating romance! Do you not bear in mind the first view of the majestic city from Fusina, crowning the sea with Cybele's diadem? How well do I remember my passage over, as with breathless eagerness I went on the self-same track which the gondolas of the fearless Desdemona, the loving Moor, the gentle Belvidera, and brave Pierre, had traced before me; they still seemed to inhabit the palaces that thronged on each side, and I figured them to myself gliding near, as each dark, mysterious gondola passed by me. How deeply implanted in my memory is every circumstance of my little voyage home from the opera each night along what you call ditches; when sitting in one of those luxurious barks, matched only by that which bore Cleopatra to her Antony, all combined to raise and nourish romantic feeling. The dark canal, shaded by the black houses; the melancholy splash of the oar; the call, or rather chaunt made by the boat-men, "Cast Alì!" (the words themselves delightfully unintelligible) to challenge any other bark as we turned a corner; the passing of another gondola, black as night and silent as death—Is not this romantic? Then we emerged into the wide expanse before the Place of St. Mark; the cupolas of the church of Santa Maria de la Salute were silvered by the moonbeams; the dark tower rose in silent majesty; the waves rippled; and the dusky line of Lido afar off was the pledge of calm and safety. The Paladian palaces that rose from the Canale Grande; the simple beauty of the Rialto's single arch—"

"Horrible place! I shall never forget crossing it—"

"Ay, that is the way with you of this world. But who among those who love romance ever thinks of going on the Rialto when they have once heard that the fish-market is held there? No place, trust an adept, equals Venice in giving "a local habitation and a name," to the restless imaginations of those who pant to quit the "painted scene of this new world—" for the old world, peopled by sages who have lived in material shape, and heroes whose existence is engendered in the mind of man alone. I have often repeated this to myself as I passed the long hours of the silent night watching the far lights of the distant gondolas, and listening to the chaunt of the boatmen as they glided under my window. How quiet is Venice! no horses; none of the hideous sounds and noises of a town. I grant that in lanes—but why talk of what belongs to every town; dirty alleys, troublesome market-women, and the mark of a maritime city, the luckless smell of fish? Why select defects, and cast from your account the peculiar excellencies of this wonderful city? The buildings rising from the waves; the silence of the watry pavement; the mysterious beauty of the black gondolas; and, not to be omitted, the dark eyes and finely-shaped brows of the women peeping from beneath their fazioles.

"You were three months in Italy?"

"Six, if you please, Malville."

"Well, six, twelve, twenty, are not sufficient to learn to appreciate Italy. We go with false notions of God knows what—of orange groves and fields of asphodel; we expect what we do not find, and are therefore disappointed with the reality; and yet to my mind the reality is not inferior to any scene of enchantment that the imagination ever conjured."

"Or rather say, my friend, that the imagination can paint objects of little worth in gaudy colours, and then become enamoured of its own work."

"Shall I tell you," continued Malville, with a smile, "how you passed your time in Italy? You traversed the country in your travelling chariot, cursing the postillions and the bad inns. You arrived at a town and went to the best hotel, at which you found many of your countrymen, mere acquaintances in England, but hailed as bosom friends in that strange land. You walked about the streets of a morning expecting to find gorgeous temples and Cyclopean ruins in every street in Florence; you came to some broken pillar, wondered what it could be, and laughed at the idea of this being one of the relics which your wise countrymen came so far to see; you lounged into a coffee-house and read Galignani; and then perhaps wandered with equal apathy into the gallery, where, if you

were not transported to the seventh heaven, I can undertake your defence no further."

"My defence, Malville?"

"You dined; you went to a conversazione, where you were neither understood nor could understand; you went to the opera to hear probably the fifty-second repetition of a piece to which nobody listened; or you found yourself in Paradise at the drawing-room of the English ambassador, and fancied yourself in Grosvenor-square.

"I am a lover of nature. Towns, and the details of mixed society, are modes of life alien to my nature. I live to myself and to my affections, and nothing to that tedious routine which makes up the daily round of most men's lives. I went to Italy young, and visited with ardent curiosity and delight all of great and glorious which that country contains. I have already mentioned the charms which Venice has for me; and all Lombardy, whose aspect indeed is very different from that of the south of Italy, is beautiful in its kind. Among the lakes of the north we meet with alpine scenery mixed with the more luxuriant vegetation of the south. The Euganean hills in gentler beauty remind one of the hills of our own country, yet painted with warmer colours. Read Ugo Foscolo's description of them in the first part of his 'Ultime lettere di Jacopo Ortis,' and you will acknowledge the romantic and even sublime sentiments which they are capable of inspiring. But Naples is the real enchantress of Italy; the scenery there is so exquisitely lovely, the remains of antiquity so perfect, wondrous, and beautiful; the climate so genial, that a festive appearance seems for ever to invest it, mingled strangely with the feeling of insecurity with which one is inspired by the sight of Vesuvius, and the marks which are every where manifest of the violent changes that have taken place in that of which in other countries we feel most certain, good Mother Earth herself. With us this same dame is a domestic wife, keeping house, and providing with earnest care and yet penurious means for her family, expecting no pleasure, and finding no amusement. At Naples my fair lady tricks herself out in rich attire, she is kept in the best humour through the perpetual attentions of her constant cavaliere servente, the sun—and she smiles so sweetly on us that we forgive her if at times she plays the coquette with us and leaves us in the lurch. Rome is still the queen of the world,—

All that Athens ever brought forth wise,
All that Afric ever brought forth strange,
All that which Asia ever had of prize,
Was here to see;—O, marvellous great change!
Rome living was the world's sole ornament,
And dead is now the world's sole monument.*

"If this be true, our forefathers have, in faith! a rare mausoleum for their decay, and Artemisia built a far less costly repository for her lord than widowed Time has bestowed on his dead companion, the Past; when I die may I sleep there and mingle with the glorious dust of Rome! May its radiant atmosphere enshroud these lifeless limbs, and my fading clay give birth to flowers that may inhale that brightest air.

"So I have made my voyage in that fair land, and now bring you to Tuscany. After all I have said of the delights of the south of Italy I would choose Tuscany for a residence. Its inhabitants are courteous and civilized. I confess that there is a charm for me in the manners of the common people and servants. Perhaps this is partly to be accounted for from the contrast which they form with those of my native country; and all that is unusual, by divesting common life of its familiar garb, gives an air of gala to every-day concerns. These good people are courteous, and there is much *piquançe* in the shades of distinction which they make between respect and servility, ease of address and impertinence. Yet this is little seen and appreciated among their English visitors. I have seen a countrywoman of some rank much shocked at being cordially embraced in a parting scene from her cook-maid; and an Englishman think himself insulted because when, on ordering his coachman to

* Spenser's Ruins of Rome.

wait a few minutes for orders, the man quietly sat down: yet neither of these actions were instigated by the slightest spirit of insolence. I know not why, but there was always something heartfelt and delightful to me in the salutation that passes each evening between master and servant. On bringing the lights the servant always says, "Felicissima sera, Signoria;" and is answered by a similar benediction. These are nothings, you will say; but such nothings have conduced more to my pleasure than other events usually accounted of more moment.

"The country of Tuscany is cultivated and fertile, although it does not bear the same stamp of excessive luxury as in the south. To continue my half-forgotten simile, the earth is here like a young affectionate wife, who loves her home, yet dresses that home in smiles. In spring, nature arises in beauty from her prison, and rains sunbeams and life upon the land. Summer comes up in its green array, giving labour and reward to the peasants. Their plenteous harvests, their Virgilian threshing floors, and looks of busy happiness, are delightful to me. The balmy air of night, Hesperus in his glowing palace of sunlight, the flower-starred earth, the glittering waters, the ripening grapes, the chestnut copses, the cuckoo, and the nightingale,—such is the assemblage which is to me what balls and parties are to others. And if a storm come, rushing like an armed band over the country, filling the torrents, bending the proud heads of the trees, causing the clouds' deafening music to resound, and the lightning to fill the air with splendour; I am still enchanted by the spectacle which diversifies what I have heard named the monotonous blue skies of Italy.

"In Tuscany the streams are fresh and full, the plains decorated with waving corn, shadowed by trees and trellised vines, and the mountains arise in woody majesty behind to give dignity to the scene. What is a land without mountains? Heaven disdains a plain; but when the beauteous earth raises her proud head to seek its high communion, then it descends to meet her, it adorns her in clouds, and invests her in radiant hues.

"On the 15th of September, 18—, I remember being one of a party of pleasure from the baths of Pisa to Vico Pisano, a little town formerly a frontier fortress between the Pisan and Florentine territories. The air inspired joy, and the pleasure I felt I saw reflected in the countenance of my beloved companions. Our course lay beneath hills hardly high enough for the name of mountains, but picturesquely shaped and covered with various wood. The cicale chirped, and the air was impregnated with the perfume of flowers. We passed the Rupe de 'Noce, and proceeding still at the foot of hills arrived at Vico Pisano, which is built at the extreme point of the range. The houses are old and surmounted with ancient towers; and at one end of the town there is a range of old wall, weed-grown; but never did eye behold hues more rich and strange than those with which time and the seasons have painted this relic. The lines of the cornice swept downwards, and made a shadow that served even to diversify more the colours we beheld. We returned along the same road; and not far from Vico Pisano ascended a gentle hill, at the top of which was a church dedicated to Madonna, with a grassy platform of earth before it. Here we spread and ate our rustic fare, and were waited upon by the peasant girls of the cottage attached to the church, one of whom was of extreme beauty, a beauty heightened by the grace of her motions and the simplicity of her manner. After our pic-nic we reposed under the shade of the church, on the brow of the hill. We gazed on the scene with rapture. 'Look,' cried my best, and now lost friend, 'behold the mountains that sweep into the plain like waves that meet in a chasm; the olive woods are as green as a sea, and are waving in the wind; the shadows of the clouds are spotting the bosoms of the hills; a heron comes sailing over us; a butterfly flits near; at intervals the pines give forth their sweet and prolonged response to the wind, the myrtle bushes are in bud, and the soil beneath us

is carpeted with odoriferous flowers.' —My full heart could only sigh, he alone was eloquent enough to clothe his thoughts in language."

Malville's eyes glistened as he spoke, he sighed deeply; then turning away, he walked towards the avenue that led from the grounds on which we were. I followed him, but we neither of us spoke; and when at length he renewed the conversation, he did not mention Italy; he seemed to wish to turn the current of his thoughts, and by degrees he reassumed his composure.

When I took leave of him I said, smiling, "You have celebrated an Italian party of pleasure; may I propose an English one to you? Will you join some friends next Thursday in an excursion down the Thames? Perhaps the sight of its beautiful banks, and the stream itself, will inspire you with some of the delight you have felt in happier climes."

Malville consented. But dare I tell the issue of my invitation? Thursday came, and the sky was covered with clouds; it looked like rain. However, we courageously embarked, and within an hour a gentle mizzling commenced. We made an awning of sails, and wrapt ourselves up in boat-cloaks and shawls. "It is not much," cried one, with a sigh. "I do not think it will last," remarked another, in a despairing voice. A silence ensued. "Can you contrive to shelter me at this corner?" said one; "my shoulder is getting wet." In about five minutes another observed, that the water was trickling in his neck. Yet we went on. The rain ceased for a few minutes, and we tethered our boat under a small cove under dripping trees; we ate our collation, and raised our spirits with wine, so that we were able to endure with tolerable fortitude the heavy rain that accompanied us as we slowly proceeded homewards up the river.

FRESNAIE VAUQUELIN.

EARLY FRENCH POETS.

It is one strong mark of difference between the poets who wrote under the Valois race of kings and those under the Bourbons, that the former have much more of individual character than the latter. Fresnaie Vauquelin is an instance of this among many others. He lived, indeed, a few years after the accession of Henry IV., the first of the Bourbons, but he belongs properly to the Valois. His name is now scarcely known; yet his works may be read with pleasure, if it were for nothing else than the insight they give into his manners, his way of thinking, and his fortunes in life; for he was no common man.

At a very early age, he wrote and published his Foresterie, in which, as he boasts more than once, he was among the first to set his countrymen the example of mingling verse with prose.

——toutefois dire j'ose.
Que des premiers aux vers j'avoy meslé la prose.

Les Diverses Poesies du Sieur de la Fresnaie Vauquelin. A Caen, par Charles Macé, Imprimeur du Roy, 1612, small 8vo. p. 90, and p. 621.

Some years after, in a bookseller's shop, he accidentally met with this juvenile production, which he had supposed to be lost (p. 621). In the Idyl, addressed to Saint François, Bishop of Bayeux, where the incident is mentioned, he speaks of his intending to reprint it. I know not whether he ever did so; nor whether any copy of the first impression is yet remaining. His volume of poems, to which I have referred, is closely printed, and consists of the Art Poe-

tique, in three books; Satires, Idyls, Epigrams, Epitaphs, and Sonnets. His Art Poetique, or Art of Poetry, is more than three times as long as Boileau's. It was undertaken at the command of Henry III. to whom at the end he addresses it, in a few modest verses, that contrast strongly with the rhetorical flourish sounded by Boileau at his conclusion to Louis XIV.

Je composoy cet art pour donner aux François:
Quand vous, Sire, quittant le parler Polonnois,
Voulutes reposant dessous le bel ombrages
De vos lauriers gagnez, polir vostre langage,
Ouir parler des vers parmi le dous loisir
De ces Cloestres devots ou vous prenez plaisir.—(P. 120.)

These strains preceptive I for Gallia sung,
When you, Sire, quitting Poland's harsher tongue,
Wish'd, as beneath your laurels you recline,
With a new grace our language to refine,
Well pleased to hear the muse recite her tale
In the loved leisure of your cloister'd pale.

It must sound something like profaneness to a Frenchman to hear these two writers spoken of together: yet I would venture to say, that with all Boileau's good sense and flowing numbers, there is very little to be found in his Art of Poetry which had not been said quite as well before by Horace; and that rude as Vauquelin may appear in the comparison, he gives us at least, what we have some right to expect in a French Art of Poetry, more information concerning the vernacular poetry of France.

I shall notice a few particulars of this sort, which are the most remarkable as coming from a writer of his time.

He claims for the Troubadours or Provençal poets the invention of the sonnet.

Ces Trouveres alloient par toutes les Provinces
Sonner, chanter, danser leur rimes chez les princes.
Des Grecs et des Romains cet art renouvelé,
Aux François les premiers ainsi fut revelé:
A leur exemple prist le bien disant Petrarque
De leurs graves Sonnets l'ancienne remarque,
En recompence il fait memoire de Rembaud,
De Fouques, de Remon, de Hugues et d'Aarnaud.
Mais il marche si bien sur cette vielle trace,
Qu'il orna le Sonnet de sa premiere grace:
Tant que l'Italien est estimé l'autheur,
De ce dont le François est le premier inventeur.—(P. 20.)

These minstrels went with dance, and song, and sport,
Through every province to each prince's court.
The art, recover'd thus from Greece and Rome,
First gain'd in joyful France another home.
From their example Petrarch learnt to chime
With no new round the Sonnets' varying rhime.
In recompense he keeps remembrance due
Of Raymond, Arnault, Rambauld, Fulk, and Hugh;
But trod so deftly in their ancient trace,
He gave the Sonnet a peculiar grace.
And hence doth Italy her claim advance
To that which owes indeed its birth to France.

He then proceeds to compliment Ponthus de Thiard, Maurice Sceve, Saint Gelais, Bellay, Ronsard, Baïf, and Desportes. His zeal for the honour of his country leads him yet further in the following lines.

De nostre Cathelane ou langue Provençalle
La langue d'Italie et d'Espagne est vassalle;
Et ce qui fist priser Petrarque le mignon,
Fut la grace des vers qu'il prist en Avignon,
Et Bembe reconnoist qu'ils ont pris en Sicille
La premiere façon de la rime gentille,
Que l'on y fut planter avecques nos Romants,
Quand conquise elle fut par nos Gaulois Normands,
Qui faisoient de leurs faits inventer aux Trouverres
Les vers que leurs Jouglours, leurs Contours et Chanterres
Rechantoient par apres.—(P. 21.)

Thus are the tongues of Italy and Spain
Vassals to our Provence and Catalaine;
And darling Petrarch his chief honour won
From that sweet verse he learnt in Avignon.
And learned Bembo from Sicilia owns
His country took the rhyme's alternate tones,
Which thither first our old romancers bore,
When Gallia's Normans sought the fruitful shore:
Conquering, they bade the Troubadours rehearse
Their feats of prowess, which in answering verse
Their own rude jugglers gave them back again,
And wandering fablers caught the heroic vein.

Another species of poem, called the Syrventez, which he claims for the Provençals, will be more readily conceded to them than the sonnet, which is now generally allowed to be of Italian origin.

Et comme nos François les premiers en Provence
Du Sonnet amoureux, chanterent l'excelence
D'avant l'Italien, ils ont aussi chantez
Les Satyres qu'alors ils nommoient Syrventez,
Ou Sylventois, un nom qui des Sylves Romaines
A pris son origine en nos forests lointaines.—(P. 65.)

"And as our French in Provence first brought the amorous sonnet to perfection, before the Italians, so were they the inventors of the satirical poems, which they then called Syrventez, or Sylventois, a name that in our sequestered forests took its origin from the Sylvæ of the Romans."

Gray, in his Observations on English Metre, speaking of the Italian Terza Rima, observes that it was probably the invention of the Provençals, who used it in their Syrvientes (or Satires) whence the Italians have commonly called it Serventese.*

Vauquelin considers the verses of eight feet as best adapted to French comedy. His account of the Alexandrine metre is the same as that which is commonly given.

Nos longs vers on appelle Alexandrins, d'autant
Que le Roman qui va les prouesses contant
D'Alexandre le grand, l'un de neuf preux de l'age,
En ces vers fut escrit d'un Romanze langage. (P. 22.)

"Our long verses they call Alexandrines, because the Romance which recounted the exploits of Alexander the Great, one of the nine worthies of the age, was written in this measure." The old Romances of the French, he observes, had been returned to them by the Italians and Spaniards, like a stolen horse, that has had his mane trimmed, and his tail and ears cut, and is then sold to the right owner for a new one. (P. 73.)

He recommends to the French poets the occasional use of provincial words, a licence at which the whole court of Louis XIV. would have shuddered (p. 13); but the advice is afterwards qualified. (P. 71.)

In speaking of the tragic writers, he mentions his having been present at the representation of Jodelle's Cleopatre. (P. 76.)

The manner in which he describes the difference between the ode and the song, has, I think, been imitated by Boileau. (P. 23.)

* Works of Thomas Gray, 2 vols. 4to. London, 1814, vol. ii. p. 21.

In one point he differs widely from Boileau, and that is that he earnestly recommends sacred subjects for poetry, whereas Boileau is as urgent on the other side, and would have his disciples confine themselves to the heathen mythology. A strong religious feeling is indeed one of the most striking features in the character of this poet. What shall we say to his presentiment of the evils which were afterwards to befal his country from the prevalence of atheism?

France, faut il encor que ces debordements
Troublent de tes François les beaux entendements?
Et que cela te soit un menaçant presage
De te voir saccagee un jour par quelque orage,
Tout ainsi que la Grece? arriere ces mortels
Qui vont de l'Eternel blamant les saints autels.
Et vrayment tu serois, O France, bien ingrate
(Toy qui n'as seulement, un Platon, un Socrate,
Ains l'Evangile saint, que le grand Denis
D'Athenes aporta qui nous a tous benis)
Ne remerciant Dieu, qui dedans ta poitrine
A gravé de son doy cette sainte doctrine.

Satyre à Charles de Bourgueville Escuyer, &c. sur un Livre de l'Immortalité de l'Ame. (P. 414.)

And shall these wild excesses, France, infest
Thy noble sons, and shake their firmer breast?
A threat'ning presage, that some direful storm
One day shall far and wide thy realm deform,
As erst in Greece! Avaunt, ye baser crew,
That rob the Eternal of his honour due.
O France, what vile ingratitude were thine,
(On whom not only doth the radiance shine
From Socrates derived and Plato's page,
Those lights vouchsafed to a less favour'd age,
But that thrice blessed Gospel, which of yore
Saint Denis brought from Athens to thy shore,)
If thou thankst not thy Maker, who hath graved
This holy doctrine in the heart he saved.

In the satire addressed to his poetical friend, Ponthus de Thiard, Bishop of Châlons, (p. 422) he speaks with much freedom of the enormities that prevailed among the higher orders of the clergy, whose luxury, avarice, and ambition, he considered as the chief cause of the evils which had arisen from the Lutherans.

To his piety was joined its proper accompaniment, a manly and independent spirit that would not suffer him to comply with the arbitrary maxims of the day. Amongst other hindrances to his advancement at court, he mentions it as one,

I could not tax one Brutus for the deed
That from a Tarquin's pride his country freed,
Nor so commend great Cæsar, as to blame
The second patriot of that noble name.

Je na sçauroy blamer du premier Brute
Contre Tarquin la vengeance tres-juste:
Je ne sçauroy louer Cesar si fort
Que d'avouer que l'autre Brute eut tort.

Satyre à Ph. de Nolent Chevalier Sr. de Bombanville. (P. 267.)

In his satires he has borrowed largely from Horace and Ariosto. From the eighth satire of the latter, he has got that ludicrous, but licentious tale, which Prior copied in his Hans Carvel (p. 363); from his third satire, the lively story of the mag-pie (p. 208); and a good deal more; this among the rest:

Le chardronnet fredonne sa chanson
Bien enfermé comme dans un buisson:
Le rossignol dure à peine en la cage:
Et l'arondelle en un jour meurt de rage.

(P. 204.)

Mal può durar il rosignuolo in gabbia;
Più vi sta'l cardellino, e più il fanello;
La rondine in un dì vi muor di rabbia.

The nightingale but ill endures the cage;
The linnet and the finch live longer there:
But in one day the swallow dies of rage.

To the 'Beatus Ille' of Horace he is indebted for the mould into which he has cast a very pleasing description of the life of a French country gentleman (p. 233); and to his Epistles (l. i. 7) for the story of

the weasel (p. 232). I take these as the first instances that occur to me of his numerous imitations.

He complains bitterly of the little esteem in which the best verses were held in his time.

Puis que les grands au jambon de Mayence,
Au cervelat, donnent la preference
Sur mile vers qui leurs sont presentez,
Ne rendans pas leurs esprits contentez :
Qu'ils prisent plus la poire bergamote,
La parpudelle et la bonne ricote,
Le marzepain et le biscuit bien fait,
Que de Ronsard le carme plus parfait.
Satyre à J. A. De Baïf. (P. 292.)

Since now our great men give the preference
To a rich sausage or a ham from Mentz,
O'er all the bard can offer, who in vain
May strive to soothe them with his dulcet strain:
For more they prize a pear, sweet bergamot,
Or jargonel; a luscious apricot;
Marchpane, or biscuit nicely baked, by far,
Than the most perfect measures of Ronsard.

I take *parpudelle*, which is not found in the French glossaries, to be the name of some fruit known in Normandy, where Vauquelin lived. The word *marzepain, marchpane*, is also to be observed as being employed by our own writers of that age, though the French lexicographers have it not. In one of his Idyls (p. 590), he repeatedly uses the exclamation 'off, off,' in the same manner as we do.

Like the rest of his poetical brethren, he everywhere acknowledges the supremacy of Ronsard, though Malherbe, who introduced a new style, had by this time got a great name. I remember one place, though I cannot refer to it, where he thus distinguishes them.

La douceur de Malherbe, et l'ardeur de Ronsard.

The satire addressed to Scaevole de Sainte Marthe (p. 173) contains an interesting view of their early friendship and studies, when they strayed together on the banks of the Clain; his regrets for the quiet and innocence of the past, and his impatience of the chicanery in which the profession of the law had engaged him. In that preceding it, he describes himself as glad to escape from Caen, where his legal employment usually confined him, and to wander in the woods and listen to the nightingales beyond Falaise.

Je ne pourroy jamais estre à mon aise,
Si bien souvent traversant par Falaise,
Je ne quittoy de Caen le beau sejour,
Pour mieux ouir de Rossignols l'amour
Dedans nos bois, visiter nos ombrages,
Et les detours de nos sentiers sauvages:
Et remarquer des Péres anciens
L'innocent âge en nos Parroissiens.
Satire à Monsieur de Tiroh. (P. 163)

The first satire of the fifth book is very animated. At the conclusion of it he unexpectedly passes to the gay and pleasant. In the next but one, addressed to Monsieur de la Boderie (p. 391), the miseries of the war with the Huguenots are depicted with a strong pencil and much feeling. The last of the satires, to Bertaud the poet, gives an affecting account of the author's state of mind, occasioned by the condition to which France was then reduced.

Regnier is the only Frenchman whom Boileau has thought worthy of being enumerated among his predecessors in the art of writing satire. It would have been no disparagement of his own dignity, if he had vouchsafed a word of Vauquelin. He might, at least, have said of him what Horace did of Lucilius.

Ille velùt fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, si malè cesserat, usquam
Decurrens aliò, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita senis.

In him as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within. *Pope.*

But it is on his Idyls that this writer should rest his pretensions as a poet. They are often touched with a light and delicate hand. In the preface to them he has, in his simplicity, laid down a definition of the Idyllium, at which one cannot help smiling. He says, it represents Nature 'en chemise.' I am sorry to say he has not always left her even this slight covering, and that there are things from which a stricter eye must turn aside. Inquiring once of a young and amiable French scholar, who seldom went without a volume of Plato, or some book of divinity, in his pocket, which of the modern poets were accounted the best, I was told that Parny was the one who excelled all others in elegy. Accordingly on my next visit to Paris, I got a Parny; but had not turned

over many leaves, before I charged my informant with having recommended to me a book that was not fit to be read. His answer was that Parny was not at all worse than some of the Greek and Latin poets, whom he knew no scholar scrupled to read; and I could plainly perceive that he thought there was something of puritanism in the objection. I could not however agree with him in ranking his favourite modern among such good company. The voluptuousness of Parny is covered with a veil of sentiment that renders it more dangerous than theirs. They have no fine arts of seduction. Their grossness is too palpable to slide into the mind unperceived. So it is also with Vauquelin. He is not rotten at the core. His lovers, in spite of all their excesses, are still, as he calls them, 'fermes et loyaux amants?'

But I have no thoughts of entertaining my reader with any thing in this way. To the following (the 77th Idyl of the first book) no exception can be made.

Ombreux vallons, claires fontaines,
Ruisseaux coulants, forests hautaines,
Ou Philanon eut doucement
De Philis maint embrassement;
Vivez heureux, et la froidure
Ne vous depouille de verdure;
Ne jamais, beaux vallons, l'Esté
Ne vous nuise, en son apreté:
Jamais les bestes pasturantes,
Fontaines, ne vous soient nuisantes:
Ne jamais, Ruisseaux, vostre cours
Ne tarisse dans vos detours;
Ni jamais sur vous la coignee
Ne soit, Forests, embesognee:
Et jamais ne naissent aussi
Les lous à nos troupeaux ici:
Mais tousiours la bande sacree
Des Nymphes en vous se recree:
Tousiours, Pan pour vous habiter,
Veuille son Menale quitter.

Shady valleys, tumbling floods,
Crystal fountains, lofty woods,
Where Philanon hath often prest
Loved Phillis to his panting breast,
Blessed be ye: never air
Of winter strip your branches bare;
Lovely valleys, parching heat
Never soil your green retreat:
Never hoof of herd uncouth,
Fountains, break your margin smooth:
Streams, your windings never lie
By the dog-star scorch'd and dry:
Nor ever woodman's axe intrude,
Forests, on your solitude:
Nor the wolf be ever here
To scare your flocks with nightly fear:
But still the Nymphs, a holy quire,
To your haunts for peace retire:
And Pan himself, with you to dwell,
Bid his Mænalus farewell.

There is something very like this in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, which I think Warton has commended as conveying images more natural and more proper to this country than Milton's imitation in the Comus.

The three last Idyls of this book are religious. The concluding one is addressed to Phillis (who it appears was his own wife), after a union of forty years. I have compared his version of Virgil's first Eclogue (p. 534) with part of it translated by Malfilatre (who was also a native of Caen) and by Gresset; and am persuaded that he has caught the tone of the Mantuan better than those moderns.

A sonnet in praise of Virgil, or rather of two brothers of the name of Chevalier who had translated Virgil, will not so well stand the comparison with that by Angelo Costanzo, from whom he has borrowed it.

Cette douce Musette, ou sur les claires eaux
Du beau Mince jadis Dafnis et Mælibee
Chantoient des chants si beaux, qu'onques Alfesibee
N'en ouit sur Menale entonner de si beaux:
Depuis qu'avecques voix et tons un peu plus hauts
Elle eut celebré Pale et l'heureux Aristee,

Et du bon fils d'Anchise eut la gloire chantee,
L'exil et le voyage et les divers travaux,
A ce chesne elle fut par son pasteur sacree,
Ou le vent luy fait dire: aucun plus ne m'agree,
De mon seul grand Tytire est mon desir content:
Mais estant toutefois des Chevaliers touchee,
Elle permet que d'eux soit son anche embouchee:
Et sous leurs vers François, Françoise elle s'entend. (P. 623.)

Quella cetra gentil, che in su la riva
Cantò di Mincio Dafni e Melibeo,
Si che non so, se in Menalo, o in Liceo
In quella, o in altra età simil s'udiva;
Poichè con voce più canora, e viva
Celebrato ebbe Pale, e Aristeo,
E le grand' opre, che in esilio feo
Il gran figliuol d'Anchise e della Diva:
Dal suo pastore in una quercia ombrosa
Sacrata pende, e se la muove il vento,
Par che dica superba e disdegnosa:
Non sia chi di toccarmi abbia ardimento;
Che, se non spero aver man si famosa,
Del gran Titiro mio sol mi contento.

For a translation of this I must refer to the LONDON MAGAZINE, for July, 1821.

Amongst his epitaphs are found inscriptions for Budæus; Paulus Jovius; the poet Marullus; Pico da Mirandola; la Peruse; Tahureau* (a poet of those times whom he has celebrated elsewhere); Bellay; Belleau; Dorat; Ronsard; Baïf; Toutain (another poet who lived at Falaise, and died about 1585); Roussel (whose excellence in Latin poetry he has highly extolled in his Art Poetique, p. 105, and who was a lawyer at Caen); Charles IX.; the two brothers Chevalier, who translated Virgil; N. Michel (a physician, a Greek and Latin poet), and Garnier.

Thirty-three of his sonnets are on a young lady accidentally burnt to death at a festival at Rouen. The concluding sonnets are on sacred subjects. Among these there is one fine one on the star in the east. P. 741.

From one of his satires (p. 181), written in his forty-fifth year, we collect the following particulars concerning this poet. He was born in the year when Francis I conquered Savoy, that is, in 1535. His family name was perhaps derived from the Val d'Eclin, then corrupted to Vauc-Elin, where his ancestors had lived. They followed William the Conqueror into England; as their names left in Gloucester and Clarence, and their armorial achievements to be found in those places, testified. They afterwards intermarried with many noble families in France, the names of which he recounts. His father died at thirty years of age, and left him an only child and heir to an estate deeply involved, which his mother freed from all incumbrances. He was sent for his education to Paris, where he studied under Turnebus and Muretus. He knew Baïf, adored Ronsard, and honoured du Bellay, with whom he was better acquainted. In his eighteenth year he made an excursion in the company of Grimoult and Toutain, to the banks of the Loire, the Sarte and the Mayenne; in Angers, he saw Tahureau; and in Poitou, Sainte Marthe; both of whom he speaks of with much enthusiasm. He now wrote his Foresterie, as has been before mentioned; but soon after deserted his poetical studies for the law, married a virtuous lady, and succeeded to a good property that had belonged to her father. During the troubles in France, he was employed confidentially by the governors of the province (Normandy), chiefly on the recommendation of Desportes. He was of a moderate stature; of a disposition somewhat jovial; bald; a little inclined to be choleric, but soon pacified. This is what he tells of himself. He was afterwards made president of a court of judicature, called the *Présidial*, at Caen; and died in 1606. Like our Congreve and Gray, he had no ambition to be known as an author.

De tout temps j'ay häy de Pöete le nom,
N'estant assez sçavant pour avoir ce renom.
(P. 308.)

In the preface to his satires, written a little before his death, he speaks with contempt of the antithetic and pointed style, which had lately grown into esteem in France.

* Jacques Tahureau was born at Mans in 1525, and died there in 1555. I have not seen any of his productions, which are said to consist of odes, sonnets, and facetious dialogues.

SPECIMENS OF SONNETS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF ITALY.

GIAMBATTISTA COTTA.

Nume non v'è, dicea fra sè lo stolto,
Nume non v'è che l'universo regga:
Squarci l'empio la benda, ond' egli è avvolto,
Agli occhi infidi, e, se v' ha Nume, ei vegga.
Nume non v'è? verso del ciel rivolto
Chiaro il suo inganno in tante stelle ei legga;
Speglisi, e impresso nel suo proprio volto
Ad ogni sguardo il suo Fattor rivegga.
Nume non v'è? de' fiumi i puri argenti,
L'aer che spiri, il suolo ove risiedi,
Le piante, i fior, l'erbe, l'arene, e i venti,
Tutti parlan di Dio; per tutto vedi
Del grand' esser di Lui segni eloquenti:
Credilo, Stolto, a lor, se a te nol credi.

There is no God, the fool in secret said—
There is no God that rules or earth, or sky:
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye.
Is there no God?—the stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
Whilst his own features in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God?—the stream that silver flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of God; throughout one voice agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah see him, fool, in these.

GIROLAMO FRACASTORO.

Greco Cantor! qualora io fisso aperte
Su gli ampi carmi tuoi le mie pupille,
O che tu canti dell' immite Achille,
O i lunghi error del figlio di Laerte;
Mari, fiumi, città, foreste, e ville
Veder parmi da rupi esposte ed erte,
E quà colte campagne, e là deserte
Gli occhj invaghir di mille oggetti e mille.
Tanti costumi, e nazioni, e riti
Scuopri, e opache spelonche, e piagge apriche,
E valli, e monti, promontori, e liti;
Che quasi par, tanto hai le Muse amiche,
Che non tu lei, ma te Natura imiti,
Primo pittor delle memorie antiche!

Poet of Greece! whene'er thy various song
In deep attention fix'd my eyes survey,
Whether Achilles' wrath awake thy lay,
Or wise Ulysses and his wand'rings long,
Seas, rivers, cities, villas woods among,
Methinks I view from top of mountain grey,
And here wild plains, there fields in rich array,
Teeming with countless forms my vision throng.
Such various realms, their manners, rites explores
Thy verse, and sunny banks, and grottos cold,
Vallies and mountains, promontories, shores,
'T would seem, so loves the Muse thy genius bold!
That Nature's self but copied from thy stores,
Thou first great painter of the scenes of old!

ANTONIO ONGARO.

Fiume, che all' onde tue ninfe e pastori
Inviti con soave mormorio,
Col cui consiglio il suo bel crin vid' io
Spesso Fillide mia cinger di fiori;
Se a tuoi cristalli in su gli estivi ardori
Sovente accrebbi lagrimando un rio,
Mostrami per pietà l' idolo mio
Nel tuo fugace argento, ond' io l' adori.
Ahi, tu mei nieghi? Io credea crudi i mari,
I fiumi no: ma tu dallo splendore
Che 'n te si specchia ad esser crudo impari:
Prodigo a te del pianto, a lei del core
Fui, lasso! e sono; e voi mi siete avari,
Tu della bella immago, ella d' amore.

Sweet stream, whose murmurs soft and waters fair
Lure nymphs and shepherds to thy borders green,
At whose clear mirror I have oftimes seen
My Phillis bind with flowers her beauteous hair:
In summer heats, if to thy current spare
My frequent tears have tributary been;
Ah show my mistress in thy silver sheen,
That I her goddess-form may worship there.
Thou heed'st me not? I only cruel thought
The seas, but thou hast learnt worse cruelty,
By her, who gazes in thy brightness, taught:
Lavish to her of love, of tears to thee
I ever prove, whilst ye deny me aught,
Thou, of her form, of love's sweet solace she.

LORENZO DE MEDICI.

Spesso mi torna a mente, anzi giammai
Si può partir dalla memoria mia
L' abito, e 'l tempo, e 'l luogo, dove pria
La mia Donna gentil fiso mirai.
Quel che paresse allor, Amor, tu 'l sai,
Che con lei sempre fosti in compagnia;
Quanto vaga gentil leggiadra e pia,
Non si può dir nè immaginar assai.
Quando sopra i nevosi ed alti monti
Apollo spande il suo bel lume adorno,
Tal i crin suoi sopra la bianca gonna.
Il tempo e 'l luogo non convien ch' io conti,
Chè, dov' è sì bel Sole, è sempre giorno,
E paradiso, ov' è sì bella Donna.

Oft on the recollection sweet I dwell,
Yea, never from my mind can aught efface
The dress my mistress wore, the time, the place
Where first she fix'd my eyes in raptured spell.
How she then look'd, thou, Love, rememb'rest well,
For thou her side hast never ceased to grace;
Her gentle air, her meek, angelic face,
The powers of language and of thought excel.
When o'er the mountain peaks deep-clad in snow
Apollo pours a flood of golden light,
So down her white-robed limbs did stream her hair:
The time and place 'twere words but lost to show,
It must be day where shines a sun so bright,
And paradise, where dwells a form so fair.

S.

THE INDIFFERENCE OF NATURE.

From the French of Chênedollé.

1.

She is gone; and her life is past away
In the blooming morn of her youthful day;
To whom all hearts had their homage given,
A lady rich in the gifts of heaven.

2.

She is gone; and youth, which had seem'd to spread
A shield of safety around her head,
And riches, and beauty, and children's charms,
Could not keep her from Death's relentless arms.

3.

Ah! and is this so short-lived bloom,
A young and a tender mother's doom?
And is the loss to Nature so light,
That nothing is changed where we turn the sight?

4.

I look as before on the garden bowers,
And see them gemm'd with the self-same flowers;
As when on that eve of summer dews,
Her eye was bent on their delicate hues.

5.

The song-birds with pure harmonious trill
From the copses and arbours are warbling still;
And the tulip-tree flaunts to the breath of May
The delicious cones of its flowering spray.

6.

'Tis thus then that Nature will ever remain,
Unfeeling and cold to human pain;
She is callous to grief; nor sees nor hears;
Nor pities our death, nor is touched with tears.

7.

What to her is the youthful urn?
That genius and beauty have no return?
She leans on the laws of a fate austere,
And runs for ever her fix'd career.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD ALLEN.

Thou know'st, that we two went to school together.—*Shakspeare.*

1.

What! School-fellow, art gone?—It nigh
Staggers my heart that *Thou* should'st die,—
Life seem'd in thee, eterne!
Oh Dick! if death could quiet *thee*,—
Man may confess the mastery,
And mutely wait his turn!

2.

Dead! Gallant Dick!—Companion boon
Of my wild Thursday afternoon!
No longer we shall thread
The hedges where the linnets build,
Nor have our pockets marble fill'd;—
I'm married:—thou art dead!

3.

Let me remember thee awhile!
Thy restless eye and constant smile,
Thy shape so blythe and slim;—
It is my comfort now, and joy,
I knew thee nothing but the boy,—
The veriest soul of whim!

4.

What!—Is that light and shining hair
I' the grave?—Those arms, free as the air,
Straighten'd by thy cold side?—
And can those feet that ran with mine
But yesterday,—Those feet of thine,—
In wasting sloth abide?

5.

Thou wert the blithest lad, that ever
Hunted a wood, or fish'd a river,
Or from the neighbour's wall
Filch'd the gold apricot, to eat
In darkness, as a pillow treat,—
Or "urged the flying ball!"

6.

Supreme at taw! at prisoner's base
The gallant greyhound of the chase!
Matchless at hoop!—and quick,
Quick as a squirrel at a tree,—
And where's the trout could fleeter be
Through the wave, than thou, dear Dick?

7.

But all is over!—we no more
Shall, arm in arm, the fields explore!
Or o'er the self-same book,
Sit through a holiday, and con
The life of that lone Robinson
Who to desert Islands took!

8.

The grass is o'er thee!—King cups now
Hang their gold bells above thy brow!—
And sweet will be thy sleep:
In a country church-yard thou art laid;—
And the trees, beneath which thou hast play'd,
Will their summer singing keep!

9.

Well—thou art dead!—and it is best
That thou should'st go all Youth to rest;
Age waits to prey on joy:
Earth, when it took thee, never gave,
Dear Dick, to the remorseless grave
Such an untamed boy!

EDWARD WARD, JUN.

SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

PART II.*

FROM HIS SETTLEMENT AT MANHEIM TO HIS SETTLEMENT AT JENA, (1783—1790.)

IF to know wisdom were to practise it,—if fame brought true dignity and peace of mind,—or happiness consisted in nourishing the intellect with its appropriate food, and surrounding the imagination with ideal beauty,—a literary life would be the most enviable which the lot of this world affords. But the truth is far otherwise. The man of letters has no immutable, all-conquering volition, more than other men; to understand and to perform are two very different things with him as with every one. His fame rarely exerts a favourable influence on his dignity of character, and never on his peace of mind: its glitter is external, for the eyes of others; within, it is but the aliment of unrest, the oil cast upon the ever-gnawing fire of ambition, quickening into fresh vehemence the blaze which it stills for a moment. Moreover, this man of letters is not wholly made of spirit, but of clay and spirit mixed: his thinking faculties may be nobly trained and exercised, but he must have affections as well as thoughts to make him happy, and food and raiment must be given him, or he dies. Far from being the most enviable, his way of life is, perhaps, among the many modes by which an ardent mind endeavours to express its activity, the most thickly beset with suffering and degradation. Look at the biography of authors! Except the Newgate Calendar, it is the most sickening chapter in the history of man. The calamities of these people are a fertile topic; and too often their faults and vices have kept pace with their calamities. Nor is it difficult to see how this has happened. Talent of any sort is generally accompanied with a peculiar fineness of sensibility; of genius this is the most essential constituent; and life in any shape has sorrows enough for hearts so formed. The employments of literature sharpen this natural tendency; the vexations that accompany them frequently exasperate it into morbid soreness. The cares and toils of literature are the business of life; its delights are too ethereal and too transient to furnish that perennial flow of satisfaction, coarse, but plenteous and substantial, of which happiness in this world of ours is made. The most finished efforts of the mind give it little pleasure, frequently they give it pain; for men's aims are ever far beyond their strength. And the outward recompense of these undertakings, the distinction they confer, is of still smaller value: such desires are insatiable even when successful; and, when baffled, they issue in jealousies and envy, and every pitiful and painful feeling. So keen a temperament with so little to restrain or satisfy, so much to distress or tempt it, produces contradictions which few are adequate to reconcile. Hence the unhappiness of literary men, hence their faults and follies.

Thus literature is apt to form a dangerous and discontenting occupation even for the amateur. But for him whose rank and worldly comforts depend on it, who does not live to write, but writes to live, its difficulties and perils are fearfully increased. Few spectacles are more afflicting than that of such a man, so gifted and so fated, so jostled and tossed to and fro in the rude bustle of life, the buffetings of which he is so little fitted to endure. Cherishing, it may be, the loftiest thoughts, and clogged with the meanest wants; of pure and holy purposes, yet ever driven from the straight path by the pressure of necessity, or the impulse of passion; thirsting for glory, and frequently in want of daily bread; hovering between the empyrean of his fancy and the squalid desart of reality; cramped and foiled in his most strenuous exertions; dissatisfied with his best performances, disgusted with his fortune, this man of letters too often spends his weary days in conflicts with obscure misery;

* Continued from the Number for October, 1823.

harassed, chagrined, debased or maddened; the victim at once of tragedy and farce; the last forlorn outpost in the war of mind against matter. Many are the noble souls that have perished bitterly, with their tasks unfinished, under these corroding woes: some in utter famine, like Otway; some in dark insanity, like Cowper and Collins; some like Chatterton have sought out a more stern quietus, and turning their indignant steps away from a world which refused them welcome, have taken refuge in that strong fortress, where poverty and cold neglect, and the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to could not reach them any more.

Yet among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind! It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon in this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of mind; the *intellectual Backwoodsmen*, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of their happier brethren. Pity that from all their conquests, so rich in benefit to others, themselves should reap so little! But it is vain to murmur. They are volunteers in this cause; they weighed the charms of it against the perils; and they must abide the results of their decision, as all must. The hardships of the course they follow are formidable, but not all inevitable; and to such as pursue it rightly, it is not without its great rewards. If an author's life is more agitated and more painful than that of others, it may also be made more spirit-stirring and exalted: fortune may render him unhappy; it is only himself that can make him despicable. The history of genius has, in fact, its bright side as well as its dark. And if it is distressing to survey the misery, and what is worse, the debasement of so many gifted men, it is doubly cheering on the other hand to reflect on the few, who, amid the temptations and sorrows to which life in all its provinces and most in theirs is liable, have travelled through it in calm and virtuous majesty, and are now hallowed in our memories, not less for their conduct than their writings. Such men are the flower of this lower world: to such alone can the epithet of great be applied with its true emphasis. There is a congruity in their proceedings which one loves to contemplate: "he who would write heroic poems, should make his whole life a heroic poem."

So thought our Milton, and, what was more difficult, he acted so. To Milton, the moral king of authors, an heroic multitude out of many ages and countries might be joined; a "cloud of witnesses," that encompass the true literary man throughout his pilgrimage, inspiring him to lofty emulation, cheering his solitary thoughts with hope, teaching him to struggle, to endure—to conquer difficulties, or, in failure and heavy sufferings, to "arm th' obdured breast with stubborn patience as with triple steel." To this august series, in his own degree, the name of Schiller may be added.

Schiller lived in more peaceful times than Milton; his history is less distinguished by obstacles surmounted, or sacrifices made to principle: yet he had his share of trials to encounter; and the admirers of his works need not feel ashamed of the way in which he bore it. One virtue, the parent of many others, and the most essential of any, in his circumstances, he possessed in a supreme degree; he was devoted with entire and unchanging ardour to the cause he had embarked in. The extent of his natural endowments might have served, with a less eager character, as an excuse for long periods of indolence, broken only by fits of casual exertion: with him it was but a new incitement to improve and develope them. The ideal man that lay within him, the image of himself as he *should* be, was formed upon a strict and curious standard; and to reach this constantly approached and constantly receding emblem of perfection, was the unwearied effort of his life. This crowning principle of conduct, never ceasing to inspire his energetic mind, introduced a consistency into his actions, a firm coherence into his character, which the changeful condition of his history rendered of peculiar importance. His resources, his place of residence, his associates, his

worldly prospects, might vary as they pleased; this purpose did not vary; it was ever present with him to nerve every better faculty of his head and heart, to invest the chequered vicissitudes of his fortune with a dignity derived from himself. The zeal of his nature overcame the temptations to that loitering and indecision, that fluctuation between sloth and consuming toil, that infirmity of resolution, with all its tormenting and enfeebling consequences, to which a literary man, working as he does at a solitary task, uncalled for by any pressing tangible demand, and to be recompensed by distant and dubious advantage, is especially exposed. Unity of aim, aided by ordinary vigour of character, will generally ensure perseverance; a quality not ranked among the cardinal virtues, but as essential as any of them to the proper conduct of life. Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from idleness: with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes oft baffled; and men fail in their schemes, not so much from the want of strength as from the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop, by continual falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind. Few men have applied more steadfastly to the business of their life, or been more resolutely diligent than Schiller.

The profession of theatrical poet was, in his present circumstances, particularly favourable to the maintenance of this wholesome state of mind. In the fulfilment of its duties, while he gratified his own dearest predilections, he was likewise warmly seconded by the prevailing taste of the public. The interest excited by the stage, and the importance attached to every thing connected with it, are greater in Germany than in any other part of Europe, not excepting France, or even Paris. Nor, as in Paris, is the stage in German towns considered merely as a mental recreation, an elegant and pleasant mode of filling up the vacancy of tedious evenings: in Germany, it has the advantage of being comparatively new; and its exhibitions are directed to a class of minds attuned to a far higher pitch of feeling. The Germans are accused of a proneness to amplify and systematize, to admire with excess, and to find in whatever calls forth their applause an epitome of a thousand excellences, which no one else can discover in it. Their discussions on the theatre do certainly give colour to this charge. Nothing, at least to an English reader, can appear more disproportionate than the influence they impute to the stage, and the quantity of anxious investigation they devote to its concerns. With us, the question about the moral tendency of theatrical amusements is now very generally consigned to the meditation of debating clubs, and speculative societies of young men under age: with our neighbours it is a weighty subject of inquiry for minds of almost the highest order. With us, the stage is considered as a harmless pastime, wholesome because it occupies the man by occupying his mental not his sensual faculties; one of the many departments of fictitious representation; perhaps the most exciting, but also the most transitory; sometimes hurtful, generally beneficial, just as the rest are; entitled to no peculiar regard, and far inferior in its effect to many others which have no special apparatus for their application. The Germans, on the contrary, talk of it as of some new organ for refining the hearts and minds of men; a sort of lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one, and perhaps even better fitted to exalt some of our nobler feelings; because its objects are much more varied, and because it speaks to us through many avenues, addressing the eye by its pomp and decorations, the ear by its harmonies, and the heart and the imagination by its poetical embellishments, and heroic acts and sentiments. Influences still more mysterious are hinted at, if not directly announced. An idea seems to lurk obscurely at the bottom of certain of their abstruse and elaborate speculations, as if the stage were destined to replace some of

those sublime illusions, which the progress of reason is fast driving from the earth; as if its pageantry, and allegories, and figurative shadowing forth of things, might supply men's nature with much of that quickening nourishment which we once derived from the superstitions and mythologies of darker ages. Viewing the matter in this light, they proceed in the management of it with all due earnestness. Hence their minute and painful investigations of the origin of dramatic emotion, of its various kinds and degrees; their subdivisions of romantic and heroic and romantico-heroic, and the other endless jargon that encumbers their critical writings. The zeal of the people corresponds with that of their instructors. The want of more important public interests naturally contributes still farther to the prominence of this, the discussion of which is not forbidden, or sure to be without effect. Literature attracts nearly all the powerful thought that circulates in Germany; and the theatre is the great nucleus of German literature.

It was to be expected that Schiller would participate in a feeling so universal, and so accordant with his own wishes and prospects. The theatre of Manheim was, at that period, one of the best in Germany; he felt proud of the share which he had in conducting it, and exerted himself with his usual alacrity in promoting its various objects. Connected with the duties of his office, was the more personal duty of improving his own faculties, and extending his knowledge of the art which he had engaged to cultivate. He read much, and studied more. The perusal of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and the other French classics, could not be without advantage to one whose exuberance of power, and defect of taste, were the only faults he had ever been reproached with; and the sounder ideas thus acquired, he was constantly busy in exemplifying by attempts of his own. His projected translations from Shakspeare, and the French, were postponed for the present; indeed, except in the instance of Macbeth, they were never finished: his *Conradin von Schwaben*, and a second part of the *Robbers*, were likewise abandoned: but a number of minor undertakings sufficiently evinced his diligence; and *Don Carlos*, which he had now seriously commenced, was occupying all his poetical faculties.

Another matter he had much at heart was the setting forth of a periodical work, devoted to the concerns of the stage. In this enterprise, Schiller had expected the patronage and co-operation of the German society, of which he was a member. It did not strike him that any other motive than a genuine love of art, and a zeal for its advancement, could have induced men to join such a body. But the zeal of the German society was more according to knowledge than that of their new associate: they listened with approving ear to his vivid representations, and wide-spreading projects, but declined taking any part in the execution of them. Dalberg alone seemed willing to support him. Mortified, but not disheartened by their coldness, Schiller reckoned up his means of succeeding without them. The plan of his work was contracted within narrower limits; he determined to commence it on his own resources. After much delay, the first number of the *Rheinische Thalia*, enriched by three acts of *Don Carlos*, appeared in 1785. It was continued, with one short interruption, till 1794. The main purpose of the work being the furtherance of dramatic art, and the extension and improvement of the public taste for such entertainments, its chief contents are easy to be guessed at; theatrical criticisms, essays on the nature of the stage, its history in various countries, its moral and intellectual effects, and the best methods of producing them. A part of the publication was open to poetry and miscellaneous discussion.

Meditating so many subjects so assiduously, Schiller knew not what it was to be unemployed. Yet the task of composing dramatic varieties, of training players, and deliberating in the theatrical senate, or even of expressing philosophically his opinions on these points, could not wholly occupy such a mind as his. There were times when, notwithstanding his own prior habits, and all the vaunting of dramaturgists, he felt that their scenic glories were but an empty show, a lying refuge, where

there was no abiding rest for the soul. His eager spirit turned away from their paltry world of pasteboard, to dwell among the deep and serious interests of the living world of men. The *Thalia,* besides its dramatic speculations and performances, contains several of his poems, which indicate that his attention, though officially directed elsewhere, was alive to all the common concerns of humanity; that he looked on life not more as a writer than as a man. The *Laura,* whom he celebrates, was not a vision of the mind; but a living fair one, whom he saw daily, and loved in the secrecy of his heart. His *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus* (Group from Tartarus), his *Kindesmörderinn* (Infanticide), are products of a mind brooding over dark and mysterious things. While improving in the art of poetry, in the capability of uttering his thoughts in the form best adapted to express them, he was likewise improving in the more valuable art of thought itself; and applying it not only to the business of the imagination, but also to those profound and solemn inquiries, which every reasonable mortal is called to engage with.

In particular, the *Philosophische Briefe,* written about this period, exhibits Schiller in a new and to us more interesting point of view. Julius and Raphael are the emblems of his own fears and his own hopes; their *Philosophic Letters* unfold to us many a gloomy conflict that had passed in the secret chambers of their author's soul. Sceptical doubts on the most important of all subjects were natural to such an understanding as Schiller's; but his heart was not of a temper to rest satisfied with doubts; or to draw a sorry compensation for them from the pride of superior acuteness, or the vulgar pleasure of producing an effect on others by assailing their dearest and holiest persuasions. With him, the question about the essence of our being was not a subject for shallow speculation, charitably named scientific; still less for vain jangling and polemical victories: it was a fearful mystery, which it concerned all the deepest sympathies and most sublime anticipations of his mind to have explained. It is no idle curiosity, but the shuddering voice of nature that asks: "If our happiness depends on the harmonious play of the sensorium; if our conviction may waver with the beating of the pulse?" What Schiller's ultimate opinions on these points were we are nowhere informed. That his heart was orthodox,—that the whole universe was for him a temple, in which he offered up the continual sacrifice of devout adoration,—his works and life bear noble testimony; yet, here and there, his fairest visions seem as if suddenly sicklied over with a pale cast of doubt; a withering shadow seems to flit across his soul, and chill it in its loftiest moods. The dark condition of the man who longs to believe and longs in vain, he can represent with a verisimilitude and touching beauty, which shows it to have been familiar to himself. Apart from their ingenuity, there is a certain severe pathos in some of these passages, which affects us with a peculiar emotion. The hero of another work is made to express himself in these terms:—

What went before and what will follow me, I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. On the curtain of Futurity, many see their own shadows, the forms of their passions enlarged and put in motion: they shrink in terror at this image of themselves. Poets, philosophers, and founders of states, have painted this curtain with their dreams—more smiling or more dark, as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy; and their pictures deceive when viewed from a distance. Many jugglers too make profit of this our universal curiosity; by their strange mummeries, they have set the outstretched fancy in astonishment. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one once within it will answer those he has left without; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm. To the other side of this curtain we are all bound: men grasp hold of it as they pass, trembling, uncertain who may stand within it to receive them, *quid sit id, quod tantum morituri vident.* Some unbelieving people there have been who have maintained that this curtain but made a mockery of men, and that nothing could be seen because nothing *was* behind it:

but to convince these people, the rest have seized them and pushed them hastily in.*

The *Philosophic Letters* paint the struggles of an ardent, enthusiastic, inquisitive spirit to deliver itself from the harassing uncertainties, to penetrate the dread obscurity, which overhangs the lot of man. The first faint scruples of the doubter are settled by the maxim: "Believe nothing but thy own reason; there is nothing holier than truth." But Reason, employed in such an inquiry, can do but half the work: she is like the conjuror that has pronounced the spell of invocation, but has forgot the counter word; spectres and shadowy forms come crowding at his summons; in endless multitudes they press and hover round his magic circle, and the terror-struck black-artist cannot lay them. Julius finds that on rejecting the primary dictates of feeling, the system of dogmatical belief, he is driven to the system of materialism. Recoiling in horror from this dead and cheerless creed, he toils and wanders in the labyrinths of pantheism, seeking comfort and rest, but finding none; till baffled and tired, and sick at heart, he seems inclined, as far as we can judge, to renounce the dreary problem altogether, to shut the eyes of his too keen understanding, and take refuge under the shade of Revelation. The anxieties and errors of Julius are described in glowing terms; his intellectual subtleties are mingled with the eloquence of intense feeling. The answers of his friend are in a similar style; intended not more to convince than to persuade. The whole work is full of passion as well as acuteness; the impress of a philosophic and poetic mind striving with all its vast energies to make its poetry and its philosophy agree. Considered as exhibiting the state of Schiller's thoughts at this period, it possesses a peculiar interest. In other respects, there is little in it to allure us. It is short and incomplete; there is little originality in the opinions it expresses, and none in the form of its composition. As an argument on either side, it is too rhetorical to be of much weight; it abandons the inquiry when its difficulties and its value are becoming greatest, and breaks off abruptly without arriving at any conclusion. Schiller has surveyed the dark "Serbonian bog" of infidelity; but he has made no causeway through it: the *Philosophic Letters* are a fragment.

Amid employments so varied, with health, and freedom from the coarser hardships of life, Schiller's feelings might be earnest, but could scarcely be unhappy. His mild and amiable manners, united to such goodness of heart, and such height of accomplishment, endeared him to all classes of society in Manheim; Dalberg was still his warm friend; Schwann and Laura he conversed with daily. His genius was fast enlarging its empire, and fast acquiring more complete command of it; he was loved and admired, rich in the enjoyment of present activity and fame, and richer in the hope of what was coming. Yet in proportion as his faculties and his prospects expanded, he began to view his actual situation with less and less contentment. For a season after his arrival, it was natural that Manheim should appear to him as land does to the shipwrecked mariner,—full of gladness and beauty, merely because it is land. It was equally natural that, after a time, this sentiment should abate and pass away; that his place of refuge should appear but as other places—only with its difficulties and discomforts aggravated by their nearness. His revenue was inconsiderable here, and dependent upon accidents for its continuance; a share in directing the concerns of a provincial theatre, a task not without its irritations, was little adequate to satisfy the wishes of a mind like his. Schiller longed for a wider sphere of action: the world was all before him; he lamented that he should still be lingering on the mere outskirts of its business; that he should waste so much time and effort in contending with the irascible vanity of players, or watching the ebbs and flows of public taste; in resisting small grievances, and realizing a small result. He determined upon leaving Manheim. If destitute of other holds,

* Der Geisterseher, Schillers Werke, B. iv. S. 350.

his prudence might still have taught him to smother this unrest, the never-failing inmate of every human breast, and patiently continue where he was: but various resources remained to him, and various hopes invited him from other quarters. The produce of his works, or even the exercise of his profession, would ensure him a competence any where; the former had already gained him distinction and good-will in every part of Germany. The first number of his *Thalia* had arrived at the court of Hesse-Darmstadt, while the Duke of Sachsen-Weimar happened to be there; the perusal of the first acts of *Don Carlos* had introduced the author to that enlightened prince, who expressed his satisfaction and respect by transmitting him the title of a counsellor. A less splendid but not less truthful or pleasing testimonial had lately reached him from Leipzig.

Some days ago (he writes), I met with a very flattering and agreeable surprise. There came to me, out of Leipzig, from unknown hands, four parcels, and as many letters written with the highest enthusiasm towards me, and overflowing with devotion to poetry. They were accompanied by four miniature portraits, two of which are of very beautiful young ladies, and by a letter-pocket sewed in the finest taste. Such a present, from people who can have no interest in it, but to let me know that they wish me well, and thank me for some cheerful hours, I prize extremely; the loudest applause of the world could scarcely have flattered me so agreeably.

Perhaps this incident, trifling as it was, might not be without effect in deciding the choice of his future residence. Leipzig had the more substantial charm of being a centre of activity and commerce of all sorts, that of literature not excepted; and it contained some more effectual friends of Schiller than these his unseen admirers. He resolved on going thither. His wishes and intentions are minutely detailed to Huber, his chief intimate at Leipzig, in a letter written shortly before his removal. We translate it for the hints it gives us of Schiller's tastes and habits at that period of his history.

This then is probably the last letter I shall write to you from Manheim. The time from the fifteenth of March has hung upon my hands, like a trial for life; and, thank Heaven! I am now ten whole days nearer you. And now, my good friend, as you have already consented to take my entire confidence upon your shoulders, allow me the pleasure of leading you into the interior of my domestic wishes.

In my new establishment at Leipzig, I purpose to avoid one error, which has plagued me a great deal here in Manheim. It is this: No longer to conduct my own housekeeping, and also no longer to live alone. The former is not by any means a business I excel in. It costs me less to execute a whole conspiracy, in five acts, than to settle my domestic arrangements; and poetry, you know yourself, is but a dangerous assistant in calculations of economy. My mind is drawn different ways; I come tumbling out of my ideal world, if a holed stocking remind me of the real world.

As to the other point, I require for my private happiness to have a true warm friend that would be ever at my hand, like my better angel; to whom I could communicate my nascent ideas in the very act of conceiving them, not needing to transmit them, as at present, by letters or long visits. Nay, when this friend of mine lives without the four corners of my house, the trifling circumstance that, in order to reach him, I must cross the street, dress myself, and so forth, will of itself destroy the enjoyment of the moment, and the train of my thoughts is torn in pieces before I see him.

Observe you, my good fellow, these are petty matters; but petty matters often bear the weightiest result in the management of life. I know myself better than perhaps a thousand mothers' sons know themselves; I understand how much, and frequently how little, I require, to be completely happy. The question therefore is: Can I get this wish of my heart fulfilled in Leipzig?

If it were possible that I could make a lodgment with you, all my cares on that head would be removed. I am no bad neighbour, as perhaps you imagine; I have pliancy enough to suit myself to another, and here and there withal a certain knack, as Yorick says, at helping to make him merrier and better. Failing this, if you could bring me to the knowledge of any body that would undertake my small economy, every thing would still be well.

I want nothing more than a bed-room, which might also be my working-room; and another chamber for receiving visits. The house-gear necessary for me are a good chest of drawers, a desk, a bed and sofa, a table, and a few chairs. With this, my convenience were sufficiently provided for.

I cannot live on the ground-floor, nor close by the ridge-tile; also my windows positively must not look into the churchyard. I love men, and therefore like to see them crowding past me. If I cannot

so arrange it that we (meaning the *quintuple alliance**) shall mess together, I would engage at the *table d'hôte* of the inn; for I had rather fast than eat without company, large, or else particularly good.

I write all this to you, my dearest friend, to forewarn you of my silly tastes; and, at all events, that I may put it in your power to take some preparatory steps, in one place or another, for my settlement. My demands are, in truth, absurd enough, but your goodness has spoiled me.

The first part of the *Thalia* must already be in your possession; the doom of *Carlos* will ere now be pronounced. Yet I will take it orally. Had we five not been acquainted, who knows but we might have become so on occasion of this very *Carlos*.

Schiller went accordingly to Leipzig, though whether Huber received him, or he found his humble necessaries elsewhere, we have not learned. He arrived in the end of March, 1785, after eighteen months' residence at Manheim. The reception he met with, his amusements, occupations, and prospects, are described, in a letter to the Kammerrath Schwann, a bookseller at Manheim, alluded to above. Except Dalberg, Schwann had been his earliest friend; he was now endeared to him by subsequent familiarity, not of letters and writings, but of daily intercourse; and what was more than all, by the circumstance that *Laura* was his daughter. The letter, it will be seen, was written with a weightier object than the pleasure of describing Leipzig: it is dated 24th of April, 1785.

You have an indubitable right to be angry at my long silence; yet I know your goodness too well to be in doubt that you will pardon me.

When a man, unskilled as I am in the busy world, visits Leipzig for the first time, during the Fair, it is, if not excuseable, at least comprehensible, that among the multitude of strange things running through his head, he should for a few days lose recollection of himself. Such, my dearest friend, has till to-day been nearly my case; even now I have to steal the pleasing moments, which, in idea, I mean to spend with you at Manheim.

Our journey hither, of which Herr Götz will give you a circumstantial description, was the most fatal you can imagine. Bog, Snow, and Rain, were the three wicked foes that by turns assailed us; and though we used an additional pair of horses, all the way from Bach, yet our travelling, which should have ended on Friday, was spun out till Sunday. It is universally maintained that the Fair has visibly suffered by the shocking state of the roads; in my eyes, at all events, the crowd of sellers and buyers is far *beneath* the description I used to get of it in the Empire.

In the very first week of my residence here, I made innumerable new acquaintances; among whom, Weisse, Oeser, Hiller, Zollikofer, Professor Huber, Jünger, the famous actor Reinike, a few merchants' families of the place, and some Berlin people, are the most interesting. During fair-time, as you know well, a person cannot get the *full* enjoyment of any one; our attention to the individual is dissipated in the noisy multitude.

My most pleasant recreation hitherto has been to visit Richter's coffee-house, where I constantly find half the *world* of Leipzig assembled, and extend my acquaintance with foreigners and natives.

From various quarters, I have had some alluring invitations to Berlin and Dresden; which it will be difficult for me to withstand. It is quite a peculiar case, my friend, to have a literary name. The few men of worth and consideration, who offer you their intimacy on that score, and whose regard is really worth coveting, are too disagreeably counterweighed by the baleful swarm of creatures, who keep humming round you like as many flesh-flies, gape at you as if you were a monster, and condescend, moreover, on the strength of one or two blotted sheets, to present themselves as colleagues. Many people cannot understand how a man that composed the *Robbers* should look like another son of Adam. Close-cut hair, at the very least, and postillion's boots, and a hunter's whip were expected.

Many families are in the habit here of spending the summer in some of the adjacent villages, and so enjoying the pleasures of the country. I mean to pass a few months in Gohlis, which lies only a quarter of a league from Leipzig, with a very pleasant walk leading to it, through the Rosenthal. Here I purpose being very diligent, working at *Carlos* and the *Thalia*; that so, which perhaps will please you more than any thing, I may gradually and silently return to my medical profession. I long impatiently for that epoch of my life, when my prospects may be settled and determined, when I may follow my darling pursuits merely for my own pleasure. At one time I studied medicine *con amore*: could I not do it now with still greater keenness?

This, my best friend, might of itself convince you of the truth and firmness of my purpose; but what should give you the most complete security on that point, what

* Who the other three were is nowhere particularly mentioned.

must banish all your doubts about my steadfastness, I have yet kept secret. *Now or never* I must speak it out. Distance alone gives me courage to express the wish of my heart. Frequently enough, when I used to have the happiness of being near you, has this confession hovered on my tongue; but my confidence always forsook me, when I tried to utter it. My best friend, your goodness, your affection, your generosity of heart have encouraged me in a hope, which I can justify by nothing but the friendship and respect you have always shown me. My free, unconstrained access to your house afforded me the opportunity of intimate acquaintance with your amiable daughter; and the frank, kind treatment, with which both you and she honoured me, tempted my heart to entertain the bold wish of becoming your son. My prospects have hitherto been dim and vague: they now begin to alter in my favour. I will strive with more continuous vigour when the goal is clear; do you decide whether I can reach it, when the dearest wish of my heart supports my zeal.

Yet two short years, and my whole fortune will be determined. I feel how *much* I ask, how boldly, and with how little right I ask it. A year is past since this thought took possession of my soul, but my esteem for you and your excellent daughter was too high to allow room for a wish, which at that time I could found on no solid basis. I made it a duty with myself to visit your house less frequently, and to dissipate such feelings by absence; but this poor artifice did not avail me.

The Duke of Weimar was the first person to whom I disclosed myself. His anticipating goodness, and the declaration that he took an interest in my happiness, induced me to confess that this happiness depended on a union with your noble daughter; and he expressed his satisfaction at my choice. I have reason to hope that he will do more, should it come to the point of fulfilling my wishes in this matter.

I shall add nothing farther, except the assurance that perhaps hundreds of others might afford your good daughter a more splendid fate, than I at this moment can promise her; but I deny that any other *heart* can be more worthy of her. Your decision, which I look for with impatience and fearful expectation, will determine whether I may venture to write in person to your daughter. Fare you well, for ever loved by—Your—

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

Concerning this proposal, we have no farther information to communicate; except that the parties did not marry, and did not cease being friends. That Schiller obtained the permission he concludes with requesting, appears from other sources. Three years afterwards, in writing to the same person, he alludes emphatically to his eldest daughter; and what is more ominous, *apologizes* for his silence to her. Schiller's situation at this period was such as to preclude the idea of present marriage; perhaps, in the prospect of it, *Laura* and he commenced corresponding; and, before the wished-for change of fortune had arrived, both of them, attracted to other objects, had lost each other in the vortex of life, and ceased to regard their finding one another as desirable.

Schiller's medical project, like many which he formed, never came to any issue. In moments of anxiety, amid the fluctuations of his lot, the thought of this profession floated through his mind, as of a distant strong-hold, to which, in time of need, he might retire. But literature was too intimately interwoven with his dispositions and his habits to be seriously interfered with; it was only at brief intervals that the pleasure of pursuing it exclusively seemed overbalanced by its inconveniences. He needed a more certain income than poetry could yield him; but he wished to derive it from some pursuit less alien to his darling study. Medicine he never practised after leaving Stuttgard.

In the meantime, whatever he might afterwards resolve on, he determined to complete his *Carlos*, the half of which, composed a considerable time before, had lately been running the gauntlet of criticism in the *Thalia*.* With this for his chief occupation, Gohlis or Leipzig for his residence, and a circle of chosen friends for his entertainment, Schiller's days went happily along. His *Lied an die Freude* (song to Joy), one of his most spirited and beautiful lyrical productions, was composed here: it bespeaks a mind impetuous even in its gladness, and overflowing with warm and earnest emotions.

But the love of change is grounded on the difference between anticipa-

* Wieland's rather harsh and not too judicious sentence on it may be seen at large in Gruber's *Wieland Geschildert*, B. ii. S. 571.

tion and reality, and dwells with man till the age when habit becomes stronger than desire, or anticipation ceases to be hope. Schiller did not find that his establishment at Leipzig, though pleasant while it lasted, would realize his ulterior views: he yielded to some of his "alluring invitations," and went to Dresden in the end of summer. Dresden contained many persons who admired him, more who admired his fame, and a few who loved himself. Among the latter, the Appellationsrath Körner deserves especial mention:* Schiller found a true friend in Körner, and made his house a home. He parted his time between Dresden and Loschwitz near it, where that gentleman resided: it was here that *Don Carlos*, the printing of which was meanwhile proceeding at Leipzig, received its completion, and last corrections.† It was published in 1786.

The story of Don Carlos seems peculiarly adapted for dramatists. The spectacle of a royal youth condemned to death by his father, of which happily our European annals furnish but another example, is among the most tragical that can be figured; the character of that youth, the intermixture of bigotry and jealousy, and love, with the other strong passions, which brought on his fate, afford a combination of circumstances, affecting in themselves, and well calculated for the basis of deeply interesting fiction. Accordingly, they have not been neglected: Carlos has often been the theme of poets; particularly since the time when his history, recorded by the Abbé St. Réal, was exposed in more brilliant colours to the inspection of every writer, and almost of every reader. The Abbé St. Réal was a dextrous artist in that half-illicit species of composition, the historic novel: in the course of his operations, he lighted on these incidents; and, by filling up according to his fancy, what historians had only sketched to him, by amplifying, beautifying, suppressing and arranging, he worked the whole into a striking little narrative, distinguished by all the symmetry, the sparkling graces, the vigorous description and keen thought, which characterize his other writings. This French Sallust, as his countrymen have named him, has been a sort of benefactor to the dramatists. His *Conjuraison contre Vénise*, furnished Otway with the outline of his best tragedy; *Epicaris* has more than once appeared upon the stage; and *Don Carlos* has been treated so in almost all the languages of Europe. Besides Otway's *Carlos*, so famous at its first appearance, many tragedies on this subject have been written;

* The well-written Life, prefixed to the Stuttgard and Tübingen edition of Schiller's works, is by this Körner.

† In vol. 10 of the Vienna edition of Schiller, are some ludicrous verses, almost his sole attempt in the way of drollery, bearing a title equivalent to this: "To the Right Honourable the Board of Washers, the most humble memorial of a downcast Tragic Poet, at Loschwitz," of which Doering gives the following account. "The first part of *Don Carlos* being already printed, by Göschen, in Leipzig, the poet, pressed for the remainder, felt himself obliged to stay behind from an excursion, which the Körner family were making, in a fine autumn day. Unluckily, the lady of the house, thinking Schiller was to go along with them, had locked all her cupboards and the cellar. Schiller found himself without meat or drink, or even wood for fuel; still farther exasperated by the dabbling of some washer-maids beneath his window, he produced these lines." The poem is of the kind which cannot be translated; the first three stanzas are as follows:

Die Wäsche klatscht vor meiner Thür,
 Es plärrt die Küchenzofe,
Und mich, mich führt das Flügelthier
 Zu König Philips Hofe.

Ich eile durch die Gallerie
 Mit schnellem Schritt, belausche
Dort die Prinzessin Eboli
 Im süssen Liebesrausche.

Schon ruft das schöne Weib: Triumpf!
 Schon hör 'ich—Tod und Hölle!
Was hör 'ich—einen nassen Strumpf
 Geworfen in die Welle.

most of them are gathered to their final rest; some are fast going thither; two bid fair to last for ages. Schiller and Alfieri have both drawn their plot from St. Réal; the former has expanded and added; the latter has compressed and abbreviated.

Schiller's *Carlos* is the first of his plays that bears the stamp of complete maturity. The opportunities he had enjoyed for extending his knowledge of men and things, the sedulous practice of the art of composition, the study of purer models, had not been without their full effect. Increase of years had done something for him; diligence had done much more. The ebullience of youth is now chastened into the steadfast energy of manhood; the wild enthusiast, that spurned at the errors of the world, has now become the enlightened poet that laments their necessity, or endeavours to find out their remedy. A corresponding alteration is visible in the external form of the work, in its plot and diction. The plot is contrived with great ingenuity, embodying the result of much study, both dramatic and historical. The language is blank verse, not prose, as in the former works; it is more careful and regular, less ambitious, but more certain of attaining its object. Schiller's mind had now reached its full stature: he felt and thought more justly; he could better express what he felt and thought.

The merit we noticed in *Fiesco*, the fidelity with which the scene of action is brought before us, is observable to a still greater degree in *Don Carlos*. The Spanish court, in the end of the sixteenth century; its rigid, cold formalities; its cruel, bigotted, but proud-spirited grandees; its inquisitors and priests; and Philip, its head, the epitome at once of its good and its bad qualities, in all his complex interests, are exhibited with wonderful distinctness and address. Nor is it at the surface or the outward movements alone that we look; we are taught the mechanism of their characters, as well as shown it in action. The stony-hearted despot himself must have been an object of peculiar study to the author. Narrow in his understanding, dead in his affections, from his birth the lord of Europe, Philip has existed all his days above men, not among them. Locked up within himself, a stranger to every generous and kindly emotion, his gloomy spirit has had no employment but to strengthen or increase its own elevation, no pleasure but to gratify its own self-will. Superstition, harmonizing with these native tendencies, has added to their force, but scarcely to their hatefulness: it lends them a sort of sacredness in his own eyes, and even a sort of horrid dignity in ours. Philip is not without a certain greatness, the greatness of unlimited external power, and a relentless will. The scene of his existence is haggard, stern, and desolate; but it is all his own, and he seems fitted for it. We hate him and fear him; but the poet has taken care to secure him from contempt.

The contrast both of his father's fortune and character are those of Carlos. Few situations of a more affecting kind can be imagined, than the situation of this young, generous, and ill-fated prince. From boyhood his heart had been bent on mighty things; he had looked upon the royal grandeur that awaited his maturer years, only as the means of realizing those projects for the good of men, which his beneficent soul was ever busied with. His father's dispositions, and the temper of the court, which admitted no development of such ideas, had given the charm of concealment to his feelings; his life had been in prospect; and we are the more attached to him, that deserving to be glorious and happy, he had but expected to be either. Bright days, however, seemed approaching; shut out from the communion of the Albas and Domingos, among whom he lived a stranger, the communion of another and far dearer object was to be granted him; Elizabeth's love seemed to make him independent even of the future, which it painted with still richer hues. But in a moment she is taken from him by the most terrible of all visitations: his bride becomes his mother; and the stroke that deprives him of her, while it ruins him for ever, is more deadly, because it cannot be complained of without sacrilege, and cannot be altered by the power of fate itself. Carlos, as the poet represents him, calls forth our tender-

est sympathies. His soul seems once to have been rich and glorious, like the garden of Eden, but the desart-wind has passed over it, and smitten it with perpetual blight. Despair has overshadowed all the fair visions of his youth; or if he hopes, it is but the gleam of delirium, which something sterner than even duty extinguishes in the cold darkness of death. His energy survives but to vent itself in wild gusts of reckless passion, or aimless indignation. There is a touching poignancy in his expression of the bitter melancholy that oppresses him, in the fixedness of misery with which he looks upon the faded dreams of former years, or the fierce ebullitions and dreary pauses of resolution, which now prompts him to retrieve what he has lost, now withers into powerlessness, as nature and reason tell him that it cannot, must not be retrieved.

Elizabeth, no less moving and attractive, is also depicted with masterly skill. If she returns the passion of her amiable and once betrothed lover, we but guess at the fact; for so horrible a thought has never once been whispered to her own gentle and spotless mind. Yet her heart bleeds for Carlos; and we see that did not the most sacred feelings of humanity forbid her, there is no sacrifice she would not make to restore his peace of mind. By her soothing influence she strives to calm the agony of his spirit; by her mild winning eloquence she would persuade him, that for Don Carlos other objects must remain, when his hopes of personal felicity have been cut off; she would change his love for her into love for the millions of human beings whose destiny depends on his. A meek vestal, yet with the prudence of a queen, and the courage of a matron, with every graceful and generous quality of womanhood, harmoniously blended in her nature, she lives in a scene that is foreign to her; the happiness she should have had is beside her, the misery she must endure is around her; yet she utters no regret, gives way to no complaint, but seeks to draw from duty itself a compensation for the cureless evil which duty has inflicted. Many tragic queens are more imposing and majestic than this Elizabeth of Schiller; but there is none who rules over us with a sway so soft and feminine, none whom we feel so much disposed to love as well as reverence.

The virtues of Elizabeth are heightened by comparison with the principles and actions of her attendant, the Princess Eboli. The character of Eboli is full of pomp and profession; magnanimity and devotedness are on her tongue, some shadow of them even floats in her imagination; but they are not rooted in her heart; pride, selfishness, unlawful passion are the only inmates there. Her lofty boastings of generosity are soon forgot when the success of her attachment to Carlos becomes hopeless: the fervour of a selfish love once extinguished in her bosom, she regards the object of it with none but vulgar feelings. Virtue no longer according with interest, she ceases to be virtuous; from a rejected mistress, the transition to a jealous spy is with her natural and easy. Yet we do not hate the princess; there is a seductive warmth and grace about her character, which makes us lament her vices rather than condemn them. The poet has drawn her at once false and fair.

In delineating Eboli and Philip, Schiller seems as if struggling against the current of his nature: our feelings towards them are hardly so severe as he intended; their words and deeds, at least those of the latter, are wicked and repulsive enough; but we still have a kind of latent persuasion that they meant better than they spoke or acted. With the Marquis of Posa, he had a more genial task. This Posa, we can easily perceive, is the representative of Schiller himself. The ardent love of men, which forms his ruling passion, was likewise the constant feeling of his author; the glowing eloquence with which he advocates the cause of truth, and justice, and humanity, was such as Schiller too would have employed in similar circumstances. In some respects, Posa is the chief character of the piece; there is a preeminent magnificence in his object, and in the faculties and feelings with which he follows it. Of a splendid intellect, and a daring devoted heart, his powers are all combined upon a single purpose. Even his friendship

for Carlos, grounded on the likeness of their minds, and faithful as it is, yet seems to merge in this paramount emotion, zeal for the universal interests of man. Aiming with all his force of thought and action, to advance the happiness and best rights of his fellow creatures; pursuing this noble aim with the skill and dignity which it deserves, his mind is at once unwearied, earnest, and serene. He is another Carlos, but somewhat older, more experienced, and never crossed in hopeless love. There is a calm strength in Posa, which no accident of fortune can shake. Whether cheering the forlorn Carlos into new activity; whether lifting up his voice in the ears of tyrants and inquisitors; whether taking leave of life amid his vast unexecuted schemes, there is the same sedate magnanimity, the same fearless composure: when the fatal bullet strikes him, he dies with the concerns of others, not his own, upon his lips. He is a reformer, the perfection of reformers; not a revolutionist, but a prudent though determined improver. His enthusiasm does not burst forth in violence, but in manly and enlightened energy; his eloquence is not more moving to the heart, than his lofty philosophy is convincing to the head. There is a majestic vastness of thought in his precepts, which recommends them to the mind independently of the beauty of their dress. Few passages of poetry are more spirit-stirring than his last message to Carlos, through the queen. The certainty of death seems to surround his spirit with a kind of martyr glory; he is kindled into transport, and speaks with a commanding power. The pathetic wisdom of the line, "Tell him, that when he is a man, he must reverence the dreams of his youth," has often been admired.

The interview with Philip is not less excellent. There is something so striking in the idea of confronting the cold solitary tyrant with "the only man in all his states that does not need him;" of raising the voice of true manhood for once within the gloomy chambers of thraldom and priestcraft, that we can forgive the stretch of poetic licence by which it is effected. Philip and Posa are antipodes in all respects. Philip thinks his new instructor is "a Protestant;" a charge which Posa rebuts with calm dignity, his object not being separation and contention, but union and universal peace. Posa seems to understand the character of Philip better: he attempts not to awaken in his sterile heart any feeling for real glory, or the interests of his fellow-men; he attacks his selfishness and pride, represents to him the intrinsic meanness and misery of a throne, however decked with adventitious pomp, if built on servitude, and isolated from the sympathies and interests of others. Freedom has often been the text of poets; it has rarely been so well enforced as here. "Look round," exclaims Posa,

Look round and view God's lordly universe:
On freedom it is founded, and how rich
Is it with freedom! He, the great Creator,
Has given the worm its several dew-drop;
Even in the mouldering spaces of decay,
He leaves to Will the pleasures of a choice.
This world of *yours!*—How narrow and how poor!
The rustling of a leaf alarms King Philip,
The lord of Christendom must quake at every virtue.

Had the character of Posa been drawn ten years later, it would have been imputed, as all things are, to the "French revolution;" and Schiller himself perhaps might have been called a Jacobin. Happily, as matters stand, there is room for no such imputation. It is pleasing to behold in Posa the deliberate expression of a great and good man's sentiments on these ever agitated subjects; a noble monument, embodying the liberal ideas of his age, in a form beautified by his own genius, and lasting as its other products.

Connected with the superior excellence of Posa, critics have remarked a dramatic error, which the author himself was the first to acknowledge and account for. The magnitude of Posa throws Carlos into the shade; the hero of the first three acts is no longer the hero of the other two. The cause of this, we are informed, was that Schiller kept the work too long upon his hands.

In composing the piece (he observes), many interruptions occurred; so that a considerable time elapsed between beginning and concluding it; and, in the meanwhile, much within myself had changed. The various alterations, which during this

period, my way of thinking and feeling underwent, naturally told upon the work I was engaged with. What parts of it had at first attracted me, began to produce this effect in a weaker degree, and, in the end, scarcely at all. New ideas, springing up in the interim, displaced the former ones; Carlos himself had lost my favour, perhaps for no other reason, than because I had become his senior; and, from the opposite cause, Posa had occupied his place. Thus I commenced the fourth and fifth acts with quite an altered heart. But the first three were already in the hands of the public; the plan of the whole could not now be reformed: nothing therefore remained but to suppress the piece entirely, or to fit the second half to the first, the best way I could.

The imperfection alluded to is one of which the general reader will make no great account: the second half is fitted to the first with address enough for his purposes. Intent not upon applying the dramatic gauge, but on being moved and exalted, we may peruse the tragedy without noticing that any such defect exists in it. The pity and love we are at first taught to feel for Carlos abide with us to the last; and though Posa rises in importance as the piece proceeds, our admiration of his transcendant virtues does not obstruct the gentler feelings with which we look upon the fate of his friend. A certain confusion, and crowding together of events, about the end of the play, is the only fault in the plan that strikes us with any force. Even this is little more than barely perceptible.

An intrinsic and weightier defect is the want of ease and lightness in the general composition of the piece; a defect which all its other excellencies will not prevent us from observing. There is action enough in the plot, energy enough in the dialogue, and abundance of individual beauties in both; but there is throughout a certain air of stiffness and effort, which abstracts from the theatrical illusion. The characters do not, as it were, verify their human nature, by those thousand little touches and nameless turns, which distinguish the genius essentially dramatic from the genius merely poetical; the Proteus of the stage from the philosophic observer and trained imitator of life. We have not those careless felicities, those varyings from high to low, that air of living freedom, which Shakspeare has accustomed us, like spoiled children, to look for in every perfect work of this species. Schiller is too elevated, too regular and sustained in his elevation, to be altogether natural.

Yet with all this, *Carlos* is a noble tragedy. There is a stately massiveness about the structure of it; the incidents are grand and affecting; the characters powerful, vividly conceived, and impressively if not completely delineated. Of wit and its kindred graces Schiller has but a slender share: nor among great poets is he much distinguished for depth or fineness of pathos. But what gives him a place of his own, and the loftiest of its kind, is the vastness and intense vigour of his mind; the splendour of his thoughts and imagery, and the bold vehemence of his passion for the true and the sublime, under all their various forms. He does not thrill, but he exalts us. His genius is impetuous, exuberant, majestic; and a heavenly fire gleams through all its creations. He transports us into a holier and higher world than our own; every thing around us breathes of force and solemn beauty. The looks of his heroes may be more staid than those of men, the movements of their minds may be slower and more calculated; but we yield to the potency of their endowments, and the loveliness of the scene which they animate. The enchantments of the poet are strong enough to silence our scepticism: we forbear to inquire whether it is true or false.

The celebrity of Alfieri generally invites the reader of *Don Carlos* to compare it with *Filippo*. Both writers treat the same subject; both borrow their materials from the same source —the *nouvelle historique* of St. Réal: but it is impossible that two powerful minds could have handled one given idea in more diverse manners. Their excellencies are, in fact, so opposite, that they scarcely come in competition. Alfieri's play is short, and the characters are few. He describes no scene: his personages are not the King of Spain and his courtiers, but merely men; their place of action is not the Escurial or Madrid, but a vacant, objectless platform anywhere in space. In all this, Schiller has a manifest advantage. He paints manners and opinions, he sets before us a

striking pageant, which interests us of itself, and gives a new interest to whatever is combined with it. The principles of the antique, or perhaps rather of the French drama, upon which Alfieri worked, permitted no such delineation. In the style there is the same diversity. A severe simplicity uniformly marks Alfieri's style; in his whole tragedy there is not a single figure. A hard emphatic brevity is all that distinguishes his language from that of prose. Schiller, we have seen, abounds with noble metaphors, and all the warm exciting eloquence of poetry. It is only in expressing the character of Philip that Alfieri has a clear superiority. Without the aid of superstition, which his rival, especially in the catastrophe, employs to such advantage, Alfieri has exhibited in his Filippo a picture of unequalled power. Obscurity is justly said to be essential to terror and sublimity; and Schiller has enfeebled the effect of his tyrant, by letting us behold the most secret recesses of his spirit: we understand him better, but we fear him less. Alfieri does not show us the internal combination of Filippo; it is from its workings alone, that we judge of his nature. Mystery, and the shadow of horrid cruelty, brood over his Filippo: it is only a transient word or act, that gives us here and there a glimpse of his fierce, implacable, tremendous soul; a short and dubious glimmer that reveals to us the abysses of his being, dark, lurid, and terrific, "as the throat of the infernal Pool." Alfieri's Filippo is about the most wicked man that human imagination has conceived.

Alfieri and Schiller were again unconscious competitors, in the history of Mary Stuart. But the works before us give a truer specimen of their comparative merits. Schiller seems to have the greater genius; Alfieri the more commanding character. Alfieri's greatness rests on the stern concentration of fiery passion, under the dominion of an adamantine will: this was his own make of mind; and he represents it, with strokes in themselves devoid of charm, but in their union, terrible as a prophetic scroll. Schiller's moral force is commensurate with his intellectual gifts, and nothing more. The mind of the one is like the ocean, beautiful in its strength, smiling in the radiance of summer, and washing luxuriant and romantic shores: that of the other is like some black unfathomable lake placed far amid the melancholy mountains; bleak, solitary, desolate; but girdled with grim sky-piercing cliffs, overshadowed with storms, and illuminated only by the red glare of the lightning. Schiller is magnificent in his expansion; Alfieri is overpowering in his condensed energy: the first inspires us with greater admiration; the last with greater awe.

This tragedy of *Carlos* was received with immediate and universal approbation. In the closet, and on the stage, it excited the warmest applauses, equally among the learned and unlearned. Schiller's expectations had not been so high: he knew both the excellencies and the faults of his work; but he had not anticipated that the former would be so instantaneously recognised. The pleasure of this new celebrity came upon him, therefore, heightened by surprise. Had dramatic eminence been his sole object, he might now have slackened his exertions; the public had already ranked him as the first of their writers in that favourite department. But this limited ambition was not his moving principle; nor was his mind of that sort for which rest is provided in this world. The primary disposition of his nature urged him to perpetual toil: the great aim of his life, the unfolding of his mental powers, was of those which admit but a relative not an absolute progress. New ideas of perfection arise as the former have been reached: the student is always attaining, never has attained.

Schiller's worldly circumstances, too, were of a kind well calculated to prevent excess of quietism. He was still drifting at large on the tide of life: he was crowned with laurels, but without a home. His heart, warm and affectionate, fitted to enjoy the domestic blessings which it longed for, was allowed to form no permanent attachment: he felt that he was unconnected, solitary in the world; cut off from the exercise of his kindlier sympathies; or if tasting such pleasures, it was "snatching them rather than partaking of them calmly." The vulgar desire of wealth

and station never entered his mind for an instant: but as years were added to his age, the delights of peace and continuous comfort were fast becoming more acceptable than any other; and he looked with anxiety to have a resting-place amid his wanderings, to be a man among his fellow men.

For all these wishes, Schiller saw that the only chance of fulfilment depended on unwearied perseverance in his literary occupations. Yet though his activity was unabated, and the calls on it were increasing rather than diminished, its direction was gradually changing. The drama had long been stationary, and of late been falling in his estimation: the difficulties of the art, as he viewed it at present, had been overcome, and new conquests invited him in other quarters. The latter part of *Carlos* he had written as a task rather than a pleasure; he contemplated no farther undertaking connected with the stage. For a time, indeed, he seems to have wavered among a multiplicity of enterprizes; now solicited to this, and now to that, without being able to fix decidedly on any. The restless ardour of his mind is evinced by the number and variety of his attempts; its fluctuation by the circumstance that all of them are either short in extent, or left in the state of fragments. Of the former kind are his lyrical productions, many of which were composed about this period, during intervals from more serious labours. The character of these performances is such as his former writings gave us reason to expect. With a deep insight into life, and a keen and comprehensive sympathy with its sorrows and enjoyments, there is combined that impetuosity of feeling, that swelling pomp of thought and imagery which belong to Schiller. If he had now left the drama, it was clear that his mind was still overflowing with the elements of poetry; dwelling among the grandest conceptions, and the boldest or finest emotions; thinking intensely and profoundly, but decorating its thoughts with those graces, which other faculties than the understanding are required to afford them. With these smaller pieces, Schiller occupied himself at intervals of leisure throughout the remainder of his life. Some of them are to be classed among the most finished efforts of his genius. The *Walk*, the *Song of the Bell*, contain exquisite delineations of the fortunes and history of man; the *Ritter Toggenburg* is one of the most tender and beautiful ballads to be found in any language.

Of these poems, the most noted written about this time, the *Free-thinking of Passion*, (*Freygeisterey der Leidenschaft*) is said to have originated in a real attachment. The lady, whom some biographers of Schiller introduce to us, by the mysterious designation of the "Fräulein A * * *, one of the first beauties in Dresden," seems to have made a deep impression on the heart of the poet. They tell us that she sat for the picture of the Princess Eboli, in his *Don Carlos*; that he paid his court to her with the most impassioned fervour, and the extreme of generosity. They add one or two anecdotes of dubious authenticity; which, as they illustrate nothing, but show us only that love could make Schiller crazy, as it is said to make all gods and men, we shall use the freedom to omit.

This enchanting and not inexorable spinster perhaps displaced the Manheim *Laura* from her throne; but the gallant assiduities, which she required or allowed, seem not to have abated the zeal of her admirer in his more profitable undertakings. Her reign, we suppose, was brief, and without abiding influence. Schiller never wrote or thought with greater diligence than while at Dresden. Partially occupied with conducting his *Thalia*, or with those more slight poetical performances, his mind was hovering among a multitude of weightier plans, and seizing with avidity any hint that might assist in directing its attempts. To this state of feeling, we are probably indebted for the *Geisterseher*, a novel, naturalized in our circulating libraries, by the title of the *Ghost-seer*, two volumes of which were published about this time. The king of quacks, the renowned Cagliostro was now playing his dextrous game at Paris; harrowing up the souls of the curious and gullible *monde* of that capital, by various thaumaturgic feats; raising the dead from their graves; and, what was more to the

purpose, raising himself from the station of a poor Sicilian lacquey to that of a sumptuous and extravagant count. The noise of his exploits appears to have given rise to this work of Schiller's. It is an attempt to exemplify the process of hoodwinking an acute but too sensitive man; of working on the latent germ of superstition, which exists beneath his outward scepticism; harassing his mind by the terrors of magic—the magic of chemistry and natural philosophy, and natural cunning,—till, racked by doubts and agonizing fears, and plunging from one depth of dark uncertainty into another, he is driven at length to still his scruples in the bosom of the Infallible Church. The incidents are contrived with considerable address, displaying a familiar acquaintance, not only with several branches of science, but also with some curious forms of life and human nature. One or two characters are forcibly drawn; particularly that of the amiable but feeble Count, the victim of the operation. The strange foreigner, with the visage of stone, who conducts the business of mystification, strikes us also, though we see but little of him. The work contains some vivid description, some passages of deep tragical effect: it has a vein of keen observation; in general, a certain rugged power, which might excite regret that it was never finished. But Schiller found that his views had been mistaken: it was thought that he meant only to electrify his readers, by an accumulation of surprising horrors, in a novel of the Mrs. Radcliffe fashion. He felt, in consequence, discouraged to proceed; and finally abandoned it.

Schiller was, in fact, growing tired of fictitious writing. Imagination was with him a strong, not an exclusive, perhaps not even a predominating faculty: in the sublimest flights of his genius, intellect is a quality as conspicuous as any other; we are frequently not more delighted with the grandeur of the drapery in which he clothes his thoughts, than with the grandeur of the thoughts themselves. To a mind so restless, the cultivation of all its powers was a peremptory want; in one so earnest, the love of truth was sure to be among its strongest passions. Even while revelling, with unworn ardour, in the dreamy scenes of the imagination, he had often cast a longing look, and sometimes made a hurried inroad, into the calmer provinces of reason: but the first effervescence of youth was past, and now, more than ever, the love of contemplating or painting things as they should be, began to yield to the love of knowing things as they are. The tendency of his mind was gradually changing; he was about to enter on a new field of enterprize, where new triumphs awaited him.

For a time, he had hesitated what to choose; at length he began to think of History. As a leading object of pursuit, this promised him peculiar advantages. It was new to him; and fitted to employ some of his most valuable gifts. It was grounded on reality, for which, as we have said, his taste was now becoming stronger; its mighty revolutions and events, and the commanding characters that figure in it, would likewise present him with things great and moving, for which his taste had always been strong. As recording the past transactions, and indicating the prospects of nations, it could not fail to be delightful to one, for whom not only human nature was a matter of most fascinating speculation, but who looked on all mankind with the sentiments of a brother, feeling truly what he often said, that "he had no dearer wish than to see every living mortal happy and contented with his lot." To all these advantages another of an humbler sort was added, but one which the nature of his situation forbade him to lose sight of. The study of history, while it afforded him a subject of continuous and regular exertion, would also afford him, what was even more essential, the necessary competence, for which he felt reluctant any longer to depend on the resources of poetry, but which the produce of his pen was now the only means he had of realizing.

For these reasons, he decided on commencing the business of historian. The composition of *Don Carlos* had already led him to investigate the state of Spain under Philip II.; and, being little satisfied with Watson's clear but shallow work on that reign, he had turned to the original sources of information, the writings,

of Grotius, Strada, De Thou, and many others. Investigating these with his usual fidelity and eagerness, the Revolt of the Netherlands had, by degrees, become familiar to his thoughts; distinct in many parts where it was previously obscure; and attractive, as it naturally must be to a temper such as his. He now determined that his first historical performance should be a narrative of that event. He resolved to explore the minutest circumstances of its rise and progress; to arrange the materials he might collect, in a more philosophical order; to interweave with them the general opinions he had formed, or was forming on many points of polity, and national or individual character; and, if possible, to animate the whole with that warm sympathy, which, in a lover of freedom, this most glorious of her triumphs naturally called forth.

In the filling up of such an outline, there was scope enough for diligence. But it was not in Schiller's nature to content himself with ordinary efforts: no sooner did a project take hold of his mind, than rallying round it all his accomplishments and capabilities, he stretched it out into something so magnificent and comprehensive, that little less than a lifetime would have been sufficient to effect it. This history of the Revolt of the Netherlands, which formed his chief study, he looked upon but as one branch of the great subject he was yet destined to engage with. History at large, in all its bearings, was now his final aim; and his mind was continually occupied with plans for acquiring, improving, and diffusing, the knowledge of it.

Of these plans many never reached a describable shape; very few reached even partial execution. One of the latter sort was an intended *History of the most remarkable Conspiracies and Revolutions, in the middle and later ages.* A first volume of the work was published in 1787. Schiller's part in it was trifling; scarcely more than that of a translator and editor. St. Réal's *Conspiracy of Bedmar against Venice,* here furnished with an extended introduction, is the best piece in the book. Indeed, St. Réal seems first to have set him on this task: the Abbé had already signified his predilection for plots and revolutions, and given a fine sample of his powers in treating such matters. What Schiller did was to expand this idea, and communicate a systematic form to it. His work might have been curious and valuable, had it been completed: but the pressure of other engagements, the necessity of limiting his views to the Netherlands, prevented this, for the present; it was afterwards forgotten, and never carried farther.

Such were Schiller's occupations while at Dresden: their extent and variety are proof enough that idleness was not among his vices. It was, in truth, the opposite extreme, in which he erred. He wrote and thought with an impetuosity beyond what nature could always endure. His intolerance of interruptions first put him on the plan of studying by night; an alluring but pernicious practice, which began at Dresden, and was never afterwards forsaken. His recreations breathed a similar spirit: he loved to be much alone, and strongly moved. The banks of the Elbe were the favourite resort of his mornings: here wandering in solitude amid groves and lawns, and green and beautiful places, he abandoned his mind to delicious musings; watched the fitful current of his thoughts, as they came sweeping through his soul in their vague, fantastic, gorgeous forms; pleased himself with the transient images of memory and hope; or meditated on the cares and studies, which had lately been employing, and were again soon to employ him. At times, he might be seen floating on the river in a gondola, feasting himself with the loveliness of earth and sky. He delighted most to be there, when tempests were abroad: his unquiet spirit found a solace in the expression of its own unrest on the face of nature; danger lent a charm to his situation; he felt in harmony with the scene, when the rack was sweeping stormfully across the heavens, and the forests were sounding in the breeze, and the river was rolling its chafed waters into wild eddying heaps.

Yet before the darkness summoned him exclusively to his tasks, Schiller commonly devoted a portion of his day to the pleasures of society. Could

he have found enjoyment in the flatteries of admiring hospitality, his present fame would have procured them for him in abundance. But these things were not to Schiller's taste. His opinion of the "flesh-flies" of Leipzig we have already seen:* he retained the same sentiments throughout all his life. The idea of being what we call a *lion* is offensive enough to any man, of not more than common vanity, or less than common understanding; it was doubly offensive to him. His pride and his modesty alike forbade it. The delicacy of his nature, aggravated into shyness by his education and his habits, rendered situations of display more than usually painful to him; the *digito praetereuntium* was a sort of celebration he was far from coveting. In the circles of fashion, he appeared unwillingly, and seldom to advantage: their glitter and parade were foreign to his disposition; their strict ceremonial cramped the play of his mind. Hemmed in, as by invisible fences, among the intricate barriers of etiquette, so feeble, so inviolable, he felt constrained and helpless; alternately chagrined and indignant. It was the giant among pigmies; Gulliver, in Lilliput, tied down by a thousand packthreads. But there were more congenial minds, with whom he could associate; more familiar scenes, in which he found the pleasures he was seeking. Here Schiller was himself; frank, unembarrassed, pliant to the humour of the hour. His conversation was delightful, abounding at once in rare and simple charms. Besides the intellectual riches which it carried with it, there was that flow of kindliness and unaffected good humour, which can render dulness itself agreeable. Schiller had many friends in Dresden, who loved him as a man, while they admired him as a writer. Their intercourse was of the kind he liked, sober, as well as free and mirthful. It was the careless, calm, honest effusion of his feelings that he wanted, not the noisy tumults and coarse delirium of dissipation. For this, under any of its forms, he at no time showed the smallest relish.

A visit to Weimar had long been one of Schiller's projects: he now first accomplished it in 1787. Saxony had been, for ages, the Attica of Germany; Weimar had, of late, become its Athens. In this literary city, Schiller found, what he expected, welcome and brotherhood with men of kindred minds. Goethe was absent on his travels at the time; but Herder and Wieland were there. Both received him cordially; with the latter he soon formed a most friendly intimacy. Wieland, the Nestor of German letters, was grown gray in the service: Schiller reverenced him as a father, and was treated by him as a son. "We shall have bright hours," he said; "Wieland is still young, when he loves." Wieland had long edited the *Deutsche Mercur*: in consequence of their connexion, Schiller now took part in contributing to that work. Some of his smaller poems, one or two fragments of the History of the Netherlands, and the *Letters on Don Carlos* first appeared here. His own *Thalia* still continued to come out at Leipzig. With these for his *parerga*, with the Belgian Revolt for his chief study, and the best society of Germany for his leisure, Schiller felt no wish to leave Weimar. With the place and what it held, he was so much contented, that he thought of selecting it for his permanent abode. "You know the men," he writes, "of whom Germany is proud; a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren; and one wall now encloses me and them. What excellencies are in Weimar! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean to settle for my life, and at length once more to get a country."

So occupied and so intentioned, he continued to reside at Weimar. Some months after his arrival, he received an invitation from his early patroness and kind protectress, the Frau von Wollzogen, to come and visit her at Bauerbach. Schiller went accordingly to this his ancient city of refuge; he again found all the warm hospitality, which he had of old experienced, when its character could less be mistaken; but his excursion thither produced more lasting effects than this. At Rudolstadt, where he staid for a time on occasion of this journey, he met with a new friend. It was here that he first saw the Fraülein Lengefield, a lady whose attractions made him loth to leave Rudolstadt, and eager to return.

Next year he did return; he lived from May till November, there or in the neighbourhood. He was busy as usual, and he visited the Lengefield family almost every day. Schiller's views on marriage, his longing for "a civic and domestic existence," we already know. "To be united with a person," he had said, "that shares our sorrows and our joys, that responds to our feelings, that moulds herself so pliantly, so closely to our humours; reposing on her calm and warm affection, to relax our spirit from a thousand distractions, a thousand wild wishes and tumultuous passions; to dream away all the bitterness of fortune, in the bosom of domestic enjoyment—this is the true delight of life." Some years had elapsed since he expressed these sentiments, which time had confirmed, not weakened: the presence of the Fraülein Lengefield awoke them into fresh activity. He loved this lady; the return of love, with which she honoured him, diffused a sunshine over all his troubled world; and, if the wish of being hers excited more impatient thoughts about the settlement of his condition, it also gave him fresh strength to attain it. He was full of occupation, while in Rudolstadt; ardent, serious, but not unhappy. His literary projects were proceeding as before; and, besides the enjoyment of virtuous love, he had that of intercourse with many worthy and some kindred minds.

Among these, the chief in all respects was Goethe. It was during his present visit, that Schiller first met with this illustrious person; concerning whom, both by reading and report, his expectations had been raised so high. No two men, both of exalted genius, could be possessed of more different sorts of excellence, than the two that were now brought together, in a large company of their mutual friends. The English reader may form some conception of the contrast, by figuring an interview between Shakspeare and Milton.—The mind of the one plays calmly, in its capricious and inimitable graces, over all the provinces of human interest; the other concentrates powers as vast, but far less various on a few objects; the one is catholic, the other is sectarian. The first is endowed with an all-comprehending spirit; skilled, as if by personal experience, in all the modes of human passion and opinion; therefore, tolerant of all; peaceful, collected; fighting for no class of men or principles; rather looking on the world, and the various battles waging in it, with the quiet eye of one already reconciled to the futility of their issues: but pouring over all the forms of many coloured life, the light of a deep and subtle intellect, and the decoration of an overflowing fancy; and allowing men and things of every shape and hue to have their own free scope in his conception, as they have it in the world where Providence has placed them. The other is earnest, devoted; struggling with a thousand mighty projects of improvement; feeling more intensely as he feels more narrowly; rejecting vehemently, choosing vehemently; at war with the one half of things, in love with the other half; hence dissatisfied, impetuous, without internal rest, and scarcely conceiving the possibility of such a state. Apart from the difference of their opinions and mental culture, Shakspeare and Milton seem to have stood in some such relation as this to each other, in regard to the primary structure of their minds. So likewise, in many points, was it with Goethe and Schiller. The external circumstances of the two were, moreover, such as to augment their several peculiarities. Goethe was in his thirty-ninth year; and had long since found his proper rank and settlement in life: Schiller was ten years younger, and still without a fixed destiny; and for both these reasons the great framework of thought, the leading views on all subjects, though formed, were less likely with him to be chastened and matured. In such circumstances, we can hardly wonder that on Schiller's part the first impression was not a very pleasant one. Goethe sat talking of Italy (from which he was just returned), and of art, and travelling, and all things under heaven, with that flow of intelligence, sarcasm, humour, and good nature, which is said to render him the best talker now alive. Schiller sat over against him, in quite a different mood: he felt his natural constraint increased under the influence of a man so opposite in nature; so potent in

resources, so singular and so expert in using them; a man whom he could not agree with, and knew not how to contradict. Soon after their interview he thus writes:

On the whole, this personal meeting has not at all diminished the great idea, in truth, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into any close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is, from its very origin, otherwise constructed than mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a conjunction, no secure and substantial intimacy can result. Time will try.

Time, in fact, soon showed that, in this first impression, Schiller had been wrong. Goethe was not entirely the man he had been taken for; nor had his feelings corresponded to those of his new acquaintance. Under the embarrassment of Schiller's manner, Goethe had not failed to observe the strength and nobleness of heart, which equally with genius distinguished the former. Rightly appreciating this retiring delicacy of nature, and not loving him the less on that account, he determined to make the first advances to a friendly union; and was not long in gaining the affectionate esteem of a man, whom he had before impressed with reverence, and whom he now courted by kind services. A strict similarity of characters is not necessary, or perhaps very favourable, to friendship. To render it complete, each party must no doubt be competent to understand the other; both must be possessed of dispositions kindred in their great lineaments: but the pleasure of comparing our ideas and emotions is heightened, when there is "likeness in unlikeness." "The same sentiments, different opinions," Rousseau conceives to be the best material of friendship: reciprocity of kind words and actions is more effectual than all. Luther loved Melancthon; Johnson was not more the friend of Edmund Burke than of Doctor Levitt. Goethe and Schiller met again: as they lived together at Weimar, and saw each other oftener, they liked each other better; they became associates, friends; and the harmony of their intercourse, strengthened by many subsequent communities of object, was never interrupted, till death put an end to it. Goethe, in his time, has done many glorious things; but few on which he should look back with greater pleasure than his treatment of Schiller. Literary friendships are said to be precarious, and of rare occurrence: the rivalry of interest disturbs their continuance; a rivalry greater, where the subject of competition is one so vague, impalpable, and fluctuating, as the favour of the public; where the feeling to be gratified is one so nearly allied to vanity, the most irritable, arid, and selfish feeling of the human heart. Had Goethe's prime motive been the love of fame, he must have viewed with repugnance the rising genius, advancing with such rapid strides to dispute with him the palm of intellectual primacy; and if a sense of his own dignity had withheld him from offering obstructions, or uttering any whisper of discontent, there is none but a truly patrician spirit that would cordially have offered aid. To being secretly hostile and openly indifferent, the next resource was to enact the patron; to solace vanity, by helping whom he could not hinder, and who could do without his help. Goethe adopted neither of these plans. It reflects much credit on him that he acted as he did. Eager to forward Schiller's views by exerting all the influence within his power, he succeeded in effecting this; and what was still more difficult, in suffering the character of benefactor to merge in that of equal. They became not friends only, but fellow-labourers; a connection productive of important consequences in the history of both, particularly of the younger and more undirected of the two.

Meanwhile, the *History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands* was in part before the world; the first volume came out in 1788. Schiller's former writings had given proofs of powers so great and various, such an extent of general intellectual strength, and so deep an acquaintance, both practical and scientific, with the art of composition, that in a subject like history, no ordinary work was to be looked for from his hands. With diligence in accumu-

lating materials, and patient care in elaborating them, he could scarcely fail to attain distinguished excellence. The present volume was well calculated to fulfil such expectations. The *Revolt of the Netherlands* possesses all the common requisites of a good history, and many which are in some degree peculiar to itself. The information it conveys is minute and copious; we have all the circumstances of the case, remote and near, set distinctly before us. Yet, such is the skill of the arrangement, these are at once briefly and impressively presented. The work is not stretched out into a continuous narrative; but gathered up into masses, which are successively exhibited to view, the minor facts being grouped around some leading one, to which, as to the central object, our attention is chiefly directed. This method of combining the details of events,—of proceeding, as it were, *per saltum*, from eminence to eminence, and thence surveying the surrounding country,—is undoubtedly the most philosophical of any: but few men are equal to the task of effecting it rightly. It must be executed by a mind able to look on all its facts at once; to disentangle their perplexities, referring each to its proper head; and to choose, often with extreme address, the station from which the reader is to view them. Without this, or with this inadequately done, a work on such a plan would be intolerable. Schiller has accomplished it in great perfection; the whole scene of affairs was evidently clear before his own eye, and he did not want expertness to discriminate and seize its distinctive features. The bond of cause and consequence he never loses sight of; and over each successive portion of his narrative he pours the light of that intellectual and imaginative power, which all his prior writings had displayed. His reflections, expressed or implied, are the fruit of strong, comprehensive, penetrating thought. His descriptions are vivid: his characters are studied with a keen sagacity, and set before us in their most striking points of view; those of Egmont and Orange occur to every reader as a rare union of perspicacity and eloquence. The work has a look of order; of beauty joined to calm, reposing force. Had it been completed, it might have ranked as the very best of Schiller's prose compositions. But no second volume ever came to light; and the first concludes at the entrance of Alba into Brussels. Two fragments alone, the *Siege of Antwerp*, and the *Passage of Alba's army*, both living pictures, show us still farther what he might have done had he proceeded. The surprising and often highly picturesque movements of this war, the devotedness of the Dutch, their heroic achievement of liberty, were not destined to be painted by the glowing pen of Schiller, whose heart and mind were alike so qualified to do them justice.*

The accession of reputation, which this work procured its author, was the only or the principal advantage he derived from it. Eichhorn, Professor of History, was at this time about to leave the university of Jena: Goethe had already introduced his friend to the special notice of the Duchess Amelia, the accomplished Regent of Sachsen-Weimar; he now joined with Voigt, the head chaplain of the court, in soliciting the vacant chair for him. Seconded by the general voice, and the persuasion of the Princess herself, he succeeded: Schiller was appointed Professor at Jena; he went thither in 1789.

With Schiller's removal to Jena, begins a new epoch in his public and private life. His connection with Goethe, of which this removal was in part the consequence, became secured and cemented by the change: Jena is but a few miles distant from Weimar; and the two friends, both settled in public offices belonging to the same Government, had daily opportunities of interchanging visits and communications. Schiller's wanderings were now concluded: with a heart tired of so fluctuating an exist-

* If we mistake not, Madame de Staël, in her *Révolution Francaise*, had this performance of Schiller's in her eye. Her work is constructed on a similar though a rather looser plan of arrangement: the execution of it bears the same relation to that of Schiller; it is less irregular; more ambitious in its rhetoric; inferior in precision, though often not in force of thought and imagery.

ence, but not despoiled of its capacity for relishing a calmer one; with a mind experienced by much and varied intercourse with men; full of knowledge and of plans to turn it to account, he could now repose himself in the haven of domestic comforts, and look forward to days of more unbroken exertion, and more wholesome and permanent enjoyment than hitherto had fallen to his lot. In the February following his settlement at Jena, he received the hand of the Fraülein Lengefield; a happiness, with the prospect of which, he had long associated all the pleasures which he hoped for from the future. A few months after this event, he thus expressed himself, in writing to a friend:

Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone,—even in summer. Beautiful nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here! I look with a glad mind about me; my heart finds a perennial contentment without it; my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in harmonious composure; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart; now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself how it all has happened, so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. From the future, I hope for every thing. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my spirit; nay, I expect my very youth will be renewed; an inward poetic life will give it me again.

To what extent these smiling hopes were realized will be seen in the next and concluding Part of this Biography.

STANZAS

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LORENZO DE MEDICI.

1.

Follow that fervour, O devoted spirit!
  With which thy Saviour's goodness fires thy breast;
Go where it draws,—and when it calls—Oh! hear it,
  It is thy Shepherd's voice, and leads to rest.

2.

In this thy new devotedness of feeling—
  Suspicion, envy, anger, have no claim;
Sure Hope is highest happiness revealing,
  With peace, and gentleness, and purest fame.

3.

For, in thy holy and thy happy sadness,
  If tears or sighs are sometimes sown by thee;
In the pure regions of immortal gladness
  Sweet and eternal shall thine harvest be.

4.

Leave them to say—"This people's meditation
  Is vain and idle!"—sit with ear and eye
Fix'd upon Christ—in child-like dedication,
  O thou inhabitant of Bethany.

B.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE LETTERS TO DRAMATISTS.

My honour is in pawn for a "moderate Postscript" to these Letters: that is, of course, a moderately *short* one, or, in other words, an immoderately *long* one. The truth is, the six letters which I have already addressed to the Dramatists of the Day do not contain above a sixth part of what would complete the subject; there are numberless other points connected with tragedy, which I could dilate upon, with more satisfaction to myself, perhaps, than advantage to my readers. Much as I have said in these letters upon a very few subjects, I have not said all I had to say, even upon them. Neither have I alluded to many other distinct particulars, in which I think the Dramatists of the Day deficient or reprehensible. I have cursorily noticed the meagreness of their plots, and have enlarged somewhat profusely upon the ultra-poetry of their language: the third great province of the tragedist, delineation of character, I have left wholly untouched, with several minor considerations. Nevertheless, I merely wish to recapitulate, here, a few leading principles of dramatic composition propounded in these letters, the validity of which I am persuaded no one will be found to dispute, and the practice of which we may, therefore, expect to see, in some measure, cultivated by our tragic writers. There are also, one or two remarks, which have been, or may be made on my theory, or on myself; some of these deserve a reply. But it is not my design in this Postscript to enter upon a subject, which might fairly claim a letter to itself,—characterial delineation. Indeed, it is, in my opinion, perfectly useless to proceed with attempts at revolutionizing the modern system of drama in these remoter details—until the language of the drama is itself reformed. All the abuses of the modern stage, I am fully convinced, bottom themselves on the one false basis, and are derived from the one impure source, the unwarrantable and perpetual use of language merely poetical, as the proper language of the drama. Whilst this error is blindly or obstinately adhered to, it is in vain that we cry out against the degeneracy of the modern stage, or endeavour to regenerate it. Whilst the root is unsound, the tree will not bear good fruit. Nothing were more easy to prove, than the intimate connection which subsists between delineation of character and choice of phraseology, and that it is the nature of ultra-poesy to annihilate all distinction or individualization of persons, to dissolve in one uniform medium all the essential characteristics which mark the differences of manners and of minds. The language of poetry, that is, of mere poetry, is one and conventional, similar to itself in all places, and identical upon all occasions. This being the case, it never can represent adequately the many, arbitrary, dissimilar, and various modes of manner in which different individuals express themselves, nor display the antagonist peculiarities of mind which are only to be exhibited by a correspondent idiom of phrase;—that is, it never can portray character. If Faulconbridge and Hotspur both spake in the sweet and monotonous voice of poetry, how should we be able to distinguish the fearless, free-minded soldier from the hair-brained and impatient warrior? Why are all the personages of the Rhetóric school of drama, from the monarch down to the menial, from cap on head to cap in hand, heroes, —heroes of the full grenadier measure like the King of Prussia's body-guards,—at least, if big words constitute tall fellows? Why, because they all speak the same inflated language, their speeches are all screwed up to the "sticking-place" of heroic poetry. Why are all the personages of the Poetic school, *imbeciles*? Why, because they are all mere poets. I will however, insist no longer upon this subject; it does not belong to a Postscript.

The Dramatists of the Day will, I hope, impute it to my interest in their welfare, and my anxiety for the regeneration of the stage, that I once more, in the way of a brief synopsis, presume to solicit their attention to a few maxims of dramatic composition which I have insinuated in the course of these letters, and that I once again confront them with the false methods and principles which I would fain see abjured;

1st. The plots of tragedies must be either founded on more illustrious actions, or compounded of a greater number of minor interesting ones. Dramatists have to choose between these methods of plot-work. Their subject must be one, great, and magnificent; or it must be various, full, and busy. If they could combine the methods (as Shakspeare generally does; *vide* his Macbeth, Lear, &c.), it would be, of course, so much the better. But to choose an obscure fact or fiction, to select with inquisitive microscopic eye, a little pigmy story, raked out of the promiscuous annals of Italy or Spain, with contemptible diligence,—nay, in some cases (Montezuma, &c.) to disfigure the stage with Tomahawkers and Wild Indians,—and then, having adopted such a fable, to neglect embellishing, amplifying, or diversifying it with new supplemental incidents —this system of plot-work appears to me, I confess, totally irreconcileable either with reason or commonsense, not to talk of genius. But whence does this system, so prevalent now-a-days, originate? From the principle of Ultra-poesy. Where the writer thinks that all he has to do is to depute a certain number of persons in plumes and buskins to reciprocate poetry, for three hours and a half, before a gaping audience, he will, of course, make all his other endeavours subserve to this, or rather, for this, he will sacrifice them altogether.

2d. The scenes, or continued dialogues between the same persons, in a tragedy, should be as short as is compatible with a due developement of the subject which those persons have to communicate to the audience. Ultra-poetry goes upon a principle, and introduces a practice upon the scene, *directly in the teeth* of this maxim.

3d. Narration, description, still-life, and pacific imagery, are either to be wholly excluded, or sparingly used: these are the very anodynes of the stage. *Nota Bene:* They constitute the essence, the soul, the *sine qua non* of Ultra-poetry.

4th. The language of the drama must be discriminated from common poetry by other qualities, than merely that of being divided into alternate or successive parts, supposed to be allotted to different personages, A, B, C, &c. This device may serve to amuse or bewilder the reader, so that he shall mistake that which is only a poetical colloquy in five acts for a real play, but nevetheless it does not of itself constitute drama. Legitimate, effective drama being an approximate personal representation of some interesting human action, historical or fictitious, in a series of scenes, incidents, and dialogues, its language must observe the two following laws immediately derived from this its nature and essence: First, the language must be such as is accommodated to personal action; Second, however, the language may be raised and beautiful by the intermixture of poetical and rhetorical figures, common dialogue, i. e. the natural mode of phrase in use amongst that human society for which the dramatist composes his tragedy, should never be wholly, or for any considerable interval, lost sight of, it should always appear on the surface of his play. These two laws might, perhaps, be resolved into one; for common or natural dialogue, being that which passes between persons really in action on the human stage, is necessarily accommodated to action. But the first law rather concerns the energy, the intensity of action involved by the language, than its naturalness; for unless the language be forcible as well as natural, striking as well as colloquial, it will be deficient in point of interest and effect. Now legitimate, effective drama is not merely a representation of human life, but of the interesting parts of it. I need scarcely conclude this paragraph by adding, that Ultra-poetry is inconsistent with the language of action and with natural dialogue.

5th. Tragedy may occasionally dispense with what, in my sixth letter, I denominated, the rule of *Joinery.* Such a relief will assist the nature, spirit, and ease of the dialogue, without injuring its harmony materially. In Ultra-poetry, the rule of Joinery is indispensable, and must be rigorously observed.

These few maxims contain my theory upon the subject of drama, as far as regards the plot, the business, and the language. To me they appear little short of axiomatical truths. It will, however, I hope, be recollected, that I do not pretend to infallibility. In attributing the degr-

neracy of the modern stage principally to an erroneous choice of language, and especially that of the present age of drama to an excessive and unwarrantable indulgence in poetry,—'tis very possible I may be utterly mistaken. I have given my reasons for my opinions in the preceding letters, nor am I aware that any one of them can be proved false or fallacious. The Dramatists of the Day are, perhaps, fortified in their own principles, and think their case equally impregnable, else they would no longer persist in a course from which they reap little profit and less reputation. If this really be the fact, I should be very much obliged to any one amongst them, who would take the trouble of demonstrating one of two things; either of which being proved would annihilate my theory at once, and shut up my oracular mouth for ever; videlicet: either that poetry in parts, necessarily, and of itself, constitutes drama, or that the tragedies of the day, generally speaking, are not poetry in parts and little more. If the Doge of Venice, Mirandola, Evadne, Conscience, Fazio, &c. are anything more than conversations in verse; if they are representations of human life, and approximations to the language of life; if they are calculated to rouse the passions, and are accommodated to action; i. e. if they are *dramas*,—all I can say is, I am in the very lowest state of hopeless and deplorable error. If languid volubility, endless amplification, and a perpetual penchant towards descriptions of still-life and dead scenery; if smoothness, softness, and sweetness of versification; refined, evanescent, half-etched ideas, conceptions and imagery ("touches" as the Author of Fazio calls them); in a word, if Ultra-poetry be the legitimate instrument wherewith to produce dramatical effect, if this be the proper material whereof to construct a tragedy,—the Dramatists of the Day, in spite of their repeated failures on the stage, are pre-eminently qualified to succeed there, and John Lacy, in spite of his dogmatism, knows just as much about drama as an owl does of astronomy. Ultra-poetry may be the divine nostrum which shall at length restore the stage to its primitive health and vigour: Dramatists may be wise in llenging the passions and assaulting the heart, through the medium of Ultra-poetry:—to me it appears that they might as well run a-tilt against Mount Atlas with a green rush. But again, I entreat my readers will recollect, that I am not infallible. Unless they are convinced by my reasonings, let not the Dramatists of the Day desert their own principles of composition to follow my prescriptions. As a confirmation of my theory upon the subject of the drama, however, I must beg leave, in conclusion, to adduce the internal evidence of a modern tragedy itself: the *mad tragedy* is altogether on my side of the question, in as far as regards the *furor dramaticus*, for which I so strenuously contend:—v. g.

Thou tremblest least I curse thee, tremble not—
Though thou hast made me, woman, very wretched—
Though thou hast made me—but I will not curse thee—
Hear the last prayer of Bertram's broken heart,
That heart which thou hast broken, not his foes!—
Of thy rank wishes the full scope be on thee—
May pomp and pride shout in thine addered path,
Till thou shalt feel and sicken at their hollowness—
May he thou'st wed, be kind and generous to thee
Till thy wrung heart, stabb'd with his noble fondness,
Writhe in detesting consciousness of falsehood—
May thy babe's smile speak daggers to that mother
Who cannot love the father of her child.
And in the bright blaze of the festal hall,
When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around thee,
May ruin'd Bertram's pledge hiss in thine ear—
Joy to the proud dame of St. Aldobrand!—
While his cold corse doth bleach beneath her towers.—(*Bertram*, A. 2, Sc. 3.)

There is a crazy energy in this speech, which, however absurd it may appear in the closet, adapts the thing in some measure for the stage: the writer seems to have fully appreciated the cotemporary error of deluging the scene with poetry, but he has unluckily, in avoiding the frying-pan fallen into the fire, and mistaken insanity for inspiration.—Nevertheless, if we are to choose between Tom o' Bedlam and Sir Velvet-lungs, give us the madman.

rather than the ultra-poet. It requires no great depth of penetration to see which will best succeed upon the stage: Bertram had a greater run than all the other tragedies of the day put together. But I have done.

Now for the remarks, objections, or animadversions, with which these letters may be, or have been honoured.

First, it may be said, that I do not go deep enough for the causes to which the degeneracy of the stage is rightly attributable: that it is owing to a radical deficiency of dramatic genius amongst our living writers; and that the use of undramatic language, to which I chiefly impute the present low state of our national tragedy, is merely an effect of the above-mentioned deficiency,—inasmuch as a true dramatic spirit, if it existed, would direct our writers to the choice of true dramatic language. To this I reply, that I never pretended to attribute modern dramatic degeneracy to a mere mistake of language rectifiable at pleasure. It is very evident from my repeated assertions that our modern tragedists are mere poets, it is very evident from this, that I consider them as deficient in the article of *dramatic* genius. I have had the impudence to tell, even the Professor of Poetry at Oxford University, himself one of our best tragic writers, that he does not know the difference between drama and common poetry! But what would be the use of ascending so high in the chain of causes, or of insisting upon this matter of fact? If I had thought it a thing worth while, to investigate the original causes why modern tragedy is so miserable, I might have gone much higher than the deficiency of dramatic genius; for this is itself but an effect of the circumstances of the age, and these but the effect of the age preceding. So that, if such had been my intention, it were easy to have spun out an infinite series of causes, as long as an algebraical formula, and nearly as useful to dramatists. I know this is a very easy and a very favorite method with critics; I am aware that it affords frequent opportunities of displaying ingenuity without utility, and learning without information. Contenting themselves with pointing out the remote causes of our general failure on the stage, which are beyond our reach and above our control, they overpass the proximate causes, which are immediately open to remedy, and over which we may exercise some influence. Meagreness of plot, monotony of cadence, emptiness of incident, deficiency of action, energy, and business, are tangible subjects: by drawing the attention of our writers to these, and by endeavouring to impress on their minds the necessity of pursuing an opposite system of composition, a "nascent impulse towards legitimate dramatism may be created." This has been *my* process. If, indeed, dramatic genius be wholly and solely an innate faculty of the mind, these letters are futile productions; but if, as I am inclined to think, it be partly the creature of circumstances, if the power of producing stage effect be in any part an acquirable faculty, then we may hope that by directing the genius of our writers to the legitimate methods and practices of successful dramatists, and by demonstrating the impropriety and unfitness of their own, they will gradually regenerate the spirit of ancient tragedy. Suppose (and, by the by, it is but a modest presumption in a theorist), suppose the preceding letters have converted *one* reader to my opinion; suppose he converts another, and so on; by this simple method of proselytism (if the theory be *sound*), I may anticipate, somewhat on the principle of Bobadil, the final conversion of the whole nation. Then indeed might I exclaim in the last words of the Epilogue to a celebrated satire (O that the time were come!)—

'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd the stage!

Another objection to be refuted, is,—that the genius or disposition of the present age is inimical to the regeneration of the stage, and the growth of dramatic talent. This is a *petitio principii;* the indifference with which dramas written *in* the effeminate spirit of the age, are received, is some proof that the public taste is not altogether depraved, and that a genuine tragedy would obtain patronage and applause. Besides, granting the truth of the objection, if the disposition of the age be not wholly incorrigible, how is it to be corrected? How, but by individual attempts like this [illegible]e able and equally sincere), to restore a pure taste by infusing a better spirit of

composition than now palls upon the general palate? If no more were accomplished by such attempts, they might at least annihilate and abolish the present false system of drama, leaving a clear stage for new performers who should be unbiassed by the prejudices, and ignorant of the practices, in which their predecessors so fatally and foolishly indulged.

Again, it may be said,—Why, in the face of his declaration that his plays had "no view to the stage," have I extended my remarks to the works of Lord Byron. For many reasons. First, because his plays, whether considered as mere poems or dramas, are subject to most of the animadversions made in these letters on professed stage-pieces. They are meagre in incident (i. e. in *plot*); they are of too prolix and effeminate a species of composition (i. e. they want *action*); they are inveterately prose-poetic, and it was impossible to touch upon this subject, without alluding to him who had introduced the system of prose-poetry among our declared tragedists. Secondly, being *called* tragedies, when, speaking in the accepted use of the word as applied to separately-distributed verse, they are not tragedies, but mere poems,—and some of them having been actually performed,—they are calculated to mislead the public mind into a false notion of what real dramatic tragedy should be, and by the influence of his lordship's name and practice, to smother whatever genuine dramatic spirit may yet remain, or might in future arise, amongst us. Not that I ascribe much of that efficacy to them, but some they undoubtedly have. Thirdly, his lordship certainly has a spice of tragic genius about him; like Beddoes, though he wrote—*not* for the stage, his plays exhibit more of the *vis tragica* than those written expressly for it. And although I have some doubts whether his lordship will take my hint, to condense himself, to thicken his plot with incidents, eschew prose-poetry, contemn joinery, in a word, to attempt a legitimate tragedy,—yet he *might* do so, and possibly, at some future period, may. These reasons are I hope sufficient to excuse the liberty I have so frequently taken with his name.

Finally, it may be observed,—If I am so dissatisfied with the works of the Dramatists of the Day, if I am so alive to their deficiencies, and so awake to their errors, if I know so well how a tragedy ought to be written,—why don't I write a tragedy myself? I who presume to condemn the tragedies of my cotemporaries as altogether unworthy of the name, why don't I write a better one myself? To this I have nothing to reply, but that when I entered on the subject of these letters, I had no expectation of being met with such unanswerable arguments, and therefore have made no provision for them.

JOHN LACY.

LETTERS TO THE COUNTRY.*

No. I.

A few Words about the Riversdale Family—a few more about the Writer—Departure from Riversdale—the Cynic—Man, a Misanthrope by Nature—the Wanderer relieved—Travelling in Winter—Poetical Beauty, in what does it consist?—Arrival in London—a Query proposed—Story of the SEVEN SLEEPERS—Remarks—Conclusion.

London, January 1, 1824.

MY first letter from town I write to you, dearest Mary,—either because you are the eldest sister, or the most studious of the family, or the best correspondent,—or for any other *little reason* you are pleased to suppose. You may read it aloud, if you will, to the bright circle of faces which glisten round the evening-fire at Riversdale, and are now, perhaps, with the accustomed want of good-manners for which I have so often and in vain lectured their owners, peeping over your shoulder, to "see what they can see" in this letter. Let them see it; who cares? There is not a word, from beginning to end of the whole epistle, but might be published by telegraph, or written

* We are *almost* inclined to think these letters fictitious, or at least, that the names employed in them are so. The writer is much more obligingly communicative in many parts of them, than the public could possibly have expected.—*Ed.*

at the foot of the banns on a church-door, to which every young Sunday-eye is inevitably directed. At all events, the family *staircase*, as I call the ascending range of heads at Dale cottage, from grave sister Susan down to little smiling Cherry, knows all our secrets, as well as we do ourselves; so you need not blush if now and then the dearest thought of my heart runs through the ink in spite of me. Kate sometimes laughs at you, and in her own arch volatile way, which one would be angry with if it were possible to keep one's countenance, torments you about, rings—wedding-days—honey-moons—and *Damon's* picture, as the satirical minx designates my long-nosed miniature; then you grow half-vexed, whilst she (still keeping at arm's length) continues singing—"When a little farm we keep," with the most provoking playfulness. Tell her if she dares to sing that song within one cardinal hour after the postman delivers this letter, I will tell all I know about *Some one*, who sent a copy of verses to a certain young lady, the third sister in a family not a hundred miles from R——. I could swear she is all a-bloom now, —*à-la-mode de rose*, as we used to say; pray laugh at her.

My long habits of intimacy with your family impose on me a kind of filial and fraternal duty to render your kind parents, and all the inmates of their house, an unreserved detail of my proceedings whilst I am separated from them; and I am ready to perform my part of the covenant which we made at parting, i. e. to preserve as familiar a style in this secondary kind of converse which letters enable us to hold, as I should were I standing in my *old place* at the left-hand side of the parlour fire. If you expect, however, a categorical chronological account of my life and opinions since I left the Dale cottage, you will be sadly disappointed. I may promise you an unreserved, nay, a minute detail of my proceedings, as far as I can recollect them, but I cannot assure you that it shall be either clear, consistent, or satisfactory. I speak with my pen as I do with my lips; my letters are the transcript of my mind, and you know I could never think connectedly upon any subject: how then can you expect me to write coherently? An "extravagant and erring spirit" like mine, circumscribed neither by time or place, propriety or prudence, and constant to no one purpose or feeling (yes, yes, *one*, if but one)—is not to be assessed with a contribution of regular methodical *items* enclosed in a letter, or required to lay before the parliament of friends assembled in the drawing-room, an exact return of all its thoughts, sentiments, and perceptions, in due order and series, as they followed one another. To ask me, Richard Chatterton, to sit down every evening like a blue-stocking miss on her first tour, and write a circumstantial itinerary, an hour-journal of daily occurrences, would be little less unreasonable than to ask a young wild goose to fly in a mathematical circle round your papa's farm-yard like a tame pigeon. We should both return you this plain rational answer: Many birds of many kinds, many men of many minds; Nature made us of one feather, we will not try to soar with another. Take these letters, therefore, as you find them. If in the melange of random thoughts and scattered incidents with which they are filled, one shall be found deserving of a place in your memory, forgive, for its sake, the worthless remainder.

Thus far, however, will I be explicit: December the 19th, 1823, at six o'clock p. m. I arrived in London. By the bye, I travelled up with a very singular character, a grave humorist, an English Diogenes; who afforded me, by the striking peculiarity of his manner, much food for meditation and petty philosophizing, which you know is my hobby. I was glad to meet with such a character, in order to get away from myself, and from more domestic thoughts; thoughts sorrowful enough, God knows, at quitting all I love, and made doubly so by the melancholy tones of the village-bell which seemed to toll for my departure from Riversdale. There is nothing in this *tolling*, I am well aware; it was church-time, and that was all; but every knell, as it rung through my ears, repeated, as I thought, plainly and emphatically—fare-well! fare-well! whilst I was gradually leaving the village and its tapering spire behind me. When I took my last look at the family-cottage, nested under the brow of the hill, the sounds had diminished to a mere echo in my brain, which I think has not done

reverberating still. How prone is the human mind to adapt indifferent things to the circumstances under which it labours! when the spirits are depressed, especially, how apt are we to think that every inanimate thing we see or hear gives dark and mournful indications of sympathy; the glade takes a deeper tinge, the woods sigh more audibly, and the tinkling peal to matins beats on the heart with the impressiveness of a passing-knell. You remember poor Juliet's words, when Romeo has descended from her chamber into the garden, and is taking his last adieu:

> Methinks I see thee now thou art below,
> As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
> Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

How true to nature is this speech: the girl looking down from the window on her departing lover, converts the place where he stands into a low sepulchre, and the dim haze of twilight through which she sees him gives his cheek, to her view, the livid complexion of death. But I will melancholize no longer: let six short months pass over, and Riversdale bell shall welcome me back with the self-same chimes that knolled me away.

Only see where I have digressed; from an English stage-coach to a garden at Verona! I was about telling you of one of my fellow passengers, the humorist, who sat in the cross-corner of the vehicle, opposite to that which I occupied. He was a florid-looking little gentleman with something of a bitter expression about his upper lip and the flexible part of his nose; his dress was plain, comfortable, but rather antiquated; and a gold-headed cane on which he leaned firmly with both his hands, (except during the interval of producing, opening, and deliberately going through the varied evolution of taking a pinch from a tortoise-shell snuff-box, which he returned with the same collected demeanour into his waistcoat-pocket) said as plainly as gold-headed cane could speak, that the proprietor of such a responsible article was "not to be sneezed at." You may guess, I had no appetite for conversation, and the other inhabitants of the stage appeared to be restrained from a breach of taciturnity by a sense of awe which perhaps they were not themselves aware of. At length, a glassy-faced smiling companion, who sat directly opposite the Knight of the Ruby Countenance, ventured to observe, with a bow of humble conciliation towards his side of the coach,—that amongst so many intelligent-looking persons, he was surprised no one said anything to enliven the company. The little gentleman, putting his head half-way out of the coach window, as if looking at something on the road, replied through the hither corner of his mouth,—that he had generally observed the first who broke silence among strangers was either a fool or a woman. And the second, added a prim lady beside him without moving anything but her lips apparently,—a cynic. "Natural enough, madam," said her neighbour, "that the fool should be immediately taken up by the satirist; but in the case of a woman, the second speaker is oftener a coxcomb than a cynic." A violent jolt of the coach dissolved the muscles of Mrs. Prim's mouth, which were gathering themselves up for a tart reply to this insinuation; and the same jolt placed her sitting (most preposterously!) on the knee of the cynic, whom she could have eaten, (as the saying is) "with a grain of salt"—an awkward attempt of blind Fortune to reconcile the parties. I never saw such a picture of disgruntlement, when she found herself in this inconsistent situation; but whilst she muttered something inaudible or unintelligible about coxcombs and women, cynics and careless drivers, the little gentleman, who also had been somewhat embarrassed at her unexpected descent upon his lap, composed himself to sleep in his own corner.

To a being of your mild and unoffending spirit, this hostility of manner which our fellow-traveller displayed upon all occasions, would seem unaccountable. As he lay rolled up in himself, and with no part of his body approaching within an inch at least of the lady beside, or the smooth-faced personage before him, I could not help reflecting with less scepticism on that position of a modern philosopher, I believe Hobbes—that the state of nature is a state of individual enmity, and that it is only our growing wants and necessities which compress us into society together. Certainly, if we observe the manners of an infant, we

shall find little reason to conclude the existence of the elements of philanthropy within its breast. What a selfish little animal is a child at the mother's breast! It cares for nobody, nothing, but its mamma or its nurse; and for her, only as its nourisher or protector. It is not merely indifferent to others, it absolutely dislikes and rejects them. At its first entrance into the world it utters a cry of dissatisfaction, and a long time elapses before habit reconciles the little misanthrope to its fellow mortals. How seldom do we find two or more children agree, when together; amidst their plays, their toys. their feasts, and their trivial pursuits, they indulge a spirit of rapacity, envy, selfishness, and reciprocal malevolence, of which their maturer age would be ashamed. Tales and complaints, perpetual bickerings and squabbles, disgrace their short-lived amity; and it is only by the lessons of mutual benevolence which parental care may have instilled, by habit, by a growing sense of duty, and by the influence of reason, that family-affection is at length established among them. Brute animals, we see, are for the most part inimical to those of their own species: does not this go some way in proving that we, whilst we continue in the state of brute animals, that is, until we come to the use of reason, are also at enmity with each other? I do not, for my own part, perceive any signs of an instinct leading a child to love his own species, or to prefer a stranger who walks into the room where it is playing to the dog which follows at the stranger's heels. Taking the legend as true, I have not the least doubt but that Romulus and Remus loved the she-wolf who nourished them quite as well in that shape, as if she had walked upright upon two legs and spoken rational nonsense to them, like a human wet-nurse. But I leave this curious subject of speculation to deeper heads than that which grows upon my humble shoulders.

There is a good deal of cynicism in the English character. It is, however, honourably distinguished by a certain peculiarity from that of the Grecian model; it is more a cynicism of manner than of heart. Nay, it seems often to arise from a hatred of hypocrisy, or a thorough contempt for folly, to expose both of which is considered as the paramount duty of every honest Englishman. Diogenes in his tub, snarled on a different principle: affectation and callousness of disposition made him a cynic, not a love of plainness and sincerity, or a just scorn of impertinence and folly. An English cynic is frequently a philanthropist in disguise.

Upon our alighting for dinner at the appointed inn, *our* Diogenes pushing aside the driver's arm, which was politely offered to assist each passenger in getting out of the coach, brushed past the landlord as he stood with a jolly face of invitation on the flag-way before his own door, and walked fiercely up the street, holding his cane at some distance from, but parallel to, his body, and applying its golden knob, in direct contact, to the bulb of his nose. "Comical dog!" said the landlord. "*Rum* fellow!" said the coachman. "That's a queer one!" said the guard. "Odious brute!" said Mrs. Prim. "A very unmannerly sort of a gentleman, that I must say!" said Smooth-face. "Ha! ha! ha!" said the rest of the company, as the object of their notice vanished round a corner.

Notwithstanding the entertainment afforded by this whimsical personage, my spirits were down—down as low as a school-boy's upon Black Monday, when he takes his last kiss and basket of sweet-meats from mamma early in the morning. Neither did the possibility occur to me, of raising them by the mechanical process of eating. In truth, I had already eaten (as a Greek would say) so much of my own heart, and drunk so many inward tears, that ambrosia and nectar, served by Hebe herself in a platter and cup of Vulcanian workmanship, would have saluted my nostrils with perfect impunity. In beaten English, I was neither an-hungry nor a-thirst; and accordingly, instead of accompanying the other passengers to the inn, I took a stroll through the town as comparative solitude to their dinner-table. As I walked along, intently meditating upon the sunbeams in the kennel, a gig drove furiously past, delved into the middle of the mire which was the object of my gaze if not of my veneration, and covered me, before I had an opportunity to decline the investment, from top t

toe, from head to foot, in a panoply of mud. I withdrew into the next friendly door-way, as well, indeed, to escape the public admiration, as to get rid of my superfluous envelope,—to cast my slough, as, without a figure, I might truly say. By the volumes of fragrant smoke which mounted through the area and assaulted their proper sense, I quickly perceived that it was a house of entertainment which I had gotten into; wherefore,—as you are aware how exact I am in proportioning all my acts to existing circumstances,—in return for the complaisance of the landlady who had generously accommodated me with a napkin of about the same complexion and condition with my own "sad-coloured" suit, I ordered a draught of her best home-brewed (which, to do her justice, she had fervently recommended to my patronage), and retired into an inner apartment to finish my toilet. Now, I must give you a little insight into the topography of this apartment.—It was a corner, about the size of a moderate modern triangular cravat, cut off from the principal and oblong room of entertainment. Could Monsieur d'Anville describe it better? No: though that infallible geographer, who may be said to have taken off the face of Mother Earth with a *sillouette*, had told you the latitude and longitude of its three angles, to the breadth of one of your own golden hairs. Well. —This little apartment, most probably designed as a kind of spy-hole or observatory, from whence the mistress of the house might see, and hear (for the partition was of wood), all that was going on in the larger room,—was obscurely lighted by a small window looking into the said room. Peeping through this window, which was cautiously provided with a thin gauzy blind so as to permit and yet prevent sight, I surveyed the outer apartment, where I could discern but two solitary guests. Imagine my surprise, when, in one of these, I recognized no less a personage than Domine Diogenes himself, who was seated at a small table in the darkest and most unsocial corner of the room, in fact, just under the window through which I was gaping. There was a cloth, knife and fork, with the remaining apparatus indicative of dinner, upon the table. The misanthrope himself, as he presented me a side-view of his incomparable phyz, sat much less like Patience on a monument, than Impatience in an elbow-chair; by the quick and ceaseless tapping (commonly called the *Devil's Minuet*), which his toe kept upon the floor, one would have thought he expected a giant or a dwarf to rise out of the cellar with an enchanted beefsteak on his head. He neither called, nor pulled, however,—nor stampt, nor swore,—but continued looking straight and steadfastly into the bright-red fire, which by its neighbourhood had already visibly improved the rubicundity of his nose, and lent his eyes a still fiercer lustre, as he sat chewing the cud of bitterness and gall in silence before it. On the opposite side of the hearth, stood a woman about thirty years of age, who had apparently suffered by the inclemency of the morning. She was clad in decent remnants, but looked pale, sorrow-stricken, and completely worn with fatigue or misery. The deep lines of a countenance, which had once been a fine one of the Magdalene cast, told that the weighty chisel of Care, or of Sorrow, had long been employed in defacing the handy-work of Nature. It was a countenance, which, though far from what might be called severe, had been apparently so fixed in habitual gloom by Disappointment, that Hope could never again light it up into a smile. At least, so I conjectured. When the Cynic's dinner came in, a substantial beefsteak (borne however by a mere, mortal, snail-paced serving-man), of considerable surface and dimensions, I thought I could see in the poor Wanderer's face that she had breakfasted with the birds, that day at least,—perhaps had not broken her fast for a much longer time. You will, no doubt, my dear Mary, give me credit for intentional charity upon this occasion, and I was just considering how I should put it in practice with the greatest delicacy to her feelings (for I saw, she *had* feelings), when the Misanthrope, who had as yet sedulously avoided taking notice of his companion, looking up at her with a visage all radiant and enflamed, as she decently averted her eyes from his table, said in a voice of inexpressible tenderness and compassion,—Come hither, child! and

share with me: here is no one to disturb you, and there is enough for both of us. "Come," said he, perceiving her unwillingness (some remains of pride, perhaps, which poverty had not quite extinguished), "Come, come, I have ere this felt sorrow such as yours, and have myself been beholden to a stranger." He got up from his seat, and gently drew her to his table. Had he poured out the whole vial of his acrimonious spirit upon me, I should have forgiven him from that moment.

I will not go on with the rest of this story. Suffice it to say that the Wanderer was relieved, and the Cynic and I walked back to the inn together.

At this season of the year, travelling by the stage is not a very interesting occupation. Stiffening pieces of water through which the coach-wheels crackle every now and then, a wiry hedge with little birds ruffling their plumage about their necks, and hopping incessantly through the bare branches to keep themselves warm, cottages and houses throwing their wide window-eyes over a bleak expanse of cold green fields or crumbling up-turned furrows, amuse the traveller with a plentiful variety of sameness; or if he surveys his live stock of scenery, he will confess, perhaps, that peasants with heavenly-blue noses and frost-bitten faces, an occasional dog shivering at his master's heels, and a few draggled sheep baaing on the tops of the ditches, make up a piece of picturesque, very natural to these countries, without doubt, but beautiful nowhere. Nature, even undeformed nature, is, therefore not always a test of beauty,—as many of our theorists, who contend so zealously for nature in poetry, will have it to be. In my mind, those who write poetry, as I may say, in a *smock-frock*, and think they never can be too natural, but that a fac-simile of reality, however uninteresting the subject may be, is therefore beautiful because it is true—the Tenierses and Morlands of poetry, in my mind, are as far from attaining beauty in their delineations of nature stark-naked and unsophisticated, as those who write in the "classical taste" of Queen Anne's reign, without any view to nature at all. The truth is,—to set this much-misunderstood, much-mystified matter in its proper light,—poetical beauty consists in this, videlicet——Where upon earth, my dear Richard, are you rambling? What has a simple girl like me, to do with your logical definitions (for I see by your magnificent exordium you are about one)? I know, already, what pleases me in poetry; *that* I call beautiful, and I want no one to bewilder me with distinctions and definitions, till I am afraid to admire what I can't help liking,—lest I should be pleased, perhaps, at the wrong place. The girl is right, I protest!—not a word more about nature or beauty. Besides, indeed, the theory is now pretty well exploded: we begin now to see that for a poetical description to be beautiful, it is not enough that it be merely true to nature; it must also——Again?——I'm dumb! as Calista says,

> Dumb for ever, silent as the grave,

that is, upon paper, and this subject.

No: had you the sagacity of Newton, the wisdom of Solomon, the wit of Boileau, the subtilty of Aristotle, the judgment of Bacon, the fancy of Plato, or the imagination of Shakspeare, nay, all these divine faculties accumulated in your head together, you could not possibly tell or conceive—how excessively fatigued I was when I arrived in London. And yet,—where do you think I walked after all? I would grant you the above-mentioned sagacity, wisdom, wit, subtilty, judgment, fancy, imagination, and superadd, moreover, the cunning of Œdipus, together with the prophetic spirit of Trophonius or the Pythian priestess; give you three days and three answers; yet you should not tell me where, fatigued as I was, I walked immediately upon alighting at the London caravansera about six o'clock in the evening. To the theatre?—No. To your friend Helvyn's?—No. To-to-to *where*, in the name of wonder?—*Straight to bed.* Ah! you foolish fellow!

Straight to bed: as fast as two indifferent weary legs, and as straight as about a dozen ins-and-outs, double that complement of zig-zag passages, serpentine staircases and meandering corridores without end or number, through which the chambermaid of the caravansera conducted her credu-

lous protegé, permitted him (that's me) to go. Straight to bed, I'll assure you; and there (O that I live to tell it!), fell dead asleep before I well knew what I was about. 'Tis a fact, as I'm an honest sinner! Fell fast asleep—a singular coincidence, you will perceive, with what we are told of "little Bo-peep"—and slept! *Dî Immortales*, with what energy I did sleep! Slept quite as sound, though not altogether as long, as the Seven Sleepers.

Ah! dear Richard, who were the Seven Sleepers? I have often and often heard the phrase, yet I never could find any one who was able to explain to me the origin of it. That, my good girl, was because you never asked *me*. This is the STORY of the SEVEN SLEEPERS. (By the by, your friends must be all a pretty set of ignoramuses; for any one who chooses to take the trouble of looking into *Gregorius Turonensis de Gloria Martyrum*, or the Greek Acts of Martyrdom *apud Photium*, or even the Annals of the patriarch *Eutychius*, will find the story written down there in black and white, as plain as a parcel of pea-rods.) Ah! go on; don't preach!

When the emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern in the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of huge stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones, to supply materials for some rustic edifice: the light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. After a slumber, as they thought, of a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth (if we may still employ that appellation) could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus.

Observe: Paganism had been almost universally supplanted by Christianity, during the interval of this miraculous slumber.

His singular dress and obsolete language, confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, as it is said, the emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers; who bestowed their benediction, related their story, and at the same instant peaceably expired.

Gibbon. Decline and Fall, chap. 33.

Mahomet got hold of this ecclesiastical legend, and transplanted it into his Koran, with some alterations and embellishments. He introduced an eighth personage into the sleepy cavern, a dog (*Al Rukim*, as the Arabian has it). He made the sun alter his course twice a-day, that he might shine into the cave; which, however, I suspect, was rather above the sun's thumb to accomplish, seeing that the entrance was stopped up,—unless, indeed, he had a secret cranny of his own, through which he could shine, in the dark, as it were. The prophet of Mecca, also, had but an imperfect idea of secondary causes, when he attributed to Alla himself the care of turning the seven sleeping bodies to the right and left, in order to preserve them from putrefaction.

My paper is out, and, I suppose, so is your patience. So no more at present, but—Remember me to all at home. Their dear shades are now sitting before me, and I sometimes think they speak—yet I am silent and alone. My mother is coming into my eyes.—Adieu!

Yours, &c.

(You know I hate protestations and love-letter*ing*),

RICHARD CHATTERTON.

ANOTHER BODE FOR BODENTON.

An alms-fed fool stood by the churchyard wall,
And as the bridal-train came sweeping by,
He ran to a neighbouring grave, and gave a shout.
Hilloah! old Catch-the-plack—quoth he—arise;
Cast off some seven feet deep of earth; and, look,
Man, here's a show will bring the dead to life:
Thy merry niece is making the red gold fly,
Thou lost thy soul in saving.

Towards the twilight of a fine summer day, two travellers happened to meet at the junction of two roads, which, approaching a river bank, over a large extent of brown moorland, united into one broad and even way, winding southwards along the woody margin of the stream. The travellers seemed, indeed, of an humble condition in life; their clothes were patched and darned; their mantles were of many colours, and fringed and tasselled by time and long service; and wallets of ravenous or modest dimensions hung on all sides—equal to the most generous or most limited exercise of charity. They were of that portion of the community who wander from house to hall, soliciting compassion by a tale of pity. By sorrowful looks and with some skill in telling fortunes, and some sleight of hand, when linen lay thick on the hedges, and hens sat quiet on their roosts, they contrived to pick up a modest subsistence. They had, it is true, neither house, nor hall, nor home; and, as they were not of England, they had not the good fortune to have a parish; yet they had pleasures of their own, and joys peculiar to their community. Their mirth was furious, their songs boisterous, and their laughter loud, when they held carousal in their haunts and howffs in the merry little suburb of Dumfries—now performing penance for all its slips of indecorum, under the reputable name of Maxwelltown.

They seated themselves on either side of a mile-stone, and ranged their wallets in order round. With eager looks, and with many shakings of the head, they entered into conversation, and seemed to be seeking to solve some professional problem. "I'll tell ye, lass," said one, the youngest and tallest; "it's waste of time, and wear of shoon, to seek alms at Bodenton. The door of Pate Murray my body shall never darken. He never gave, and mickle he took—ye may find junipers on furze bushes, and pearls in a peat-pot, and yet no find a gowpin of grotts, or a handful of husky meal in all the misers ha'. I wish I were an elfcandle for his sake, I would make gowden light dance between his rafters." "I think the woman's wude," said her companion; "wot ye not that old Johnnie Grip-the-gear's gane? the haill country-side rung with the din of his dredgie, sax lang months syne. Three nights and three days did the gallant carousal last. We had short graces and long meals—brief prayers and deep drinks—small moan and mickle mirth: and who was blyther than his own niece—heiress now nae less—Mall Moffatt by name. There's lights in every window now, and gold seeing sun and wind that was in darkness for fifty long years, and a fat reek coming out at the chimney-head, in whilk ane might make dippit candles. Bodenton's a blythe bit now, lass, for a beggar bodie; and ye mauna say aught ungracious of the auld laird either—he did a good deed at last—he died—and left a mort-cloth to the kirk, and a crape to the bedral's hat. He never was the same man after the great fall in the price of wool; he had a sore cough from the time he lost so much at the Lockaby Lamb-fair, and a shortness of breath after the Roodsmass; when mugg-wool was nae marketable."

"What!" exclaimed the other, "and is Mall Moffatt lady of Bodenton? Ah! the fortunate quean; better be born lucky than lovely. I never had faith in the proverb till now: nature with her hue of roses and lilies may be gone; gold and silver's a sweeter complexion. And Mall Moffatt is heiress of Bodenton—bonnie Bodenton! Heigh, Sirs.

what gowks may be born to, as the cuckoo said to the fowler, who tamed her for a falcon. Her mother was mair than suspected with Gib Gordon, of the Gooseplatt; and monie a day carried clouted kettles and horn spoons to auld Willie Marshall, of Manderton. And her daughter's heiress of Bodenton! what maun come to me, a bailie's daughter of the good town of Lochmaben, when fortune's sae kind to my inferiors." "Aye," said her comrade; "I mind her when she wore a sark sax threads to the pund, and her best gown was of her ain spinning—a kind of a yellow —she'll rustle it now in goodly gear, I'll warrant, with a bunch of keys at her belt, and maidens to beck at her bidding. Let us go to Bodenton, Meg, my wench, and see how the new heiress sets her hood; and, if we dinna get a warm hearth, a cozie supper, and clean sacks o'er a soft bed of ait straw—she shall hear some queer stories." And rising as they came to this resolution, they invested themselves in their professional gear, and set their faces towards Bodenton; which, half seen, half hid among woody knolls, and scattered trees, might be half a mile distant.

They had advanced but little on their way, when the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard behind them, and the mingled laughter of many lips. "I'll hold all the grotts in my Littlemakefen," said the youngest, "against all the meal in thy pouch-apron, that here comes a batch of Wooester lads to the heiress of Bodenton;" and stepping out of the road, they awaited the approach of the strangers. Three young men well mounted presently advanced; and jealous of precedence, they rode all abreast, like an outpost of dragoons. "Yonder's the bower of Bodenton," said one, "and the bonny acres about it; three roods of arable, to seventeen hundred acres of moss and moor; a noble inheritance abounding in peat and ling, and other luxuries. O! for a cannie hour in the twilight; and some soft and sensible words to make a man with a borrowed horse, and unpaid spatter-dashes, laird of bonny Bodenton." "A borrowed horse, man," said the second rider; "if ye had half the number of horses my uncle gives away, ye would not need to borrow while ye breathed. Have ye ever seen the holms of Haughshinnel, man? there ye'll see the fairest horses in the wide earth. This is one of them I ride on. Only see what a sweeping tail, and what a flowing mane—the foam of his lips lies on a silver bit—the mouths of Haughshinnel's horses were never poisoned with rusty iron." "Yes," said the first rider, a smart and a forward youth; "and its mouth has never tasted corn either—a ragged colt caught wild on a wilder hill—with mane unpruned, and tail uncut, the bit lying in chewed grass—its fetlocks full of filth, and its tail straggling among the mud. And so rides the heir of Haughshinnel to woo the bonnie lass of Bodenton."

"I would have ye," said the third rider, a brawny well-set youth, with a blue eye, and an aquiline nose, and a heavy-headed whip in his hand; "I would have ye, lad, to speak sparingly of country gear, seeing ye bestride such a singular piece of horseflesh yourself. A cut set tail, and a clipped mane, pruned fetlocks, and cropt ears—is there nae jougg's or hangman's whip in your town, for those who mutilate and maim God's four-footed creatures? May seventeen hack horses ride over me at a heat, if I would expose myself on the outside of such a machine as that. Would ye be wiser than nature? What's so fair as a steed snorting foam—its mane dancing on the breeze —its tail streaming behind, and a lad on its back, who sits as if he were born on the bit, and who has a tongue to wile, and the luck to win, sae fair a lass as the heiress of Bodenton?" And setting spurs to his horse as he spoke, away he went, followed by his companions; there was smart whipping, and sharp spurring; and the grassy turf and disturbed pebbles flew out behind. But fortune is not always won by speed of foot.

"Have a care of us," said one of the old cummers, as the three companions dashed past; "if one of thae lads has luck in his wooing, the bonnie bowers of Bodenton will soon seek a new master. It's ill Frank-o-Kirktown; he who drinks sax days in the week for the sake of keeping sober on Sunday. His uncle left him siller bound in sicker trust—sax

shillings a week—payable on Monday and Thursday, by the minister of the parish; sae when he gets his siller he comes in for wholesome advice. Lack-a-day for Mall Moffatt; she'll soon come to a sair heart and a toom dish if she hearkens to him." "And will she be wiser," said her companion, "if she hearkens to the others—a lying lawyer, and a cursing horse couper? D'ye no ken black Ben Borthwick? Mony a day his mother and I have begged through the glens of Galloway together; and mony a queer splore we had when that chield that gallops sae gaily rode on her back. Od, lass, we ance came in at the butt end of a burial, when the wine and the brandy had been strong; I could gang to the place yet—the auld kirkyard of Dunscore. I never saw such a sight—here lay one, and there lay two—three yonder, and four beyond them—lairds and loons. Oh! sirs, but drink makes the strong feeble: ye might have bound the strongest with a straw—some lost coats, and some lost plaids, and some lost siller; we had mair than we could weel carry. I have kenned the world some seven-and-fifty years, and never had such a windfall. But see, lass; there's lights in the ball—sae let us hasten—the first seat at the hearth—the first cog at supper time, and the choice of straw beds, mayna be mocked at." And away they hastened up the brae to Bodenton.

The account which one of the young gallants gave of the attractions of this far-famed and noted place—three roods of arable land, to seventeen hundred acres of moor and moss, seemed more the result of an actual survey, than a satirical depreciation of a territory which even in the eye of one anxious of clothing the nakedness of the land in the ready-made garments of romance, seemed not a domain abounding in milk and honey. And yet, bleak and barren as it might seem to one acquainted with the fruits which follow the plough and the harrow, it was a rich and an opulent land, after its kind, and rewarded the care of the shepherd with many a fat ewe, and many a fair fleece. The blooming heather which supplied innumerable swarms of bees with the richest of all honey, sheltered a close and savoury sward of natural grass, on which the sheep of all kinds loved to feed—the flesh and the fleece were a proverb for excellence among all the neighbouring towns; and the opulence of the late proprietor was a proof that the moor and the moss were as productive in their way as more favoured lands. Overlooking this heathery waste, and with a few greensward knolls scattered prettily about it, the house stood with all the accommodations for storing away the pastoral riches of the land, forming a square behind.

It would seem this was a busy day with the heiress of Bodenton—a day which she had set apart, and consecrated to the purposes of true love, or rustic coquetry; and she had spared no pains or expense to decorate her person, and adorn her natural charms, for the eyes of her numerous admirers. "Jenny," said the heiress to a dark-haired girl, some seventeen years old, with a nimble foot, and a merry glance, and her prime minister and chief confidante; "how mony's come—the day's near done—and nae man shall lift the latch of my door after the sheep are in the fauld." "I know not how mony ye expect," said Jenny; "but there's sax behind the ha' door, and three before the fire. Willie Hauselock's o'er the moor an hour since, counting the ewes, and walking the marches, and every step he takes he cries, 'Three thousand of the Cheviot breed!—she's a rich quean; five thousand of black faced ewes!—she's a perfect princess; fifteen hundred of the old stock of Tinwald! a noble brood—the lassie's richer than the queen of Sheba; and all this fat pasturage as free to her as the wind to the hill. I wonder she can keep out of a chariot and sax; and then all her uncle's bills and money at work—if she gets nae a man she'll go mad—a man that can give her good counsel—a sensible man, no o'er far stricken in years—a considerate man, whose wisdom will cast cold water on the heat of her temper; but I maun go warily to work; for bating that she's light-headed, the lassie's well enough for a woman, and no very much of a fool. And now I will go and give a bode for Bodenton.'"

"For the love of laughter, have done," said the heiress; "we have other folk to oblige with our mirth—and here comes auld Willie Hause-

lock himself—as fast as his cough will permit, and his legs may carry him—rin down, Jenny, and show him up to me; let me settle matters with him first—age should be honoured—age should be reverenced—we mauna dally with thirty, nor threescore." And away flew Jenny—Jenny Jardine was her name, a full cousin sundry times removed to the laird of Cusserland. Steps were heard in the passage, a whisper and a cough, and the voice of Jenny, saying, "Hout, haud off, laird Hauselock; haud ye're smearing thumb off my bare neck—ye were nae half sae rash when my mother was a wanter." The door flew open, and in staggered the laird, panting and gasping for breath; for his treacherous conductor had fairly exhausted his breath and strength in a fruitless effort of gallantry.

If he entered confused and flushed with this unusual exertion, he saw nothing in the room to allay his agitation, but much to increase it. Instead of a meek and demure maiden, with a simple snood fastening her hair, dressed in a homespun gown, and with all the visible tokens of laborious thrift around her, he saw a stately and a pacing madam flaunting in a flounced and flowered gown, and a white hat sitting somewhat on one side, surmounted by a crest of feathers, white, red, and blue, which filled all the space between her brow and the ceiling; and fanned him into an ague fit. "Ah! laird Hauselock," said the heiress, eyeing herself at the same time, towering crest and all, in a huge mirror; "come and be seated—how's ye're rheumatism? and how's ye're shortness of breath? Jenny, lass, only see what sort of a gown these flirts in the Far Vennel have made me? crape they have the presumption to call it—constitution crape. Ye might winnow peas through it, laird—it's as open as a salmon net." "It's a bonnie garment, lass," said the laird; "it's a braw garment, and would cost a braw penny—it's no there for twal punds." "Ye ought to be burnt for a warlock laird; only it would be a pity to lose so venerable a man—ye have guessed it—it was twelve pounds—or was't the hat and feathers and the new pelisse that were twelve pounds, Jenny; or, stop, it was the new side saddle—I cannot be quite sure." "It was none of them all," said Jenny, looking demurely on laird Hauselock, who sat in wonder and amazement, listening to this hasty summary of extravagance—"it was the pearl necklace." "The pearl necklace," said the heiress; "d'ye think men dived in the Solway for the pearls, that I could have it for such an erlepenny as twelve pounds?" "Hinnie, hinnie," said the laird; "ye speak of punds Scots, surely—and twal pund Scots for a gown would have frightened ye're grandmother into her grave." "Punds Scots," echoed the confidante, and "punds Scots," echoed the heiress; tossing her head with such a sudden disdain, that the feathers alarmed some swarms of spiders, and sent them running to all corners of the room; "laird Hauselock, ye but joke—think you that I pay my draper, my mantua-maker, my saddler, my bookseller, my"—"my wine-merchant," whispered Jenny Jardine; "my wine-merchant, and my lawyer, in such vulgar money as that?" The laird leaped to his feet; "wine-merchant, Mary Moffatt, and lawyer," cried he; "that's warse than the moorill and original sin seven times told. Hark ye, lass, I had a thought; but far away has that thought flown now—to have put smooth words in my mouth, and made a bode for bonnie Bodenton; but the back of my hand be to't—there's that petticoated she-fiend, Extravagance—I name nae names—sitting on the marchdyke, and squandering it foot and furrow, foot and furrow. And yet," said he, as he hastened out of the house, "I have, perhaps, been hasty—a wise word and a sharp curb hand—a bite on the bridle a-bit—it would have killed her, or cured her—and either way I would have been a gainer—I have been rash—I have been rash."

"O! my bonnie petticoated she-fiend, lady Extravagance!" cried Jenny Jardine; "lord, but ye madamed it rarely; where are your side-saddles, and your necklace of pearls—and shall men go dive in the Solway for them? Now this is what I call acting—men and women stand on the stage and make mouths at one another; but this is what I call acting." "I think we have delivered the laird," said the heiress, "of his last folly—that of making love. I have

often wondered what made him shave once a fortnight, and wash once a week, and go to the kirk before me, with his skin-wool hose on, and look at me all the time of the sermon. O! the folly of marrowless bones. I'll like myself the worse for a fortnight at least, for moving such an imperfect piece of humanity as him. Now Jenny, woman, I wish we had that poor misguided lad—what's his name —him that hounds the dogs when there's nought astray, and dauners about the dykes looking at the moon —the moon has much to answer for about him. Can ye no help me to his name, woman? It's he who lies on his back, watching the plover coming through the cloud, and the morning lark, as it rises with its dewy wings, and perfumes heaven with the sweets of earth. Well, I think I'm growing mad myself, and making poetry." "Aha!" cried Jenny; "I'll wad ye mean nae wiser a man than honest Tam Carruders; and speak of fun, and Folly comes to your elbow, for yonder he comes—only look at him, he steps like a gander in a deep snaw—he's run against the tether'd cow, and the cows up wi' a rowte—he's run midleg deep into the goose-pond, and all the goslings are quacking. See he shakes the mud from him, and makes for our door, as if our house was Bedlam, and we kept lunatics. But, stop; he's either run against the door cheek and chipt the free-stone, or he has met laird Hauselock smack i' the teeth—hear at the dunt and the tumble, they're both down for sixpence. Oh! folly at eighteen, and madness at threescore; spare one another. The laird's away muttering, and here comes the ballad-maker —look what a raised look he has—he's about to recite verse; and I would rather he would bite me—the bite may be mended, but there's nae cure for rhyme, it will be the death of us a'."

The youth stood before them ere the satirical portrait of his person and pursuits was well finished. He was dressed in homely cloth—had a firm, well-made form, and a free step; an unembarrassed air, and a modest eye. Yet his keen blue eye was one that could seize on folly as readily as a hawk seizes its natural prey, and it seemed too, conversant with the soft, the gentle, and the moving. "A song, a song, Tam, my lad," cried the heiress, as the youth entered; "A song, a merry song, and the subject shall be the courtship of laird Hauselock and the heiress of Bodenton. There's a prime theme; come now, clean off hand—extempore as folk say, when they think hard and consider long. Come, man, wooe the muse, or what call ye the dame who supplies ye with folly?" "My Muse must be the heiress of Bodenton," said the bard. "A fair mark's easily hit," said the heiress: "Tam, ye're improving; Jenny, the lad's wiser than we thought of; he has deviated into sense once to my knowledge; the lad mends, as the wife said, when her son fell from coughing to swearing. Come now, Tammie lad, since I maun say saft things, give us a slap at auld Hauselock." The bard sung, with more archness than melody, the following hasty rhymes.

THE GALLANT AULD CARLE.

A gallant auld carle a courting came,
And ask'd with a cough, was the heiress at hame;
He was shaven smooth, with love-knots in his shoon,
And his breath was as cauld as the Hallowmass moon:
He has twa top-coats on, and a gray plaid;
Be kind to him, maiden, he's weel arrayed;
His lairdship lies by the kirk-yard dyke,
For he'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

The carle came ben with a groan and a cough,
And I was sae wilful and wicked as laugh:
He spoke of his lands, and his horses, and kye,
They were worth nae mair than a blink of my eye;
He spake of his gold—his locks, as he spake,
From the gray did grow to the glossy black:
And I scarce could say to the carle's gripe,
I doubt ye'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

"Stay, stay, ye malicious rhymer," said the heiress of Bodenton. "I have done," said the rustic poet. "Done!" said Jenny, "and left my mistress in such a dubious situation, sitting at the fag-end of a ridiculous verse in the foul grips of auld Hauselock! why, she'll be laughed at from Corehead to Caerlaverock." "It's as weel as it is, Jenny," said her mistress, "he'll make love to me himself in the third verse, and I'll be obliged to drown myself. But dinna let us be too hard on the poor lad—that sang seems the work of a reasonable creature. If he would walk on the road instead of the wild burn bank; if he would talk to men, and let the moon alone; if he would watch the lambs, and no the laverocks; and if he would smear sheep, and learn to ken a crock-ewe from a twa-year auld hogg, he might become a douce member of society, and hope to be buried in a more sanctified spot than a cross-road, or where three lairds' lands meet. But gae thy ways; we may hope to stay the snow from falling, the lamb from bleating, or the calf from baeing; but never hope to stay a measurer out of rhyme from pouring out his melodious folly. Jenny, I hear the clatter of horses' hoofs—some laird of an acre of peat-moss comes to give another bode for Bodenton—tell me who it is, my lass; I shall see this harmless lad out at the door myself;" and out of her chamber she led him. Jenny, who had an ear as accurate as her eye, heard a smothered whisper, and a secret kiss. "Aha," said she, "I maun be cannie how I speak of bonnie Thomas Carruders, he's come as far ben as young Gilchrist, of Gilchristland, or young Johnnie Brooch, of Burdockan, and has nae a penny in his pouch, nought but a fair face, and a dainty tongue with a pleasant sound."

Close and sly, with an eye like a cat, and an ear like a mouse, did little Jenny Jardine look and listen. She stood on tip-toe, she laid back the locks from her ear, she edged herself close to the window, and with lips asunder, and looks alert, sought to gather intelligence. Her young mistress, meantime, laid aside her gallant hat and plume, her gown with the many flounces, and reducing her garments to the moderate establishment of a maiden, prone to thrift, and averse to finery, sat down with a lapful of wool, and proceeded to prepare it for spinning. Jenny uttered a loud laugh, and came running to the heiress, "Losh, woman, who d'ye think's come, wha but young Boroland, up to the knees in leather, and up to the lugs in lace; he's scented too, as I'm a sinner; I feel the smell of him where I stand. Mistress, have a care of your heart; he's been in England, and learnt better English than ye find in the bible; I heard him speak when he returned from the south; all the dogs of the town barked, and auld Nanse Macmurdo took him for a Frenchman, and cried out, 'Invasion.' Here he comes; listen to the creeking of his boots; it reminds me of the melody of Tam Carruders's sang."

"Jenny," said her mistress, with a voice meant to reach another ear than Jenny's, "has the herd gathered all the teats of wool which we saw sticking on the fauld bars? Has the lass scalded the whey goans, and skimmed the crop of whey? Only look at this web of hauselock gray which I mean to make mantles of; the weaver has made remnant thrums as lang as my arm; I wish he were here to hang him in them; I shall give my weaving to the douce Macgees, they're Cameronians, and have a conscience. And see, Jenny, woman, I wish the man who tarred this fleece had been obliged to swallow the tar stick; he has laid it on as if tar grew on the heather top, and the butter that mingled it was dug from the ground. I wonder ever my uncle saved a sixpence." "And worse than all that," cried Jenny, "auld Mysie has heated the milk for the cheese with good dry peat instead of the heather birn. And she says beside, and vows, that hauselocks, and udderlocks, and the teats of wool that stick to brier and bush, besides the sheep that die of the moorill, or are worried by the fox, are all fees and shepherds' perquisites, and that auld Bodenton was as a summer sun, yielding light, and heat, compared to the new heiress." "Heiress," cried her mistress, "I'll no be long an heiress amid such wastry as this. I am a dead lamb; and all these moorland crows come to have the picking of me. Oh that I had a man to help

me to hold my gear together. I'll be herried out of house and hall. And here I must sit, and learn to twine a coarse thread for the penny pay, and quote auld-world maxims of household rule, and domestic thrift, to careless and unprofiting ears."

The door now opened, and the young wooer of Boroland, with a step east, a step west—a step straight forward, and a bow to the floor, made his appearance. He was far from the ridiculous figure which the satiric tongue of Jenny had painted him—he was pert, and spruce, and ruddy—with a watch-chain and seals swinging to and fro, like the pendulum of an eight-day clock—a pair of long sharp spurs on his heels—a great display of cambric and lace about his neck, and a large whip in his hand. He was from a distant part of the county, and fame had made him acquainted with the heiress of Bodenton; but, as fame had been more particular in painting her possessions than in describing her looks, he knew her not by sight. He looked one way, and he looked another—Jenny dropt one of her best curtsies, which he acknowledged by a bow, equivalent nearly to a Turkish prostration; he adjusted the cambric about his neck, slapped his boots thrice with his whip, and thus he addressed her: "My fair one," he said, "fame told me of your beauty, and I see fame has drawn an honest picture of you." "I should wish to see," said Jenny, setting out her breast and chin, and investing herself with all the consequence of imputed wealth, "I should like to see the picture, which so sensible and veracious a lady as Fame has drawn of me." "This is no place and fit presence to talk of such charms as I have to speak of," said the wooer; "that thrifty quean with the wool in her lap listens like a pig hearkening the dropping of acorns." "Listen!" said the mischievous waiting maiden with a laugh; "long may she listen; she's as deaf as the knocking-stone; she lost her hearing with nursing me; God forgive me for screaming so loud."

"Ah, ye are witty as well as fair," said the wooer; "Fame said something of that too in her picture. But I wonder ye keep one near ye with such a tell-tale look. She's doure and dull, as well as deaf. Are ye sure now that she hears not what I say?" "She hears ye no more," said the nymph, "than if she were hewn of sandstone. But ware the touch—she has an eye like a hawk, and a tongue like the kirk-bell—ye may hear't over the parish." "I would set her up on the moor to scare the crows from the lambs," said young Boroland, glad to find something to talk about, and desirous of directing the stream of his speech gradually into the suitable channel. "But I suppose now she's a kind of foil to set off another handsome face—a kind of sooty ground, to make the white and lucid marble of her mistress show more lovely." "Ah, flattering sir," said the maiden, with a look of great humility, "that's the way you rich and witty young men deal with poor and friendless creatures like me. Ye come in your gayest dress, with fair looks, and far fairer speeches, and ye say we are lovely, as creatures new dropt from the clouds, and find spring in our eyes, and summer in our cheeks—and so we look, and we listen, and we sigh, and we fall in love, and we know not what ails us—and some one tells us, and we take to bed, and there are coffins to measure in the morning—and there's a tale of true love for ye." And she turned her head away and bit her lip, and put her hand to her mouth, and refrained, and only refrained from laughing outright.

"Such tales," said the wooer, desirous of saying something decisive while love was the theme, "such stories shall never be told of me. I have, it is true, had cruelties imputed to me, but death never followed. I have had offers—might have pleased as wise a man—chances that might have won as handsome a fellow—a three thousand pounder, dropt almost into my mouth like an over-ripe pear; but I gaped not; she keeps the man who got her, riding in his coach. There was another, a West Indian fortune—four thousand a-year plantation money; the meanest word was "Call my coach, I shall give five hundred pounds for't, and not another penny." I resisted all—I have had sore trials in my day; but my mind wandered ay to the moors; the heather and the ling for me—fate's

fate," and he came close up to Jenny, and laid his lip nigh her ear, and said, "Ah, my sweet little moor-bird, my bonnie moor-hen, I want to come and dwell among the heather, and all with the hope of wedding thee, my bonnie princess, my queen of shepherdesses." "O sir," said the wicked maiden, "what will your uncle, the Bailie, and the rest of your rich kindred say, when they hear that your hopes of fortune have suffered shipwreck on this desert shore?" "Desert shore! echoed the wooer, holding out his hands to give strength to his rapture; "wherever the fair heiress of Bodenton sets her foot, there violets spring, harebells bloom, and daisies raise up their little crimson heads." "Stay, stay," said Jenny, "such enchantments may indeed follow the steps of the heiress of Bodenton, but no such marvels come after me: I have seen blossomed heath waving, it is true." Young Boroland let his hands drop like two stones, and cried out in the bitterness of a mistake which he saw would overwhelm him, "And who in the fiend's name are ye then, and where is the heiress of Bodenton?" "O thou false knight," cried the nymph, "where are all thy honeyed words, where are thy daisies, thy marigolds, thy marshmallows, thy harebells, that grew up wherever I trod." "Hussy, who are ye, I say," he exclaimed; "Oh, that ever I lived to be fooled by such a chatting magpye as this! what will men and women say of me? Who are ye, I say?" "Who am I!" answered she; "why, am I not your pretty moorpowt, your young moor-hen? I am she who yields light and gives beauty to this heathery desart—this wild shore, where your folly has suffered shipwreck."

He turned away from her, his face black with anger and shame, and walking into the middle of the room, said, "I heard the heiress herself talking as I came to the door; where she is, this deaf cummer may tell me, if I can shout loud enough. Hilloah, dun dipt in yellow, hilloah, where's thy young mistress, and what saucy wanton is that?" The heiress laid her wool aside, threw her mantle from her shoulders, and the hood from her head, and becoming ten years younger to the sight of young Boroland, she fixed the sarcastic glance of two flashing eyes on him, and said, "I am the heiress of Bodenton; and what piece of rude and boisterous incivility art thou? Since my uncle's death all the coofs in the country, some on foot, and more booted and spurred, come trooping here, with beck and bow, and fine words—and all to wooe one of God's creatures, it's true, but none of his fairest. Can two gray eyes—locks as red as heather burning, a skin not over-white, and shoulders with the burthen of five-and-twenty summers on them—can these inspire rapture, and make men with beards, and some with gray hairs, talk like children! No, no,—it's no me, it's my moors and my meadows, my fleeces and my flocks,—these are my charms; my land to me is as comeliness, and the chink of my gold is better than a wise and prudent speech. To hear men speak of me as if I had been made in one of nature's leisure moments, and clothed with beauty, as the morning sky with light—it won't go down with me—seven words of honest sense are worth a Henry's Commentary of such playhouse sentences. Away with you; I wish not to know your name: begone; ye will find six or seven owls of your own feather below—all take flight together—a clean house and a blessed riddance."

The commands of the heiress were readily obeyed—to stirrup and saddle went the mob of suitors for the fair domains of Bodenton, with the slight encumbrance of a woman with carrotty hair; the loud clatter of departing hoofs were heard, and thus Jenny reviewed their various claims to favour as they vanished along the road. "There rides Boroland—he gallops fast whom deils and lasses drive. I'm sorry for the sackless lad—he would make a cannie husband now, if a good wife had the guiding of his money and the mending of his wit." "Let him go," said the heiress; "he makes love by the acre and the rent roll; let him go." "And there goes Frank-o'-Kirktown," said Jenny; "his horse stops at the door of every change-house, as if the rider were district guager. If he makes na love to yere liking, even blame the brandy; for he's a sensible lad when he's sober, and that's as seldom as he

can help it—the heat of his throat burns the wool off his back, and ye'll find a good drinker under a bad coat." "Ye have said enough of him," said the heiress; "I never saw him but once, and that was when he galloped up to the door of the kirk, and mistaking it for a change-house, whistled thrice, and cried, 'Babie, ye brimstone, bring brandy to Bigbourach and me.'" "And there follows," continued the confidante, "Jock Joukaway, the horse couper, and Rab Runlet, the smuggler—I can wish ye no worse luck than to wed the best of the two, and no happier fortune than to get rid of them baith. I would paint ye their characters, if I had black colour enough, but I lack sable, I lack sable.—But oh for lack of gowd he left her: oh yonder rides Pate Proudfoot, of Moudiehole; see he sits with his knees at his mouth, counting money out of his left pocket into his right; when he reads the bible, he reads of the riches of Solomon's temple; and when he prays, he begs that whatever God may send may be sent in gold; he thinks redemption is money at interest, and mercy is seven per cent." "Jenny," said the heiress, "ye don't paint, ye smear; ye lay on praise by the shovelful, and abuse by the cartload, and yet I'm no sure that ye should be more sparing of Pate of Moudiehole." "Aha," said Jenny, "now I'll show you painting of a brighter kind. See ye not yon bonnie lad on the fleet gray horse; see how he sits in his saddle, as a lark sits i' the air; ye would think he had wings; saw ye ever such a handsome leg, and such a gude bridle hand—and singing too? I'll warrant it's a merry song of his witty cousin's making; it's nae every capricious quean that can make him sigh; he gave me a look of his left eye this morning weel worth a square mile of moorland." "Now who, in the name of folly is he?" said the heiress. "Ah now," said Jenny, "since ye conjure me by your own name I shall tell ye. It's the merry gudeman of Disdow; I could single him out among all the Robsons of the border—and they are as thick in Nithsdale as the flocks on Queensberry-brae."

"Jenny," said the heiress of Bodenton, "a single life is a weary life, and I can hardly believe that matrimony will mend it. I am sick of the constant stream of conceit, and selfishness, and folly, which has been poured upon this barren land of late. When I was a young thing, working hard for my homespun gown, and my thirty shilling fee; and my cousin, who was to have heired my uncle, was life-like and laughing, who came then making their bridles ring to woo poor Mary Moffatt? ye would have thought that I was a ghost conjured into a ring, and that it shortened men's lives to look upon me. Of all the blythe branken wooers who swarm round me so gaily now, and call my red locks hanks of gold, and my faren ticks beauty spots—not one of them ever looked the way I was on, save the portioner of Plumcroft, and he came up to me at Roodsmass, and seizing me by the hair of the head, cried 'Hussy, will ye hire?' When I see them all gathering about me now, I wish Bodenton a dead dog, that I might cast it in their teeth." "And had ye never a lad to ask yere price, mistress," said Jenny, struck with horror at the idea of being eighteen without having disposed of half a dozen wooers at least. "Jenny," said the heiress, "God never made a face, whether white, or black, or brown, but he made some to admire it—there are maidens that are far from beautiful, and men that are aught but comely, and yet they seem fair and lovely to each other. The most homely lass in the country side has some one to think her fair; and she has hours of secret joy, and moments of daffin and delight, which your beautiful and blooming madams have neither sense nor heart for." "Grace keep me," said Jenny, "but I begin to believe we shall do some sedate and sagacious thing at last. Ye have spoke such truth as I have seldom listened to of late—weel ken I that the most ungracious-looking lasses have acres of wooers and armfuls of joy—there was wee Susan Gooshat, she had nineteen lads and a chaser. But, woman, will ye never wed? will ye sit there like a pair of corn fanners that want the handle, like a mill-wheel without water, like a churn that lacks the staff, like a pen without ink, like a fiddle without the bow, like a dish of milk-porridge which none dare either bless or sup? If I was heiress of Bodenton I

would stand on Gilfilly-hill, and take the first man the wind blew to me, and that wad likely be Tam Carruders—ye will ever find him in some unexpected place."

"If ye will name me over the names of my wooers that I have not yet disposed of," said the heiress, "and I think in numbers they will equal Susan Gooshat with her nineteen lads, and a chaser,—I will tell ye freely what I wish to do with them, Jenny—so begin frankly, lass—it matters little whom ye take first." "Then," said the confidante, "what say ye to John of Gusenest; I name him first on account of his frailties—one of the shepherds saw his death lights." "Even as ye say, Jenny—I wish not to get the blame of his death, and wedlock he would never survive—let him look to the mort-cloth, and no to the marriage-garment." "Weel," said the maid, "he's signed and sealed, however—the next I shall name is wee Wattie Wissop of Fourmerkland—when ye have done with him I'll try to catch him with one of your kirtles, and send him home in a cage." "Aye do sae, Jenny," said the heiress; "he's the size of a mole-hill, and as proud as a mountain—he never walks out unless at the foot of long Sam Clarke—Adam Gordon's English waiting-maid mistook them for a mouse and a maypole. What in the name of thrift could I do with him?—ane might wed him and show him as a man-curiosity—forty years' old and born the size ye see him—he would bring money. When he ploughed the mains of Amisfield, the horses were strong and the ground deep, and the laird saw his plough going, and something like a crow behind it—he came and found Wattie laying over the furrow with his shoulder.—Hang the whole swarm of them—I will dispose of them as I would do Bodenton wool, all by the lump—I cannot stay to roup them fleece by fleece." "I shall make short work with them," said Jenny; "Tam Frizzle?" "a fop"—"Jamie Adamson?" "a fool"—"Dick Shuttleton?" "a sumph"—"Christy Culfaud?" "four feet eleven all but an inch"—"David Haining?" "he can be moved, and so can a millstone"—"Abel Smith, the Cameronian?" "he preaches when he prays, sees visions at midnight, and sprinkles his fleece to give light weight to the wicked. Wench, will ye never have done?" "Sometime in the night," said Jenny, "I see the long array of many a gallant wooer rising like a gray mist before me—the lads of Annan, and Ae, and Nith, and Dryfe—Bodenton's like a besieged place."

"It shall not be long besieged," said the heiress. "Can ye tell me who the two are that will be called in the kirk to-morrow? Suppose now, and setting the case that we were to have a wedding here on Monday? is the house in fit and seeming order—and will there be dinner and dainties for some fifty merry guests?" Jenny's eyes brightened up and laughed outright—a merry eye laughs merrier than the lip—her very hair seemed to bestir and curl of its own accord—there was a festive movement through her whole frame—all her joints seemed hung with fiddle-strings—at last she shouted, "Long looked for's come at last—I ken the bride—it's your own merry self, for I never saw ye put on that demure, sedate, husband-admonishing look before. And who is to be the happy man?—the elected swain, as our pastoral vocation teaches me to call him? on what blessed back will the matrimonial blister be laid at last? Help us, sirs, and must this merriment come to such a dolorous dose? will no prescription cure ye, save the dangerous dose of wedlock? But who in the name of stocking-throwing, and licensed salutation of lips, is to be the man?" "That's just the thing," said the heiress, "that I cannot well tell ye—I shall make up my mind before morning, and single out some one fit to endure the burthen, which I intend to lay very graciously on." "Now this is surpassing," said Jenny; "and have ye no sort of suspicion who the bridegroom's to be?" "No more than the wind on Bodenton lea," said the heiress. "I could name ye half a dozen lads, whom I think a woman might endure—but only one of them can be married; and I'm sure I care not which." "Dear me, woman, but this is delightful," said the confidante. "What a nice thing it must be no to have one's choice influenced by that wildfire will-o-wisp sort of hither-and-yon desperate never do weel, love.

I have often thought of putting on my best dress, and standing the chance of a Rood-fair or Whitsun-wednesday for a man myself. I have kenned capital good bargains got in that way. A pull by the sleeve—a drop of drink—a half guinea, and a handy justice of the peace, and ye're a wife in a hand-clap—a silly deed should be suddenly done; and there's a matrimonial proverb for ye."

With such conversation as this, and with a more than usual display of maiden's apparel, and with the active and hasty preparation of much festive cheer, the time flew by in Bodenton—Monday morning came—the shepherds were flourishing in broad cloth and bride favours—and man and maid, as they passed to and fro, gave many a conscious and knowing glance at their young mistress—there was many a nod, and wink, and whisper, and a kind of half-murmured below-breath sort of communication ran all over the house. But the blythest of all was little Jenny Jardine—she broke out into many a peal of laughter, and cried, "What will become of our moorland palace now? the sound of folly maun cease—and I shall never cry, Here comes another bode for Bodenton, more." She sailed about in a dress of flowered muslin—a myrtle sprig running by the side of a pink stripe—submitted to the sun for the first time that morning. Her neck was bare, and her kirtle not over long, and her foot and ancle were worthy to have supported Hebe. Her light step and her merry tongue were heard everywhere—she flew about in her new vocation of bride's maid, as light as any lark. The shepherds gazed upon her open mouthed; and the dogs with many a whine and half bark expressed their wonder, in a more becoming manner, at the presence of gladness and beauty. The heiress of Bodenton herself maintained her usual appearance—the expected rustling of satins and silks, and the presence of youth and joy, and the pleasure of being borne through the air on a fleet horse with ribbons floating, and mantles flying, and locks dancing in the sunny wind, which gives an impulse to the coldest heart, seemed not to move hers. The certainty too of a gallant bridegroom of her own election—of hearing her name echoed by a thousand tongues—of presiding at the head of the table over all the youth and wealth of the district—of leading down the dance—of throwing matrimonial fate to some favoured maid in her last visible act of pleasure, that of throwing her left leg stocking—and of all the bliss that was to follow, she seemed to take little heed—any one of the young maidens who now filled her chamber to be present at her wedding, seemed more of a bride than she.

The fame of her long-looked-for marriage spread like moor-fire; and at an early hour the kirk-yard wall was crowded with old and young to see the companies of the bride and bridegroom come gently in, and go spurring and rushing out. Many an anxious eye was directed up the road towards Bodenton; but if they were sure of the residence of the bride, they seemed by no means equally certain from what quarter the bridegroom would come. "Ye may look towards the east," said one; "I ken the one that kens who saw the bridegroom's bridal suit made—a good blue cloth with a silver button." "And I counsel ye," said a second, "to look to the west; if ye get not a wedding from the west to-day ye will get it from no other airt." "The west!" exclaimed a third; "if it were to rain bridegrooms, the de'il a drop would come from the west; na, na, if he's to come from the west I shall go hame." "And I'm as sure," cried a fourth, "that he'll no come from the south. I ken them who as gude as ken all about it—and it's northward that I look." "The first thing ye'll see coming from the north will be a thick snow and a ringing storm," said a fifth; "no, no, look for a bitter frost that will bridge Annan-water: look for a storm that will freeze the woodcock's bill in the marsh, and kill the sheep on the hills; but look for nought pleasant frae such an airt." "Now I'll tell ye, neighbours," said a sixth, "fiend split the kirk riggin into spunks if I would not make Tam Coleshill, the precentor, speak plain and audibly when he proclaims a pair; wherefore should he no? and him to get five shillings yearly and a pair of shoon, and yet to mumble folks' names

in yon unchristian manner! ye maun ken that I laid my lugs maist eydently to listen, and all that I heard beside the bride's name was a kind of quack and quaver—she might have been cried with daft Davie Dalton of Glenswang for aught that I could hear to the contrary."

At this moment the road down the moor from Bodenton was filled with the bridal procession—ribbons were waving, silks and scarlets glittering, and youth and joy seemed let loose on the earth—they came in close compact order, and at a round trot. But on all the other roads which came from the extremities of the parish, and met at the kirk—no similar cavalcade appeared—a solitary rider came spurring here and there—but they came without unity of purpose—without one to lead and hold them together, more like the chance hearers of a wandering preacher than the jovial community of a bridal. When the cry of The bride! The bride! arose at the kirk-style, and all her company came gaily in—no bridegroom was there to take her by the hand and welcome her—she leaped from her horse; and casting the bridle on its neck, and nodding her feathers, and waving her mantle, walked through among the gravestones towards the kirk door. Around her crowded a numerous train of gallants—some to reproach her with a silent glance for rejecting their addresses—others more meekly enduring the casualties of life, wished her happiness and joy; while all were eager to see the elected and fortunate mortal, who was to be invested with the rights of Bodenton—moss and meadow—hill and hollow—goods and gear, with the encumbrance—for when came happiness without alloy? —of a lady with carroty locks, and a very considerable portion of self-will.

The minister had not yet arrived; and as the bridal guests came pouring in, a murmur ran through kirk and kirk-yard, "Where's the bridegroom, and what's his name?" Whenever a likely young farmer or laird came he was hailed by the people, now grown merry as well as clamorous, with the yet unappropriated title of bridegroom. "Huzzah, young Glenscone," cried one group, as a young man alighted at the gate, "od, lad if ye're no foremost at the kirk ye'll be first at the bridal-chamber, or else ye belie ye're kin." The young portioner smiled and nodded—proud of the distinction, though momentary, which the mistake brought him. "Come away, cannie Corsock," cried another group, "come away, auld Sickerfoot—od he looks as if he were about to be rouped out of house and hold, instead of being wedded." The old widower shook his head, and looked with a suppressed sigh, and with a lingering step at a grave, where his wife had lain for fifteen years, and so passed on. "Hilloah!" exclaimed some fifty voices at once, "here he comes — Frank-o-Kirktown — something strange is going to befal him, for he's more than half sober—he's nae ordinary spendthrift—other folk run through their fortune, but Frank's fortune runs through him." "An she's gaun to marry Frank," said one wild young shepherd, with an eye like a hawk, and a look like a Halliday, "it would be right to call on her uncle to rise and look after his gear. Bonnie Bodenton will run through Will Hyslop's distillation pipe."

At last the minister dropt suddenly into the middle of the meeting, and singling out the bride, looked hastily round for the bridegroom. "I see what ye seek for," said the heiress, "and I'm no sure he's here; but—I surely cannot want a husband long among so many wooers. There they stand in twentys and tens. But will ye counsel me, reverend sir—will ye tell the tokens to know a true love by—one who seeks me for my own sake, and loves not Bodenton better than me?" "Maiden," said the divine, "I am summoned to God's house to-day to do an holy office—to join hands where HE has joined hearts—and to him whom you have elected from among the youth of this land shall I willingly wed you." "Hear ye that, all ye with gray beards and lour-shoulders," cried Jenny Jardine; "all ye to whom youth is but as a remembered thing —depart with a groan—I forbid your snow to come near our summer." "Maiden," said the divine to the heiress, "but that I reverence the memory of thy uncle, who mortified fifteen pounds Scots to clothe the

naked and feed the hungry, I would admonish thee for this unseasonable levity. Those, my daughter, who seek to be happy, wed not for the sake of costly dresses—well plenished rooms—and the fatness and fulness of the earth:—these things fade and perish—winter kills man's flocks, and the moths destroy the finest fleeces. Chaste true love is an unsolicited fire—warming, but not burning—glowing alike amid poverty and wealth—and as flowers grow towards the sun, so grows peace and happiness under the gentle light of true love." "Hear ye that again," cried Jenny, "all ye who come to make another bode for Bodenton. To boot and saddle—to whip and spur some sax score and seven of ye—will ye stand till I call ye forth by name." "This is a merry lass," said one of some half-a-dozen shepherds—"od now if I don't think she has more spunk than the bride—and then she's twice as bonny—it's a shame such a quean should live single."

"Thou art a froward lass," said the divine, in a half whisper, to Jenny, "a froward lass, but a merry one—I think ye know a secret that will not be long kept—choose us out a bridegroom—and see ye choose a clever one—I shall let a wayward woman have her will in the kirk for once." Jenny glanced her eye on her mistress, and away she went on her mission. "Choose me, lass," said one, "and I'll give thee a handful of gold." "Had ye been less of a fool," whispered Jenny, in the same confidential tone, "I could have made yere fortune." She looked another for a moment in the face and said, "Thou's none of the marrying kind." To a third she whispered, "A horse and a half-pint stoup, what wantest thou with a wife?" She muttered in the ear of a fourth, "A fighting cock, a terrier dog, and a bird in a cage, here stands an idle man." The crowd seemed unwilling to endure the scrutiny of this shrewd inquisitor, and gave way before her. At last she stept suddenly up to a young man in a shepherd's dress—a servant to a neighbouring farmer—and in whom no one had hitherto thought of finding a bridegroom, and laying her hand on his shoulder whispered something in his ear, which sent the blood to his brow. They looked steadfastly on each other for a moment, and Jenny taking his hand, said, "The minister wants to marry ye, man—can ye come without a crutch?" A titter ran among the women, and a murmur among the men, as this new candidate for the vacant honour of bridegroom made his appearance: the bride took his hand and said, "He is my choice, and I am his—he was friendly to me when I was friendless—he was kind when all were unkind; when others scorned the poor menial maid with her carroty hair and her hame-made gown, he alone loved me and served me. Since my uncle's death I have had wooers many—they fell in love with Bodenton—but none, save this kind lad, ever fell in love with me—and poor though he be, and but modestly clad, he has more of that scarce commodity called common sense, than some seventeen of the proudest of them. So, reverend sir, do what ye have to do—for I'm as fixed in my purpose as Burnswark-hill." "A capital lass—a brave lass—and a merry lass," half shouted the assembled multitude. "Aye, and what is better," said the divine, "a sensible and a discerning lass—this choice of thine, bride, will be a credit to us all; and when I have done the deed according to law and gospel, if ye will tarry with your husband and your company, I will preach ye a short and pithy sermon, on the folly and ungainfulness of making holy marriage a matter of barter and profit." "If ye be counselled by me," said Jenny Jardine, "ye will seek your sermon in the watchword of my mistress and me—'Another bode for Bodenton'—it's a gallant text, though a profane one."

NALLA.

SPANISH ROMANCES.

No VIII.

There are sublime lessons of morality in some of the old Spanish poets—they seem to march along in all the pomp and pageantry of funereal state. They speak as with an oracular voice. Their discourse is of that death over which they triumph, and which they make the servant of their verse, and the minister of their wisdom. The grave is almost as often the record of man's pride as the witness of his humiliation. He has his revenge on mortality by raising pillars and piles—whether of sculpture or of song—more durable than the poor tenement that mortality has laid in ruins. Death sweeps away the woe-worn creature of years, who in return builds up his monument, which lasts for centuries—deaf to the storm, and reckless of vicissitude. There is a fine flow of solemn truths in Jorge Manrique's Glosa on his departed friend. These are extracts.

AWAKE, AWAKE, MY SLEEPING SOUL.

Recuerde el alma dormida abiue el seso y despierte contemplando, como se passa la vida, como se viene la muerte tan callando: Quan presto se va el plazer, como despues de acordado da dolor, como a nuestro parecer qualquiera tiempo passado fue mejor.	Awake, awake, my sleeping soul, Rouse from thy dreams of hope and fear: And think, and see How soon life's busy moments roll, How soon the hour of death draws near! How silently! How swiftly hurrying joy glides by! And nought but sorrow's shade remains Of vanish'd bliss! Yet sweeter is the memory Of other moments' griefs and pains Than joys in this.
Nuestras vidas son los rios que van a dar en la mar, que es el morir, allà van los señorios derechos a se acabar y consumir: alli los rios caudales, alli los otros medianos y mas chicos, allegados son iguales los que viuen por sus manos y los ricos.	Our lives are rivers flowing on To that interminable sea, The mighty grave: There go—as there have ever gone, All pomp, and pride, and royalty, Which nought can save. There roll the mountain's rapid streams, There rolls the little gentle rill, There mingle all— Lost in that ocean-tide which seems To swallow—though unsated still— The great—the small.
Si fuesse en nuestro poder tornar la cara hermosa corporal, como podemos hazer el anima gloriosa angelical, que diligencia tan viva tuuieramos cada hora, y tan presta, en componer la cautiua, y dexar a la señora descompuesta.	O could we but adorn the face, The corporal face, with skilful art, And beauty rare! As we might clothe with glorious grace, And angel charms, our brighter part, And all that's fair— O what industrious, busy will, What passion and what ardour we Should bring, to deck The sensual captive with our skill, While the bright soul of liberty Might go to wreck!
Ved de quan poco valor son las cosas tras q̃ andamos y corremos, que en este mundo traydor, aun primero que muramos	O mark of what delusive worth The fleeting things for which we sigh! Satisfied never; For, in this vain deceitful earth, We lose them ev'n before we die,

las perdemos.
Dellas deshace la edad,
dellas cosas desastradas
que acaecen,
dellas por su calidad
en los mas altos estados
desfallecen.

Yes! lose for ever;
And time destroys them in its way,
Vicissitude and accident,
And busy change;
All bear the seeds of self-decay,
And o'er the heights most eminent,
The tempests range.

Los plazeres y dulçores
desta vida trabajosa
que tenemos,
Que son, sino corredores,
y la muerte la celada
en que caemos;
No mirando nuestro daño
corremos a rienda suelta
sin parar,
Quando vems el engaño
y queremos dar la buelta
no ay lugar.

The dazzling dreams, the luscious sweets,
Which round life's gloomy passage dwell,
Are convent walls,
Where pilgrim oft with pilgrim meets,
And hastens to death's gloomy cell,
And then he falls.
We reck not,—but with breathless speed
We hasten o'er the travell'd track
As driven by fate—
Then stop—Death calls—"Take heed, take heed,"
And then we fain would hurry back,
But 'tis too late.

Estos Reyes poderosos,
que vemos por escrituras
ya passadas,
p'a casos tristes llorosos,
fueron sus buenas venturas
trastornadas;
Assi que no ay cosa fuerte
a Papas, ni Emperadores,
ni Perlados,
que assi los trata la muerte
como a los pobres pastores
de ganados.

We read of mighty monarchs driven
From highest pomp to low distress
In ancient days;
Their sceptres and their glories riven,
Their strength reduced to helplessness,
And dimm'd their praise.
Death treats all mortal things the same;
And pope and prelate, king and count,
Alike he shocks.
He heeds no rank, respects no name,
Calls seer, or shepherd on the mount,
Or senseless flocks.

Dexemos a los Troyanos,
que sus males no los vimos,
ni sus glorias,
Dexemos a los Romanos,
aunque oymos, y leymos
sus historias:
no curemos de saber
lo de aquel siglo passado
que fué dello,
Vengamos a lo de ayer
que tambien es oluidado
como aquello.

The Trojans are in darkness laid,
And all they thought and all they did,
Their losses—gains—
The Roman history's veil'd in shade,
That tower'd as towers a pyramid—
But nought remains.
Why should we seek the vain display
Of distant ages, treasured not
In memory's hold,—
When the events of yesterday
Are vanish'd all—are all forgot
As deeds of old?

No se os haze tan amarga
la batalla temerosa
que esperais;
Pues otra vida mas larga
de fama tan gloriosa
acà dexais.
Aunque esta vida de honor
tampoco no es eternal
verdadera:
Mas con todo es muy mejor
que la otra corporal
perecedera.

The battle to be fought,—though hard,
Is far less dreadful than it seems,—
Come on! Come on!
For thou wilt gain a rich reward
In that bright memory which streams
From victories won.—
There is a life which virtue lives
In men's deep hearts enshrined, though this
Is passing too;
Yet the long-living fame, that gives
An earthly heav'n to worth,—is bliss
And glory true.

El viuir que es perdurable
no se gana con estados
mundanales,

This is the second life,—the best
Was never gain'd in mortal strife,
Nor mundane joy,

Ni con vida delectable
donde moran los pecados
infernales.
Mas los buenos Religiosos
ilo con oraciones,
y con lloros.
Los caualleros famosos
con trabajó y aflicciones,
contra Moros.

Nor in the scenes of ease and rest,
Nor 'midst the murderous sins of life,
Which life destroy;
But in devotion's sainted cell,
Where monks and hermits pass their time
In prayers and woes;
And by bold warriors, who repel,
'Midst dangers, toils, and deeds sublime,
The Moorish foes.

No gastemos tiempo ya
en esta vida mezquina
por tal modo;
Que mi voluntad està
conforme con la diuina
para todo.
Que consciente en mi morir
con voluntad plazentera
clara y pura?
Que querer el hombre viuir
quādo Dios quiere que muera
es locura.

Let's waste no words,—for calm and still
I wait—obey; no idle speech
Submission needs;
For that, which is my Maker's will,
Shall be my will,—whate'er it teach,
Where'er it leads.
I'm ready now to die.—I give
My soul to heaven resignedly—
To death's great change:
For to desire and long to live,
When God decrees that we shall die,
Were folly strange.

Tu que por muestra maldad
tomaste forma ciuil
y baxo nombre,
Tu que a tu diuinidad
juntaste cosa tan vil
como el hombre.
Tu que tan gran agravemientos
sufriste con resistencia
en tu persóna:
No por mis merecimientos,
mas por tu santa clemencia
me perdona.

Thou who didst bend thee from above,
And take a mean and worthless name,
O sovereign grace!
Thou who didst clothe thee in thy love
With the low weeds of human shame,
To save our race:
Thou who didst bear the stripes abhorr'd,
And give thy sacred name to bear
All mortal pain!
Not for my merit—heavenly Lord!
But for thy mercies—hear me—hear!
And pardon then!

Yet if ever the staid and sober brow of religion was adorned with garlands of flowers—if ever she was led by cheerfulness into the daily walks of the world—if ever she was courted by the smiles of poetry and of natural joy—it was in Spain. True, she had a terrible aspect, and a scourge of vipers for those she hated; but on the simple, untutored, obedient spirits that followed in her gorgeous train, she breathed nothing but peace, and beauty, and blessedness. Their devotion had none of the high abstractions of philosophy, neither had it any of philosophy's doubts and fears. They believed and felt—they felt and believed. Their creed intermingled itself with their social affections—their devotion was fed by every-day objects—over which their *romanceros* threw the lustre of poetical imagery, and which their priests enlisted in the service of religion.

COME, WANDERING SHEEP, O COME!

Oveja perdida, ven
sobre mis hombros, que hoy
no solo tu pastor soy,
sino tu pasto tambien.

Come, wandering sheep, O come!
I'll bind thee to my breast,
I'll bear thee to thy home,
And lay thee down to rest.

Por descubrirte mejor
cuando balabas perdida,
dejé en un árbol la vida
donde me subió tu amor:
si prenda quieres mayor
mis obras hoy te la den:
veja perdida! ven!

I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry,
And on the tree of scorn,
For thee I deign'd to die—
What greater proof could I
Give,—than to seek the tomb?
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

Pesto al fin tuyo hecho,	I shield thee from alarms,
cual dará mayor asombro	And wilt thou not be blest?
el traerte yo en el hombro	I bear thee in my arms.
ó traerme tu en el pecho?	Thou bear me in thy breast!
prendas son de amor estrecho,	O this is love—come, rest—
que aun los mas ciegos las ven:	This is a blissful doom.
oveja perdida! ven!	Come, wandering sheep, O come!

WHILE TO BETHLEM WE ARE GOING.

Antes que á Belen partamos	While to Bethlem we are going,
dime por tu vida, Blas,	Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,
á que viene de los cielos	Tell me why this lovely infant
este infante celestial?	Quitted his divine abode?
" A traer al mundo paz,	" From that world to bring to this
" que es de todos los humanos	Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
" la mayor felicidad!"	Is the brightest, purest bliss."
A que viene desde el trono	Wherefore from his throne exalted,
de su excelsa Magestad,	Came he on his earth to dwell—
al limite de un pesebre,	All his pomp an humble manger,
al estrecho de un portal?	All his court a narrow cell?
" A traer al mundo paz,	" From that world to bring to this
" que es de todos los humanos	Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
" la mayor felicidad!"	Is the brightest, purest, bliss."
A que viene siendo eterno	Why did he, the Lord eternal,
disfrazado en lo mortal,	Mortal pilgrim deign to be,
quien solo para su gloria	He who fashion'd for his glory
hizo la immortalidad?	Boundless immortality?
" A traer al mundo paz,	" From that world to bring to this
" que es de todos los humanos	Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
" la mayor felicidad!	Is the brightest, purest bliss."
Pues si á darnos paz viene	Well, then! let us haste to Bethlem,
vamos, pastor, allá;	Thither let us haste and rest:
que no hay mayor ventura	For of all heaven's gifts the sweetest
que una dichosa paz!	Sure is peace—the sweetest, best.

The pastoral romances too are generally the very portraiture of genuine sentiment—undefaced by the decorations and delusions of artificial society. Their charms are not extraneous. They are varied; they are pure and passionate. They have nothing of the mysticism of civilization, nor of the adorning of deceit.

THE MAIDEN IS DISQUIETED.

Sañosa está la niña,	The maiden is disquieted,
ay Dios! quien le hablaria!	Who shall break on her footsteps' tread?
En la sierra anda la niña	She is wandering o'er the mountain there,
su ganado á repastar,	Her flocks around her be;
hermosa como las flores,	She is fair as the brightest flowers are fair,
sañosa como la mar:	But troubled like the sea.
sañosa está la niña,	The maiden is disquieted,
ay Dios! quien le hablaría.	Who shall break on her footsteps' tread?

Gil. Vicente.

NAY! SHEPHERD, NAY! THOU ART UNWARY.

Porque olvidas el rebaño?	Nay! shepherd, nay! thou art unwary—
mira, pastor, que es mancilla,	Thy flocks are wandering far away:
—Ay! Pascual que Bartolilla	Alas! I know it well—'tis Mary
es causa de tanto daño.	Who leads my troubled thoughts astray.

Porque olvidas, dí pastor,
tu ganado que se va?
—Quien olvidado es de amor,
que es lo que no olvidará.—
Dame presto el desengaño
de tu cordojo y rencilla.
—Ay! Pascual, que Bartolilla
es causa de tanto daño.

Look, shepherd! look—how far they rove!
Why so forgetful—call them yet—
—O! he who is forgot by love
Will soon, too soon, all else forget—
Come leave those thoughts so dark and dreary,
And with your browzing flocks be gay.
—Ah no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray.

Si tu mal es de amorío,
aborece sus marañas.
—No puedo, que en mis entrañas
ha tomado el señorio—
Pues la cura no la apaño,
sin haber de tí mancilla.
—Ay! Pascual, que Bartolilla
es causa de tanto daño.

'Tis love then, shepherd! O depart,
And drive away the cheating boy.
—Alas! he's seated in my heart,
And rules it with tumultuous joy.
Nay! shepherd, wake thee, dare not tarry,
For thou art in a thorny way.
—Ah no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray.

Desaluíciate, zagal,
toma placer, vuelve en tí!
—El placer no dice á mí,
ni lo requiere mi mal.—
Quien te hizo tan estraño
de no baylar en la villa?
—Ay! Pascual, que Bartolilla
es causa de tanto daño.

Throw off this yoke, young shepherd, be
Joyous and mirthsome as before.
—O what are mirth and joy to me,
They on my woes no balm can pour.
Thou didst refuse to dance, didst tarry
When laughing maidens were at play.—
I know I did—Alas! 'tis Mary
That leads my troubled thoughts astray.

Hazle tu pena saber
con un billete añudado.
—Ay Pascual! ya lo he enviado
y halo rasgado sin ver—
¿Sin ver? muera su rebaño
de sed y mala polilla!
—Ay Pascual! á Bartolilla
no le anuncies tanto daño.

Then tell thy love—perchance 'tis hid,
And send a missive scribbled o'er.—
Alas! my friend—I did, I did,—
Which ere the maid had read, she tore.—
Then hang the maid—the foul fiend carry
A pestilence through all her flocks.—
O no, forbear!—Nor threaten Mary
With sorrow's frowns,—nor misery's shocks.

Anonymous.

The two following are very illustrative of Spanish manners and Spanish feelings.

THE GOOD OLD COUNT IN SADNESS STRAY'D.

Paseabase el buen conde
todo lleno de pesar,
cuentas negras en sus manos
do suele siempre rezar,
palabras tristes diciendo
palabras para llorar:
veo os, hija, crecida
y en edad para casar,
el mayor dolor que siento
es no tener que os dar.
Calledes, padre, calledes
no debeis tener pesar
que quien buena hija tiene
rico se debe llamar,
y él que mala la tenia
viva la puede enterrar
pues amengua su linage
que no debiera amenguar,
y yo si no me casare
en religion puedo entrar.

The good old Count in sadness stray'd
Backwards—forwards pensively;
He bent his head—he said his prayers
Upon his beads of ebony;
And sad and gloomy were his thoughts,
And all his words, of misery:
O! daughter fair—to woman grown,
Say who shall come to marry thee;
For I am poor—though thou art fair,
No dower of riches thine shall be.—
Be silent, father, mine! I pray,
For what avails a dower to me?—
A virtuous child is more than wealth;
O! fear not,—fear not poverty:
There are whose children ban their bliss,
Who call on death to set them free;
And they defame their lineage,
Which shall not be defamed by me,
For if no husband should be mine,
I'll seek a convent's purity.

LOVELY FLOW'RET, LOVELY FLOW'RET.

Rosa fresca, rosa fresca	Lovely flow'ret, lovely flow'ret,
tan garrida y con amor,	O! what thoughts your beauties move—
cuando yo os tuve en mis brazos	When I prest thee to my bosom,
no vos supe servir no,	Little did I know of love;
y agora que vos serviria	Now that I have learnt to love thee,
no vos puedo yo haber no.	Seeking thee in vain I rove—
Vuestra fué la culpa amigo,	But the fault was thine, young warrior;
vuestra fué que mia no,	Thine it was—it was not mine:
enviastes me una carta	He who brought thy earliest letter
con un vuestro servidor,	Was a messenger of thine:
y en lugar de recaudar	And *he* told me—graceless traitor—
el dijera otra razon,	Yes! *he* told me—lying one—
que erades casado, amigo,	That thou wert already married
allá en tierras de Leon,	In the province of Leõn:
que teneis muger hermosa	Where thou had'st a lovely lady,
y hijos como una flor.	And, like flowers too, many a son.
Quien os lo dijo, Leñora,	Lady! he was but a traitor,
no vos dijo verdad no,	And his tale was all untrue—
que yo nunca entré en Castilla	In Castille I never enter'd—
ni en las tierras de Leon,	From Leõn, too, I withdrew
sino cuando era pequeño	When I was in early boyhood,
que no sabia de amor.	And of love I nothing knew.

But these romances must be brought to a close. They must mingle no longer with other gems and flowers, but be transplanted to a garden of their own. That's melancholy!—they quit the sweet society among which they have been proud to linger,—friends and companions—and they go to solitude, perhaps to oblivion. Be it not so!

It is hard to tear oneself away from delightful recollections and busy thoughts. Yet in the progress of these desultory things, the heart has been often wounded when it has been dragged to that "renowned, romantic land" where they had their origin. Gloom soon cast shadows around it, and those shadows grew darker and darker. Meanwhile they with whom every remembrance of sympathy and affection was associated, have been torn up, like loathsome weeds, from the soil *they* blessed—and *we* loved. Of the dearest, and the purest, some have perished; and their memory, embalmed in burning and undying hate, to be poured out hereafter on the bare heads of tyrants, lives in the heart of heart;—some wear cruel chains which may perhaps rust ere they fall—and some wander like the ghosts which can find no habitation on earth, nor an entrance to the grave—desolate—broken;—and some most perfidiously—their figures pursue me, and ten times a day I hurl—Nay! stop thy indignation—they *were*—

I had forgotten—that I ought to forget. Yet a romance or two!—they will still a spirit that is sadly troubled.

A THOUSAND, THOUSAND TIMES I SEEK.

Mil veces voy á hablar	A thousand, thousand times I seek
á mi zagala,	My lovely maid;
pero mas quiero callar	But I am silent still, afraid
por no esperar	That if I speak
que me envie noramala.	The maid might frown, and then my heart would break.
Voy á decirla mi daño	I've oft resolved to tell her all,
pero tengo por mejor,	But dare not—what a woe 'twould be
tener dudoso el favor	From doubtful favour's smiles, to fall
que no cierto el desengaño:	To the harsh frown of certainty.
y aunque me suele animar	Her grace—her music cheers me now;

su gracia y gala,
el temer me hace callar,
por no esperar
que me envie noramala.

Tengo por suerte mas buena
mostrar mi lengua á ser muda,
que estando la gloria en duda
no estará cierta la pena:
y aunque con disimular
se desiguala,
tengo por mejor callar,
que no esperar
que me envie noramala.

The dimpled roses on her cheek,
But fear restrains my tongue, for how,
How should I speak,
When, if she frown'd, my troubled heart would break?

No! rather I'll conceal my story
In my full heart's most sacred cell;
For though I feel a doubtful glory,
I 'scape the certainty of hell.
I lose—'tis true—the bliss of heaven—
I own my courage is but weak;
That weakness may be well forgiven,
For should she speak
In words ungentle, O! my heart would break.

Vicente Espinel.

I MARCH ME TO THE FIELD.

Castillo, dateme, date,
sino dartehe yo combate.

Castillo de alto cimiento
a dó está mi pensamiento,
proceda de tí el contento
que el corazon arrebate:
sino dartehe yo combate.

Castillo hermoso y dorado
do aposenta mi cuidado,
muéstrame tu puente ó vado
por dar á mis penas mate,
sino dartehe yo combate.

Castillo de gran altura,
dechado de la hermosura,
pues en tí está mi ventura
sus tiros y armas abate,
sino dartehe yo combate.

Yield thou castle! yield,
I march me to the field.

Thy walls are proud and high,
My thoughts all dwell with thee;
Now yield thee—yield thee—I
Am come for victory;
I march me to the field.

Thy halls are fair and gay,
And there resides my grief;
Thy bridge,—thy cover'd way,
Prepare for my relief;
I march me to the field.

Thy towers sublimely rise
In beauty's brightest glow;
There, there my comfort lies,
O! give me welcome now.
I march me to the field.

INES SENT A KISS TO ME.

Un abrazo me mandó Ines
bailando allá en el aldea,
plega á Dios, que por bien sea
no suceda algo despues.

No sé como me atreví:
cuando á bailar la saqué
muy pasito me allequé
y un abrazo le pedí
vergonzosa volvió á mí,
de amor y temor temblando,
y dijo: yo te lo mando
cuando mas seguro estés.

Yo le dige: como es eso?
Ines mia, yo te juro,
que siempre esté mas seguro
porque no quede por eso:
con tudo temo un suceso
de tan soberano don,
no sea alguna invencion
de dar conmigo al través.

Ines sent a kiss to me
While we danced upon the green;
Let that kiss a blessing be,
And conceal no woes unseen.

How I dared I know not how,
While we danced I gently said,
Smiling, "Give me, lovely maid,
Give me one sweet kiss"—when, lo!
Gathering blushes robed her brow;
And with love and fear afraid,
Thus she spoke—I'll send the kiss
In a calmer day of bliss.

Then I cried—dear maid! what day
Can be half so sweet as this?
Throw not hopes and joys away;
Send, O! send the promised kiss—
Can so bright a gift be mine,
Bought without a pang of pain?
'Tis perchance a ray divine,
Darker night to bring again.

Yo no dudo que muriese
de placer si ya llegase
al hora en que me abrazase
ojala en eso me viese!
no será sin interes
si ella me cumple la fé,
que por uno que me dé
pienso darle mas de tres.

Could I dwell on such a thought,
I of very joy should die;
Nought of earth's enjoyments, nought
Could be like that extasy.
I will pay her interest meet,
When her lips shall breathe on me;
And, for every kiss so sweet,
Give her many more than three.

Gregorio Silvestro.

THAT'S A LIE,—THAT'S A LIE!

Dineros son calidad
verdad,
Mas ama quien mas suspira
mentira;

Riches will serve for titles too—
That's true—that's true!
And they love most who oftenest sigh—
That's a lie,—that's a lie!

Cruzados hazen cruzados,
Escudos pintan escudos.
y tahures muy desnudos,
con dados ganan condados.
Ducados dexan ducados,
y coronas magestad,
verdad.

That crowns give virtue—power gives wit,
That follies well on proud ones sit;
That poor men's slips deserve a halter,
While honours crown the *great* defaulter;
That 'nointed kings no wrong can do,
No right, such worms as I and you—
That's true—that's true!

Pensar que uno solo es dueño
de puerta de muchas llaues,
y afirmar que penas graves,
les paga un mirar risueño,
y entender que no son sueño,
las promessas de Marsira,
mentira.

To say a dull and sleepy warden
Can guard a many-portal'd garden;
That woes which darken many a day,
One moment's smile can charm away;
To say you think that Celia's eye
Speaks aught but trick and treachery—
That's a lie—that's a lie!

Todo se vende este dia,
todó el dinero lo iguala,
la Corte vende su gala,
la guerra su valentia,
hasta la sabiduria
vende la Universidad,
verdad.

That wisdom's bought and virtue sold;
And that you can provide, with gold,
For court a garter or a star,
And valour fit for peace or war;
And purchase knowledge at the U-
Niversity for P. or Q.—
That's true—that's true!

No ay persona que hablar dexe
al necessitado en plaça,
todo el mundo le es mordaza,
aunque el por señas se quexe,
que cara de Hereje,
y aun sè la necessidad
verdad.

They must be gagg'd who go to court,
And bless, besides, the gagger for't;
That rank-less must be scourged, and thank
The scourgers when they're men of rank;
The humble, poor man's form and hue
Deserve both shame and suffering too—
That's true—that's true!

Siendo como un algodon
nos jura que es como un huesso.
y quiere provarnos esso
con que es su cuello almidon,
goma su copete, y son
sus vigores alquitira,
mentira.

But wond'rous favours to be done,
And glorious prizes to be won;
And downy pillows for our head,
And thornless roses for our bed;
In monarchs' words—to trust and try,
And risk your honour on the die—
That's a lie—that's a lie.

Qualquiera que pleitos trata,
aunque sea sin razon,
dexe el rio Marañon,
y entre en el de la Plata,
que hallarà corriente grata,
y puerto de claridad
verdad.

That he who in the courts of law
Defends his person, or estate,
Should have a privilege to draw
Upon the mighty river Plate;*
And, spite of all that he can do,
He will be pluck'd and laugh'd at too—
That's true—that's true!

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* Rio de la Plata—Silver River.

Siembra en una artesa berros
la madre, y sus hijas todas
son perros de muchas bodas,
y bodas de muchos perros,
y sus yernos rompen hierros
en la toma de Alzezira,
mentira.

To sow of pure and honest seeds,
And gather nought but waste and weeds;
And to pretend our care and toil
Had well prepared the ungrateful soil;
And then on righteous heaven to cry,
As 'twere unjust—and ask it why?
That's a lie—that's a lie.

Gorgora.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The Vespers of Palermo.

We do not wish to be ungallant, but we are impressed with a feeling, touching very closely upon a conviction, that no lady can write a tragedy;—we should, perhaps, be inclined to go further if we were urged, and declare that no lady can write poetry,—but, thank heavens, we are not called upon to decide that question; and Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Baillie, Rosa Matilda, Anna Matilda, and the rest, need not unglove their fingers' ends to wreak vengeance on our little band of ungentlemanly critics. Sappho, a lady of old (not an old lady) did, to be sure, forge some fine links of poetry out of the warm metal of her imagination: but she appears to have been a great brazen burning thing, that had little of the feminine in her composition—and "no heed therefore is to be taken of her." But "impossible for a lady to write tragedy!" "Why impossible, Mr. London?" inquires Miss Higginbottom, a lady in azure hose, who very properly champions herself to the outrance, in the defence of the tragic genius of her sex. In the first place, Miss Higginbottom, experience does not show us one tragedy, born of woman, on record;—and, in the next place, we venture to surmise, that the very delicacy and slenderness of woman's mind are adverse to any attempts at tragic composition. Tragedy requires a masculine grasp, or it will not be overpowered. Ladies write pleasant novels, because in them they delineate life as they would draw flowers,—they sketch characters, colour conversations—make pretty groups of lovers and heroes; but they do not grapple with the passions—they do not lay bare the human heart, and show the storms of passions that rage around it. They *describe* characters, instead of calling them up and letting us see them. Miss Baillie's professed Plays of the Passions are certainly *plays* upon the passions—they are not the passions themselves, which Shakspeare's unprofessed ones are. She makes good miniature copies of our old masters; but our old masters copied from the life. Mrs. Hannah More's Percy *was* a long serious evil, which Time has shaken under its foot; all we remember is, that it contained very long scenes, and very long speeches, and made very long faces; but it scarcely contained, what we generally look to meet with, some pretty passages. Mrs. Wilmot's Ina was made up of the like *Alexandrine* description, and is alike forgotten. Miss Porter's tragedy also perished of its story-telling habits—though her friends declared at the time, and one or two of extraordinary memory persist in it to this day, that it contained some pleasing passages, and ought to have had a run. Buckle would say, that instead of running up to expectation, it bolted. Mr. Kean was accused of doing great wrong to Mrs. Wilmot, and Miss Porter; of playing like one of Captain Parry's company, like a true North Poler—a man of ice. But Kean is not the man "to extract sunbeams from cucumbers;" and Miss Porter and Mrs. Wilmot, when they brought him their unsunned snow, ought not to have expected him to set about attempting the extract. Kean is an actor, not a reciter: he grapples with the passions themselves, and does not point to pretty pictures of them.—Having made these few ungracious remarks, made really "more in sorrow than in anger," we come to the new Tragedy,—dead, alack, and gone,—the Vespers of Palermo.

Very luckily for our pages we

were present at Covent Garden Theatre on the first night of the Vespers of Palermo; if we had waited until the second night,—or had, anticipating a run, waited even until the fifth, we should never have heard a line of Mrs. Hemans's verses breathed over the pit: But we had (we are ashamed to own it) a nasty notion in our heads that the vesper-bell would toll but once—no grand peal of triple sires was to be rung upon Mrs. Hemans's metal, by Mr. Young, Mr. C. Kemble, and the rest of the college youths! We feared she would fail, and therefore we were among the select few who saw the play. The early scenes, indeed, showed as though they "meant mischief," but towards the close, the audience, very much "wrung in the withers," interfered, after the fashion of old Mr. Hamlet (*frater* to the ghost) and put a much better end to the piece than the authoress had succeeded in doing. They were suddenly awoke out of their sleep, we suppose, for *certes* they started up in the most uncouth and unquiet manner. They did not wish to hear a tragedy *repeated* perhaps. They thought five acts of gentle interlocution a *leetle* too much—perhaps they wished to monopolize: Be the cause what it might, they kept the tragedy to themselves—they soothed it—silenced it—hushed it—in short, they damned it!

Here we might perchance be expected to terminate our remarks, having brought them to something like a crisis; but poets and dramatists are often allowed to talk of the damned, and why may not we? Let us be permitted therefore to "take the dead into the market-place," and, like Marc Anthony, turn it to account. Be it ours to speak in the order of its funeral, and point out the virtues and the merits of the deceased. We have already said that Cæsar had its faults.

The plot is told in the title: History has told it well in the olden times. We wish we had a newspaper by us to cut an abridgment out; for those weekly critics tell you a tragedy in little, in a way to shame us monthly men. The characters are indisputable, and by no means unprecedented. There is a patriotic father—a loving son, but not towards him,—a lady of the other faction, ruinously attractive, a villain, ("Well," interrupts Miss Higginbottom, "how could tragedy do without one?")—a monk,—("Well," again exclaims Miss Higginbottom, like Mrs. Malaprop, "you need not repeat the character")—a lady in the heroic line, proud, matronly, and amorous; and these are the company that ring the Vespers of Palermo. The poetry was not dramatic, but, in a *poem*, it was what would have been called melodious and sweet: Indeed, some of the lines were extremely musical, and proved the authoress to be a lady of a refined taste and talent. It is but fair that we should give an instance:

Ans. Ay, thus doth sensitive conscience quicken thought,
Lending reproachful voices to a breeze,
Keen lightning to a look.
Vit. Leave me in peace!
Is't not enough that I should have a sense
Of things thou canst not see, all wild and dark,
And of unearthly whispers, haunting me
With dread suggestions, but that *thy* cold words,
Old man, should gall me too?—Must all conspire
Against me?—Oh! thou beautiful spirit! wont
To shine upon my dreams with looks of love,
Where art *thou* vanish'd?—Was it not the thought
Of thee which urged me to the fearful task,
And wilt thou now forsake me?—I must seek
The shadowy woods again, for there, perchance,
Still may thy voice be in my twilight-paths;
—Here I but meet despair!

These are beautiful lines, and of such the tragedy had plentifully to boast—but beautiful lines would damn any tragedy. Every character talks like his neighbour; and, from the King down to the poorest courtier in the company—"gentle Sicily" is on every tongue. Hamlet does not talk like the grave-digger; but Mrs. Hemans would have made them alike musical and polished—and have even rendered poor simple Audrey poetical!

The performers exerted themselves in a way worthy of a better cause. Mr. Young had great difficulty in escaping the cold, but at times when

he had to talk of liberty, he set to work manfully, as you see a labourer flap his arms in a frosty morning. This seemed to circulate his blood—and certainly did him good. Mr. C. Kemble played the son and lover with great zeal and spirit—but he can be entrusted with poetry more safely than any other performer.. The loose white sleeves of his dress (to speak of a trifle) were very unseemly, and appeared to be always waving before the eye. Mr. Bennet was too stormy—we, in the pit, were almost afraid he would break from his moorings, and run down us lightermen. The Lady Vittoria, the heroine of the drama, was well recited by Mrs. Bartley—but the great defect of this actress is, that she never escapes from recitation, she always reminds us of Enfield's Speaker. We know the tone that will convey every line—and we are quite sure that such a style is out of nature. Yates acted tolerably well, and seemed to be within bow shot of modesty, which is a change for the better.

A word or two about Miss F. H. Kelly,—to whom the audience acted with a brutality utterly disgraceful. She performed some of the early scenes cleverly but indecisively, as though she were trying her powers; —but one or two sentences spoken in the too-familiar style, set a few of the audience against her—and thenceforth she was never heard but with laughter, hissings, or yelling. The papers have said, that she was not well at the time, and certainly her brutal reception had an evident effect upon her spirits and her strength. She seemed to have lost all controul over her tones in the third and fourth acts—and to be near sinking down upon the stage; —but the audience relaxed not a whit in their malice. Why was this? —What could induce men thus mentally to strike a woman?—The public had literally encouraged this young actress in the familiar style, and on this night, when, perhaps, she thought her triumph was at hand—they crushed her.—*We* may, perhaps, be thought to have been somewhat unkind towards Mrs. Hemans, and to have made her our Miss F. H. Kelly;—but we here protest that we have a sincere respect for her talents as a writer of many interesting works, and that in speaking of her failure as a dramatist, we consider it no drawback upon her fame, inasmuch as she only failed where none of her sex has ever yet succeeded.

The scenery was not new—but there was a magnificent banquet-scene—in which the following glee, beautifully set, was beautifully sung. We cannot make Mrs. Hemans better amends for our evil speaking, than by closing our remarks with extracting it.

(*One of the Masquers sings.*)

The festal eve, o'er earth and sky,
In her sunset robe, looks bright,
And the purple hills of Sicily,
With their vineyards, laugh in light;
From the marble cities of her plains
Glad voices mingling swell;
—But with yet more loud and lofty strains,
They shall hail the Vesper-bell!

Oh! sweet its tones, when the summer breeze
Their cadence wafts afar,
To float o'er the blue Sicilian seas,
As they gleam to the first pale star!
The shepherd greets them on his height,
The hermit in his cell;
—But a deeper power shall breathe, to-night,
In the sound of the Vesper-bell!

There has been no other novelty than the tragedy of which we have been just writing, at Covent-garden theatre:—and at Drury-lane the Cataract has carried all before it, and still pours its ell-wide fall before the eyes of hundreds. The water has certainly had a run.

The Horses still muster their forces—and Kean, who has played Richard the Third, bawls for a beast in the very thick of them. We are not very much opposed to the cattle in an afterpiece,—though we still do not envy the leader of the band—and certainly the two double-drums seem very inviting steps for some mad wag of a charger—who may choose one night to take a full plunge at half-price—and trample down the "many-headed beast." We have touched on this subject before—but the Pittites cannot too often be cautioned on *this head*.

His Majesty King George the Fourth has visited the theatres twice during the last month, and gratified the eyes of his perspiring subjects. We saw him at Covent-garden in all his glory:—and he looked not merely

well—but surpassing well. To those readers who live in the out-skirts of the kingdom we beg, in the way of information, to say, that His Majesty hath a comely person—broad—well-shaped—and manly:—That he is a gracious person,—kind in his look and in his manner!—It is impossible for any one, that has not witnessed the scene, to have an idea of the magnificent effect of a people hailing its King in a splendid theatre—while the great national song is overflowing the house. We wish he would only appear oftener, for his own sake.

We had closed our Drama here, when we were just informed that Grimaldi was no longer to illuminate the world of Pantomime with his annual light. Grimaldi retired! Well! "It is growing dark!—Boys, you may go!"

Grimaldi gone!—we scarcely know where we are; we scarcely know how to write! He was so entirely rich! There was his first distorted escape out of his disguise—his cavern of a mouth—his thievish eye—his supple limb—and most undoubted laugh:—What decay on earth can have mastered all these?—Go to!—He is *not* retired!—We will not believe it. Yet, alack! his name is not in the bills—"Clown, Mr. J. S. Grimaldi." Oh villainous J. S.! It should be "Clown, Mr. Grimaldi,"—or Pantomime should betake itself to its weeds—and pine in perfect widowhood. We will say, without a fear of contradiction, that there not only never was such a clown, but that there never will be such another!

Grimaldi requires rest;—that must be all,—and that we can imagine to be possible. No doubt, instead of pulling on his motley inexpressibles,—and preparing his large lucky bag of a pocket, he is now sitting by a cozey fire, with a spoonful of Madeira in his eye,—and *J. S.* (good in his way, but no Joe) listening to the clownish reminiscences of his inimitable papa: perhaps he speaketh thus—but one should *see* him speak!—

JOSEPH'S LAMENT.

1.

Adieu to Mother Goose!—adieu—adieu
To spangles, tufted heads, and dancing limbs,—
Adieu to Pantomime—to all—that threw
O'er Christmas' shoulders a rich robe of whims!

2.

Never shall old Bologna—(old, alack!—
Once he was young and diamonded all o'er)
Take his particular Joseph on his back
And dance the matchless fling, so loved of yore.

3.

Ne'er shall I build the wondrous verdant man,
Tall, turnip-headed,—carrot-finger'd,—lean;—
Ne'er shall I, on the very newest plain,
Cabbage a body;—old Joe Frankenstein.

4.

Nor make a fire, nor eke compose a coach,
Of saucepans, trumpets, cheese, and such sweet fare;
Sorrow hath "ta'en my number:"—I encroach
No more upon the chariot,—but the chair.

5.

Gone is the stride, four steps, across the stage!
Gone is the light vault o'er a turnpike gate!
Sloth puts my legs into its tiresome cage,
And stops me for a toll,—I find, too late!

6.

How Ware would quiver his mad bow about
His rosin'd tight ropes—when I flapp'd a dance:
How would I twitch the Pantaloon's good gout
And help his fall—and all his fears enhance!

7.

How children shriek'd to see me eat!—How I
Stole the broad laugh from aged sober folk!
Boys pick'd their plumbs out of my Christmas pie,—
And people took my vices for a joke.

8.

Be wise,—(that's foolish)—tumblesome! be rich—
And oh, J. S. to every fancy stoop!
Carry a ponderous pocket at thy breech,
And roll thine eye, as thou wouldst roll a hoop.

9.

Hand Columbine about with nimble hand,
Covet thy neighbours' riches as thy own;
Dance on the water, swim upon the land,
Let thy legs prove themselves bone of my bone.

10.

Cuff Pantaloon, be sure—forget not this:
As thou beat'st him, thou'rt poor, J. S. or funny!
And wear a deal of paint upon thy phiz,
It doth boys good, and draws in gallery money.

11.

Lastly, be jolly! be alive! be light!
Twitch, flirt, and caper, tumble, fall, and throw!
Grow up right ugly in thy father's sight!
And be an "absolute Joseph," like old Joe!

REPORT OF MUSIC.

Music, like money, appears to possess a reproductive power, if we may judge from its effects in the provinces, for the love of it seems to be augmented by its frequent enjoyment, as if "increase of appetite did grow by what it fed on." So soon after the York festival as December there were concerts at Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Hull; at which Mrs. Salmon, Messrs. Mori and Hawes, assisted; and the speed with which they succeeded each other gives a memorable proof of the extraordinary physical power which that distinguished female possesses. These performers were at Manchester on the Wednesday, at Leeds on the Thursday, at Sheffield on the Friday, and at Hull (a distance of 70 miles) on the Saturday. This, however, is not quite equal to Mrs. Salmon's famous week, in which she appeared on the Monday in London, Tuesday at Oxford, Wednesday in London, Thursday at Oxford, Friday in London, and on the Saturday at Bath. We have always entertained a belief, that great vocal ability demonstrates great constitutional strength; and this, with a thousand other tests, which resistance of catarrhal diseases, the most prevailing evil in this country, presents, is a proof that such is the fact. Amateurs are always "taking cold;" professors very rarely indeed; although exposed to the night air in hurrying from concert to concert, to extreme differences of temperature, and perpetual currents of cold air, with all the dangers attendant on thin clothing. But to our subject. The York meeting has given such universal satisfaction, that some of the first nobility are desirous of a repetition next year, or the year after at latest.

Music is growing into the universal agent of charity. At Warminster, there was a festival for the benefit of the aged poor at the end of November, when very numerous audiences were collected. The sacred performance at the church in the morning was very crowded, as was a concert at the Assembly Rooms in the evening. The Marquis of Bath (Patron) and his family were present, with many others of distinction, and so full were the rooms that many could not obtain admission. The principal performers were Miss Wood, Messrs. Garbett, Manners, and Rolle. Mr. Teltham, the organist, conducted, and Mr. Verstein from Bath led.

The Italian Operas at the last named city have succeeded complete-

ly. The stage department was under the direction of Signor de Begnis, and his little troop consisted of Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Signors Begrez and Placci, Miss Noel, and Mr. Phillips, a young and rising bass singer. Such a junction reminds us of the earliest operas in London, when Margaretta de l'Epine (whom John Bull familiarly denominated Greber's *Peg*) was Prima Donna, and when a portion of the pieces was represented in Italian, and a part (in consideration of the English assistants) in English. Not that this was the case at Bath. Native and untravelled Englishmen and Englishwomen can now be found, who are quite capable of sustaining Italian characters with force and effect, even by the side of Italians. Sir George Smart conducted, and Mr. Loder led the band. *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* was the piece selected. The opera, exhibiting only a transfer of performers from the King's Theatre to Bath, must of course present few new features in the representation, but as a novel experiment in the provinces, it affords matter of curious record. Scenes have been given before, and even, we believe, entire acts, when Ambrogetti, the Corris, and some others, made a tour to the west and north; but never within our recollection was an entire opera performed. It is, however, an example which will probably be followed elsewhere, and will tend to introduce a better understanding of legitimate opera than now prevails in England; and at the same time, diffuse a still stronger passion for the language and the music of the country which bears the exalted title of "the Nurse of Art."

Sir George Smart's and Mr. Loder's concerts at Bath, this season, are conducted even upon a more grand scale than that which was so successful last year. An organ (built by Flight and Robson) is to be erected at the room, and some of the concerts are to be choral.

Mr. H. and Miss Field made their debût at the first concert of the Harmonic Society of Exeter, held on the 27th of November. Mr. Field's abilities as a pianoforte player we have before referred to. He takes rank with the highest of his class.

The Triennial Meeting of the three choirs will be held next year at Worcester. The performances are announced to commence on the 15th of September.

The Grand Musical Festival at Norwich, for the benefit of the Norfolk and Norwich hospitals, is decided upon, and will take place (unless any unforeseen circumstances interfere) in the third week of September, 1824. A committee of management has been formed, and the scale is to be very splendid. Sir George Smart's appointment as conductor has been confirmed by a general meeting of the governors of the hospital, at which the Hon. Col. Wodehouse, Lord Lieutenant of the county, presided.

The opera circular has been sent out. Signor Benelli is the ostensible director, and he has been to the Continent to engage performers. The interior of the theatre has been newly decorated, and the following is the list of the vocal strength:—Madame Ronzi de Begnis; Madame Colbran Rossini, from Bologna (her first appearance in this country); Madame Pasta, from the Opera Buffa, Paris (her first appearance in this country these seven years); Madame Vestris; Signor Benelli is in treaty with Madame Catalani for a limited number of nights; Madame Caradori; Madame Graziani; Madame Biagioli; Signor Garcia; Signor Curioni; Signor Franceschi (his first appearance in this country); Signor Remorini, Primo Buffo Cantante, Barcelona (his first appearance in this country); Signor De Begnis; Signors Porto, Benetti, and Rosichi (their first appearance in this country); composer and conductor, Signor Coccia; leader of the band, Signor Spagnoletti.

Rossini is engaged as composer and director of the music. He opens with his Zelmira, and is to produce, it is said, two new operas of his own writing. He arrived in London a few days ago, and an endeavour has been set on foot to give him a public dinner; but with what success we have not heard. The notice originated with a foreign professor, and has not been much relished, we believe, by many of the English musicians of eminence, on the ground that such an honour has no precedent, and is not warranted by their estimation of

the sterling abilities of Signor Rossini, however high his present reputation.

We hear of no preparations at present to renew either the Vocal, the City Amateur, or the British Concerts, nor to institute any other of a similar nature, for the general reception of the public. It is hardly likely, however, that the metropolis should continue in such a state of comparative musical destitution.

The re-appearance of Mr. Sinclair, at Covent Garden, has not justified the reports of his marvellous superiority which preceded his arrival, though he has not very much deceived the anticipations of those who really understand the science of singing. They but too well know, that the foundations of pre-eminent excellence are laid by nature in the mind, and by art in the establishments of the very first principles. Habits are rarely to be eradicated, and still more seldom to be improved; and, however general notions of style and execution may be occasionally changed, the power of improvement is not often vouchsafed to one so far confirmed as Mr. Sinclair was when he left England. Really scientific judges anticipated slight improvement in facility, and a fatal admixture of styles founded more on imitation than on principles, and this turns out to be the fact. The hurricane of applause that accompanied his first appearance has sunk into a calm, and the public seem already scarcely to remember that Mr. Sinclair has been to Italy "to study." He has a fine voice, and much ease in gliding through rapid passages; but with the principles of the great style of singing, he may be said to be almost wholly unacquainted.

The art has lost several very eminent professors during the last year, both in England and abroad. M. Steibelt lately died at Petersburg, aged 67 years. This composer was a native of Berlin, and was born in 1758. Early in life, he manifested very decided talents for music, and was placed under the celebrated Kirnberger, by the then King of Prussia; with this master he perfected himself in the study of music. He subsequently visited Paris, London, and Petersburg. While he resided at the former city, he wrote a ballet, called, *Le Retour de Zephyr*, and an opera, *La Princesse de Babylone*, both of which were successful; and for the theatre *Feydeau*, he wrote *Romeo et Juliette*. In the year 1797 he was in London, and performed at the concerts, under the direction of Salomon. On the 20th of January, 1805, he produced his ballet, *La belle Laitière, ou Blanche Reine*, and it was allowed to possess considerable merit. Steibelt finally visited St. Petersburg, where he has since resided, receiving that encouragement and notice his merit deserved.

Signor Viganoni, who, for several years, was one of the principal singers at the opera, died at Bergamo, of an apoplexy, during the present autumn. He was the principal tenor at the King's Theatre for many years, just previous to the close of last century; his voice was not considerable in volume, but his taste and execution were polished and beautiful. He enjoyed much respect, both as an actor and teacher of singing.

On the 27th of November, of a typhus fever at Dublin (whither he had gone to superintend the debut of his pupil, Miss Goward), died Mr. Henry Smart. Mr. Smart began his musical education under Mr. Cramer, and played in the early part of his life in the orchestras of the Opera, Haymarket Theatre, and at the Ancient Concert. At the opening of the English Opera House, he was engaged as leader, and continued in that capacity for several years. When the present Drury Lane Theatre opened, Mr. Smart was also retained as its leader; and, we believe, it was his peculiar pride to have formed that orchestra entirely of English artists; and in such estimation did they hold his character, that on his retirement from the theatre in 1821, the orchestra presented him with a silver cup, as a mark of their gratitude and his merits. Mr. Smart was leader at the Oratorios, at which he had assisted since they were under the conduct of his brother, Sir George Smart, which began in 1813. In 1820, Mr. Smart entered into a manufactory for pianofortes, and, but a very short period since, had obtained a patent for an important improvement in the touch of these instru-

ments. He was distinguished by great urbanity of manners. In his nature, he was kind, generous, and humane. He always evinced an ardent love for his art, and, on all occasions, private feeling gave way to public interests in its exercise.

NEW MUSIC.

Introduction and rondo for the pianoforte, composed by J. N Hummel. This is a production of mind as well of as learning. The effects resulting from the union of melody, harmony, and expression, are here demonstrated with the skill of a great master, and afford matter both for the head, the hand, and the heart of the performer.

Mr. Cramer's arrangement of Bishop's *He is all the world*, as a rondo for the pianoforte, is quite unworthy of his former reputation. The incessant repetition of a theme in different keys intermingled with unmeaning remplissage are the principal features of a piece which can but be considered as a failure.

Mr. Bochsa has published a set of variations in different styles for the Harp, as a supplement to his Instruction Book; the piece is intitled, "Aisé brillant et utile," and is prefaced by an address to his pupils, explaining the object of the work, the peculiar construction of each variation, and the style in which it should be played. The plan is excellent in itself, and is as well executed. Nothing can conduce to perfection so much as interesting the faculties of the mind, for it is *mind* alone that exalts and ennobles every production of art; and even mechanical excellence would be more easily attained, if the means by which it is to be acquired were more fully explained and better understood.

Mr. Ries has three new pieces :—a Moldavian air with variations, and the fifth and sixth Sonatinas. They are composed with ease and elegance; the two last are especially calculated to cultivate the taste of the learner, and confer power and expression. The variations are in a less ambitious style than most of the former productions of Mr. Ries; but what they may have lost in originality they have assuredly gained in ease and grace.

L'Esperance, a divertimento for the pianoforte, by P. A. Corri, will please the million of auditors, and cost little labour to the player.

Carulli's Fourteen Easy Pieces, and Eight short Preludes for the Guitar, will be found an acquisition to the performer on this instrument, which has lately become fashionable, probably from the ease with which it may be learned. We may also recommend Mr. Sola's arrangement of Moore's National Airs, and his Italian Canzonets; the simplicity of which is particularly well adapted to the character of the guitar.

Duets for harp and pianoforte, with and without flute and violoncello accompaniments, are very numerous; amongst the best are Mazzinghi's "Scots wha hae;" Bochsa's selection from Clari, with variations, on "Home, sweet home;" Steil's "Tell me, my heart;" "The spring time of love;" "Fra tante angoscie;" and Wilson's "Happy tawny Moor." None of these are very difficult.

The arrangements are, No. 5, of Mozart's symphonies, by Clementi. Rossini's overture to Semiramide, by Bruguier. Sola's selection from La Donna del Lago, for pianoforte and flute, book 2. Rossini's overture to Zelmira; and book 11, of Bochsa's selection from La Gazza Ladra, for the harp and pianoforte.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

Though the public mind at Paris has been almost exclusively occupied with the Spanish war, and the fêtes given on the return of the Duke of Angoulême, which have filled the columns of the public journals, there are several interesting, if not important literary novelties, of which we shall give as usual a succinct account, beginning with

The Drama.—One of the most interesting novelties in this department is the *Ecole des Vieillards*, by M. Casimir Delavigne, author of the Sicilian Vespers, the Paria, &c. The critics, while they blame some inequalities in the style, agree that it has many situations truly dramatic, and is much superior to his former productions in that department of poetry. It was received by the public with a degree of approbation, bordering on enthusiasm; Ladvocat, the publisher of the author's other works, has given 14,000 francs for the copyright. Amongst the *Pièces de Circonstance* performed in honour of the success of the French cause in Spain, that called *Vendôme en Espagne*, an opera, in one act, is spoken of as possessing considerable merit, independently of the occasion on which it was produced. The *Tribunal Secret*, a tragedy, brought forward at the Odeon, in November, failed of success. *La Mort d'Achille*, a tragedy, in five acts, has been unanimously received at the *Comedie Française*. It is said to be the first production of a young man whose father holds a high rank in the literary world. The fine edition of the Théatre of M. Alexander

Duval is now completed by the publication of the ninth volume, which is entirely composed of inedited pieces, in five acts, prohibited by the Censors. In the other volumes, there are several pieces which have never been performed. The works of M. Duval are so well known, that we should be content with merely mentioning this complete edition, did we not think it necessary to speak of the *Notices Historiques*, one of which precedes each piece. At a time when the press teems with *Memoires Historiques*, *Extraits de Memoires inedits*, *&c.* these *Notices* of M. Duval are far more piquant in the details, and more agreeable in their form, than most of those which are daily obtruded on the public. M. Duval, without having had any influence in political affairs, has been a close and judicious observer of them; and, if we were disposed (says a French critic) to mix a gentle epigram, with a well-merited panegyric, we should say that there is perhaps more dramatic talent in the *Notices* than in the comedies, which are allowed to possess it in a high degree. The great collection of Chefs d'Œuvre des Theatres Etrangers is completed.

Poetry.—Here too we meet with hardly any thing but compositions in honour of the French arms. A Madame d'Abany has produced a piece in twenty-four cantos (in prose), the title of which is Joan of Arc, two vols. 8vo.; a Life of the Heroine is prefixed. It is rumoured that M. Casimir Delavigne has a new volume of *Messeniennes*, nearly ready for the press.

Natural History.—The fourth volume of the new edition of Cuvier's Researches on Fossil Bones, containing the ruminating and carnivorous animals, with 39 plates.

Jurisprudence.—The important work of M. Meyer, on the Judicial Institutions of Europe, is completed by the publication of the fifth volume.

History, Memoirs, Biography.—Among the numerous productions under this head, none have excited for the moment so much attention as those relative to the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien; the first was by Savary, Duke of Rovigo, who, in endeavouring to exculpate himself, aims at throwing the blame on Talleyrand, in which he has not succeeded, at least in the opinion of those who are most interested, the king having forbidden him to appear at court, and treated Talleyrand with marked favour. This pamphlet has called forth a great many others; among which, that of the celebrated lawyer Dupin is one of the most remarkable; General Hulin, the President of the Tribunal which passed sentence on the Duke, has published a defence, tending to show that the members were more to be pitied than blamed, having been misled and deceived in the whole of that unhappy transaction. The notorious Mehée de la Touche has taken up the pen on the same subject. Savary announced that the documents relative to the Duke's trial were lost; this, however, was not the case, and they are now printed. Count Choulot, gentleman of the Duke of Bourbon, has in the press, Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de S. A. S. Msr. le Duc d'Enghien. "Every page of these Memoires," says the Moniteur, "proves that they have been composed from authentic information and valuable documents which have never before been confided to any body. This work, on which the author has been long engaged, will henceforth secure the memory of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien against the attacks of calumny and falsehood." The History of Napoleon Buonaparte, by P. F. H. 4 vols. 8vo. It is rather a remarkable circumstance, that the Ministerial paper, the Journal des Debats, while it speaks with great praise of the work in general, and allows that the author meant to be strictly impartial, thinks however that he is at times more of a royalist than an historian; that if he praises the good qualities of his hero, and condemns the bad, yet he bestows on the former only a cold approbation, while he blames with a degree of warmth which indicates that he does it with pleasure. It is another singular circumstance, that this work, which a ministerial journal of Paris considers as wanting in partiality, has been prohibited in the departments, as too favourable to the usurper. The success of the "Historical Memoirs of the Revolution," has given rise to the publication of "The Military Memoirs of the Marshals and Generals," of which one livraison is now published, containing, in two volumes, the Memoirs of General Aubertin, and those of General Hugo. The memoirs of this general, who filled the eminent posts of governor of a province and aide-major-general of the French armies in Spain, are highly interesting. The first volume relates to the war in La Vendee; and the second invasion of the kingdom of Naples. The second and third to the war in Spain from 1809 to 1814.—A new translation of Herodotus, in 3 vols. 8vo. by M. Miot, is very highly spoken of, notwithstanding the great reputation of M. Larcher's translation. He has had the advantage of his predecessor, in being able to take for his guide the excellent Latin translation of M. Schweighäuser, and the critical notes subjoined to it. He has also consulted the English version, by Beloe; the German, by Jacobi; and the Commentationes Herodoteæ of Creuzer.—M. Capefigue has published a "Narrative of the Operations of the Army in Spain, under the Duke of Angoulême," 1 Vol. 8vo.—M. Delort's "Essay on the History of Charles VII, Agnes Sorel and Joan of Arc," is now

published, and, from the accounts we have seen of it, appears to be very interesting.—Count Stendahl's Life of Rossini having been translated into English, requires no farther notice here.—The Memoirs of the celebrated Goethe have been excellently translated, by M. Aubert de Vitry: we shall be happy if an English translation, which is announced for publication, is executed with equal ability.—Three more volumes* of the new edition of Rollin, with the valuable notes of M. Letronne, have been delivered to the publishers.—Colonel Voutier's Memoirs of the present war between the Greeks and Turks are interesting, because the author was an actor in the scenes which he describes, and his veracity is said to be unimpeachable.—The 22d livraison of Lemaire's fine edition of the Latin classics contains, in vol. 43d, The first four books of Livy, and a learned dissertation on the passage of the Alps by Hannibal; in vol. 44, 30 books of the supplement of Freinshemius, and the arguments composed by Livy himself. As above two-thirds of this great enterprise are completed, it is hoped that the whole will be terminated within three years from this time.—A very interesting work has been published under the title of History of Egypt, under the government of Mahommed-Ali, by Felix Mengin, 2 vols. 8vo. The author remained in Egypt after the evacuation of that country by the army, and has been an eye-witness of the events which he describes: his work gives a high idea of the abilities of the Viceroy.

Geography.—A new Dictionary of Geography on an extensive scale is commenced. The first part of vol. 1, published, contains letter A—AM. It may therefore be expected to extend to about twenty-five volumes.—A Geographical Dictionary in one large volume, 8vo. by Mac Carthy is expected to prove a very useful work. The same gentleman is publishing a collection of Voyages and Travels in ten volumes, as a continuation of Laharpe.

GERMANY.

The Press is so fully occupied towards the close of the year with pocket books, and works for young people as presents for Christmas, that we have scarcely any notice of more important publications. The following, however, are to be mentioned: Mr. F. Horn's second volume of his Shakspeare; the same author's second volume of the history of the Poetry of the Germans since the time of Luther; the first and second volumes of Raumur's works, the History of the Princes of the house of Hohenstaufen and their times. Though we have the work before us, we have not yet examined it sufficiently to judge decidedly of its merits; but we think we may venture to pronounce that it will not disappoint the expectations of the 1025 subscribers, the list of whose names, including many of the sovereigns and the most distinguished nobility of Germany, is a proof of the confidence inspired by the previous labours of the author. Dr. Schubert has published the second volume of his Travels through Sweden, Lapland, &c. This work contains a mass of information relative to the country and its inhabitants, which has every appearance of having been collected with great care; it goes however, we think, too much into minute details. A third volume of Dr. Sieber's Travels has been published, in the absence of the author, who is now, we believe, in the south of Africa, if he has not left it for the East Indies. This volume contains the narrative of a journey from Cairo to Jerusalem and back, and is accompanied with a large plan of Jerusalem, in which the author professes to have determined the actual site of the holy places in and about the city. The first volume of the long-expected Travels of Drs. Spix and Martius has at length been published, but has not yet been received here, though daily expected. Several numbers of the Natural History, however, have arrived, being part of the palms, and 30 plates of the Brazilian monkeys; the latter are splendidly executed in colours. To these we may add, the History of Paganism in the North of Europe, by F. J. Mone, Professor of History at Leipzig, 2 vols. 8vo. The History of Islamism and its followers, the Arabs, Persians, &c. with the origin and progress of the sect of the Wahabites, by A. Wiesner, 8vo.; a new and uniform edition of the historical works of Heeren, 9 vols. 8vo.

DENMARK.

The Chronicle of King Hrolf Krake (anterior to the 9th century), from Icelandic MS., by C. C. Rafn. Essay on the origin of the orders of knighthood of the kingdom of Denmark, by Dr. Munter, Bishop of Zealand. Account of the political transactions between France, Denmark, and Sweden, from 1663 to 1689.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

We have seldom had to register a more uninteresting summary of public events than that of the last month. The contest in Spain is now completely terminated, and whatever of virtue, talent, or patriotism, that wretched country once contained is wandering over the world in search of a foreign asylum. England has received a portion of these illustrious exiles,

and we rejoice to say, that their reception must have convinced them how sincerely her people admired their virtue and felt their misfortunes; and how warmly they would have aided the one and averted the other, had the policy of our government permitted the co-operation. The progress of our narrative leads us to the entry of Ferdinand and his family into Madrid, which took place on the 13th of November, and the details of which are dwelt on with becoming complacency by the journalists of the Faith. Triumphal arches, emblems, inscriptions, entablatures representing the united arms of France and Spain, had been carefully prepared by the corregidor of the city; and the family passed on, amid the acclamations of the monks, and the prostration of their rabble, to return thanks to God at the church of Atocha that Riego was murdered and their native country garrisoned by Frenchmen! After this solemn mockery, Ferdinand, on the 19th, gave an audience to Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian ambassador, whom Alexander transferred from Paris to Madrid immediately after the successes of the French. This man is said to be the diplomatist, in whose talents Alexander places the greatest confidence. He is the son of a shepherd in Corsica, and used to bring eggs, milk, and butter, to the Buonaparte family in that island. Being a clever boy, Napoleon's mother paid for his schooling, and he was afterwards, through the interest of that family, during the minority of their own sons, elected a deputy to the legislative body. It is not our duty to trace him through his various fortunes up to his present elevation, nor need we record an ingratitude to his benefactors, from which unfortunately too many precedents and imitations have taken away the novelty. Napoleon, in one of his conversations at St. Helena, described him as "a man of talent, and an intriguer, and as one who would not be removed from his post at Paris, until Alexander considered the Bourbons as firmly seated on the throne." From his removal now, therefore, one would infer that that important event was finally consummated, at least in the opinion of the Russian emperor. Upon his introduction to Ferdinand, he, of course, delivered a fulsome congratulatory speech, in which he dwelt particularly on the wisdom of the allies, the valour of the French, and the consistent virtue of his own august master. The passage in the speech, however, which has attracted most attention, from its apparent reference to South America, is the following:

The difficulties which your Majesty cannot fail to encounter in the pacification of your *vast* dominions will only enhance the merit of having *conquered* them. You will find the means in the wisdom of your own determinations, in the virtues of your people, and in the interest with which you are sure to inspire your allies; and your Majesty will then have the glory of terminating the evils of the last revolution, by the firmness which hinders them from reviving, and the clemency which causes them to be forgotten.

Most undoubtedly, it is difficult to reconcile this allusion to future conquest with any other meaning than that of a reference to Ferdinand's foreign colonies, as the address is meant as a congratulation for triumphs already completely achieved at home. The language is certainly more clear than diplomatists are in the habit of using. Ferdinand seems to have been quite delighted, and conferred the order of the Golden Fleece on the Russian representative. Indeed, it would appear that few of the legitimates understand one another more perfectly than those of Spain and Russia. A letter from Czernowitz asserts, that Alexander was so pleased at the royal liberation from Cadiz, that he presented the courier who brought the intelligence with a diamond ring. The same account significantly hints, that during his absence from St. Petersburgh he reviewed above 460,000 of his finest troops. On the 19th of the month, Ferdinand issued a royal decree, instituting a council of ministers, by which "all questions of general utility will be considered; each minister will give an account of the affairs belonging to the secretaryship of his department;"—and this council are to receive all his Majesty's decrees and to attend to their execution. A precious combination truly! where Ferdinand is to issue the decrees, and a collection of the *élite* of the Faith

are to enforce them! Woe to the liberal who dares to stand upright within ten leagues of Madrid! The ministers who composed this council, with the chief of the bigots, Victor Saez, at their head, were, of course, in the highest possible state of exultation, at a decree which gave them an almost unlimited despotism over Spain; as the ministerial confessor, naturally enough, calculated upon originating every measure which he and his creatures were afterwards to execute; thus, in fact, combining in their own hands, the legislative and executive powers. In the midst of their *jubilates*, however, an event occurred, which reduced them all at once to silence, and taught Saez the wisdom of the Scriptural precept which enjoins man not "to put his trust in princes:"—namely, the dismissal of the whole crew! No doubt, Saez is the best off of the party, as his Christian mind cannot fail of affording him religious consolation. It is thus that good men are tried, and thus they endure their trials. No doubt, there are many honest men, both in Spain and out of it, who hope that future probations may increase his pious glory, and even that the wreath of martyrdom may displace his mitre. The manner of the dismissal is thus stated on the authority of a private letter from Madrid:—On the 2d of December, the Marquis of Talaru, the French ambassador, having received dispatches from his government, waited upon the King—on the same evening his Majesty summoned his ministers, gave them a signal lecture, and sent them away in complete disgrace. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the ministers, at hearing themselves bitterly reproached for many measures which the king himself had been the first to instigate! It is, however, but a new edition of the conduct which they themselves had taught him when they counselled him, on his liberation, to revoke all his acts since 1820, and even to disgrace his agents. It is thus that even-handed justice now commends the poisoned chalice to their own lips, and they will find little sympathy. After being the tools and pandars of bigoted tyranny, they suffer, unpitied, from a caprice which is an ingredient in its character. Saez is, it is said, to be consoled with one of the richest bishopricks in Spain; but this has by no means silenced the furious churchmen, who are loud in their denunciations of the French and the Duke d'Angoulême. Wealth alone, abundance of which the See of Tortosa will produce to Saez, has never yet satisfied, however it may solace, the humble children of fanaticism — power is their first and darling object—that gained, every thing else they know will follow:—for the dismissal of Saez from his confessorship to the king, nothing can compensate them, and they are surely right—the secrets of such a conscience must counterbalance the weight of any reward given for their preservation. The names of the new ministers are as follow. The Marquis of Casa Irujo, first minister of state; Don Narciso de Heredia, minister of grace and justice for Spain and the Indies; Major General Don Josef de la Cruz, minister of war; Don Luis Lopez Ballasteros, minister of finance; the minister of marine retains his office, the reason is not assigned; Don Ignacio Martinez de Villela is constituted the new president of the council. The new premier, Casa Irujo, is said to be a man of some talents, and of much more moderation than his predecessor, which indeed he may very easily be.

We are glad to have to announce that the traitor Morillo has given in his resignation, and that his worthy compeer Ballasteros, finding himself deserted by all parties, is about to leave the country he has so basely sacrificed. France is said to be the destination of both these worthies. They may escape from the reproaches of their countrymen, but where will they find an asylum from the curses of their conscience? Even in France, fallen as she is, the glance of many an honest man will remind them that reprobation is written on their brow. If they ever had any other object than their own mere personal aggrandisement—if they ever for a moment contemplated that their vile apostacy from the cause they had sworn to defend, and their base abandonment of the friends with whom they had pledged themselves to stand or fall, could produce any benefit to Spain, present events must show them how short-sighted was

the calculation. The liberators are proceeding as liberators generally do, that is, abundantly re-imbursing themselves for any cost incurred by their philanthropy. We find that General Guilleminot has concluded at Madrid a treaty with the Spanish Government, for the military occupation of Spain for three years by French troops. The French army left in Spain is to consist of 40,000 men, and they are to garrison not only the fortresses along the Pyrenees, but the most important commercial towns along the coast. St. Sebastian, Pampeluna, Santona, Figueras, Barcelona, Tarragona, Ferrol, Corunna, Cadiz, Malaga, Carthagena, Alicant, and Valencia, are some of the places ceded to their possession, and our readers will not fail to estimate the value of these, by recollecting the expense both of blood and treasure, to which a struggle for them put England during the Peninsular war. Our commercial readers will at once estimate the importance of the seaports; their occupation, in fact, places the entire commerce of Spain under the surveillance of the liberators. France is, by this treaty, to pay her troops at the rate of the peace establishment, and Spain is to defray any extra charges contingent upon active service. The state, in which the whole country is represented to be, abundantly justifies its military occupation. Every province overrun with robbers - an empty treasury, and crowded prisons—confusion every where, and confidence no where,—are the blessed effects of domestic impolicy and foreign interference. A more striking instance can scarcely be given of the infirm foundation on which the triumphant cause is supposed, even by its own partizans, to rest, than their conduct towards the unfortunate Riego; it was not, it seems, considered sufficient, that on the day of his execution, the guards should have been doubled, all the troops kept under arms in the barracks, and strong patrols distributed throughout the city, but it is said they gave their victim a strong soporific draught in wine, lest the heroic fortitude by which he was characterised, or some soul-stirring appeal from him to the people, might have excited even amongst his enemies a commotion in his favour. It is confidently stated, that after his condemnation, Riego wrote a letter to the King, reminding him that he had saved his life several times, and admonishing him that vindictive measures could only terminate in his ruin. The appeal, however, to his gratitude, was totally in vain—and it now remains to be seen whether the warning of the dying patriot was not prophetic.

From France our accounts are almost entirely limited to the rejoicings consequent on the triumphal entry of the Duke d'Angouleme. Preparatory to his reception, the King issued two royal ordinances, well calculated to conciliate the army. The first states, "that the benefits which Divine Providence had showered down upon the French arms, during the glorious campaign just terminated by his beloved nephew, the Duke d'Angoulême, had made his Majesty resolve to show indulgence to such soldiers of his armies as had gone aside from their duties, and, by such means, to make their families take part in the public joy;" it therefore decrees a free pardon to all subalterns and soldiers of the land forces who are now in a state of desertion. The second relates to the distribution of certain recompences to the military, according to the budget of 1823, and orders that the amount of the expired annuities paid to officers and soldiers of the royal army of the west shall be employed in new favours of the same nature. The day chosen by the Duke for his triumphal entry was the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz; why, we are not told; and certainly it is difficult to account for a selection which must have recalled military associations, not comparatively flattering to the hero of the hour. The affair, according to the Moniteur, passed off, of course, amid universal acclamations and unmixed enthusiasm; according to private letters, however, nothing could have been more dull, and the little feeling manifested was either hired or forced. A circumstance hitherto unheard of is stated to have occurred on this occasion; namely, a summons from the police magistrates to the inhabitants to leave their houses and crowd to the show! It did not heretofore require any very peremptory

mandate to persuade the Parisian population to assemble for amusement; and, we doubt much, whether a precedent for this compulsion could be found on the Austerlitz anniversary, which it was not thought impolitic to revive. During the day, a young man who had climbed upon the wall of the Thuilleries to view the procession was shot by a sentinel. The soldier has been surrendered to the civil power to take his trial for the murder. Thus, as far as the Duke d'Angoulême is concerned, appears to have ended the first military adventure of the Bourbons since their restoration. That the war was one of gross aggression on the part of France, warranted by no just principle, and justified by no sound policy, cannot, we think, be doubted; it has, however, proved that the French army will, to a certain extent at least, support the restored dynasty, a proposition which some time ago, very many, and we confess ourselves were of the number, thought exceedingly problematical. We doubt much, however, whether this invasion, successful as it certainly has been, will in its future consequences benefit the cause of legitimacy: the bad faith which has marked Ferdinand's liberation—the decrees of banishment—the murder of Riego in the face of a promised amnesty—and the monstrous excesses committed by the monks of the Faith, will operate as solemn warnings against clemency in any future popular commotion—succeeding revolutionists will surely remember that Ferdinand's safety ensured Riego's death, and the decrees of Port St. Mary will stand an eternal memento of the confidence to be placed in royal promises. It is, however, but an act of justice to the Duke d'Angoulême to say, that so far as in him lay, he appears to have opposed the excesses of the Faith, and to have personally set an example of moderation which it would have been to the credit, and might have been to the profit, of Ferdinand to have followed. Indeed, from whatever cause it may have arisen, a very hostile spirit seems to exist between the Spanish and the French authorities, which has even extended itself to the troops. An affray took place between the French and Spanish soldiery, very lately, in the streets of Madrid, which at the moment threatened the most serious consequences. Seventeen Spaniards have since been executed, so that we must presume the aggression to have been on their part. Such conduct, however, from the liberated to the liberators, gives us no very lively idea of the gratitude inspired on the occasion. The Duke de Belluno is repaid for his services with the embassy to Vienna, and General Guilleminot goes in the same character to Constantinople. The latter appointment is supposed to be but temporary, and is considered as a sacrifice made for the moment by the Duke d'Angoulême to the Ultras. Guilleminot is a great favourite with the Duke, but the Ultras detest him for the quality which would induce all other men to admire him—his moderation.

The accounts from our West India islands are becoming every day more serious. In Jamaica, in particular, discontent seems to run very high, and recent papers contain advertisements calling the inhabitants together, in order to "take into consideration the distressed state of the island, in consequence of the conduct of the mother country towards the colonies." In Kingston, the capital of the island, a general meeting was convened, and the following resolutions were in circulation, as those intended to be proposed. We prefer giving these rather than any comments of our own, because they speak more authoritatively and more plainly the spirit of the times than any thing we can offer.

1st, That the rights and privileges of the first settlers in Jamaica were clearly defined, and that they extend to the present descendants with all the immunities solemnly and irrevocably granted by the original charter of Charles II.—2d, That we view with astonishment the deliberations of the parent parliament, wrought upon by an impure faction, which, under the mask of religion, seeks to strew anarchy and immorality among the labouring class of a community, of which the British empire can exhibit no parallel in comfort or in social habits—3d, That in the Legislative Body of Jamaica is invested the only power on earth to tax us, and to frame laws for our internal government—4th, That our legislation has shown its wisdom on every occasion, and has justified the solemn authority vested in it by the King, Lords, and Commons of Great Britain. In no case has it

denied the Sovereignty of the Crown—in none flinched from a manly display of its means in support of that Crown, throughout its various struggles, be they in part epochs of a rebellion, or to oppose a foreign yoke. —5th, That, as a deliberate body, sanctioned by irrevocable charter, the legislature of Jamaica is the best, as it is the only judge of internal regulations; that we are convinced it will not forsake *our* rights any more than it will desert its own—rights which we inherit, and which it has tempered (as much as local circumstances have permitted), to the tone of English sentiment—6th. That we will go hand in hand with the island at large, in defending our property, which is as legitimate and unalienable as any freehold of the United Kingdom.

Such are the resolutions, and certainly their temper does not require a single observation—they are, we believe, a fair specimen of the spirit prevalent in most of the West India islands. The refractory spirit lately manifested by the slave population has given great alarm, and the excitement of this is attributed to various causes:—according to some, it has originated in the late discussions in Parliament—according to others, in an ill-timed and injudicious letter of Lord Bathurst to the colonies, recommending the abolition of the whip. This excited an expectation of amelioration amongst the slaves, which, on being disappointed by the policy of the masters, turned into rage and discontent. The recommendation of the Colonial Secretary was doubtless humane, but humanity and policy have been long opposed on the question of the slave trade—the proprietors complain, that the withdrawal of all physical control has been publicly recommended before the population had been prepared for the influence of any moral substitute. Whose fault is that?

There is no intelligence of any consequence from Greece, if we except the surrender of the Castle of Corinth, which had cost the patriot forces a long siege. The Turkish fleet were unable to assist the garrison, which, consisting of 800 Mahometans, was at length obliged to submit. In a war of this kind no news is good news, according to the proverb. The work goes on surely though silently; and the longer resistance to established authority maintains itself, the more that authority must become weakened and ultimately endangered.

The South American states continue to organize their independence. Accounts have been received of the close of the session of the Colombian Congress. Much business appears to have been transacted; and amongst their decrees we are glad to perceive one granting to Bolivar an annuity for life of 30,000 dollars, to commence on the termination of his Presidency, in consideration of the services he has rendered to the country. It would appear as if the republics of the new world were determined to atone for the ingratitude practised towards their great men by the republics of the old. Bolivar is now occupied in the emancipation of Peru, and certainly earns laboriously any reward which may be conferred on him—the best and brightest reward of such men, however, is the tribute which posterity must pay their memory. The Mexican government have just given a very decided proof of their spirit and determination. A quarrel unnecessary for us to detail had taken place between the town of Vera Cruz and the Spanish garrison occupying the fort of St. Juan de Ulloa, a fortress in its vicinity, which is deemed impregnable. The consequence has been, that the government determined that Vera Cruz should be abandoned, and cease altogether to be a port of trade so long as the fort shall be garrisoned by the Spaniards. The Mexican merchants had removed to Alvarado, which was declared the port of entry for Mexico, and a strict prohibition was issued against the admission of Spanish vessels into any of their ports. The Spaniards, out of revenge, laid a third of Vera Cruz in ruins; but the occupation of their fort derived its chief importance from the trade and prosperity of the town, which now are likely to be utterly extinguished. On the subject of South America we must not omit to mention, that Mr. Canning has just dispatched to the newly created states a number of British Commercial Consuls and Vice-Consuls at large salaries. This step must surely herald the recognition of their political independence.

A great number of the most eminent of the Constitutionalists of Spain have taken refuge in this coun-

try, and, amongst the rest, the heroic Mina has chosen it as his asylum. The apostrophe of the Roman orator, to his friend, may be well applied by us on this occasion; "happy the country which shall receive him—unhappy his own if it shall lose him." He landed at Plymouth, from the French brig Cuirassier, on the 30th of November, and met with a truly hearty British reception. The beach was lined with thousands to receive him; and the moment he had touched the English shore, he was raised upon the shoulders of the people, and carried in triumph to his hotel. He was soon obliged to appear at the window, and a gentleman stated by his desire "that this was the happiest moment of his life; that his feelings were completely overpowered by the reception he had met with from the British people. He had been fighting the battles of his country against its invaders; he had before done this with Lord Wellington, and if an occasion should again call him, he should be always ready." In the evening he went to the theatre, and was received with acclamations, the guards and the 61st regiment appearing prominent in his welcome; this is as it should be—the brave should honour the brave. It would be a pleasing task, but one which would far exceed our limits, to record all the testimonies which this gallant man has received from all classes of the people; but we cannot resist the gratification of recording a reply of his on the subject of his reception, which shows what the noble feeling is still next his heart. Having mentioned his intention of visiting London, and of doing so *incog.*, a friend told him it was intended to give him a public reception, and requested to know his sentiments on the subject—the following was his noble reply: "These testimonies distress me. I am received like a conqueror; I am dragged to public spectacles; I am invited to festivals; while I only wish, and I ought only, to mourn in solitude over the sufferings and slavery of my dear country." Mina is understood to be in very limited circumstances; his views were all public. He has had, since his arrival, offers of any pecuniary assistance which he may want, but has refused them all. The Spanish committee have addressed a letter to him, tendering 500*l.* either for his own use, or for any purpose which he may suggest. Mina in person is low, about five feet seven inches, dark hair, dark piercing eyes, and ruddy complexion; with rather an English than a Spanish look: he is very lame, having, as our readers may recollect, had one of his feet severely frost-bitten. Six of his staff accompany him. The celebrated Arguelles, and many other of the members of the Cortes, have arrived in Dublin. A meeting has been held here for the relief of such of these patriotic exiles as may need it; and, no doubt, British generosity will afford ample funds for the purpose. The unfortunate Madame Riego receives every consolation of which her forlorn situation is capable. She has not been informed of the manner of her gallant husband's death, but thinks he has died of his sufferings in prison. She is represented as being very beautiful.

Our readers are aware by this time of the death of that distinguished orator, Lord Erskine. A meeting of the bar took place during the month, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, to devise the best means of doing honour to his memory; and a committee was appointed for the purpose. The bar, upon this occasion, paid the object of their meeting a most delicate practical compliment—not a word was spoken—intending, no doubt, to convey that the eloquence of the bar had died with him. Many of the disappointed spectators seemed to be of opinion that there was more truth than usual in the compliment.

A considerable increase to the army is contemplated. Notice has, in consequence, been given to the army surgeons, and assistant surgeons on half-pay, stating that their services are likely to be soon required. The new levy is to be raised by beat of drum, and the officers employed have received orders to repair to those parts of the United Kingdom where their personal influence is supposed to be greatest.

From Ireland, we have only the refreshing news of two additional desperate murders, and *another miracle* by Prince Hohenlohe! This last has been perpetrated on the person of a Miss O'Rorke, who was bed-

ridden for nine months, ill for nine years, and apparently stone dead for a quarter of an hour, when the miracle took effect; she immediately got up, put on her cloak, shook hands with the priest, and walked down stairs to eat a very hearty breakfast with her friends! Really the Prince should stop now—he never will transcend the O'Rorke miracle—like the Irish feast given by an ancient member of that family—it

——— Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, and those who
were not.

The only way to end those things is to laugh at them. It is certainly amazing how the Irish priesthood can have the audacity to publish these solemn blasphemies in the 19th century. It behoves, however, those who seriously desire the political amelioration of their sect publicly to shake off all participation in such babooneries—if they do not, if they silently acquiesce in this priestcraft juggle, they may depend upon it, they will feel the effects of it next session. People will ask, and naturally, if even the relaxation afforded by Lord Wellesley has induced these monstrous results, what would not complete emancipation lead to. An acquiescence in such absurdities proves one of two things,—either an hypocrisy inconsistent with religion, or a brutishness unfit for freedom.

AGRICULTURE.

Perhaps there never was a season, upon the whole, more favourable to the various operations in which the farmer is at this period of the year engaged than the present. The extreme openness of the weather has enabled even the most dilatory to get in their wheats well, while the mildness, not to say warmth, accompanied by so much dry weather, has been of considerable importance to his future crop. The seed has vegetated with great freedom, and the young plants have a strong and healthy appearance, while his out-door work has proceeded very beneficially, and with little or no interruption. Such is the tenor of all the reports from the different districts of the kingdom. Some of the counties, indeed, have been visited, in the early part of December, with an immense quantity of rain; but the damage sustained from it has principally been felt in the loss of cattle and the wetting of the present year's corn-ricks. The warmth of the weather has pushed the growth of grass on good lands to a state of vegetation very unprecedented, and has enabled the farmer to keep his cattle upon them much longer than usual. The hopes of thousands, whose long mows and hay-stacks were very inadequate to the keep attending a long and severe winter have been thus revived, and the early use of hay and other fodder, which, in the case of an unfavourable winter, would have risen to a most exorbitant price, has thus been prevented.

The corn markets, since our last report, have fluctuated. The large quantities of wheat which have poured into the market at one period of the month, arising from the preparations of the agriculturists to pay their approaching rents, created a considerable dulness in the sale. The millers, however, who have been using strong exertions to raise the price of flour, and thus give a temporary stimulus to the trade, have at last effected their purpose. Flour has risen five shillings a sack, and wheat, notwithstanding the immense arrival of flour (eighteen thousand six hundred and eighty-two sacks, and upwards of ten thousand quarters of corn) in one week, rose about six shillings a quarter in the course of a few days. It is much to be doubted, whether any considerable rise will take place, and if it does, whether it will be of any long continuance. It will be for the interest of the farmers that no rise approaching to the importation price should happen; for if once the ports open, such a deluge of corn will pour into the market as will effectually lower incalculably the price of English wheat for some years to come.

It is said that Mr. Canning intends in the ensuing session of parliament to bring in his bill for enabling the holders of foreign corn to grind and export the flour. It is well known, that since the loss of that bill last session, the demand for flour for exportation has been so great, from the want of rain on the continent, that the price of American, under lock, has risen above the price of the best Norfolk, and even up to this very time has borne a much higher value than its fair proportion. As a proof that this demand existed, not only on the continent of Europe, but on the continent of America, and was extremely great, large shipments were making, even as late as the middle of November from Hamburg, for the Havannah, the Brazils, and South American markets generally. The price of wheat at this port, for the best marks on board, was only 24*s.* 8*d.* to 27*s.* 1*d.* per quarter, although the late harvest was neither so abundant nor so excellent in quality as that of 1822. Whether this bill, in the event of its passing, will be attended with the beneficial effects that are anticipated, appears doubtful. The good to be derived from it must de-

pend upon a variety of circumstances: upon the demand for flour in foreign countries, arising from the state of the continental harvest, and from a continuance of war or peace—upon the price of foreign wheat—upon the price of our own corn—upon the productiveness of our own harvest, and—upon the many other circumstances to which these give rise.

The average importations have been:—

Wheat......	6894	Peas........	2367
Barley.......	5972	Flour.......	7333
Oats........	8934	Irish Oats...	5323

Wheat has advanced in the month 11s. per quarter; barley 2*s*.; peas and oats remain the same. Rye has risen from 6*s*. to 8*s*. per quarter, in consequence, it is said, of the demand for making the new breakfast powder.

Wool is looking upwards, and it is generally thought still higher prices will be obtained, when the spring orders come in. The hop market also, it is believed, has been and is still improving. As many dead hills have been found in redigging the ground, the demand for cuttings will be increased; and as these will not come into bearing until the third year, it is supposed the holders will still require higher prices.

COMMERCE.

London, Dec. 23.

There has not been any thing so remarkable in the state of the market for the last month as to call for particular notice. The cotton market has lately been in a very depressed state, and the sales very trifling; last Friday, however, the favourable accounts from Liverpool caused inquiries by speculators, who would willingly have taken large quantities at the late depressed prices, but the holders asked an advance of ¼*d*. per lb. which was currently obtained on India. The sales amounted to about 2500 bales.

In Liverpool the sales, in the week ending December 20, amounted to 23,700 bags, 8000 of which were on speculation.

Coffee has been rather declining, except Berbice, which has risen; the business done has not been extensive. Last week there were only two public sales.

Sugar.—Towards the end of last month and beginning of this, considerable business was done at fair prices; but the market afterward became heavy, though with very little alteration in the prices.

Tallow, after falling so low as 33*s*. 3*d*. to 33*s*. 6*d*. rose again to 35*s* 6*d*. but has since declined again, and the nearest price to-day is 35*s*.

Tea.—At the late India House sale, Boheas went about 1*d*. lower than in September; common Congous ½*d*. higher. The better qualities 1*d*. cheaper. Since the sale Boheas have obtained an advance of ½*d*.

Fruit.—Very large quantities of all descriptions have been forced on the market by public sale, and the low price of the common descriptions has greatly increased the consumption, which is very considerable.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Essays and Sketches of Character. By the late Richard Ayton, Esq. with a Memoir of his Life, and a Portrait.

Specimens of the Dutch Poets, with Remarks on the Poetical Literature and History of the Netherlands. By John Bowring, and H. S. Vandyk.

Milburn's Oriental Commerce, or the East India Trader's Complete Guide; abridged, improved, and brought down to the Present Time. By Thomas Thornton.

The East India Vade Mecum, or Complete Guide to Gentlemen proceeding to the East Indies; much improved from the Work of the late Captain Williamson, being a condensed Compilation of his and various other Publications, and the Result of Personal Observation. By Dr. J. B. Gilchrist.

No. I. of British Entomology, or Illustrations and Descriptions of the Genera of Insects, found in Great Britain and Ireland; containing Coloured Figures of the most rare and beautiful Species, and of the Plants upon which they are found, &c. By John Curtis, FLS.

The Birds of Aristophanes, translated into English Verse, with Notes. By the Rev. H. F. Cary, AM. the Translator of Dante.

The Twelfth Part of Views on the Southern Coast of England, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, RA. &c. Engraved by W. B. and George Cooke, and other eminent Artists.

The Deserted City; Eva, a Tale in Two Cantos; and Electricity; Poems by J. Bounden. In One Vol. 12mo.

Memoirs of Rossini, consisting of Anecdotes of his Life and Musical Career. By the Author of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart. In One Vol. 8vo.

Prynne's Brevia Parliamentaria Rediviva; or a complete Register of Parliamentary Writs: a New Edition, with Additions and Alterations, and copious Notes, historical, legal, and explanatory.

A Selection of the Geological Memoirs contained in the Annales des Mines, together with a Synoptical Table of Equivalent Formations; and M. Brongniart's Table of the Classification of Mixed Rocks. By M. De la Beche. In One Vol. 8vo.

A Compendious View of the Darker Ages, with Genealogical Tables. By C. Chatfield. In One Vol. 8vo.

A Guide to the Mount's Bay and the Land's End; comprehending the Topography, Botany, Agriculture, Fisheries, Antiquities, Mining, Mineralogy, and Geology of Western Cornwall. Second Edition, Illustrated by Engravings on Copper and Wood. By a Physician.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, translated with Notes critical and explanatory. By John Symmons, AM. of Christ Church, Oxford.

Plantarum Scientia, or the Botanist's Companion; a Catalogue of Hardy, Exotic, and Indigenous Plants, arranged differently from any hitherto published. The Work comprises an Alphabetical Arrangement, according to the Monthly Order of Flowering; following the Generic Names, are the Classes and Orders; and after each Specific Name are enumerated the native Country, the Height of Growth, and the Colour of the Flower.

Aureus, or the Adventures of a Sovereign. Written by Himself. In Two Vols.

A Practical Guide to English Composition, or a Comprehensive System of English Grammar, Criticism, and Logic. By the Rev. Peter Smith, AM.

Prose Pictures: a Series of Descriptive Letters and Essays. By Edward Herbert, Esq. with Etchings, by George Cruikshank.

The Animal Kingdom, as arranged conformably with its Organization. By the Baron Cuvier; with additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed. To be published Quarterly; the First Number to commence the 1st of February, 1824.

True Happiness only found in the Christian Life. By the Author of Israel's Shepherd.

Critical and Descriptive Accounts of the most celebrated Picture Galleries in England; with an Essay on the Elgin Marbles.

Recollections of an Eventful Life, chiefly passed in the Army. By a Soldier.

Letters to an Attorney's Clerk, containing Directions for his Studies and general Conduct. Designed and commenced by the late A. C. Buckland, Author of "Letters on Early Rising," and completed by W. H. Buckland.

Elements of the History of Civil Government: being a View of the Rise and Progress of the various Political Institutions that have subsisted throughout the World, and an Account of the present State and distinguishing Features of the Governments now in Existence. By the late James Tyson, Esq. Part I. 8vo.

Advice on the Study and Practice of the Law, with Directions for the Choice of Books. By William Wright. The Third Edition much enlarged.

The Counsels of Wisdom: consisting of the Letters of eminent Men, addressed to their Children, on the Conduct of Life; with brief Memoirs of the Writers.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

History and Biography.

Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern. By the Abbe Millot. A New Edition. 6 Vols. 8vo. 3*l*. 3*s*.

Memoirs of J. Decastro, Comedian. 12mo. 6*s*.

Memoirs of Count Hulin and M. Dupin relative to the Duke D'Enghien, with the Journal of the Duke, and historical Documents. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Histoire de l'Egypt sous le Gouvernement de Mohammed-Ali, ou Récit des Evénemens Politiques et Militaires qui ont eu lieu depuis le Départ des Français jusqu'en 1823. Par M. Felix Mengin. 8vo. plus un Atlas en folio de 5 planches. 1*l*. 10*s*.

Medicine.

A Treatise on the Nature and Treatment of the Distortions to which the Spine and the Bones of the Chest are subject. By John Shaw, Surgeon. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Planches Anatomiques du Corps Humain, exécutées d'après les Dimensions Naturelles, accompagnées d'un Texte explicatif. Par F. Antomarchi; publiés par Le Comte de Lasteyrie. IV°. Livraison, imperial folio, 4 coloured Plates. 4*l*. 4*s*.

Miscellaneous.

A Week's Amusement: translated from the French of Maria Louisa Nicloux. By A. W. Barnes. Foolscap, 8vo. 5*s*.

A New and improved Edition of Green's Herbal. 4to. coloured and plain.

Parts I to V, of Clarke's Geographical Dictionary. Second Edition. 4to.

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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Reverend Richard Lynch Cotton, MA. to the vicarage of Denchworth, Berkshire: Patrons, the Provost and Fellows of Worcester College, Oxford.—The Rev. John Lowndes, formerly of Queen's College, Oxford, appointed Chaplain to the Earl of Glasgow.—The Rev. John Mavor, BD. Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, to the perpetual curacy of Forest Hill· Patrons, the Rector nd Fellows of that Society.—The Rev. S. Downes, BA. of Wadham College, Oxford, and Master of the Free Grammar School, Tamworth, Staffordshire, to the Living of Kilham, Yorkshire: Patron, the Dean of York.—The Rev. Thomas Melhuish, to the Rectory of Ashwater, Devonshire.—The Rev. Henry Tippets Tucker, MA. to the rectory of Uplyme, Devonshire.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Norrisian Prize for the Essay on the Office and Mission of John the Baptist, has been awarded to James Amiraux Jeremie, Scholar of Trinity Colleg

BIRTHS.

Nov. 25.—At Southsea Lodge, the lady of Capt. Sir Alexander Gordon, KCB. a daughter.

29. At Constable Burton, the lady of W. Wyvill, MP. a daughter.

Dec. 4.—At the lodgings of the Principal of Brazenose College, Oxford, Mrs. Gilbert, a daughter.

— At Kenton House, Devonshire, the Hon. Mrs. Lysaght, a son.

5. In New Norfolk-street, the lady of John Currie, jun. Esq. a daughter.

6. The lady of Henry Tennant, Esq. a daughter.

— At Caerleon Priory, the lady of Wm. Phillips, jun. Esq. a son and heir.

7. At Bishop's Court, Isle of Man, Lady Sarah Murray, a daughter.

— At Hicknoll, in the county of Dorset, the lady of Sir M. H. Nepean, Bart. twin daughters.

8. At Normanby, Lincolnshire, Lady Sheffield, a son.

13. At Beverley, the lady of Capt. Cure, of Blake Hall, Essex, a son.

16. In Russell-square, Mrs. Nicholl, a daughter.

17. In York-place, Portman-square, the lady of Joseph Van Zeller, Esq. a son.

18. Lady Caroline Pennant, a daughter.

— At Langley Farm, Kent, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Belmont House, Edinburgh, Mrs. Fortescue, a daughter.

IN IRELAND.

At Kilkenny, the lady of John Macrobart, Esq. Surgeon of the 10th Hussars, a son and daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 18.—At Scarborough, George Woodcock Dowker, Esq. of Salton Hall, in the county of York, to Miss Tindall, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Tindall, of Scarborough

25. At St. Giles, by the Bishop of Landaff, William Nettleship, Esq. of Cheltenham, to Mary, daughter of the late John Best, Esq. and niece to the Hon. Mr. Justice Best.

26. At Kingston, Hants, Capt. Thomas M. Mason, RN. to Miss Gray, eldest daughter of Commissioner the Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart. KCB. of the Dock-yard, Portsmouth.

30. At Walcot church, Bath, Frederick Henry Yates, Esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, to Miss Brunton, daughter of John Brunton, Esq.

Dec. 2.—At St. George's Bloomsbury, John Johnston, Esq. eldest son of John Johnston, Esq. of Danson, Kent, to Helen, eldest daughter of Walter Learmouth, Esq. of Montague-street, Russell-square.

3. At Chichester, by the Rev. Archdeacon Webber, the Hon. Capt. Berkeley, RN. to Lady Charlotte Lennox, sister to the Duke of Richmond. After the ceremony the new-married couple set off for Malcolm Castle, the seat of Lord George Lennox.

4. At Lanover, Monmouthshire, by the Rev. Dr. Hall, Chancellor of Llandaff, and grand-father to the bridegroom, Benjamin Hall, Esq of Hensal Castle, Glamorganshire, and of Abercarne, Monmouthshire, eldest son of the late Member for Glamorganshire, to Augusta, youngest daughter of Benjamin Waddington, Esq. of Lanover.

— At Linsted, Kent, William Tayler, Esq. nephew to Lord Teynham, of Linsted Lodge, to Elizabeth Taylor, of New House, at the same place, niece to John Baring, Esq. of Nonds, ditto.

6. Charles Knight, Esq. of Hall Place, Yately, Hants, to Teresa, only daughter of Thomas Taunton, Esq. of Axminster.

7. At St. George's Hanover square, Philip Longmore, Esq. of Hertford, to Sabina, second daughter of Jacob Elton, Esq. and niece to the late Admiral Sir William Young.

9. At Lambeth, Henry Kelsall, Esq. of Chester, to Elizabeth, daughter of William Reece, Esq. of South Lambeth.

11. At Bathford, Capt. Oliver, 32d regt. to Mary, daughter of Rear-admiral Dacres.

— At King's Norton, the Rev. George William Bowyer Adderley, of Fillongley Hall, Warwickshire, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late John Taylor, Esq. of Moseley Hall, Worcestershire.

15. At Bury, William Thompson, Esq. of Batavia, to Miss Grace Grant, niece to Wm. Grant, Esq. of Spring Mill, in the county of Lancaster.

At Clapham, Surrey, the Rev. W. F. Cobb, AM. of Nettlestead, Kent, second son of Fra Cobb, Esq. of Margate, to Mary, second daughter of Peter Blackburn, Esq. of Clapham.

16. At West Wratting, Cambridgeshire, the Rev. Wm. Acton, Rector of Ayott St. Laurence, Herts, Henrietta, fourth daughter of Sir C. Watson, Bart. of Wratting Park.

— J. S. Henslow, AM. of St. John's College, and Professor of Mineralogy in that University, to Harriot, second daughter of the Rev. George Jenyns, of Bottisham Hall, in the county of Cambridge.

— At Huyton, Edward Penrhyn, son of the Rev. Oswald Lycester, of Stoke, in the county of Salop, to the Hon. Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Stanley, of Knowsley, in the county of Lancaster.

18. At Streatham, the Rev. G. D. White, Domestic Chaplain to Lord Monson, to Inger Maria, daughter of Geo. Wolff, Esq. of Balham, Surrey.

— By Special License, at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev George Champagne, Canon of Windsor, William Duncombe, Esq. MP. to Lady Louisa Stuart, youngest daughter of the Earl of Galloway.

19. At St. Pancras, Robert Mitford, Esq. of the Ordnance Office, Pall-Mall, to Miss Stanger, daughter of James Stanger, Esq. of Doughty-street.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Sir Abraham Elton, Bart. of Elvedon Court, Somersetshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late William Stewart, Esq. of Castle Stewart, and niece to the Earl of Seaforth.

At Edinburgh, A. Macdonald, Esq. to Jane, daughter of the late J. Roberts, Esq. of Carronflats.

DEATHS.

Nov. 16. At Smeaton, Lady Buchan Hepburn, relict of Sir George Buchan Hepburn, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland.

21. At Blackwell, near Darlington, in the county of Durham, in his 75th year, Capt. Ralph Milbanke, RN. first cousin to Sir Ralph Noel, late Milbanke.

24. At Hoddeson, Herts, aged 77, Wm. Hodgson, Esq. FRS.

27. At his house, in Brunswick-square, aged 83, Harden Burnley, Esq. father-in-law of Joseph Hume, Esq. MP.

28 At his seat, Picton Castle, after a long illness, in his 85th year, the Right Hon. Richard Phillips, Lord Milford, Lord Lieutenant for Pembrokeshire, and late member for that county. His lordship was a lineal descendant from Sir John Picton, the second baronet of the family, who garrisoned the castle of Picton for Charles I. in 1647; he was raised to the Irish Peerage in 1776, by the title of Baron Milford, which is now extinct, his Lordship having died without issue.

30. At Chiswick, at Lieut.-Col. Cavendish's, Villiers Frederick Francis, youngest son of the Hon. Henry Howard, aged 8 years.

— At his house in Spring Gardens, Christopher Allott, Esq. Army Agent.

Dec. 2.—In consequence of a wound received the preceding day, while shooting in his plantations, by his gun going off as he was getting through a hedge, and lodging its contents in his right side,—Robert Viner, Esq. of Eathorp.

3. In his 9th year, the Hon John Russell Keppel, youngest son of the Earl of Albemarle.

4. Aged 32, Eliza, relict of Gen. Keith Macalister, late of Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, and of Toresdale Castle, Argyleshire.

7. At his house in Queen-square, Robert Raynsford, Esq. Chief Magistrate of the Police Office, Queen-square.

8 In Gower-street, Bedford-square, Geo. Jourdan, Esq.

— Aged 70, the Hon. Thomas Steele.

— At Monkwearmouth, Ann Sophia, eldest and only surviving daughter of the late Rev. Cooper Abbs, AM. and sister to Bryan Abbs, Esq. of Cleadon House, in the county of Durham.

— At Windsor, Anne, relict of the Rev. William Douglas, Prebendary of Westminster and Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury.

10. Sophia, eldest daughter of Joseph Gwilt, Esq. of Abingdon-street, Westminster.

— In Brook-street, aged 63, Sir Eyre Coote, Bart. of West Park, in the county of Hants.

— In Upper Grosvenor-street, Lady Wake, relict of Sir Wm. Wake, Bart. of Courteen Hall, Northamptonshire.

11. At Exeter, Sibilla, relict of the late Robert Lambert, Esq. of Dorchester, in the county of Dorset.

— Lumsdaile Alves, Esq. late of the Navy Pay Office.

— In Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, aged 86, Frederick Chapman, Esq.

12. Aged 21, Martha Caroline, daughter of Arthur Daniel Stone, MD.

— Aged 53, Robert Dormer, Esq. son of the late James Dormer, Esq.

13. Aged 49, the Rev. D. F. Pryce, DD. of Bradfield Rectory, in the county of Essex.

14 Eliza, wife of Major Lane, of the Royal Artillery.

16. At Colchester, aged 32, William, second son of the Rev. Dr. Moore, of Kempston Manor House, near Bedford.

17 At Morden Park, Surrey, Sarah, second daughter of the late J. P. Adams, Esq. of Hampstead.

— At the House of Wm. Lea, Esq. near Kidderminster, Mrs. Orange, of Waresley House, Worcestershire.

IN SCOTLAND.

At her house, York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs. Hay Mudie.

At Edinburgh, after a long illness, aged 24, George Pell Lys, son of Mr. Lys, of Tooke's-court, London, and nephew to Claus Pell, Esq. of Tiverton.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, Henry Smart, Esq. Musical Professor, brother to Sir George Smart, Musical Doctor.

William Vincent, eldest son of Colonel Currey, of Lismore Castle.

At Borris, Carlow, Lady E. Kavanah.

ABROAD.

At St. Helier's, Jersey, Capt. John Douglas, late of the 7th Royal Veteran Battalion.

At the Hague, William Barker, Esq. of East Sheen, late Capt. of the 20th regt. of Light Dragoons.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1824.

CONTENTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

THE translations of E. of P—— W——, near T———, are sensibly rendered,—but they require a spirit which neither the translation nor the original gives them, to make them fit for our pages. They are extremely good Exercises,—but morals so laboriously and mathematically worked are more virtuous than amusing or intelligible. We sincerely thank E. for his good intentions towards the world and ourselves.

G. G. has sent us a Canzonet, which imposes more upon the birds than we think Nature ever intended:–

Hark the birds in yonder grove,
Breathe softly sweet a tale of love:
* * * *
In joyful harmony, oh raise
Your heavenly notes to Ellen's praise
* * * *
Tune your voices once again,
Whisper softly—true I'll prove
To Ellen, whom I fondly love;
And while my beauteous maid reposes,
Strew her couch with blooming roses!

G. G. must slit a bird's tongue with something more than a sixpence to get all this done; and no bird on earth can sing songs and strew rose-leaves at the same time.

J. B.'s "Sketches from the Antique," are not favourably thought of from No. I.—though that specimen has talent.

"An odd Fish!"—aye—a very odd Fish!—This Peter Fin writes, that if we do not approve him, we are to remember, "he is one of the Fin tribe," and *therefore* not *au fait*."—*Therefore!*—eh!

Such a wooden legged muse as this "odd Fish" seems to possess, never stumpt before into the presence of Lion's Head!

P. P. asks us to "point out a few errors" in "the enclosed," which is a kind of dwarf Ode to Simplicity. We can only say, that Grammar, if not the Muse, has frowned upon his effusion, for no melody on earth, nor the utmost urgency of rhyme, can atone for such matter as this.

> It is not pride! But oh! '*Tis thee!*
> Sweet Nature's child, Simplicity!

Or this:

> Or when thou guileless *doth* appeal,—

P. P. should be allowed a fire by his friends.

We print the Title of T. O. M.'s production, which is the *pope's eye* of his mutton, viz. "Rondeau for the Grenadier Guards, attempted in the style and metre of Clement Marot."—"Tom 's a-cold!"

The lines from Edinburgh are better meant than written.

J. R. is so humble before "Lion's Head," that with infinite mercy it forbeareth to "wag its tail."

Z. can know nothing of "The face of a Genius," and should therefore not "riddle my riddle my ree" about it in lines, which would give Œdipus the head-ache.

"A Dream (fact)." We do not dispute the truth, but the poetry; though it looks very much like a dream [illegible]

A. D. is not answered, as he desires. We are sure he will see that there is not "matter in his words" to warrant troubling the printer on the subject.

THE

London Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1824.

ANALECTS FROM JOHN PAUL RICHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

COMPLAINT OF THE BIRD IN A DARKENED CAGE.

"Ah!" said the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness!" Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction.—Oh! man, how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering?—For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

ON THE DEATH OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

Ephemera die all at sun-set, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun.* Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops,† that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moon-light and through the morning onwards to noon-day: "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat—or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father

* Some class of ephemeral insects are born about five o'clock in the afternoon, and die before midnight—supposing them to live to old age.

† If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sun-rising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but, if it stays and glitters for a long-time after sun-rise, the day continues fair.

pointed upwards—"See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

ON DEATH.

We should all think of death as a less hideous object, if it simply untenanted our bodies of a spirit, without corrupting them; secondly, if the grief which we experience at the spectacle of our friends' graves were not by some confusion of the mind blended with the image of our own: thirdly, if we had not in this life seated ourselves in a warm domestic nest, which we are unwilling to quit for the cold blue regions of the unfathomable heavens; finally,—if death were denied to us.—Once in dreams I saw a human being of heavenly intellectual faculties, and his aspirations were heavenly; but he was chained (methought) eternally to the earth. The immortal old man had five great wounds in his happiness—five worms that gnawed for ever at his heart: he was unhappy in spring-time, because *that* is a season of hope—and rich with phantoms of far happier days than any which this aceldama of earth can realise. He was unhappy at the sound of music, which dilates the heart of man into its whole capacity for the infinite, and he cried aloud—"Away, away! Thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!" He was unhappy at the remembrance of earthly affections and dissevered hearts: for love is a plant which may bud in this life, but it must flourish in another. He was unhappy under the glorious spectacle of the starry host, and ejaculated for ever in his heart—"So then I am parted from you to all eternity by an impassable abyss: the great universe of suns is above, below, and round about me: but I am chained to a little ball of dust and ashes." He was unhappy before the great ideas of Virtue—of Truth—and of God; because he knew how feeble are the approximations to them which a son of earth can make ——But this was a dream: God be thanked, that in reality there is no such craving and asking eye directed upwards to heaven—to which death will not one day bring an answer!

IMAGINATION UNTAMED BY THE COARSER REALITIES OF LIFE.

Happy is every actor in the guilty drama of life, to whom the higher illusion within supplies or conceals the external illusion; to whom, in the tumult of his part and its intellectual interest, the bungling landscapes of the stage have the bloom and reality of nature, and whom the loud parting and shocking of the scenes disturb not in his dream!

SATIRICAL NOTICE OF REVIEWERS.

In Swabia, in Saxony, in Pomerania, are towns in which are stationed a strange sort of officers—valuers of authors' flesh, something like our old market-lookers in this town*. They are commonly called tasters (or *Praegustatores*) because they eat a mouthful of every book beforehand, and tell the people whether its flavour be good. We authors, in spite, call them *reviewers:* but I believe an action of defamation would lie against us for such bad words. The tasters write no books themselves; consequently they have the more time to look over and tax those of other people. Or, if they do sometimes write books, they are bad ones: which again is very advantageous to them: for who can understand the theory of badness in other people's books so well as those who have learned it by practice in their own? They are reputed the guard-

* "*Market-lookers*" is a provincial term (I know not whether used in London) for the public officers who examine the quality of the provisions exposed for sale. By *this town* I suppose John Paul to mean Bayreuth—the place of his residence.

ians of literature and the literati for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges and of all who pass over them—viz. because he himself once lost his life from a bridge.

FEMALE TONGUES.

Hippel, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says—"A woman, that does not talk, must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other except amongst men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water edge.—However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labours: sedentary artisans,—as tailors, shoemakers, weavers,—have this habit as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work: but women often talk double their share—even *because* they work.

FORGIVENESS.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation: our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly—being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness: and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest,—the man, who has pierced thy heart, stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the muscle, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

The graves of the best men, of the noblest martyrs, are like the graves of the Herrnhuters (the Moravian brethren)—level, and undistinguishable from the universal earth: and, if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner-trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom,—shed, but never reckoned! It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue—and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the foot-stool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent. The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And, because history records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood,—therefore is it that in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

THE GRANDEUR OF MAN IN HIS LITTLENESS.

Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapor and a bubble,—were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling,—*this*, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this* is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

NIGHT.

The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz. that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand

about us in the night as lights and flames: even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the day-time appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

THE STARS.

Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

MARTYRDOM.

To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus dei Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity: but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess.—Then also thy temple, oh eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth—made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar, on which it rests, will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

THE QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.

Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is that we hurl fields of ice shock together so harshly, whilst all the while under the sun-beams of a little space of seventy years we are rapidly dissolving.

DREAMING.

But for dreams, that lay Mosaic worlds tesselated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep – the antechamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

TWO DIVISIONS OF PHILOSOPHIC MINDS.

There are two very different classes of philosophical heads—which, since Kant has introduced into philosophy the idea of positive and negative quantities, I shall willingly classify by means of that distinction. The *positive* intellect is, like the poet, in conjunction with the outer world the father of an inner world; and, like the poet also, holds up a transforming mirror in which the entangled and distorted members as they are seen in our actual experience enter into new combinations which compose a fair and luminous world: the hypothesis of Idealism (i. e. the Fichtean system) the Monads and the Pre-established Harmony of Leibnitz — and Spinozism are all births of a genial moment, and not the wooden carving of logical toil. Such men therefore as Leibnitz, Plato, Herder, &c. I call positive intellects; because they seek and yield the positive; and because their inner world, having raised itself higher out of the water than in others, thereby overlooks a larger prospect of islands and continents. A negative head, on the other hand, discovers by its acuteness—not any positive truths but the negative truths (i. e. the errors) of other people. Such an intellect, as for example Bayle, one of the greatest of that class,—appraises the funds of others, rather than brings any fresh funds of his own. In lieu of the obscure ideas which he finds he gives us clear ones: but in this there is no positive accession to our

knowledge; for all, that the clear idea contains in developement, exists already by implication in the obscure idea. Negative intellects of every age are unanimous in their abhorrence of every thing positive. Impulse, feeling, instinct—every thing in short which is incomprehensible, they can endure just once—that is, at the summit of their chain of arguments as a sort of hook on which they may hang them,—but never afterwards.

DIGNITY OF MAN IN SELF-SACRIFICE.

That, for which man offers up his blood or his property, must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defence of her child:—in short, only for the nobility within us—only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit: but this nobility—this virtue—presents different phases: with the Christian martyr it is faith; with the savage it is honour; with the republican it is liberty.

FANCY.

Fancy can lay only the past and the future under her copying paper; and every actual presence of the object sets limits to her power: just as water distilled from roses, according to the old naturalists, lost its power exactly at the periodical blooming of the rose.

The older—the more tranquil—and pious a man is, so much the more holy does he esteem all that is *innate*, that is, *feeling* and *power:* whereas in the estimate of the multitude whatsoever is *self-acquired*, the ability of practice and science in general, has an undue pre-eminence; for the latter is universally appreciated and therefore even by those who have it not, but the former not at all. In the twilight and the moonshine the fixed stars, which are suns, retire and veil themselves in obscurity; whilst the planets, which are simply earths, preserve their borrowed light unobscured. The elder races of men, amongst whom man *was* more though he had not yet *become* so much, had a childlike feeling of sympathy with all the gifts of the Infinite—for example, with strength--beauty--and good fortune; and even the *involuntary* had a sanctity in their eyes, and was to them a prophecy and a revelation: hence the value they ascribed, and the art of interpretation they applied, to the speeches of children—of madmen—of drunkards--and of dreamers.

As the blind man knows not light, and through that ignorance also of necessity knows not darkness, — so likewise, but for disinterestedness we should know nothing of selfishness, but for slavery nothing of freedom: there are perhaps in this world many things which remain obscure to us for want of alternating with their opposites.

Derham remarks in his Physico-theology that the deaf hear best in the midst of noise, as for instance during the ringing of bells; &c. This must be the reason, I suppose, that the thundering of drums—cannons, &c. accompany the entrance into cities of princes and ministers, who are generally rather deaf, in order that they may the better hear the petitions and complaints of the people.

A WALK TO PAESTUM, LUCOSIA, &c.

"Of all the objects that lie within the compass of an excursion from Naples," says Mr. Eustace, "Paestum, though the most distant, is, perhaps, the most curious and most interesting." We had long been intimately persuaded of the verity of this assertion; we had frequently had our curiosity and emulation excited by travellers returned thence; we had long been in the habit of saying to ourselves and friends, that it was a great shame we had not been to Paestum, and still we never girded ourselves up to get rid of this blot in our scutcheon. At length we resolved to go during the Easter festival; "all the world" will be at Rome, said we; it will be delightful walking weather: we accordingly furnished ourselves with passports, for, now, one can hardly move from the capital without them, and on a fine morning took to the road.

To get beyond the ken of the smart city in decent style, and to begin our journey with *agio e commodità*, we hired a shattered, springless country callesso, with a lame horse to carry us as far as the town of La Torre dell' Annunziata. This road, along the shores of the bay, we had very often passed, but no familiarity with it can deaden one to the sense of its beauty: the immediate vicinity of the scorched Vesuvius rising stark into the blue sky; the smoke emitted lazily from the crater, and rolling slowly down its sides, or floating away in long dull masses; the black stripes which, from the summit to the base, descend in every imaginable distortion; the strange lights and shades which checker the whole breadth and height of the mountain; the smiling green vineyards, and white towns, and villages, which are belted around its base; and the consciousness that those vineyards may be in flames, or those villages in ruins before to-morrow's sun flashes across the bay; such objects, and such reflections inseparably united with them, can never entirely lose their hold on the heart. At the Torre there is a tolerable inn, tolerable at least for the kingdom of Naples; we secured beds for the night and dined there, and then walked on to Pompeii, which is about a mile distant, to spend again a few hours in its impressive solitude. It has always seemed to us very singular, that Pompeii should have remained undiscovered until so late a period, and that antiquaries should have so long erred about its situation, one supposing it to be buried under the roots of Vesuvius, another giving it a local habitation under the Torre dell' Annunziata; one putting it at the town of Scafati, on the modern banks of the Sarno, and another bringing it pretty near to Naples; for on looking at the long, abrupt, curious ridge of volcanic results that cover it, on reading the Peutinger table of roads; the passage in Seneca, lib. vi. in which its site is rather clearly fixed; on remembering that a little village, raised on the spot, was called *La Città*; that in many places masses of ruins were not three feet below the level of the soil; that the labourers were continually digging up pieces of worked marble, and other ancient objects; and that in several places they had even laid open the walls; if, from being aware of the indifference of the government and nation to such objects,* we are not surprised that excavations were not begun centuries ago; yet we are still utterly at a loss to conceive how a local writer could be ignorant of its real situation. In 1689 some excavations were made in the eastern flank of Vesuvius, and various monuments and inscriptions were discovered; even then apparently no great curiosity was excited, and it was not until 1748, thirty-seven years

* Herculaneum for seventeen years following its discovery remained untouched; the memorable, the sublime ruins of Paestum remained for centuries in oblivion, or known only to the neighbouring peasant or passing fisherman; the laborious Cluverius visited them, and brought them into a little notice in 1610; but more than another century passed before a satisfactory description of them was given; this was done by Antonini in his "Lucania;" but it was a French architect, and some English artists and men of letters, about 1750, that spread their fame.

from the time that Herculaneum was first discovered, and in the tenth year of the excavations of that place under Charles III. which were still prosecuted, when some extensive ruins were dug up by some peasants, that the site of Pompeii was decided, and excavations undertaken by the government.

Pompeii, city of the forgotten, thy busy thousands are vanished, thy houses are dismantled, thy amphitheatre is overgrown with grass, thy tombs are rifled, thy temples ruined; and the very ashes that lay deep in the double security of the sepulchre and the piled mountain, have been distributed to enrich museums, or dispersed upon the winds. Thou seemest like one risen from the dead, a shadow of the past, a vision of the future. There is an eloquence in thy silent streets that far exceeds that of human tongues; it tells a mournful and an awful tale, of man's glory and littleness, of his brief hour of pride and bustle, and of the long, long ages of dishonour and of oblivion that await him! Little new can be said of Pompeii, and, to judge by the annual crowds of English that flock to it, it will soon be almost as well known at home as any of our London lions; a few things have been discovered lately, but very few: the labours were almost entirely stopped during the constitution, and but an inconsiderable number of hands have been employed since: at the time we were there a large edifice had been lately excavated, to which the Antiquity Director General, the Cavaliere Ardito (who is at times very ardito, bold, in these matters) had not yet given a name; it is a large square, apparently with a portico on each side, in an elevated chamber, probably an ædicula: two pretty good statues in niches have been discovered uninjured, and some paintings on the walls under the porticos, equal to any thing of the sort found at Pompeii, are now exposed to view. The puppet-show proportions and smallness of the temple of Isis, as a whole, are strangely at variance with the reported popularity of that goddess's worship. How did the multitudes that are said to have thronged her festivals find entrance here? A branch of the Sarno, seen darkly and silently gliding on under the temple of Isis, is very striking; did it not run anciently in the same channel? In the temple there is an ancient passage that leads down to the stream, and also the frame of a well, which seems to be ancient; indeed it does not seem to us a far-fetched conjecture to suppose that this channel, said to be the work of Nicola di Alagna, count of Sarno, was merely cleared out and repaired by him, and that it is in fact a work of the ancient inhabitants of the place.* Plain evidences of the tremendous earthquake which, in the year A.D. 63, viz. sixteen years before the final sepulture, almost laid the city in ruins, are visible at every step; and some of the edifices seem to have been building for the first time when they were buried.

The stage of the theatres seems miserably shallow and cramped; and as the two only entrances to it are in front of the audience, there could have been but little theatrical illusion, and no stage effect or pomp; nor storms, or sieges, or conflagrations, or regiments of horse, or real elephants, could have astonished the eye here. But as for illusion it was certainly little studied when actors wore large unnatural masks, and a statue of a consul, pro-consul, or other personage, frowned over the stage in a niche full in front of the audience.

The greater part of Pompeii is built of lava, the ancient product of the same volcano, whose latter results buried and concealed it for so many ages.

The next day we left the Torre dell' Annunziata on foot, about six o'clock; the morning was delightful, the air was thin and clear, and the smoke hung low on the slopes of Vesuvius. About eight o'clock we passed through the town, or large scattered village of Scafati, and crossed the "Mitis Sarnus," a fine piece of pure water: its channel is very neatly kept: there are a good many mills here, for the most part

* This channel was to supply the town of La Torre with water; it was opened towards the middle of the fifteenth century, under Alfonso I. In all cases it must have gone through Pompeii.

employed in grinding creta (pipe-clay) to make *porcellana fina*, an article which in humble English is called crockery-ware. After leaving the Sarno we began to descry numerous ruins of castles on precipitous heights, formerly the retreat of the Saracens, who long struggled with the Lombards for these fertile regions; as we advanced the mountains closed in the plain, which winds beautifully among them, being all the way well cultivated and exceedingly fertile; a true scene of *Campania Felix*,—and how beautiful is the ancient, the fruitful Campania!

Ausonum tellus generosa salve,
Urbium mater, numero nepotum
In dies felix, genitrixque frugum
Ubere læto.
Te canam flavæ Cereris venustam
Spiceo serto, segetumque ditem,
Prata qua Sarnum rigat usque Liris
Flumine leni.
Ant. Sanfelicii Carmina Juvenilia.

We walked through Pagani, a long borgo, where we observed nothing but great preparations for eating, and the pertinacity and insolence of a troop of beggars that followed howling after us; in about another quarter of an hour we reached Nocera de' Pagani, a *borgo* larger than Pagani; here also we saw striking preparations for the Easter feast; the butchers' shops were decorated with small lambs, quarters of beef, &c. covered with gildings; and by the door of two or three of them stood a bullock with a gay chaplet of flowers round his neck, waiting with enviable indifference the moment of his destruction, in form and expression precisely like the animal we have frequently seen on ancient *relievi*, being conducted by a set of grim-looking fellows with large hammers in their hands to the more magnificent *finale* of a temple sacrifice. We saw large piles of eggs stained with a pink colour, and heaps of loaves stuck with whole eggs, and made to imitate the crown of thorns; and hams, sausages, and other good things, met our eyes at every glance. It is really curious to see with what earnestness these people emancipate themselves from the penance of Lent; Easter Sunday is a day of gorging, "chump, chew, and swallow" is the word, and they eat as though they were eating for wagers. As we were hastening through the town, attracting attention by our picturesque pedestrian equipments, we met a Neapolitan friend, who kindly invited us to stay and dine at his country-house, a short distance from Nocera. On our way he took us to an ancient temple, now the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, which stands about a mile from Nocera, and about half that distance to the left of the Salerno road, near a village called *Le Taverne*. Few travellers go out of their way for it; and to speak of it, as we saw it, it certainly does not much merit a sacrifice of convenience, and has little to justify the inflated description of Romanelli. The flooring of this small temple is twelve or fifteen feet below the present surface of the soil; in consequence it is not unfrequently flooded, and thus hastened on in its progress to ruin. The form is circular and the roof a dome; a conca or large marble basin that offers nothing particular, and that scarcely seems to be ancient, stands in the midst, and occupies one-third of the whole temple; a double row of columns, one row almost touching the other, runs midway between the conca and the walls; of these columns fifteen are of the Corinthian order, without bases: eight pillars, about ten feet high, which supported a little dome, were round the elevated edge of the conca, but only four broken ones are now standing. In the workmanship of the columns there is nothing fine: Romanelli says the materials are alabaster, granite, and giallo antico; they are thickly crusted with green mould; but, as far as could be ascertained by a little scratching with our penknives, we should judge them to be of no such valuable stuff. This temple suffered a change common to innumerable of its fellows, and altars and figures of saints still occupy the niches of the ancient Gods; the accidents, however, to which it was exposed, drove the priests to seek a drier spot, and they consequently built a little church, that is attached to the temple, but at a level that exempts it from inundation. The temple, the ancient hallowed abode of purity, is now a foul cemetery: two moveable stone flags give access to the vaults underneath; one of these is inscribed *pro mulieribus*, the other *pro sacerdo-*

tibus—as if the worthy gentlemen of the cassock were anxious to keep aloof, even in death, from the contagious vicinity of women. On the side of the conca, the scene of ablution and the typical purification, was lying the *Sporta de' morti*, a kind of butcher's tray in form, broken and dirty, for carrying dead bodies on.

From the temple we proceeded to our friend's house, at a place called Peccoraro, passing on our way through two villages; there we had a good dinner, and found a curious little book, descriptive of the country, written towards the end of the 16th century, by a certain Monsignore Lunadoro, Bishop of Nocera. The reverend prelate speaks with justifiable warmth of the beauty, the fertility, and cultivation of the Nocera valley; he expatiates with delight on his two or three villas, and affirms that no prelate in Italy can be better lodged: but what tickled us was a curious story of an inundation of the valley, which had such an effect on the women, that none of them bore children for two years after. The holy *celibataire* evinces laudable dread and horror at this pause in population, but does not attempt to explain the phenomenon. The valley of Nocera is closed in by mountains, except on the side towards Naples, where Vesuvius is seen in the distance; the mountains of La Cava are on the east, Monte Albino on the south, and Monte Sussolano on the north; two fine streams assist its fertility, and a number of ruined castles on the peaks of the mountains give romantic features to its enclosures. From Peccoraro, we soon regained the high road, and began ascending to the town of La Cava. As we advanced, we saw many tall thin towers on the mountain sides; some of these we had seen from Peccoraro, and our friend had explained their use. In the months of September and October, when the palombe or wild pigeons are on their course to other latitudes, they pass in flocks through this defile; then experienced men ascend these towers with slings, and large white stones; wide nets are spread among trees near at hand; and watchmen are stationed on the higher points of the mountains, to give notice of the approach of the flights of birds to the slingers, which they do by blowing a cow-horn; when the birds are near the tower, the slingers hurl one of the white stones in the air, before them, directing it so as to fall by the nets; the birds, on seeing the stone falling, plunge after it, and are thus taken in flights. The people are so expert, and this odd manner of bird-catching is so efficacious, that sometimes two hundred brace are taken at one tower in the course of a day.

Villages, convents, castles, and hermitages, variegate the heights in the neighbourhood of La Cava. This town is situated at the mouth of the ravine, at the highest point to which the road ascends; it chiefly consists of a long wide street; arcades project from the houses all the way along, and a number of shops, coffee-houses, &c. give it the appearance of a thriving place. Here too every thing was prophesying the near approach of good eating. We were pestered by a set of bawling *vetturini* who did not approve of our walking on foot: coachmen and gentry of that class are troublesome insolent fellows in every land under the welkin: we remember how frequently in England, when on a pedestrian trip, our reveries have been interrupted with a "Won't you get up, gen'men?"—"Won't ye take a lift?" of some passing Jehu; but in this country the rogues are more pertinacious, they will not take a refusal, and here at La Cava they were more tormenting than we had ever seen them before; perhaps this was the effect of the stupidity for which the *Cavaioli* are renowned—they are the butt of the wits of all the neighbouring towns, and the absurd stories current at their expense are innumerable.

On issuing from the town, we again quitted the high road, to visit the celebrated monastery of La Trinità della Cava, to which the town owed its birth, or its importance. A pleasant winding road to the right, that ascends considerably among the mountains, brought us before the narrow simple brick façade of this magnificent establishment. It is nestled among wooded heights; its great length runs along the edge of a ravine, into which several little cascades fall and froth: shading mountains, cool waving trees, falling waters, and the saline breeze from

the bay of Salerno, render it a most delicious summer abode. The interior of the monastery is vast and imposing; fine flights of stairs, lofty corridors of immense length, suites of elegant apartments, large halls painted and carved, and every thing within, seems at variance with the mean front, which however could not be made larger, as a rock on one side, and the precipice on the other, prescribe its width. The extreme cleanliness of the place, and the polite refined manners of the Benedictines, delighted us much: the Superior, the Abate Maznacani, preserves at a very advanced age all the vivacity of youth; he spoke like a man of considerable learning, and like a gentleman, and gave few indications of the confined spirit of a monastery. The monks, who only amount to twenty, are all men of good families; each has an apartment of three or four rooms, and a private servant to wait upon him; the fraternity directs a clerical seminary, and the students are well lodged on the first floor of the building. This monastery, after that of Monte Casino, is the most respectable Benedictine establishment in the kingdom; its very considerable wealth of course subjected it to suppression under the French government. Ferdinand, on his return in 1815, restored it, and allotted the society a pension of 15,000 ducats per annum; a very scanty equivalent for what had been taken from it. In the apartment of the Abate a few pictures remain, but none of first order: one or two Carlo Dolces served to strengthen our opinion of his being one of the most *barley-sugar* painters of the Italian schools. The library contains a very valuable collection of Lombard codices, of grants, letters, and other valuable documents of the middle ages. With the assistance of the librarian, we transcribed the two following delightful morceaux; see to what a state the language of Cicero and Virgil had fallen in the ninth century, and understand the whole of the Emperor of the East's, if you can!

Lettera dell' Imperatore d'Oriente a Carlo Maguor.

Augustus Imperator Patricii, Carolus salutat. Mando scias quoniam tibi aureas centum millia. Rursum si ad me venerit dabo tibi mille millia aureas—et tota ex topaseon coronam, insuper sex millia de terra Asia milliaria quin etiam super omnes Patricios meos ti collocabo Legionem Vulgarum unam et Persarum alteram, Armenorum tertiam, quin etiam Normannos de Europam, Subiciatque tibi Asiæ regnæ omnia. Vale prime consul.

(Risposta)
Augusto Imperator Carolus.

Grates referrimus multas vobis de tot muneribus quod mihi promittistis. Sed honorem vobis nullum fecistis, quando Consulem, me scripsistis. Quoniam licet honorem et terram habeas majorem centumpliciter quantum est Asia, quantum Europam et Africam, tamen caput mundi Roma est, quam teneo. De mio autem adventum sciatis ad vos non veniam nisi quando resurgunt mortui. Valete et scias, quia mando tibi centum canes.

We hastened on our way from the monastery, warned by the approach of evening. The rest of our walk presented a succession of beautiful pictures, which were from time to time enlivened by large troops of peasants retiring to their homes to enjoy the Easter feast; they had their sugar-loaf hats wreathed with branches of olive; they carried their *zappe* over their shoulders, and for the most part went along singing. A short distance from La Cava there is a pleasant little manufacturing village, buried in a hollow to the right of the road: a narrow high arched little aqueduct strides over the ravine; a babbling stream that is curiously parted off by diverging stone channels to drive mills and bleach cloth, runs in the bottom; the houses are exceedingly neat; and a number of tall poplars, and paths winding up the hills, give verdure and variety to the scene. As we advanced, and the sun declined, the scenery was enchanting: heights rose above heights behind La Cava, some green and tufted with trees, others covered with shrubs and brown herbage, and others again stony and bare, their tops covered with snow—all sorts of light playing on them, and all sorts of colour from dark shade to sunny brightness, from purple to golden yellow. To our right hand, serpentine roads led up to romantic villages—high on the mountain, to our left, were wooded declivities, on which frolicsome goats were

shaking their clattering bells, and between the opening mountains we caught before us a refreshing glimpse of the blue sea. At length we reached Vietri, a large flourishing town that straggles down to the sea shore, to a convenient little port, where three or four polaccas were moored. Near the *Marina* exist several vestiges of ancient buildings: in an excavation made in 1675, a beautiful pavement was found, long streets were uncovered, and several marble urns dug up, and in more recent excavations the remains of ancient aqueducts, pieces of columns, and ruined edifices, have been discovered.* According to Romanelli and others, this was the site of the ancient city of Marcina, founded by the Etrurians during their occupation of these territories, and, in fact, its situation agrees perfectly with that assigned by Strabo to the ancient town. Vietri is at the end of the defile; beyond it the road slopes along precipices over the sea; the whole bay of Salerno then opens gloriously to the eye; we saw the Lucanian ridge of mountains ending in the classical cape of Leucosia; our eyes wandered over the wide desert plains of Paestum, and near at hand caught the white populous town of Salerno, stretched along the beach, and backed by a ruined castle on a hill above. The sun, however, had now set, and we hurried on: we entered Salerno before seven o'clock, and soon enjoyed in our humble inn the sweets of refreshment and repose, with a zest that pedestrian travellers alone can know.

As we were making our way to our *locanda*, streams of people were floating through the streets, going from church to church *per vedere li Sepolcri.* It is the custom to erect these puppet-shows a day or two before Good Friday; in Naples, the Royal family goes on foot to visit some of the more distinguished, and all the population (such as can, dressed in black) swarm to gaze at them. From noon on Holy Thursday, till noon on the next day, no carriages are permitted to move in the town, the soldiers carry their arms reversed, and several other studied means are adopted for producing an effect. We followed a crowd into one of the Salernitan churches: the high altar was festooned with white drapery, and was blazing with countless wax-lights; a small chapel at the side of the high altar was by painting and drapery made to represent the interior of a sepulchre, and figures of *papier maché* dressed, painted, and gilt, represented the personages of the solemn drama. We saw little to harmonize with the awfulness and mystery of the occasion, and were soon glad to retreat from dazzling candles, singing priests, and a crowding and not over quiet multitude.

The following day (Good Friday) we remained at Salerno: we spent part of the morning in the cathedral, of which, we suppose, we must say a few words. Around the court yard before the church is a colonnade of different and discordant ancient pillars, which are doubly sacrificed under brick arches; in the middle of the square is a large granite tazza, sixty-six palms in circumference, now converted into the basin of a bubbling fountain; it is not, however, faithful to the last, for age or violence has made a long crack in the porphyry, through which the water continually leaks, and forms a shallow puddle in the court. Under the arcades are several old sarcophagi with rude *relievi.* The interior of the cathedral is spacious, but not grand; there is a great deal of gaiety, tasteless mosaic; there are several Sarcophagi with very heathenish sculpture, yet they have all been impressed into orthodox service, and one of them seems to have been the "last home" of a doughty Christian, as it is covered by a marble lid that is sculptured, with the figure of a warrior lying on his back, whose cross-hilted sword reaches to his toes, which two little animals, meant for dogs, seem to be eating. We observed one or two other effigies similar to this; we could not make out the inscription, but think they may represent Templars, or some other holy men of war. In the afternoon we ascended to the castle, which is such a picturesque object, seen from below; the town reaches a good way up the hill, which is steep. On our way

* Baron Antonini's Lucania.

up we entered the church of a large Franciscan monastery, near which are two or three fine cedar trees; the monks were in the choir behind the high altar, singing with all their might to a very scanty audience, composed of half a dozen old women, and a country boy, who stood in the middle of the church dangling his holiday hat, which was ornamented with gay flowers. As we approached the castle by a very rough path, we saw a figure moving along its walls, and peeping over at us occasionally; when we entered the court it came down to ask what we wanted; it was a poor shepherd boy, who told us that he was the keeper of those walls—*il custode di quelle mure.* Grandeur blush over thy fall! within these massy walls pride once reigned, and power tyrannized, and blood and tears bedewed thy soil—now a ragged shepherd lad calls himself your master, and no one disputes his title! A modern farm-house has been thrown up within the walls, but is now deserted and falling to ruin. We wandered over the dilapidated castle; we climbed over mouldering walls, and through roofless towers; we forced our way through low arched doorways, blocked up with rubbish, and threaded a number of long dark passages; we descended to some sad dungeons, one of which receives light by a narrow aperture, through which the wide sea is visible, but not a span of land; and through the loop-hole of another, not even the monotonous waves can be descried, and no object could reach the sorrowing eye of the inmate but a wheeling bird, or a passing cloud. Madame de Stael says in her Corinne, that classic Italy, in devotion to the remains of her glorious ages, seems to have scorned to preserve the ruins of the gothic edifices with which she was traced in times less honourable: we have n[illegible]her book at hand to quote h[illegible]s, but we believe this is her[illegible] a pretty idea it is, but much prettier than correct; in the portions of Europe we have had the fortune to traverse, we have no where seen a greater abundance of ruins of the middle ages than in Italy. On the mountains that bind in the plains of Piedmont, nearly every "coin of vantage" is crested with a fallen castle or rifted tower: in Lombardy, in Tuscany, even in the Roman states, around the *patrii Lares* of the mistress of the world, these objects are of frequent occurrence, and in this kingdom there scarcely exists a town of any antiquity, without some of these feudal ruins. Our travel writers and travellers, intent on other objects, never pay attention to these things, but for ourselves, who are true children of the north, who have not at all been cured of our romantic or gothic tendencies by a long residence in classic countries, we confess with complacency an attachment to these romantic scenes, and aver without blushing, that, except the Coliseum, the capitol, and the church of St. Peter's, we have seen no ruins or buildings which have excited such deep feelings within us, as a gothic cathedral, a lordly castle, or a mountain watch tower. We lingered about this castle (which is, or should be, the scene of Signor Ugo Foscolo's tragedy of *Ricciarda*, and which has effectively been the scene of many an historical tragedy) for a long time, commenting on its fate, speculating on its plan, and admiring the beautiful scenery it commands. The view from the top of the keep is magnificent, and we recommend every good-winded perigrinator to climb up here if it is only for seeing the bold rocky coast of Amalfi. While we were descending the sun set; as we passed the Franciscan convent, we saw one old monk sitting on a stone bench, apparently musing on the scene, and lower down we met several of the fraternity retiring slowly to their pleasant quiet home. On going through the town we were struck particularly with the size and style of many of the houses, and with the miserable holes on the ground floor, which the poor part of the population inhabit.

We left Salerno the next morning at seven o'clock; the road is excellent, and the country fertile and pleasant, presenting a range of hills covered with olive groves, orchards already in bloom, and green cornfields.

Palla di ulivi i colli, e d'auree spiche
Cerere i campi, di sua man feconde,
Flora e Pomona su quest' alme sponde
Ridono amiche.

We passed the two villages of Pastine and Santo Leonardo, near

which are some very fine palm-trees, and about ten o'clock reached Ponte di Cagnano, so called from a bridge that crosses a considerable stream. Here we breakfasted at a *taverna;* as we were about to depart, a detachment of *gens-d'-armes* arrived escorting twenty-one prisoners; we inquired what were their offences; "sono presi," said the *gens-d'-armes,* "but what have they done?" "Ah Signori, chi ha rubato, chi ha fatto omicidio, chi una cosa, chi un altra." "Whence do they come, where are they going?" "They come from Cosenza in Calabria, and are going to serve their time in the galleys at Naples." They were miserable looking wretches, with physiognomies expressive of degrading indigence and brute ignorance, rather than of ferocity or serious crime. They were all, except two, of whom more anon, attached to a long chain in pairs, the right hand of one being fastened to the left of his fellow; the wrists of some of them were terribly inflamed by this inconvenient binding, and they cursed one another for galling and jagging the chain as they walked, with great bitterness. Two young men who were in durance for political delinquency, were decently dressed as respectable countrymen, but all the rest were squalid, ragged, shoeless, and seemed worn out with their journey. They bought some bread at the taverna, and the richer a little wine, but two wretches who were bound with long cords on asses, did not approach the door, and none of their comrades seemed to commiserate or offer them any thing: we went to them; one was an infirm old man, the other a sick lad, who seemed dying, and who was groaning in a shocking manner. We asked them why they did not eat; the old man said they had no money; we gave something to each of them; the boy put his share into the old man's hand, and he bought some bread and wine; the boy however could not eat, but begged us to ask one of the *gens-d'arms* to loosen the cords a little that cut his legs. We asked the boy what he had done; "*dicono che aggio rubato uno peccore da una mandra,*" (they say I have stolen a sheep from a fold): one of the soldiers informed us he had committed this offence when he was twelve years old, that he had been six years in prison, and had just now been condemned to twelve years in the galleys! "But what," said we, "will such a dying wretch as this do in the galleys?" "O! si metterà in una parte e dormirà—non mangierà il pane e li fagioli del re molto tempo." (Oh he'll put himself in a corner and sleep, he'll not eat the king's bread and beans, long.) We left the revolting scene with our hearts aching at this piece of justice. At about a mile from Ponte di Cagnano, is Vicenza, which Mr. Eustace calls a little town, and which he supposes to occupy the site of the ancient *Picentia;* a *little town* it certainly is not; there is only a miserable *taverna* on the road, and there are two farm-houses in the fields behind; at a short distance farther on there is another taverna, a house and a chapel, but this place is called Sant' Antonio. We were now on the Paestan plain; cultivation and the mountains diverged from us to the left, and to our right, and before us, a wild heath, rich in brushwood and shrubs, spread as far as the eye could reach. Large herds of buffaloes ranged the lords of the wild. As we advanced, however, we met with many plots of corn land, some of which were extensive. We halted awhile at Battapaglia, a village near a stream and bridge, consisting of four or five houses: in the taverna we met a few people who were idling away an after dinner hour, and were fain to enter into conversation with us. What struck us in them, was, that they had all sore eyes, and what struck them in us, was, that persons of our appearance should be walking on a journey; they gratified our curiosity by telling us their disorder was *umore salsa* in the eyes, and that it was common all over the plain, but we did not think fit to enter into any explanation about our favourite mode of peregrinating. As we were sitting by the side of the door, strengthening our inward man with the remnant of a quarter of a young kid we had provided ourselves with at Salerno, a *calesso,* behind which three of the *gens-d'armes* who had escorted the prisoners were crowded, came up and stopped. They too, who, Neapolitan like, preferred hang-

ing on most uncomfortably to a break down overloaded vehicle drawn by two skeletons of horses, began pestering us about our pedestrian proceedings; "*come mai,*" said the orator, "*due Signorini di questa maniera, vanno à piede, come i poverelli—mi fà venire una cosa allo stomaco!—ma non conviene.*" "Ah!" said one of our interlocutors in the house, "*chi sà, chi sà le circostanze—le circostanze del mondo a che portano!*" and then, with an air of commiseration he told us, that if we would wait, without doubt we should meet some return *calesso* that would carry us both on to Eboli for two carlins (eight pence). The soldiers, however, who perhaps did not share his idea of our necessities, asked us for something to drink; we gave them a trifle, and set out impatient of this injudicious meddling with our tastes.

As we were winding round the base of a rocky hill, our attention was arrested by a shepherd, who, with his large dog sleeping beside him, was busily employed carving a wooden stock for a knitting iron.

"*Buon giorno illustrissimi,*" said he, as we stopped, "*ma come vostre eccellenze vanno à piede così?* This exclamation was very near setting us going again; we, however, examined his work and asked him whether he did those things for sale. "Oh no," said he, "we do them to pass away time, for our consorts, our sisters, our wives, our friends." "But who taught you?" "Oh Signore! we learn from one another." Willing to carry with us this curious specimen of rustic art, we asked if he would give it us, to which he replied, that he would if we would wait till he had finished it; as we had a good part of the day before us and had not far to go, we sat down beside him, and while he proceeded in his work we sketched his figure and the scene, enlivening our respective labours with a dialogue of which the following is a part. "Are you of these parts?" "No—I'm a *forestiere* (foreigner) I come from Sant' Arsenio in the Val di Rajano, I'm only here part of the year with the flocks and then I go home." "Where do you sleep?" "There's my house," pointing to a cave higher up the hill, "and there's my sheepfold," showing a larger cave hard by, faced with wattling." "But isn't that a bad lodging—isn't it cold?" "Signori, it's rather cold now and then, but there's plenty of stuff to burn here about; to be sure in bad weather it's very dull, for the wolves come down sometimes and howl, and then the wind blows so—but we shepherds meet together *a fare società;* but t'other day some rogues, when I was away, went in, and stole a sheep-skin jacket, a pair of gaiters, and a new earthen cooking pot." "Are you married?" "No," smirking "but I am making love," (*faccio l'amore*) and shall get married as soon as I can get money enough." "How much money is necessary?" "Ha! a great deal! I must have *nine ducats* to buy a bed and furniture, and clothes, and pay for the marriage papers." "Is your *Sposa* handsome?" "Bellissima, bellissima," with sparkling eyes, "she is nineteen years old—I am twenty-two." He expressed great admiration of the arts of reading and writing, and regretted that he knew neither, and had no means of learning; "very few," said he, "in our country, are so instructed, there are no schools, no masters for poor people." "But why don't the priests teach you? Havn't you plenty of priests?" "Oh yes! we have plenty of priests, but they are not for teaching reading and writing—*priests are for saying mass.*" At length his work was finished; he had contrived to cut with a very rude knife a tolerable female bust, the face of course was bad, but the head drapery was well imitated; the figure was of the mummy kind without any attempt to indicate the arms; the whole figure had much the character of ancient Egyptian sculpture, whose origin, or we may say, the origin of imitative art in general, we suppose, was something like this—in the amusement of an idle shepherd, reclining under a mild, congenial climate. We rewarded the poor simple fellow and went on our way. About four o'clock (for we had loitered sadly on our seventeen mile walk,) we approached the pleasantly situated town of Eboli (anciently Eburi), and taking a short cut, diverging from the high road into some quiet green lanes, we entered its gates in a quarter of an hour, and

took refuge in the inn. Having washed and brushed from us, as well as we could, "the filthy witnesses" of the dusty road, we were reposing half asleep on our beds, when we were disturbed by the muttering and intrusion of a priest and an under-strapper, who were come to give the accustomary Easter benediction to the house of the faithful. The priest dipped his *aspergoire* in a small portable vase filled with holy water, and waved it about the room, mumbling most unintelligibly during the operation; the landlady gave him a fee, and he walked out to finish his business in the other rooms, but his follower, wishing to put even the *unfaithful* under contribution, lagged behind to ask us for *qualche cosa.* We too often feel to our cost the difficulty of resisting an application direct, but this time we were firm and would give him nothing, but that frequently used Italian recommendation which has the merit of being charitable, and of costing nothing, viz. *Dio ti provegga, buon uomo!*" About sunset we sat down to a good dinner in the back rooms of the little inn, which are by far the most pleasant, offering a fine prospect of cultivated plain, hills and olive groves, mountains and forests. After dinner our hostess gave us a sly bottle of *vino particolare,* which had the flavour of Burgundy, and was truly excellent; we expatiated a long time over this in great harmony of spirits, sitting near the open window through which the balmy evening breeze, highly impregnated with the odours of almond blossoms it caught from an orchard near us, stole mildly and deliciously into our room. In the mean time, the moon rose, and with its *vaga luce aspergoire,* gave a new and more romantic character to the scene, and an owl in a tree hard by began her melancholy hooting—Oh! why cannot we recall in all their force the exquisite, the indescribable sensations of that evening, to relieve us from the dull prosy moments of our existence? Oh! why do the soothing repose and the happy visions we enjoyed in that lowly inn, visit us so seldom?

The next morning we were awakened, refreshed and cheerful, by the first rays of the sun, which we hailed with all the devotion of the ancient Magi, as he burst out in glory from the distant mountains. We have a great and reasonable objection, one in which we believe most pedestrians partake, to begin a long walk on an empty stomach; and accordingly, it was not until we had fortified ourselves with a hearty breakfast of coffee and milk, and fresh eggs, that we left Eboli. We soon emerged on a wild part of the plain, thickly covered with myrtle and other shrubs of extraordinary height, among which, at every step we took, we put to flight troops of pretty green lizards. At a turn in the road we gained sight of the hunting seat of Persano (which we had seen several times the preceding day) embosomed in woods that form an extensive royal chace, which was, until a *doating* wife, the carbonari, and business, and trouble prevented it, one of the most favoured and most frequented resorts of old King F———. Our road soon brought us to the bank of the river Sele (Silaris) near a picturesque spot, where there is a ferry over to Persano, whose red minaretted moorish looking edifice, its waving woods, and the grand and classical mount Alburnus that backs them, are brought out finely to the view. The bed of the river is here flat and wide; large herds of buffaloes, each with his small, blood-red eyes, looking like a devil, were ranging along the sandy slips between the forest and the water. Beyond this point, the Paestan flat has in many places felt the plough and the hoe; there are many inclosures, well fenced or banked, cultivated with corn and *legumes;* the rest spreads in luxuriant wildness, scattered with herds of buffaloes, oxen, and horses, and flocks of goats and sheep. We saw only a few little farm-houses here and there, and the solitude and silence of the plain were extreme; in all our morning's walk we only met two peasants, and three or four of the King's *guardia caccia,* who were mounted on old mares. It was near noon when we reached the *Taverna Nuova* (an isolated public house) here we found a large and curious company of shepherds and other peasants who had just finished their Easter Sunday dinner; they

seemed merry and happy, and received us into the scene of their festivity with great respect and kindness; some were playing at cards, others singing, others conversing, and we had an opportunity while we were refreshing ourselves, to overhear an odd and characteristic dialogue on hospitality, a virtue imposed by a law among the ancient inhabitants of these regions, but which we imagine is now very nearly extinct.* On leaving the *Taverna Nuova*, we soon crossed the boundary river Silaris, by a wooden bridge lately erected, and trod on the lands of Lucania. On the Lucanian bank stands a *casale* or small village, consisting of a decent house, a few cottages and barns, all of which belong to the Prince of Angri, who is one of the greatest proprietors of the plain; there are considerable tracts of cultivation around, and two large vineyards—nearer Paestum there is a deal of corn land.

At length, but not until we were within a mile of them, we got sight of the mighty ruins that rise gigantically from the flats, and, encouraged and spirited on, we soon found ourselves within the lonely walls of the once opulent and magnificent city.

* Aelian. Var. Hist. lib. iv. The law *really* existed among the Lucanians.

Specimen of popular Poetry

FROM THE

OLD SCLAVONICO-POLISH DIALECT,

AS SPOKEN IN THE PROVINCE OF VOLHYNIA.

The antiquity of the song cannot now be ascertained, but it is of a very remote period.

THE THREE FOUNTAINS.

THERE are three stars in the heaven's blue deep,
And brightly they shine and silently.
From the plain three silver fountains leap,
And there stood beside them ladies three;
A wife, a widow, a tender maid,
And thus to the rippling streams they said.

The wife hung over the fount, and there
Pour'd from her hand its waters clear.

"Fountain of purest wave! O say,
Do I a husband's love possess;
And while I swerve not from virtue's way,
Shall I gather the flowers of happiness?"

O yes! while in virtue's path thou art,
Bliss shall thine and thy husband's be;
Should thy faith wax cold,—and be false thy heart,
Thine shall be shame and misery.

Lonely and gloomy the widow stood,
And mingled her tears with the gushing flood.

"Sorrow is mine! for what dark deed
Am I forced to wander alone below,
Has God to punish my sins decreed
That mine should be helpless, hopeless woe?"

Rise, widow, rise with the dawn of day,
Dry up thy tears and thy woes forget;
And pray to the river-god,*—humbly pray,
And he shall give thee a husband yet.

At the neighbouring fountain sigh'd the maid,
And she took a wreath of flowers from her head.

"The streams flow on, and the wild winds sweep,
River-god! give me a husband soon,
Clung to his bosom let me sleep,—
And mine be the bright and blessed boon."

Fling not thy wreath in the stream, fair maid!
A noble youth shall be given to thee,
Soon thou shalt marriage-garlands braid,
And many the days of thy bliss shall be.

* The original word is *Bog*, which means at the same time *God* and *River*. The river *Bog* was worshipped by the ancient Sclavonians, and still retains its sacred name. The three fountains are the springs or sources of the river, which empties itself into the Euxine.

MEMOIR AND REMAINS

OF

CHARLES FORSTER FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

The following is a compilation from the papers of the gentleman whose life is related. His object, according to an account given by himself, was to write the history of his mind, giving the incidents of his life in order to elucidate it. But his purpose was not steadily pursued, and early interrupted, for his life was short and wandering. Some letters, and other memorials which he left behind him, have been added and arranged in chronological order, with a view of assisting the narrative.

I was born, according to the parish register of Bamborough, on the 5th of February, 1798, and am descended from an old family in Northumberland, who had never been of any great consequence, had declined in fortunes through the latter generations, and, if I leave no issue, will become extinct at my death. The heads of the family had been for some centuries country squires; the younger branches probably (as was common even with the best families in Northumberland) were engaged in trade. One of them, at least, had been so, and with success, for he bought an estate, which, his issue failing, should have descended to my grandfather; but, falling into Chancery, only served to bring mortgages upon the patrimonial property. This gentleman, besides, inherited the fox-hunting blood of his fathers, which further embarrassed his affairs; and he passed a portion of his life, I have heard, in involuntary seclusion. When he was sober, which happened occasionally, he was a pleasant and gentlemanly person; his ordinary condition was something between intoxication and frenzy. After a few weeks of electioneering he was found one morning, in his own house, lying at the bottom of a flight of stone stairs with his neck broken. My father, who next inherited, made a sudden change in the manners and customs of the race, though he could not re-establish its fortunes. He was a man of strong intellect, strong affections, and severe temper. His natural reserve was not removed even in intercourse with his family. He was unacquainted with the minds of children, and

occasionally intolerant of their manners; for with all his affection for his own, who all, except myself, died in childhood, his mind could not flow into theirs,—which, of course, prevented the reflux. There has been much balancing and counterbalancing of the evils of public and private education; but it is not a general question—they depend upon the individual parties, much upon the disposition of the child, and much more upon that of the parent. In this case the result was in favour of private education; for there are, perhaps, no stronger attachments than those which fix themselves upon reserved tempers: ill-natured people (they are commonly so designated) can dispense with caresses and cordial intercourse, and they are more strongly attracted to each other, because the world is a vacuum around them. But the boy was not docile, and the parent on system passed over nine faults, and rebuked the tenth with an excess of severity, which caused a moment of terror and many days of sulkiness. His reason was, that a child should not be pestered with frequent reproof, but that reproof, when given, should be impressive, becoming the more so from its rare occurrence. In his own case he was right; but there are many ways of observation and direction, by which a pliant parent may lead a ductile child without tormenting him, and many matters in which children require to be repressed without being much reproved. These come into the practice and comprehension of mothers, but mine died when I was ten years old. I lived the next four years, therefore, alone with my father, and almost companionless—a period of my life which I recall with no feelings of pleasure, regarding it as a term of bitter servitude. A boy's temper may be naturally obstinate and necessarily broken; but he cannot look back with pleasure to the time when it *was* broken.

I have never in my life been able to feel resentment towards any but the few for whom I had a high respect; for I cannot take the trouble to be out of humour with every poor devil who may happen to desire it; yet in childhood my resentments were violent and lasting—more so than they have since been. I recollect kneeling down with all the strong devotion of a controversial divine, and praying for curses upon the heads of all my relatives—seriatim et nominatim; from which measure I found great relief. But this was all in solitude and secrecy; for these frenzy fits could never break through the awe with which I regarded my father. Such silent quarrels were long in wearing away; the longer since they were silent; for could I have expressed them I should have felt that I had got so much justice or revenge; but as no one knew of them but myself, none else suffered, and the longer I suffered I felt as if I had more cause of resentment. This went on till the mind was wearied with its own gnawing activity, and sought relief in any favourable incident which would set its feelings aside. I had no pleasures to compensate for these occasional disturbances—no boyish elasticity of mind or of spirits; my learning was a struggle with laziness, and my leisure a prey to ennui.

There was one blue spot amongst the clouds of life. A girl of about 17 years of age paid us a visit of six weeks, for which period I felt more of pleasure than of pain; at least so it seems on recollection. Since that time I have seen in sundry parts of the world as great a variety of female faces as any man would desire to see; but I have never seen any which equalled her's in beauty; not one which equalled it in the carnal or material properties of beauty; I mean such as symmetry of feature, brilliancy of complexion, hair, teeth, &c. far less any which approached it in the spiritual properties. These last cannot, however, in her's, or in any other case, be compared or described. They belong always peculiarly to the individual, and form what metaphysicians call a simple idea; that is, one incapable of analysis or analogy. The object must be presented to the senses to impress the idea. Therefore when you have given the common account of any given face, that it is the most beautiful you ever saw, you have said all that man can say about it. The excessive vivacity of this girl was quite new to me; she was as playful as if she had been my own age, and I as gloomy as if I had been thrice her's. But though I could not play with

her, nor run after the dogs, and climb the trees as she did, it was still a great relief and satisfaction to me to look on, and to lie by her side when she was tired, or disposed to be quiet. I have ever since had great pleasure in contemplating childish vivacity, if gentle; which her's always was. Most people feel this from its reminding them of themselves at the same period of life; and I, though, as I have said, I do not look back to my own childhood as a period of happiness, yet feel it more strongly than those people do. I do not see a greater number in proportion of children who are pleasing to me than of adults; rather a less number, I think; but when they *have* the simplicity and native elegance which I have seen in some of them, their lightness of thought and apprehensive fancy is more delightful than any thing else I meet with in other human beings. And I feel that I should be glad to think that I had once been such as they. And to look upon them and be with them inspires me with more of the same lightness of thought and feeling, than I ever had when I was their age. They have not lived long enough to know what life is worth, or to think deeply of what may follow life. They therefore live happy and die fearless.

In this girl there was a mixture of suavity of temper and wildness of spirits, which I have since found is infrequent. Each quality separately is common enough; the combination is rare; and, what was more so in this case, there was an inborn elegance of nature which made every act appear graceful, though she had no thought or care about gracefulness, and indeed did many things which, in any one else, would have set it at defiance. Rapidity and grace of motion seldom meet. There must be a strong innate principle of elegance to attemper the manners of people who have overflowing animal spirits. Thus I see men, whose manners are passable enough in their ordinary condition, when, by wine or otherwise, they have contracted an elevation of spirits, become intolerable. Dogs are frequently met with, which, though possessing naturally high spirits, have nevertheless both grace of motion and gentleness of manners; but this arises from the influence of that habitual awe in which domestic animals generally live, and which, reducing the low-spirited to abjectness and servility of manner, gives softness to those of an opposite nature. I have only in one instance met with it in horses. But I wander from my subject. H—— had, moreover, that unconsciousness of beauty, which is said to be so rare, and which, as the term is commonly used, in fact, never exists at all: for I do not mean to repeat the incredible cant of girls not knowing any thing about their own beauty: if the thing were possible, it would imply that they were totally devoid of taste and sensibility: I mean that the idea of her being beautiful only occupied her mind when it was specially called there, and was dismissed as lightly as any other matter of indifference. And even this I have sometimes thought would be an unjustifiable degree of unconcern for the happiness of mankind, if their happiness was such as mine in looking upon beauty. No doubt girls who are extremely beautiful are always fully satisfied of the fact; and it is better that girls who are beautiful should be extremely beautiful, and that they should be fully satisfied of it, because this prevents the perpetual fretting, uncertainty, and disputing the point within themselves, which keeps vanity alive in the hearts of half-beauties, and wearies their mirrors with the representation of their unclassified faces. The general consciousness of possessing beauty is, therefore, quite consistent with the almost culpable indifference to that power of imparting delight to our fellow-creatures. If such unconcern is wrong, it is rare; and it must also be confessed, that all the effects of beauty are not such as philanthropy would pant after.

Several years after this time, returning from abroad, I found this sportive spirit of my earlier life expanded into the married mother of three children. I paid her a visit. She was still young and beautiful, and sprightly too: but a melancholy object in my eyes. Such is beauty always in some degree; especially after marriage; for, passing that verge, it runs amain in the downhill of life. The first verses, I think, which I ever wrote, were at this

time addressed to her. They are bad, if I remember right, but true in point of feeling. I was then under twenty; an age at which men feel as much, and write as bad verses, as at any other time.

[The following verses have been found, which are probably those alluded to.]

TO MRS. ———.

Though the lustre of beauty be yet in thine eye,
Its effulgence is soft as a summer-eve sky,
Though never more fair 'mid its ringlets that brow,
All calm and composed is its loveliness now.

When I last saw those eyes, ere they wept me adieu,
Their glances rush'd wild from their fountain of blue,
And as changeful the light which that beaming brow gave,
As the moon's restless ray on the fast-heaving wave.

Thou mourn'st not the spirit which lit up that day,
The thoughts uncontroll'd, uncontrollably gay,
The bright hopes that quicken'd, the rapture that fired,
All the heart *felt* of sweetness, and all it inspired.

Then I too will content me, nor think of them more,
But as idols of light which at morn we adore;
And the flame round their shrines shall more feebly be roll'd,
As the dews of the evening sink heavy and cold.

When I was scarcely fourteen years old I showed some desire to go to sea. I did not urge the subject with any vehemence; but, having seldom expressed a wish of any kind, a slight indication was justly thought to imply considerable earnestness: it was also observed, that my reserve and gloom of temper increased at this time, which might be caused by the suppression of my wishes upon this subject; the indulgence of them, at least, might tend to dissipate it by a variety of scene and circumstances. I joined the Newcastle as a midshipman in October, 1812. There I certainly found no change for the better. If any boy is seized with a passion for the naval service, better cannot be done than to let him try it for a month. If he be not disgusted with it in that time his is an invincible instinct, which it is useless to oppose; and after having got it so thoroughly into his head, he must be disgusted with it in order to be contented without it. I have little doubt that a few weeks will suffice him. If he were to stay longer, habit might overcome the first loathing, and from the mere shame of vacillation he would swear he was delighted with it. If boys were to make a free choice without shame or control, within the first few weeks of their entering the navy, I believe very few would remain in it. After I had been a few months at sea, I was so completely weaned from my mother earth, that I would have gone on enduring my miseries on board ship, scarcely knowing that life was better elsewhere. In fact, from the sheer force of habit, I felt some sort of discomfort when I began to live on shore again. If the majority of midshipmen's births are such as the three with which I have been acquainted; and if they were known to be such, I think it is impossible that any respectable person's son should be suffered to join them. It is always a matter of some surprise to me to meet a naval officer with the appearance of a gentleman; not merely because it is unusual, but from knowing the sub-marine den in which eight or ten years of his youth have been passed (I call it sub-marine, for it is generally in a part of the ship below the level of the sea, where daylight, therefore, never comes.) The birth to which I first belonged was about eight feet square. It just held a table, giving room for us to squeeze in between it and the benches which were fixed round the bulkhead. We were sixteen, of whom myself and four or five more were under fourteen years of age, and were more than sufficient to occupy the space, had it not been for the almost hourly riots which took place, in the course of which three or four were generally

ejected. When in harbour, however, our number was increased and our manners softened by some one of that sex which is said to be the great instrument of the civilization of mankind. She generally belonged to some one in particular, but of course shared the birth and mess with us all. And the perfect extravagance of shamelessness which, under these circumstances, has place in a society half boys and half men, and all reprobates, may be hinted to a ready imagination, but cannot be otherwise communicated. Matters coram oculis omnium contubernalium acta et perpessa, et

- Verba nudum olido stans
Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet.

I allow that I was pleased with such additions to our society. The girls were always goodnatured to me, and we youngsters were then necessarily conciliated to induce us to keep the secret from the first lieutenant, who was a methodist. The other lieutenants often joined our party.

For the first few days after a ship has been paid, or received prize-money, it bears the greatest resemblance between-decks to one of the worst streets in a sea-port town with the houses turned inside out. A fair is held on the main-deck; stalls are fitted out on each side, over which preside the most avid and the most abject of the children of Israel; sailors roll half-drunk, from stall to stall, with a watch-chain dangling from each pocket, and a harlot on each hand. At this time the ship is hemmed round with boats (as a beleaguered town is with tents) which are not suffered to approach within a certain distance under pain of being fired upon; for if it were otherwise, the ship would be entirely taken possession of by Jews and women. But at intervals some bolder one of these boats darts beneath a port-hole, and introduces unseen its crew and cargo. The rest are only deterred by the pointed muskets of the marines, and between each attempt to advance they maintain an unintermitting course of unintelligible expostulation. Jews vociferate without, and Jews respond from within. Howl ship of Tarshish! It would seem as if all Israel and Judah had been gathered together from Dan to Beersheba to spoil the inhabitants of the Isles that pass over the great waters.

Rum is the great article of merchandise, which is absolutely but vainly forbidden to be brought on board. It is generally secreted in small bladders about the persons of the women, which are yet strictly searched by the master-at-arms and serjeant of marines,—officers, it may be, not proof against every sort of bribery. Female persuasion and bladders of rum, who can withstand? By these and other means, the vessel is fully supplied with spirits, and the throng of boats without gradually disperses for the day, as their crews become hopeless of admission for their cargoes. Within,—night and universal drunkenness come on together. Men fighting and swearing, women fighting and shrieking, Israel sorely oppressed by reason of their extortions uplifting the voice of lamentation, kegs of rum overturned upon the decks, hammocks cut down, men tumbling down ladders and hatchways, with all other disorders of darkness, drunkenness, and lewdness, form a scene of nautical festivity, which oppresses a novice with a feeling almost amounting to horror. The impressions of such scenes, it is true, wear off, or rather wear in,—for they are not often repeated without some assimilation of the mind they indurate,—and the delicate and elegant child who had left his little garden and his ponies, and his evening-prayer, and his mother's good-night kiss, to seek adventures which never occur,—this boy acquires the hardihood, and restlessness, and carelessness, which are the much boasted characteristics of a British sailor. Say whether this be loss or gain?

I wave the sufferings of the child and of the parents whilst the change is producing, and ask what they have got by it when produced.

The sketch I have given of the day after pay-day is not exaggerated, but unfinished. I had occasion to walk through St. Giles's one Sunday morning lately, and was reminded of it. Men and women half-drunk, sick-drunk, dead-drunk, vino sopiti, et vino sepulti (our own language stints the truth as well as the climax), lay or rolled (stand who can) about

the street,—and there were others enjoying the sight; a more abhorrent circumstance, because the drunkards may be only *infirm* of mind, the others are grievously corrupt. To this Sunday morning in St. Giles, may be compared the morning which succeeds this festal night in the paid ship. But it by no means closes the gaieties of the season. Morning is grey, indeed, and its aspect rather saturnine than jovial; but ere noon the fogs clear away, rum is poured down like rain-water, and nature is very naturally invigorated and refreshed. This night resembles the last, only that a few steady old quarter-masters and boatswain's-mates, now perhaps condescend to be only half-seas-over, and having procured, by a sort of spiritual influence over the master-at-arms, the indulgence of keeping in their light after eight bells, they smoak and soak with great gravity in a retired corner, whence their candle may not cast a ray up any hatchway, so as to be perceived by the officer of the watch-on-deck; and when he goes his rounds, it is concealed, without being extinguished, by the superinduction of a large tub which held the mess allowance of peas-soup. The comfortable composure of these veterans is as undisturbed by the yells and furious brawls without, as by the fluid which gradually percolates through every pore within. A shipmate falls down a hatchway, and is carried past to the surgeon's mate to have his leg set, or his shoulder wrenched back into joint;—they never take the pipes from their lips: a refractory woman, by the help of a rope made fast round her waist and rove through a block at the end of the main-yard, is hoisted up from deck to deck, pushed over the bulwark, and let down into a boat along-side;—they curse her for making more noise than a marine in a gale of wind, and take up their yarn where they dropped it. It is generally three or four days before any attempt is made to restore the ship to its ordinary state of discipline, and few of the women leave her whilst she remains in harbour.

These are times of extraordinary licence, but the ordinary circumstances are scarcely less adapted to the objects of a good education. In the first place, the corporeal hardships are great, and such as a child is better not exposed to where it can be avoided, though we see that hardy boys are not the worse for them. For they seem to draw the constitution into a hard knot; and the form is condensed to make the vital principle serve. It is owing, no doubt, to early bodily suffering and deprivation, that sailors are commonly observed to be stunted dwarfs. Each boy is compelled to keep a four hours' watch on deck in the day, and an equally long one in the night, as his ordinary duty at all times and in all weathers, and is besides subject to perpetual calls, and, when in harbour, to the hardships and starvation of boat duty. As to his food, if he were of my taste, he might envy an Irish peasant; and would not regret that half of it is taken from him by his older messmates who have acquired a hardier stomach as well as superior strength. I never had appetite in a midshipman's birth for more food than would serve a sickly child, and I could seldom get enough. But in this respect, I believe, there are many births better off than those I have belonged to. In short, constant exposure to the weather, want of sleep, and want and badness of food are the physical hardships. In the next place, there is a graduated system of grinding tyranny which the child must constantly witness and suffer, and presently take his part in. The moral mischief of this tyranny is not less than the mental and bodily infliction. There is an approach to it in the public schools, and, I will say, an evidence of *its* effects in theirs. But there are circumstances peculiar to a boy's situation on board ship which tend much to exacerbate moral evils of this nature. His own perpetration begins earlier too, and in a more unnatural way, because his tyranny is exercised over the oldest men within his reach, provided only they are before the mast. The consequence of thus fostering the passion for power is, that those who have had any natural propension towards cruelty, as their power increases with their years and rank, become absolute villains. A few years ago, a Captain in the navy, connected with a noble family, commanded a ship in the East Indies with notorious severity. Punishment by flog-

ging, which in the army needs the authority of a Court Martial, in the navy is inflicted as often as may seem expedient to the Captain, whose order is sufficient. A dozen lashes in the naval way of flogging is reckoned equivalent to 100 in the military. I have seen eight dozen given. The first lash produces nine blue lines across the back, at the second generally the blood starts, and in a short time the whole back is excoriated. The man of whom I speak used this punishment so frequently, that it was supposed he sought occasions through wantonness. "Starting," a more informal mode of punishment, is merely beating a man round the decks with a rope's end. At this time, many of the crew of this ship under his command, were afflicted with a contagious disease, common in the inter-tropical latitudes; but there was one on the sick list whom the Captain supposed to be affecting sickness in order to indulge idleness; and he had this reason to believe it; (for let us not suppress any extenuating circumstance) that, having inquired of the surgeon, that officer reported his own belief that it was the case. He ordered the man aft to the quarter-deck, where, when he came, he was seized with a fit of the disease, which then exhibited symptoms impossible to be mistaken.; the Captain was angry at his occurring before his eyes, and ordered the boatswain's mate to *start him forward;* which was done. The disease was exasperated, and the sufferer died next morning. Even to this extremity of wickedness may a human heart, perhaps not naturally prone to it, be brought by the early privilege of tyrannizing. Some years after this a riot took place amongst the sailors of a sea-port town in the north of England, and Captain —— rode on to the pier to address them, but before he had spoken many words, an old sailor stept from the crowd, and, touching his hat, told him that there were many there who had served under him, and they remembered him quite well, and advised him not to stay there any longer. Captain —— turned the reins of his horse and disappeared in a moment.

I conceive the pressing of seamen to be the only matter wherein the liberty of Englishmen is substantially violated. Yet of all the outcries of our liberty-men against oppression, that against the press-gang is the most infrequent and feeble,—and this is because our seamen are a body possessed of little political influence. Otherwise the advocates for liberty would be extremely shocked at the outrages they have to endure, and much eloquence would be expended. The life of a sailor is in all circumstances proverbially hard; in a man of war his life is a condition of the most abject slavery, in which he is coerced by horrid and arbitrary corporeal inflictions, in which he is detained upon pain of death, and to which he has been brought by force. Let us rid ourselves of the dreadful sin of such oppression before we proceed to disputation upon a thousand inflated trifles. What is the Alien bill to this? What the law of libel and the law of suffrage? They are mere nugæ difficiles, disputable points for exhibiting this whig's undaunted firmness and that whig's uncompromising integrity—They are nothing to it, and the slave-trade question is but on a par with it.*

A remembrance perhaps somewhat acrimonious, and the desire to instruct parents, have induced me to be long upon this subject. If a boy is infatuated upon the matter of going to sea, by all means send him there; and in the first fit of sea-sickness, when he has been cut down in his hammock in the middle-watch, been hustled in the tier, found a wet swab put in the place of his pillow, and when he has discovered that the honour of a life of hardship goes for nothing amongst those who are all enduring it alike, and is only heard of on shore where he never comes—*then* is your time to aid these persuasive circumstances, and bring back your prodigal son—prodigal, at least, of health, innocence, and liberty.

* The only argument I hear of in defence of the press-gang, is necessity;—the necessity of selling the liberties of a large and professedly esteemed portion of our countrymen. Introduce martial law (surely severe enough of itself) in the place of individual will to regulate punishment, and out-bid the merchant-service, and the necessity disappears with the abuse.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM THE DUTCH OF

MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER.*

Prijst vrij de Nachtegael,

PRIZE thou the Nightingale
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he—a wing'd and wandering sound:

Whose tender caroling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire:

Whose shrill capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone,
Music of thousand tongues form'd by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare,
Can aught with thee compare?
Thou art all song; thy breast
Thrills for one month o' the year—is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call—
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so wide a sound, and pour so loud a note.

* From Bowring and Van Dyk's Batavian Anthology. 12mo. London, 1824.

HISTORICO-CRITICAL INQUIRY

INTO THE ORIGIN

OF THE

ROSICRUCIANS AND THE FREE-MASONS.

(*Continued from our last Number.*)

CHAPTER III.

Of the Circumstances which gave the first Occasion to the Rise of the Rosicrucian Order, and of the earliest authentic Records of History which relate to it.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century,—Cabbalism, Theosophy, and Alchemy, had overspread the whole of Western Europe and especially of Germany. To this mania, which infected all classes—high and low, learned and unlearned,—no writer had contributed so much as Theophrastus Paracelsus. How general was the diffusion, and how great the influence of the writings of this extraordinary man (for such, amidst all his follies, he must ever be accounted in the annals of the human mind), may be seen in the life of Jacob Behmen. Of the many

Cabbalistic conceits drawn from the Prophetic books of the Old Testament and still more from the Revelations, one of the principal and most interesting was this—that in the seventeenth century a great and general reformation was believed to be impending over the human race as a necessary forerunner to the day of judgment. What connects this very general belief with the present inquiry is the circumstance of Paracelsus having represented the comet which appeared in 1572 as the sign and harbinger of the approaching revolution, and thus fixed upon it the expectation and desire of a world of fanatics. Another prophecy of Paracelsus, which created an equal interest, was —that, soon after the decease of the Emperor Rudolph, there would be found three treasures that had never been revealed before that time. Now in the year 1610 or thereabouts there were published simultaneously three books, the substance of which it is important in this place to examine, because these books in a very strange way led to the foundation of the Rosicrucian order as a distinct society.

The first is so far worthy of notice as it was connected with the two others, and furnished something like an introduction to them. It is entitled—"*Universal Reformation of the whole wide World,*" and is a tale not without some wit and humour. The Seven Wise Men of Greece, together with M. Cato and Seneca, and a secretary named Mazzonius, are summoned to Delphi by Apollo at the desire of the Emperor Justinian, and there deliberate on the best mode of redressing human misery. All sorts of strange schemes are proposed. Thales advises to cut a hole in every man's breast and place a little window in it, by which means it would become possible to look into the heart, to detect hypocrisy and vice, and thus to extinguish it. Solon proposes an equal partition of all possessions and wealth. Chilo's opinion is—that the readiest way to the end in view would be to banish out of the world the two infamous and rascally metals, gold and silver. Kleobulus steps forward as the apologist of gold and silver, but thinks that iron ought to be prohibited—because in that case no more wars could be carried on amongst men. Pittacus insists upon more rigorous laws, which should make virtue and merit the sole passports to honor; to which however Periander objects that there had never been any scarcity of such laws nor of princes to execute them, but scarcity enough of subjects conformable to good laws. The conceit of Bias is—that nations should be kept apart from each other, and each confined to its own home; and for this purpose that all bridges should be demolished, mountains rendered insurmountable, and navigation totally forbidden. Cato, who seems to be the wisest of the party, wishes that God in his mercy would be pleased to wash away all women from the earth by a new deluge, and at the same time to introduce some new arrangement* for the continuation of the excellent male sex without female help. Upon this pleasing and sensible proposal the whole company manifest the greatest displeasure, and deem it so abominable that they unanimously prostrate themselves on the ground and devoutly pray to God "that he would graciously vouchsafe to preserve the lovely race of woman" (what absurdity!) "and to save the world from a second deluge." At length, after a long debate, the counsel of Seneca prevails; which counsel is this—That out of all ranks a society should be composed having for its object the general welfare of mankind, and pursuing it in secret. This counsel is adopted; though without

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* In which wish he seems to have anticipated the Miltonic Adam:

———————— O! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? P. L. Book X.

much hope on the part of the deputation on account of the desperate condition of 'the Age' who appears before them in person and describes his own wretched state of health.

The second work gives an account of such a society as already established: this is the celebrated work entitled "*Fama Fraternitatis of the meritorious order of the Rosy Cross, addressed to the learned in general and the governors of Europe:*" and here we are presented with the following narrative. Christian Rosycross, of noble descent, having upon his travels into the East and into Africa learned great mysteries from Arabians, Chaldeans, &c., upon his return to Germany established, in some place not mentioned, a secret society composed at first of four—afterwards of eight—members, who dwelt together in a building (called the House of the Holy Ghost) erected by him: to these persons, under a vow of fidelity and secrecy, he communicated his mysteries. After they had been instructed, the society dispersed agreeably to their destination, with the exception of two members who remained alternately with the founder. The rules of the order were these: "The members were to cure the sick without fee or reward. No member to wear a peculiar habit, but to dress after the fashion of the country. On a certain day in every year all the members to assemble in the House of the Holy Ghost, or to account for their absence. Every member to appoint some person with the proper qualifications to succeed him at his own decease. The word *Rosy-Cross* to be their seal, watchword, and characteristic mark. The association to be kept unrevealed for a hundred years." Christian Rosycross died at the age of 106 years. His death was known to the society, but not his grave: for it was a maxim of the first Rosicrucians to conceal their burial-places even from each other. New masters were continually elected into the House of the Holy Ghost; and the society had now lasted 120 years. At the end of this period a door was discovered in the house, and upon the opening of this door a sepulchral-vault. Upon the door was this inscription: One hundred and twenty years hence I shall open (*Post CXX annos patebo*). The vault was a heptagon. Every side was five feet broad and eight feet high. It was illuminated by an artificial sun. In the centre was placed instead of a grave-stone a circular altar with a little plate of brass, whereon these words were inscribed: This grave, an abstract of the whole world, I made for myself whilst yet living (A. C. R. C. Hoc Universi compendium vivus mihi sepulchrum feci). About the margin was—To me Jesus is all in all (Jesus mihi omnia). In the centre were four figures enclosed in a circle by this revolving legend: Nequaquam vacuum legis jugum. Libertas Evangelii. Dei gloria intacta. (The empty yoke of the law is made void. The liberty of the Gospel. The unsullied glory of God.) Each of the seven sides of the vault had a door opening into a chest; which chest, besides the secret books of the order and the *Vocabularium* of Paracelsus, contained also mirrors—little bells—burning lamps—marvelous mechanisms of music, &c. all so contrived that after the lapse of many centuries, if the whole order should have perished, it might be re-established by means of this vault.—Under the altar, upon raising the brazen tablet, the brothers found the body of Rosycross, without taint or corruption. The right hand held a book written upon vellum with golden letters: this book, which is called T., has since become the most precious jewel of the society next after the Bible: and at the end stand subscribed the names of the eight brethren, arranged in two separate circles, who were present at the death and burial of Father Rosycross.—Immediately after the above narrative follows a declaration of their mysteries addressed by the society to the whole world. They profess themselves to be of the Protestant faith; that they honor the Emperor and the laws of the Empire: and that the art of gold-making is but a slight object with them, and a mere πάρεργον. The whole work ends with these words: 'Our House of the Holy Ghost, though a hundred thousand men should have looked upon it, is yet destined to remain untouched, imperturbable, out of

sight, and unrevealed to the whole godless world for ever.'

The third book, which originally appeared in Latin with the title—*Confessio Fraternitatis Roseæ Crucis ad Eruditos Europæ*—contains nothing more than general explanations upon the object and spirit of the order. It is added that the order has different degrees; that not only princes, men of rank, rich men, and learned men, but also mean and inconsiderable persons are admitted to their communion, provided they have pure and disinterested purposes, and are able and willing to exert themselves for the ends of the institution; that the order has a peculiar language; that it is possessed of more gold and silver than the whole world beside could yield; that it is not this however but true philosophy which is the object of their labours.

The first question, which arises on these three * works, the '*Universal Reformation*'—the '*Fama Fraternitatis*'—and the '*Confessio Fraternitatis*,' is this: from what quarter do they proceed? The reputed author was John Valentine Andreä, a celebrated theologian of Wirtemberg, known also as a satirist and a poet, and in our days revived into notice by the late illustrious Herder. Others have disputed his claim to these works; and Burke has excluded them from his catalogue of Andreä's writings. I shall attempt however to prove that he was the true author.—Andreä was born in 1586 at Herrenberg a little town of Wirtemberg; and was the grandson of the Chancellor Jacob Andreä, so deservedly celebrated for his services to the church of Wirtemberg. From his father, the Abbot of Königsbronn, he received an excellent education, which his own extraordinary thirst for knowledge led him to turn to the best account. Besides Hebrew, Greek, and Latin (in which languages he was distinguished for the elegance of his style), he made himself master of the French, Italian, and Spanish: he was well versed in Mathematics, Natural and Civil History, Geography, and Historical Genealogy, without at all neglecting his professional study of divinity. Very early in life he seems to have had a deep sense of the evils and abuses of the times—not so much the political abuses, as those in philosophy, morals, and religion. These it seems that he sought to redress by the agency of secret societies: on what motives and arguments, he has not told us in the record of his own life which he left behind him in MS.† But the fact is certain: for as early as his sixteenth year he had written his *Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosycross*, his *Julius, sive de Politia*, his *Condemnation of Astrology*, with other works of the same tendency.—Between the years 1607 and 1612 Andreä traveled extensively in south and west Germany, in Switzerland, France, and Italy.‡ In the succeeding years he made short excur-

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* The earliest edition of these works which I have seen is that of 1614, printed at Cassel, in 8vo. which is in the Wolfenbüttel library: but in this the *Confessio* is wanting. From a passage in this edition, it appears that the *Fama Fraternitatis* had been received in the Tyrol as early as 1610; in *manuscript*, as the passage alleges; but the words seem to imply that printed copies were in existence even before 1610.—In the year 1615 appeared—"Secretioris Philosophiæ Consideratio à Philippo à Gabella, Philosophiæ studioso, conscripta; et nunc primum unà cum Confessione Fraternitatis Ros. Crucis in lucem edita. Cassellis: excud. G. Wesselius, A. 1615." In the very same year, at Frankfurt on the Mayne, was printed by John Berner, an edition of all the three works,—the Confessio in a German translation. In this year also appeared a Dutch translation of all three: a copy of which is in the Göttingen library. The second Frankfurt edition was followed by a third in 1616, enlarged by the addition of some letters addressed to the brotherhood of the R. Cross. Other editions followed in the years immediately succeeding: but these it is unnecessary to notice. In the title page of the third Frankfurt edit. stands—*First printed at Cassel in the year* 1616. But the four first words apply to the orig. edit. The four last to this.

† This is written in Latin. A German translation will be found in the second book of Seybold's Auto-biographies of celebrated men.

‡ Traveling was not at that time so expensive for learned men as it now is. Many scholars traveled on the same plan as is now pursued by the journeymen artisans of

sions almost annually: after the opening of the 30 years' war he still continued this practice; and in the very midst of that great storm of wretchedness and confusion which then swept over Germany, he exerted himself in a way which is truly astonishing to heal "the sorrow of the times," by establishing schools, and religious worship—and by propagating the Lutheran faith through Bohemia, Moravia, Carinthia, &c. Even to this day his country owes to his restless activity and enlightened patriotism many great blessings. At Stutgart, where he was at length appointed chaplain to the court, he met with so much thwarting and persecution, that, with his infirm constitution of body and dejection of mind from witnessing the desolation of Germany, it is not to be wondered that he became weary of life and sank into deep despondency and misanthropy. In this condition he requested leave in 1646 to resign his office: this was at first refused, with many testimonies of respect, by Eberhard the then Duke of Wirtemberg: but, on the urgent repetition of his request, he was removed to the Abbey of Bebenhausen,—and shortly afterwards was made Abbot of Adelberg. In the year 1654, after a long and painful sickness, he departed this life. On the day of his death he dictated a letter to his friend and benefactor, Augustus Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. He made an effort to sign it; wrote the two first letters of his name; and, in the act of writing the third, he expired.—From a close review of his life and opinions, I am not only satisfied that Andreä wrote the three works which laid the foundation of Rosicrucianism, but I see clearly *why* he wrote them. The evils of Germany were then enormous; and the necessity of some great reform was universally admitted. As a young man without experience, Andreä imagined that this reform would be easily accomplished. He had the example of Luther before him, the heroic reformer of the preceding century, whose memory was yet fresh in Germany, and whose labours seemed on the point of perishing unless supported by corresponding efforts in the existing generation. To organize these efforts and direct them to proper objects, he projected a society composed of the noble, the intellectual, the enlightened, and the learned,—which he hoped to see moving, as under the influence of one soul, towards the redressing of public evils. Under this hope it was that he traveled so much: seeking everywhere no doubt for the coadjutors and instruments of his designs. These designs he presented originally in the shape of a project for a Rosicrucian society: and in this particular project he intermingled some features that were at variance with its gravity and really elevated purposes. Young as he was at that time, Andreä knew that men of various tempers and characters could not be brought to co-operate steadily for any object so purely disinterested as the elevation of human nature: he therefore addressed them through the common foible of their age by holding out promises of occult knowledge which should invest its possessor with authority over the powers of nature, should lengthen his life, or raise him from the dust of poverty to wealth and high station. In an age of Theosophy, Cabbalism, and Alchemy, he knew that the popular ear would be caught by an account, issuing nobody knew whence, of a secret society that professed to be the depositary of Oriental mysteries, and to have lasted for two centuries. Many would seek to connect themselves with such a society: from these candidates he might gradually select the members of that real society which he projected. The pretensions of the ostensible society were indeed illusions: but, before they could be detected as such by the new proselytes, those proselytes would become connected with himself and (as he hoped) moulded to nobler aspirations. On this view of Andreä's real intentions, we understand at once the ground of the contradictory language which he held about astrology and the transmuta-

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Germany—exercising their professional knowledge at every stage of their journey, and thus gaining a respectable livelihood.

tion of metals: his satirical works show that he looked through the follies of his age with a penetrating eye. He speaks with toleration then of these follies—as an exoteric concession to the age; he condemns them in his own esoteric character as a religious philosopher. Wishing to conciliate prejudices, he does not forbear to *bait* his schemes with these delusions: but he is careful to let us know that they are with his society mere πάρεργα or collateral pursuits, the direct and main one being true philosophy and religion.—Meantime, in opposition to the claims of Andreä, it has been asked why he did not avow the three books as his own composition. I answer that to have done so at first would have defeated the scheme. Afterwards he had still better reasons, for disavowing them. In whatever way he meant to have published the works, it is clear that they were in fact printed without his consent: an uproar of hostility and suspicion followed the publication which made it necessary for the author to lie hid. If he would not risk his own safety, and make it impossible for his projects to succeed under any other shape, the author was called on to disown them. Andreä did so: and, as a suspected person, he even joined in public the party of those who ridiculed the whole as a chimæra.* More privately however, and in his posthumous memoirs of himself, we find that he nowhere disavows the works. Indeed the bare fact of his being confessedly the author of the "Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosycross"—a hero never before heard of—is alone sufficient to vindicate his claim.—But further, if Andreä were not the author, who was? Heidegger in his *Historia Vitæ Jo. Ludov. Fabricii* maintains that Jung, the celebrated mathematician of Hamburg, founded the sect of Rosicrucians and wrote the *Fama:* but on what ground? Simply on the authority of Albert Fabricius, who reported the story in casual conversation as derived from a secretary of the court of Heidelberg. (See the Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensia, 1698, p. 172.) Others have brought forward a claim for Giles Gutmann, supported by no other argument than that he was a distinguished mystic in that age of mysticism.

Morhof (Polyhist. I. p. 131, ed. Lubecæ, 1732) has a remark which, if true, might leave Andreä in possession of the authorship, without therefore ascribing to him any influence in the formation of the Rosicrucian order: "Fuere," says he, "non priscis tantum seculis collegia talia occulta, sed et superiori seculo (i. e. sexto-decimo) de Fraternitate Roseæ Crucis fama percrebuit." According to this remark,† the order existed in the sixteenth century, that is before the year 1600: now, if so, the three books in question are not to be considered as an anticipation of the order, but as its history. Here then the question arises—Was the brotherhood of Rosicrucians, as described in these books, an historical matter of fact or a romance? That it was a pure romantic fiction, might be shown by arguments far more than I can admit. The '*Universal Reformation*' (the first of the three works) was borrowed from the 'Generale Riforma dell' Universo dai sette Savii della Grecia e da altri Letterati, publicata di ordine di Apollo,' which occurs in the *Raguaglio di Parnasso* of Boccalini. It is true that the earliest edition of the Raguaglio, which I have seen, bears the date of 1615 (*in Milano*); but there was an edition of the first *Centuria* in 1612. Indeed Boccalini himself was cudgeled to death in 1613 (See *Mazzuchelli*—Scrittori d' Italia, vol. ii. p. iii. p. 1378). As to the *Fama*, which properly contains the pretended history of the order,

* In the midst of his ridicule however it is easy to discover the tone of a writer who is laughing not *with* the laughers but *at* them. Andreä laughed at those follies of the scheme which he well knew that the general folly of the age had compelled him to interweave with it against his own better judgment.

† Which has been adopted by many of the learned: see Arnold's Hist. of the Church and of Heretics, book ii. p. 245. Bruckeri Hist. Crit. Philosophiæ, tom. iv. p. 735, sq. Nicolai on the charges against the Templars, part i. p. 164. Herder's Letters on Nicolai's work in the German Mercury for 1782.

it teems with internal arguments against itself. The House of the Holy Ghost exists for two centuries, and is seen by nobody. Father Rosycross dies, and none of the order even know where he is buried; and yet afterwards it appears that eight brothers witnessed his death and his burial. He builds himself a magnificent sepulchre, with elaborate symbolic decorations; and yet for 120 years it remains undiscovered. The society offers its treasures and its mysteries to the world; and yet no reference to place or person is assigned to direct the inquiries of applicants. Finally, to say nothing of the *Vocabularium* of Paracelsus which must have been put into the grave before it existed, the Rosicrucians are said to be Protestants—though founded upwards of a century before the Reformation. In short the fiction is monstrous, and betrays itself in every circumstance.——Whosoever was its author must be looked upon as the founder in effect of the Rosicrucian order, inasmuch as this fiction was the accidental occasion of such an order's being really founded. That Andreä was that author, I shall now prove by one final argument: it is a presumptive argument, but in my opinion conclusive: *The armorial bearings of Andreä's family were a St. Andrew's cross and four roses.* By the order of the Rosy-cross he means therefore an order founded by himself.*

CHAPTER IV.

Of the immediate Results of the Fama *and the* Confessio *in Germany.*

The sensation which was produced throughout Germany by the works in question is sufficiently evidenced by the repeated editions of them which appeared between 1614 and 1617, but still more by the prodigious commotion which followed in the literary world. In the library at Göttingen there is a body of letters addressed to the imaginary order of Father Rosycross from 1614 to 1617 by persons offering themselves as members. These letters are filled with complimentary expressions and testimonies of the highest respect, and are all printed—the writers alleging that, being unacquainted with the address of the society (as well they might), they could not send them through any other than a public channel. As certificates of their qualifications, most of the candidates have inclosed specimens of their skill in alchemy and cabbalism. Some of the letters are signed with initials only, or with fictitious names, but assign real places of address. Many other literary persons there were at that day who forbore to write letters to the society, but threw out small pamphlets containing their opinions of the order and of its place of residence. Each successive writer pretended to be better informed on that point than all his predecessors. Quarrels arose; partisans started up on all sides; the uproar and confusion became indescribable; cries of heresy and atheism resounded from every corner; some were for calling in the secular power; and the more coyly the invisible society retreated from the public advances, so much the more eager and amorous were its admirers—and so much the more blood-thirsty its antagonists. Meantime there were some who from the beginning had escaped the general delusion; and there were many who had gradually recovered from it. It was remarked that of the many printed letters to the society, though courteously and often learnedly written, none had been answered; and all attempts to penetrate the darkness in which the order was shrouded by its unknown memorialist were successively baffled. Hence arose a suspicion that some bad

* Nicolai supposes that the *rose* was assumed as the symbol of secrecy, and the *cross* to express the solemnity of the oath by which the vow of secrecy was ratified. Such an allegoric meaning is not inconsistent with that which I have assigned, and may have been a secondary purpose of Andreä. Some authors have insisted on the words *Sub Umbrâ Alarum tuarum, Jehova*—which stand at the end of the *Fama Fraternitatis* as furnishing the initial letters of *Johannes Val. Andreä, Stipendiata Tübingensis.* But on this I have not thought it necessary to lay much stress.

designs lurked under the ostensible purposes of these mysterious publications: a suspicion which was naturally strengthened by what now began to follow. Many vile impostors arose who gave themselves out for members of the Rosicrucian order; and, upon the credit which they thus obtained for a season, cheated numbers of their money by alchemy —or of their health by panaceas. Three in particular made a great noise at Wetzlar, at Nuremberg, and at Augsburg: all were punished by the magistracy, one lost his ears in running the gauntlet, and one was hanged. At this crisis stepped forward a powerful writer, who attacked the supposed order with much scorn and homely good sense: this was Andrew Libau: he exposed the impracticability of the meditated reformation—the incredibility of the legend of Father Rosycross—and the hollowness of the pretended sciences which they professed. He pointed the attention of governments to the confusions which these impostures were producing, and predicted from them a renewal of the scenes which had attended the fanaticism of the Anabaptists. These writings (of which two were Latin, Frankfurt, 1615, folio—one in German, Erfurt, 1616, 8vo.) added to others of the same tendency, would possibly have laid the storm by causing the suppression of all the Rosicrucian books and pretensions: but this termination of the *mania* was defeated by two circumstances: the first was the conduct of the Paracelsists. With frantic eagerness they had sought to press into the imaginary order: but, finding themselves lamentably repulsed in all their efforts, at length they paused; and, turning suddenly round, they said to one another—"What need to court this perverse order any longer? We are ourselves Rosicrucians as to all the essential marks laid down in the three books. We also are holy persons of great knowledge: we also make gold, or shall make it: we also no doubt, give us but time, shall reform the world: external ceremonies are nothing: substantially it is clear that we are the Rosicrucian order." Upon this they went on in numerous books and pamphlets to assert that they were the very identical order instituted by Father Rosycross and described in the *Fama Fraternitatis*. The public mind was now perfectly distracted; no man knew what to think; and the uproar became greater than ever. The other circumstance, which defeated the tendency of Libau's exertions, was the conduct of Andreä and his friends. Clear it is that Andreä enjoyed the scene of confusion, until he began to be sensible that he had called up an apparition which it was beyond his art to lay. Well knowing that in all that great crowd of aspirants, who were knocking clamorously for admittance into the airy college of Father Rosycross, though one and all pretended to be enamoured of that mystic wisdom he had promised, yet by far the majority were in fact enamoured of that *gold* which he had hinted at,—it is evident that his satirical* propensities were violently tickled: and he was willing to keep up the hubbub of delusion by flinging out a couple of pamphlets amongst the hungry crowd which tended to amuse them: these were, 1. Epistola ad Reverendam Fraternitatem R. Crucis. Francof. 1613; 2. Assertio Fraternitatis R. C. à quodam Fratern. ejus Socio carmine expressa, Franc. 1614: which last was translated into German in 1616; and again, in 1618, into German rhyme under the title of Ara Fœderis therapici, or Altar

* I have no doubt that Andreä alludes to his own high diversion on this occasion in the following passage of a later work (Mythologia Christiana) which he printed at Strasburg in 1619. It is *Truth* (*die Aletheia*) who is speaking: "Planissime nihil cum hac Fraternitate (sc. Ros. Crucis) commune habeo. Nam, cùm paullo ante lusum quendam ingeniosiorem personatus aliquis (no doubt himself) in literario foro agere vellet,—nihil mota sum libellis inter se conflictantibus; sed velut in scenà prodeuntes histriones non sine voluptate spectavi."—Like *Miss in her Teens* (in the excellent farce of Garrick) who so much enjoys the prospect of a battle between her two lovers, Andreä—instead of calming the tumult which he had caused, was disposed at first to cry out to the angry polemics—"Stick him, Captain Flash; do,—stick him, Captain Flash."

of the *Healing* Fraternity: (the most general abstraction of the pretensions made for the Rosicrucians being—that they healed both the body and mind).—All this, in a young man and a professed satirist, was natural and excusable. But in a few years Andreä was shocked to find that the delusion had taken firm root in the public mind. Of the many authors who wrote with a sincere design to countenance the notion of a pretended Rosicrucian society I shall here mention a few of the most memorable. 1. A writer calling himself *Julianus à Campis* wrote expressly to account for the Rosicrucians not revealing themselves, and not answering the letters addressed to them. He was himself, he said, a member of the order; but in all his travels he had met but three other members, there being (as he presumed) no more persons on the earth worthy of being entrusted with its mysteries. The Rosicrucian wisdom was to be more extensively diffused in future, but still not to be hawked about in market-places. —2. Julius Sperber, of Anhalt-Dessau, (according to common repute) wrote * the "Echo of the divinely illuminated fraternity of the admirable order of the R. C." In this there is a passage which I recommend to the especial notice of Free-masons:—Having maintained the probability of the Rosicrucian pretensions on the ground that such *magnalia Dei* had from the creation downwards been confided to the keeping of a few individuals, agreeably to which he affirms that Adam was the first Rosicrucian of the Old Testament and Simeon the last, he goes on to ask whether the Gospel put an end to the secret tradition? By no means, he answers; Christ established a new "college of magic" amongst his disciples, and the greater mysteries were revealed to St. John and St. Paul.—In this passage, which I shall notice farther on, we find the Grand-Master, and the St. John of masonry. —3. Radtich Brotoffer was not so much a Cabbalist, like Julius Sperber, as an Alchemist. He understood the three Rosicrucian books not in a literal or historical sense, but allegorically as a description of the art of making gold and finding the Philosopher's stone. He even favoured the public with an interpretation of it: so that both "*materia et præparatio lapidis aurei*" were laid bare to the prophane. With this practical test of his own pretensions, it might have been supposed that Brotoffer would have exposed himself as an impostor: but on the contrary his works sold well, and were several times reprinted.—4. A far more important person in the history of Rosicrucianism was Michael Maier: he it was that first transplanted it into England, where (as we shall see) it led ultimately to more lasting effects than in Germany. He was born in Holstein, and was physician to the Emperor Rudolph II., who, being possessed by the mystical phrenzy of the age, sent for him to Prague. In 1622 he died at Magdeburg, having previously traveled extensively and particularly to England.—His works are among the rarities of bibliography, and fetch very high prices. The first of them, which concerns our present inquiry, is that entitled *Jocus Severus: Francof.* 1617. It is addressed (in a dedication written on his road from England to Bohemia), "omnibus veræ chymiæ amantibus per Germaniam," and amongst them more especially "illi ordini adhuc *delitescenti*, at Famâ Fraternitatis et Confessione suâ admirandâ et probabili *manifestato*." This work, it appears, had been written in England: on his return to Germany he became acquainted with the fierce controversy on the Rosicrucian sect; and, as he firmly believed in the existence of such a sect, he sought to introduce himself to its notice; but, finding this impossible, he set himself to establish such an order by his own efforts; and in his future writings he spoke of it as already existing—going so far even as to publish its laws (which indeed had previously been done by the author of the *Echo*). From the principal work which he wrote on this subject, en-

* This was printed at Dantzig in 1616. Nicolai however cites an edition printed in 1615.—Whether Sperber was the author, is a point not quite settled. Katzaüer, in his Dissert. de Rosæcrucianis, p. 38, takes him for the same person as Julianus à Campis: but from internal grounds this is very improbable.

titled *Silentium post clamores*,* I shall make an extract; because in this work it is that we meet with the first traces of Masonry.—"Nature is yet but half unveiled. What we want is chiefly experiment and tentative inquiry. Great therefore are our obligations to the Rosicrucians for labouring to supply this want. Their weightiest mystery is a Universal Medicine. Such a Catholicon lies hid in nature. It is however no simple, but a very compound medicine. For out of the meanest pebbles and weeds, medicine, *and even gold*, is to be extracted."—"He, that doubts the existence of the R. C. should recollect that the Greeks, Egyptians, Arabians, &c. had such secret societies: where then is the absurdity in their existing at this day? Their maxims of self-discipline are these—To honour and fear God above all things; to do all the good in their power to their fellow men;" and so on. "What is contained in the Fama and Confessio is true. It is a very childish objection that the brotherhood have promised so much and performed so little. With them, as elsewhere, many are called but few chosen. The masters of the order hold out the rose as a remote prize, but they impose the cross on those who are entering."† "Like the Pythagoreans and Egyptians the Rosicrucians exact vows of silence and secrecy. Ignorant men have treated the whole as a fiction: but this has arisen from the five years' probation to which they subject even well qualified novices before they are admitted to the higher mysteries: within this period they are to learn how to govern their tongues." In the same year with this book he published a work of Robert Fludd's (with whom he had lived on friendly terms in England) *De vitâ, morte, et resurrectione*. Of other works, which he published afterwards, I shall here say nothing: neither shall I detain my reader with any account of his fellow-labourers in this path—Theophilus Schweighart of Constance, Josephus Stellatus, or Giles Gutmann. The books I have mentioned were enough to convince Andreä that his romance had succeeded in a way which he had never designed. The public had accredited the *charlataneric* of his books, but gave no welcome to that for the sake of which this *charlatanerie* was adopted as a vehicle. The Alchemy had been approved, the moral and religious scheme slighted. And societies were forming even amongst the learned upon the basis of all that was false in the system to the exclusion of all that was true. This was a spectacle which could no longer be viewed in the light of a joke: the folly was becoming too serious: and Andreä set himself to counteract it with all his powers. For this purpose he now published his *Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosycross*, which he had written in 1601-2 (when only in his sixteenth year), but not printed. This is a comic romance of extraordinary talent, the covert purpose of it being a refined and delicate banter of the Pedants, Theosophists, Goldmakers, and Enthusiasts of every class with whom Germany at that time swarmed. In his former works he had treated the Paracelsists with forbearance, hoping by such treatment to have won them over to his own elevated designs: but in this they were invested with the cap and bells. Unfortunately for the purpose of Andreä however, even this romance was swallowed by the public as true and serious history. Upon this in the following year he published a collection of satirical dialogues under the title of *Menippus; sive dial. satyricorum centuria, inanitatum nostratium Speculum*. In this he more openly unveils his true design—revolution of method in the arts and sciences, and a general religious reformation. The efforts of Andreä were seconded by those of his friends; especially of Irenæus Agnostus and of Joh. Val. Alberti under the name of Menapius. Both wrote with great energy against the

* Silentium post clamores, h. e. Tractatus Apologeticus, quo causæ non solum *Clamorum* (seu revelationum) Fraternitatis Germanicæ de R. C., sed et *Silentii* (seu non redditæ ad singulorum vota responsionis) traduntur et demonstrantur. Autore Michaele Maiero, Imp. Consist. Comite, et Med. Doct. Francof. 1617.

† Ecce innumeri adsunt ex vocatis, seseque offerunt: at non audiuntur à magistris R. Crucis, qui rosas ostentant, at crucem exhibent. P. 77.

Rosicrucians: the former indeed, from having ironically styled himself "an unworthy clerk of the Fraternity of the R. C.," has been classed by some learned writers on the Rosicrucians as one of that sect; but it is impossible to read his writings without detecting the lurking satire. Soon after these writers, a learned foreigner placed the Rosicrucian pretensions in a still more ludicrous light: this was the celebrated Thomas Campanella. In his work upon the Spanish Monarchy, which was translated into German—published—and universally read in Germany some time* before the original work appeared, the Italian philosopher—speaking of the follies of the age—thus expresses himself of the R. C. "That the whole of Christendom teems with such heads, (viz. Reformation-jobbers,) we have one proof more than was wanted in the Fraternity of the R. C. For scarcely was that absurdity hatched, when—notwithstanding it was many times declared to be nothing more than a *lusus ingenii nimium lascivientis*, a mere hoax of some man of wit troubled with a superfluity of youthful spirits—yet, because it dealt in reformations and in pretences to mystical arts, straitway from every country in Christendom pious and learned men, passively surrendering themselves dupes to this delusion, made offers of their good wishes and services; some by name; others anonymously, but constantly maintaining that the brothers of the R. C. could easily discover their names by Solomon's mirror or other cabbalistic means. Nay, to such a pass of absurdity did they advance—that they represented the first of the three Rosicrucian books (the *Universal Reformation*) as a high mystery, and expounded it in a chemical sense as if it had contained a cryptical account of the art of gold-making, whereas it is nothing more than a literal translation, word for word, of the Parnasso of Boccalini." The effect of all this ridicule and satire was—that in Germany, as there is the best reason to believe, no regular lodge of Rosicrucians was ever established. *Des Cartes*, who had heard a great deal of talk about them in 1619 during his residence at Frankfurt on the Mayn, sought to connect himself with some lodge (for which he was afterwards exposed to the ridicule of his enemies); but the impossibility of finding any body of them formally connected together, and a perusal of the Rosicrucian writings, satisfied him in the end that no such order was in existence. Many years after Leibnitz came to the same conclusion. He was actually connected in early life with a soi-disant society of the R. C. in Nuremberg: for even at this day there is obviously nothing to prevent any society in any place from assuming that or any other title: but that they were not connected traditionally with the alleged society of Father Rosycross, Leibnitz was convinced. "Il me paroit," says he in a letter to a friend published by Feller in the *Otium Hannoveranum* (p. 222) "il me paroit que tout ce, que l'on a dit des Freres de la Croix de la Rose, est une pure invention de quelque personne ingenieuse." And again, so late as the year 1696, he says in another letter—"Fratres Roseæ Crucis fictitios fuisse suspicor; quod et Helmontius mihi confirmavit." Adepts there were here and there, it is true, and even whole clubs of swindlers who called themselves Rosicrucians: thus Ludov. Conr. Orvius, in his *Occulta Philosophia, sive Cœlum sapientum et Vexatio stultorum*, tells a lamentable tale of such a society, pretending to deduce themselves from Father Rosycross, who were settled at the Hague in 1622, and after swindling him out of his own and his wife's fortune amounting to eleven thousand dollars, kicked him out of the order with the assurance that they would murder him if he revealed their secrets; "which secrets," says he, "I have faithfully kept, and for the same reason that women keep secrets; viz. because I have none to reveal; for their knavery is no secret." There is a well-known story also in Voltaire's Diction. Philosoph. Art. *Alchimiste*, of a rogue who cheated the Duke of Bouillon of 40,000 dollars

* It was published in 1620, at which time Campanella was confined in prison at Naples. The publishers had obtained the original copy, either from some traveller, or during their own residence in Italy.

under the masque of Rosicrucianism. But these were cases for the police-office, and the gross impostures of jail-birds. As the aberration of learned men, and as a case for the satirist, Rosicrucianism received a shock from the writings of its accidental father Andreä and others, such as in Germany* it never recovered. And hence it has happened that, whatever number there may have been of individual mystics calling themselves Rosicrucians, no collective body of Rosicrucians acting in conjunction was ever matured and actually established in Germany. In England the case was otherwise: for there, as I shall show, the order still subsists under a different name. But this will furnish matter for a separate chapter. Meantime one word remains to be said of Andreä's labours with respect to the Rosicrucians. He was not content with opposing gravely and satirically the erroneous societies which learned men were attempting to found upon his own romance of the *Fama Fraternitatis*, but laboured more earnestly than ever to mature and to establish that genuine society for the propagation of truth, which had been the real though misinterpreted object of his romance and indeed of his whole life. Such a society he lived to see accomplished: and, in order to mark upon what foundation he placed all hopes of any great improvement in the condition of human nature, he called it by the name of *the Christian Fraternity*. This fact I have recorded, in order to complete the account of Andreä's history in relation to Rosicrucianism: but I shall not further pursue the history of *the Christian Fraternity*,† as it is no ways connected with the subject of my present inquiry.

(*To be continued.*)

* In France it never had even a momentary success. It was met by the ridicule of P. Garasse and of Gabriel Naudé in his *Instruction à la France sur la verité de l'histoire des Frères de la Rose-Croix: Paris*: 1623; and in *Le Mascurat*, a rare work printed in 1624, and of which the 2nd edit. 1650 is still rarer. Independently of these works, France was at that time the rival of Italy in science and had greatly the start of Germany and England in general illumination. She was thus sufficiently protected from such a delusion. (Thus far Professor Buhle. But pace tuâ, worthy Professor, I—the translator of your book—affirm that France had *not* the start of England, nor wanted then or since the ignobler elements of credulity, as the history of Animal Magnetism and many other fantastic follies before *that* have sufficiently shown. But she has always wanted the nobler (i. e. the imaginative) elements of credulity. On this account the French have always been an irreligious people. And the scheme of Father Rosy-cross was too much connected with religious feelings, and moved too much under a religious impulse, to recommend itself to the French. This reason apart, however, accident had much to do with the ill fortune of Rosicrucianism in France.

† See the *Invitatio Fraternitatis Christi ad Sacri amoris candidatos*: Argentor: 1617;—the *Christianæ societatis idea*: Tubingæ: 1624;—the *Veræ unionis in Christo Jesu specimen*: Norimb: 1628; and other works on the same subject. A list of the members composing this Christian Brotherhood, which continued its labours after Andreä's death, is still preserved.

SONG OF THE MAIDENS.

"Ye ladies all of England,
  Now wring your hands and mourn,
For many a lord and lover
  Will fall at Bannockburn;
To win their spurs of silver
  Go all your gallant grooms,
I see the gloves of ladye-loves
  Dance 'mid their dancing plumes.
Weep all ye dames of England,
  Your mirth has lasted long;
Now in your looks be sadness,
  And sorrow in your song."

"And why should we have sadness,
And wherefore should we sigh?
Saint George for merry England!
I hear our horsemen cry;
And see their war plumes waving,
Black as the raven's wings;
Our fatal shafts are flying,
Hark to the thrilling strings:
And see King Edward's standard
Floats on the buxom breeze—
Now all is merry England's
That's girdled by the seas."

"Here comes your lordly chivalry
All charging in a row,
And there your gallant bowmen
Let fly their shafts like snow;
Look how yon old man clasps his hands,
And hearken to his cry;
Alas, alas, for Scotland,
When England's arrows fly!
Yet weep ye dames of England,
For twenty summers past
Ye danced and sung while Scotland wept;
Such mirth can never last."

"And how can I do less than laugh,
When England's lords are nigh?
It is the maids of Scotland
Must learn to wail and sigh—
For here spurs princely Hereford,
Hark to his clashing steel;
And there's Sir Philip Musgrave,
All gore from helm to heel;
And yonder is stout Argentine,
And here comes with a sweep
The fiery speed of Gloucester—
Say wherefore should I weep?"

"Weep all ye English maidens,
Lo! Bannock brook's in flood,
Not with its own sweet waters,
But England's noblest blood.
For see your arrow-shower has ceased,
The thrilling bowstring's mute,
And where rides fiery Gloucester?
All trodden underfoot.
Wail all ye dames of England,
No more shall Musgrave know
The sound of the shrill trumpet—
And Argentine is low.

Thy chivalry, proud England,
Have turn'd the rein to fly,
And on them rushes Randolph,
Hark Edward Bruce's cry;
'Mid reeking blood the Douglas rides,
As one rides in a river,
And here the good king Robert comes,
And Scotland's free for ever.
Now weep ye dames of England,
And let your sons prolong
The Bruce—the Bruce of Bannockburn,
In many a sorrowing song."

C.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE MODERN FRENCH POETS.

CASIMIR DE LA VIGNE.

MESSENIENNES,

Or Messenian Elegies.

Barthelemy in his Anacharsis gave this title to certain elegies which treated of the oppression of the Messenians by the Spartans: Delavigne invests it with a somewhat arbitrary generic acceptation, as descriptive of poems applicable to all analogous circumstances, of whatever nation. He seems to boast of having introduced into the literature of his country a new species of poem. It is very evident that he would have been glad if events had not supplied him with the occasion. The "redeunt Saturnia regna" is not his motto.

There is accordingly a large portion of readers with whom the war-elegies of Delavigne will not be popular. Neither his auspicious pronomen of *Casimir,* nor the budding promise of his sirname, will stand that poet in stead who profanely mourns over the catastrophe of Waterloo. Robert Southey (I like him best without the *esquire*—the plain Robert reminds me of old times and old principles), Robert Southey once said, "I am one of those who cannot wish success to an unjust cause, because my country supported it; and if there be any one who can, I desire not that man's approbation." We might worthily sympathize with our countrymen's prowess; and in the instance of Waterloo, while the laurels were fresh, this prowess was not disjoined in men's expectations from the hope of rational freedom and the improvement and peace of nations. We had not yet learnt that parchment was only a bit of skin torn from a sheep's back, and that a seal to a public instrument was nothing in the world but a lump of coloured bees'-wax mixed up with a little rosin. We were therefore rather surprised at the practical comment on manifestoes concerning the internal rights of nations, furnished by the fact of the *desired* king being escorted to the door of his senate by British troops with lighted matches. Simple men are apt to imagine that the battle of Waterloo shows to disadvantage by the side of the old-fashioned battle of the Boyne: the effect of the latter was the putting down "the right divine of kings to govern wrong" at once and for ever: whereas among the results of the former they see a confederacy of kings, not against their own people only, but against the people of every country under heaven; a conspiracy of the few against the many; the press "curbed, and kept curbed;" "learned men not wanted;" the Inquisition re-settled warm in their seats, and the miracles of Prince Saint Hohenlohe in full bloom.

This, however, is a matter of taste. For the sentiment which supplies the inspiration of the French poet, he may defend himself by the plea that it is epidemic. "A lively demoiselle of the second class," relates a sensible writer, who published an inquiry into the duties of Christians with respect to war, "gave her suffrage for war and glory with much animation; and when I represented the attendant miseries, put to flight all scruples with the heroic argument, "Plutôt la guerre, plutôt la guerre, que la France ainsi avilie."*

Some good-natured allowance may be made for the declamations of a Frenchman, whose pride has been "hurt past all surgery," and whose heart is in his verses. He has warm feelings and a short memory. *Blenheim,* and *Quebec,* and *Maida,* and *Vittoria,* are not in his chronological table. The space traversed by his eye is filled only with Waterloo. He thinks we have a single trophy. I think we have more in number and better in quality than this.

He will talk with us on the theme of France "until his eyelids can no longer wag." But he has a word to spare for *Greece,* and one (wormwood in its moral) for *Naples.* His elegies come forth "like angel visits,

* Letters descriptive of a tour through France, &c. by John Sheppard.

few and far between." It were to be wished that he had exerted the fire and tenderness of his heart and fancy more frequently and copiously on the theme of Greece. The pathetic and romantic incident which he has versified and adorned from the travels of *Pouqueville*, is an earnest of what he might effect in this free and fair career of poetic glory. His elegy "on the ruins of pagan Greece," though elegant and brilliant, is too much like the production of an artist. The appeal to Christian Greeks harmonizes ill with the licentious fable of Leda, and the restoration of the idols of heathen Athens. That they *are* Christians we are reminded by the reply of the old shepherd who, when interrogated about the tomb of Eurydice, answers that what the poet sees is the grave of his daughter; and that the blood, which he mistakes for that of a sacrifice, is that of her brothers spilt by the hands of *mussulmen*. After this, we have no inclination for statues and metamorphoses.

Delavigne is the author of two tragedies—the *Sicilian Vespers*, and *Paria;* and a comedy—the *Comedians*: but his fame seems rather to rest on his elegies. He has a free flow and choice of metre and expression, and exhibits warmth and boldness of sentiment, with a power of condensing his thoughts in few words: and he has added another proof of the facilities of his native tongue in the sweet and lucid diction with which he has clothed the sensible imagery of nature. But his chief merit is his masculine energy and the fire of national honour which his pieces breathe; and which entitle him to the name of the French Tyrtæus.

LACENTO.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

They breathe no longer: let their ashes rest;
  Clamour unjust and calumny
They stoop'd not to confute; but flung their breast
  Against the legions of your enemy,
And thus avenged themselves: for you they die.

Wo to you, wo! if those inhuman eyes
  Can spare no drops to mourn your country's weal;
Shrinking before your selfish miseries;
  Against the common sorrow hard as steel:
Tremble—the hand of death upon you lies;
  You may be forced yourselves to feel.

But no—what son of France has spared his tears
  For her defenders, dying in their fame;
Though kings return, desired through lengthening years,
  What old man's cheek is tinged not with her shame?
What veteran, who their fortune's treason hears,
  Feels not the quickening spark of his old youthful flame?

Great heaven! what lessons mark that one day's page!
What ghastly figures that might crowd an age!
How shall th' historic Muse record the day,
Nor starting cast the trembling pen away?

Hide from me—hide those soldiers overborne,
Broken with toil; with death-bolts crush'd and torn;
Those quivering limbs with dust defiled;
And bloody corses upon corses piled:
Veil from mine eyes that monument
Of nation against nation spent
In struggling rage, that pants for breath:
Spare us the bands thou sparedst—death!
Oh VARUS!—where the warriors thou hast led?
RESTORE OUR LEGIONS!—give us back the dead!

I see the broken squadrons reel;
The steeds plunge wild with spurning heel;
Our eagles trod in miry gore,
The leopard standards swooping o'er;

The wounded on their slow cars dying,
The rout disorder'd, wavering, flying;
Tortured with struggles vain, the throng
Sway, shock, and drag their shatter'd mass along;
And leave behind their long array
Wrecks, corses, blood, the foot-marks of their way.

Through whirlwind smoke and flashing flame,
O grief! what sight appals mine eye?
The sacred band with generous shame,
Sole 'gainst an army, pause—to die!

Struck with the rare devotion, 'tis in vain
The foes at gaze their blades restrain;
And proud to conquer hem them round; the cry
Returns, "the guard surrender not—they die."

'Tis said, that when in dust they saw them lie,
A reverend sorrow for their brave career
Smote on the foe: they fix'd the pensive eye,
And first beheld them undisturb'd with fear.

See then these heroes, long invincible,
Whose threatening features still their conquerors brave;
Frozen in death those eyes are terrible;
Feats of the past their deep-scarr'd brows engrave;
For these are they, who bore Italia's sun,
Who o'er Castilia's mountain barrier pass'd;
The north beheld them o'er the rampart run,
Which frosts of ages round her Russia cast:
All sank subdued before them, and the date
Of combats owed this guerdon to their glory,
Seldom to Franks denied, to fall elate
On some proud day, that should survive in story.

Let us no longer mourn them; for the palm
Unwithering shades their features stern and calm:
Franks! mourn we for ourselves; our land's disgrace;
The proud mean passions that divide her race;
What age so rank in treasons? to our blood
The love is alien of the common good:
Friendship, no more unbosom'd, hides her tears,
And man shuns man, and each his fellow fears;
Scared from her sanctuary Faith shuddering flies
The din of oaths, the vaunt of perjuries.

O curst delirium! jars deplored
That yield our home-hearths to the stranger's sword!
Our faithless hands but draw the gleaming blade
To wound the bosom which its point should aid.

The strangers raze our fenced walls;
The castle stoops, the city falls;
Insulting foes their truce forget;
Th' unsparing war-bolt thunders yet:
Flames glare our ravaged hamlets o'er,
And funerals darken every door:
Drain'd provinces their greedy prefects rue,
Beneath the lilied or the triple hue;
And Franks disputing for the choice of power
Dethrone a banner or proscribe a flower.

France!—to our fierce intolerance we owe
The ills that from these sad divisions flow:
Tis time the sacrifice were made to thee
Of our suspicious pride, our civic enmity:

Haste—quench the torches of intestine war;
Heaven points the lily as our army's star;
Hoist then the banner of the white—some tears
May bathe the thrice-dyed flag which Austerlitz endears.

France! France! awake—with one indignant mind!
With new-born hosts the throne's dread precinct bind;
Disarm'd, divided, conquerors o'er us stand;
Present the olive, but the sword in hand.

And thou! oh people, flush'd with our defeat,
To whom the mourning of our land is sweet,
Thou witness of the death-blow of our brave!
Dream not that France is vanquish'd to a slave:
Gall not with pride th' avengers yet to come;
Heaven may remit the chastening of our doom:
A new Germanicus may yet demand
Those eagles wrested from our Varus' hand.

CHRISTIAN GREECE.

Messene's daughter, weeping o'er her hearse,
Muse, that in plaintive and majestic verse
Sing'st grand reverses, noble woes,
Thou left'st thy natal bower, when Francia lay
Like Greece a captive: homeward bend thy way,
And weep for griefs more terrible than those.

'Twixt Evan's mountain and the beetling steep
Of Tænarus, the shore-pent surges sweep
Bathing sad Coron's walls: no more the same,
This barb'rous sound supplants Colone's name:
All, all is lost to Greece; sweet Plato's tongue,
The palm of combats, prodigies of art,
Into the waste of years depart,
And ev'n the names on which entranced we hung.

These wave-beat walls, half crumbled with the shock
Of bolts which Venice launch'd against the rock,
Are Coron: o'er th' unpeopled precinct waves
The crescent, and the Turk reigns calm o'er graves;
See ye the turbans o'er the ramparts stray?
The flag profane that chased the blessed cross away?
See ye the horse-hair standards flout the towers?
Hear ye the misbeliever's voice, that pours
Its watch-cry on the hollow-dashing strand?
The arquebuss is gleaming in his hand.

The sun hangs hovering o'er the ocean's bound,
And gazes on the clime of yore renown'd:
Ev'n as the weed-clad lover's eyes explore
His mistress' features, though they bloom no more,
Yet is their charm more touching, fix'd in death;
How lingering sinks his orb!—what balm the breath
Of eve's gale whispers!—how the blazing wave
Sparkles with flush of light the day-star gave!
But day can gild no more the region of the slave.

Hark!—'tis the stifled dash of balanced oars!
With equal rise and fall their strokes are plied;
His eye still bent upon those sunset shores,
One in a skiff is skimming the salt tide:

A servant of the temple, 'tis his care
To deck the altar; fill the fuming air
From the waved censer; to the words divine
Respond, and minister the mystic wine.

He drops the oars; a lute his grasp supplies;
O'er the twitch'd trembling chord his finger flies;
He lifts his voice, a prophet strain;
The hymn of David seems to breathe again:
But like the halcyon's low, sweet, ominous cry,
Which turns the seaman pale, for storm is nigh.

"Haunts! where my foot-sole dares not rest,
In the lone bark the chord is prest,
And nightly sends its low-breathed sound
To the hoarse billows roaring round:
Our sad estate my theme has been,
As captive Hebrews sigh'd their moan
Beneath the drooping willows green
That arch'd the streams of Babylon.

But they could still adore the Lord! though slaves
They fearless mourn'd beside their fathers' graves;
Mingling their tears they mingled hopes; but I
To weep in peace an exile fly.

Thy ministers of wrath, they wrest
The last poor fluttering flimsy vest
That veils the widow's keen distress,
That screens the orphan's wretchedness:
With ruffian gripe they re-demand
The wheat-ear glean'd upon our field;
And gold must cross their grasping hand
For the fresh rills our fountains yield.

Gold! they have ravish'd it; the treasures fell
From our stripp'd shrines by shameful oracle
Of dicer's lot: their gems profanely graced
The pack by whom our deer are chased.
Thy voice, O Nature! once so dear,
Is stifled by the stranger's fear:
The brother sees his brother low,
Nor rushes to revenge the blow:
The aged man resigns the meal,
His children's board, the robber's booty;
The mother hears their trampling heel
With curses on her daughter's beauty.

The youthful Levite is their fury's prey:
In loathsome bonds they work his bloom's decay;
Should his roused soul endure their shames no more,
The club is drench'd in guiltless gore.
Kings, when our Greece their help demands,
Are niggard of their armed bands;
Dispute th' appendage of their crowns,
People enslaved and shatter'd towns;
And while the Turkish poniards drain
Our Christian blood, the despots then,
As flocks are parted on the plain,
Share and allot the tribes of men.
A fleeting narrative, a vain appeal
Speaks of our woes to hearts that cannot feel;
Courts in luxurious ease the tale admire;
And are we brethren? yet expire?

The bird that wings the fields has rest
And shelter in his cradling nest;
The fawn has couch'd within the glade;
The hare beneath the herbage-blade:

The worm can delve her fruitage-bed;
The woodland insect, clung below
The falling leaf, eludes the tread;
The tomb's retreat is all we know.

Blest, who a Christian dies; their savage zeal,
Hear it great God! converts by fire and steel;
Ev'n in that fane where peace and hope of old
Flow'd on our hearts from lips of gold.
'Twas on this shore, where pagan guilt
Th' abhorred idols' shrines had built,
The words of saints the seed had sown
Of worship pure to thee alone:
The tree that struck in wilds its root,
Whose leaves should fold the world in shade,
On ruins blooms with bitter fruit:
For us it blossoms but to fade.

God! in the days of her past glory free
Greece worshipp'd not th' eternal Word: to thee
True, living God! she kneels in bondage now;
"Shall her false Jove do more than thou?"

He sang, he wept; when from his turret-stand
The Moslem rose, and sprang with armed hand:
O'er the stretch'd tube is bent the turban'd brow:
The sparkle bursts; the nitre smokes: and now
A shrilling sound is in the breeze: and hark!
A cry—from whence? from that lone floating bark?
Is it thy shriek, poor Levite? thine the lute
Dropp'd with that plaintive moan?—the dying hymn is mute.
But night already cast her shadowing veil;
Lost in the rolling vapours pale
The random skiff now oarless, guideless stray'd,
Without a voice, and vanish'd into shade.

The night was stormy: with the sun's first ray,
Measuring with fearful glance th' extended bay,
At the tower's foot an old man watch'd alone;
'Midst flakes of foam amid the pebbles thrown
A lute has caught his eye; a lute whose string
A mortal ball had grazed with leaden wing;
One chord untwisted on the concave lay
With blood-stains red, diluted by the spray;
The old man darts upon the lyre's remains;
Stoops, handles, shudders through his anguish'd veins;
On Coron's towers he bends a lowering eye;
But on his faint lips sinks the threatening cry:

He trembles at the scene, and turns aside
With stifled groan, and steals along the tide:
His burden'd heart is bursting for relief:
He shuns the ruthless eyes that curb his grief;
Looks up to heaven, sole witness of his woe,
And to the roaring surges murmurs low,
"But yesternight I waited long for thee
Who camest not; and thou dost wait for me."

UNION.

O thou! to whom the universe
Breathes forth its homage or its curse;
Fortune!—whose hand from east to west
Dispenses laurels, sceptres, chains,
Is thy blind fury laid to rest,
Or yet what triumph, what reverse remains?

The bruit of our disasters speaks thy power:
The game was bloody which thou play'dst for France:
Too haughty in the rights they late have known
The people with a sovereign step advance
Trampling the wreck of Capet's throne:
But in their fierce ungovernable hour
To the disdain of law they freedom urge,
And reason push to frenzy's verge.

But a new king arose, whose crested deeds
At once upbore him to the height; he stood
With despot sceptre, and like shiver'd reeds
Dash'd the republic's fasces, dropping blood:
Exhausted victory must his throne cement,
And heroism be squander'd wild away;
Europe defied beneath his glory bent,
She now insults our setting day;
And wherefore?—they but live in memory
The flower of France's chivalry,
Nipp'd by the snow-blast of the north's fell sky:
O pity! O disaster! O dismay!
O ever sad, too memorable day!
When through the sabled land arose the cry;
Yes, they lie dead; and Moscow's fiery cloud
With glare funereal lights their frozen shroud.

Reigns of a moment, falls, and slippery turns,
Changes that mock belief!—your leaven spreads
Through France's turbid spirits: hatred burns
Within us, Discord all her poisons sheds.
Deaf to the terrors of the warning time,
Uncheck'd the feverous hope that fires his veins,
The proud republican aspires to climb
To liberty that spurns at reins;
The harvest of his liberty was crime;
Illusive ocean which no mound restrains;
It lies before me that tremendous strand,
Strewn with the wrecks of a distracted land.

Ah! turn them into profitable woes!
To civil storms a dike oppose;
Ye powers! ye mighty rivals! ye that spring
From people and from king,
Free yet dependent, make the sovran throne
A rampart 'gainst our will, a curb upon its own.

In vain would reason charm the mind
Of egotism and pride, the deaf and blind:
The past's idolater the *now* disdains,
Jealous that princes have been loosed from chains;
Yet bends the brow to prejudice's stroke,
And headstrong stoops beneath her welcome yoke.

Eternal factions! most legitimate
When fastest throned on ruins of the state!
Proscribed, proscribing, raised or trampled down,
Now victim, tyrant now; a scaffold or a crown!

O hapless empire! see thy destiny!
Franks! say no more "to us our France is dear:"
She disavows th' ungrateful progeny,
Strangling each other, and her breast your bier:

Turn 'gainst the foes the courage of your brave;
  The conquerors' conclave weigh your Francia's fate:
The kings that brought her incense, each her slave,
  Sell freedom to her in her fall'n estate:

  No—not in vain the voice of France has call'd:
And if they deem, by treaties base enthrall'd,
To brand us with a stigma on the brow,
Darkening for ever, as it blackens now;
If with their haughty finger they describe
The cities parted to the faithless tribe,
The traitorous crowned league; if the seal'd troth
Be falsified; the sword annul the oath;
If France be done to die—arise! yet save
Her honour, or be buried in her grave!

What do I hear? whence that ecstatic sound
  That rolling onward thickens as it rolls?
  What songs? what transports, not from tongues, but souls?
      What concourse murmuring, deepening round?
  The citizens rush gathering from afar,
      Their noble spirits blazing at their eyes:
    Clasp'd they detain each other: veterans brave
  Lift now their foreheads, plough'd with many a scar;
      The stranger's gone!—the chain in shivers flies;
    Frenchman! thou art no longer slave!

Re-assume thy proud spirit
  O country august!
Thy glory inherit
  And start from thy dust!
Oh country! oh freedom, no longer a slave!
Doff the robe of thy mourning, come forth from thy grave!
Thrice ten years of conquest avenge us in story,
And the stranger may vaunt of the gleam of his glory.

  Yes—let his taunts be answer'd with disdain!
The banners from our rival won remain:
France! veil thy wounds from his exulting eye:
The flags he lost thee shall the veil supply.

PARTHENOPE AND THE STRANGER.

"What wouldst thou, lady?"—An asylum. "Say
What is thy crime?"—none. "Who accuse thee?"—they
Who are ungrateful. "Who thine enemy?"
Each whom the succour of my sword set free;
Adored but yesterday; proscribed to-day.
"What shall my hospitality repay?"
A day's short peril; laws eternal. "Who
Within my city dare thy steps pursue?"
Kings. "When arrive they?" With the morn. "From whence?"
From every side: say, shall thy gate's defence
Be mine? "Yes—enter; but reveal to me
  Thy name, O stranger!" I am Liberty!

    Receive her ramparts old! again,
      For ye her dwelling were of yore;
      Receive her midst your gods once more,
        Oh every antique fane!
      Rise shades of heroes! hover o'er
        To grace her awful train!

Fair sky of Naples! laugh with gladdening rays;
 Bring forth, oh earth! thy hosts on every side;
Sing, O ye people! hymn the Goddess' praise;
 'Tis she for whom Leonidas once died.

Her brows all idle ornaments refuse;
 Half-open'd flowers compose her diadem;
Rear'd in Thermopylæ with gory dews—
 Not twice a thousand years have tarnish'd them.

The wreath immortal sheds a nameless balm
Which courage raptured breathes: in accents calm
 Yet terrible, her conquering voice disarms
The rebel to her sway: her eyes impart
A holy transport to the panting heart,
 And virtue only boasts superior charms.

The people pause around her; and their cries
 Ask from what cause these kings, forgetting ruth,
Cherish their anger: the strange maid replies,
 "Alas! I told to monarchs truth!"
If hate or if imprudence in my name
 Had shook their power, which I would but restrain,
Why should I bear the burden of the blame?
 And are they Germans who would forge my chain?

Have they forgot, these slaves of yesterday,
Who now oppress you with their tyrant sway,
How in sore straitness when to me they cried,
I join'd their phalanx by Arminius' side?
Rallying their tribes I scoop'd the blood-tinged snows
In gaping death-beds for their sinking foes.

Avenge ye, Gods! that look upon my wrong!
 And may the memory of my bounties past
Pursue these ingrates; dog their scattering throng;
 May Odin's sons upon the cloudy blast
 With storm-wrapt brows above them stray,
Glare by them in the lightning's midnight ray;
And may Rome's legions, with whose whitening bones
 I strew'd their plains in ages past,
Rise in their sight and chase them to their thrones.

Ha!—and does Rome indeed sepulchred lie
 In her own furrow's crumbling mould?
Shall not my foot with ancient potency
 Stamp, and from earth start forth her legions old?

Feel'st thou not, Rome! within thy entrails deep
 The cold bones shaking, and the spirits stir
Of citizens that, in their marble sleep,
 Rest under many a trophied sepulchre?

Break, Genoese, your chains!—th' impatient flood
 Murmurs till ye from worthless sloth have started,
And proudly heaves beneath your floating wood,
 Where streams the flag, whose glory is departed.

Fair widow of the Medici! be born!
 Again, thou noble Florence! now unclasp
Thy arms to my embrace: from slavery's grasp
 Breathe free in Independence' stormy morn.

O Neptune's daughter, Venice! city fair
As Venus, and that didst like her emerge
From the foam-silver'd, beauty-ravish'd surge,
Let Albion see thee thy shorn beams repair:
Doge! in my name command: within your walls
Proclaim me, Senate!—Zeno wake!
Aside thy sleep Pisani shake:
"'Tis Liberty that calls!" *

She spoke: and a whole people with one will
Caught that arousing voice: the furnace-light
Glow'd, and the hardening steel grew white:
Against the biting file the edge rang shrill;
Far clang'd the anvil: bray'd the trumpet: one
Furbish'd his lance, and one his steed's caparison.

The father throws his weight of years aside,
Accoutring glad the youngest of his sons;
Nor tarries, but his steps outruns,
And foremost joins the lines with emulous stride:
The sister, smiling at his spleen, detains
The baby warrior, who the lap disdains,
And cries, "I go to die upon the plains."

Then what did they or might they not have done
Whose courage manhood nerved? or say, could one
Repose his hope in flight, or fear the death
Claim'd by the aged and the infant breath?

Yes—all with common voice exclaim'd aloud,
"We sit beneath thy laurel, and will guard
Its leaves from profanation: take, O bard!
Thy lyre, and sing our feats, their best reward:
For Virgil's sacred shroud
Shall ne'er be spurn'd by victor footstep proud."

They march'd, this warlike people in their scorn;
And when one moon had fill'd her horn,
Th' oppressor German "took his rouze
And drain'd his draughts of Rhenish" tranquilly;
And they lay round him, shelter'd by the boughs
Of Virgil's laurel tree.

With eyes averted Liberty had fled:
Parthenope recall'd her: she her head
Bent for a moment from the height of air;
"Thou hast betray'd thy guest: befall thee fair!"
Art gone for ever?—"They await me:" where?
"In Greece." They will pursue thee thither too.
"Defenders will be found." They too may yield,
And numbers there may sweep thee from the field.
"Aye; but tis possible to die: adieu!"

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON TITHES.

In the last number of the Quarterly Review (58), there is an article on Ecclesiastical Revenues, which has attracted considerable attention. The subject is of too delicate and extensive a nature to receive, within our limits, a discussion proportioned to its importance. But there is a part of the subject, that of Tithes, which is of such practical conse-

quence, and on which the argument appears to us to lie in so small a compass, that we are anxious to state the question to our readers, and endeavour to counteract the influence of what we consider a pernicious sophistry in the reviewer.

We are quite ready to allow, that tithes are not taxes paid by either landlord or tenant, for both have purchased their respective interests in the land liable to the annual outgoing of one-tenth of its gross produce, and have paid a proportionably less purchase money. Nor shall we at all object to the amount of the revenue obtained for the church establishment. But we cannot therefore admit that this *mode* of obtaining it does "not diminish permanently the profits of the occupier" of the soil, and consequently his stimulus for the improvement of it. The argument of the Reviewer is, that when the landlord lets a farm, he calculates the capital which the tenant is to employ, and the profits he is to make on its employment; and that, therefore, if tithes were abolished, the landlord would require more rent, not only on account of the tenth more produced, but in consideration of the greater profit which the farmer would make in his capital. P. 545-6. Now this appears to us to be admitting the principle, that greater profits on capital would be made, though monopolized by the landlord: and to the public at large it would not signify by whom the profit was made, if it only be made, and consequently a greater produce be raised from the total soil of the country. But, again, it is asserted in the same page, "Let the subject be twisted how it may, the abolition of tithes, or a partial reduction of their amount, would not, under any circumstances, increase *permanently* the average profits of the capital employed in agriculture." How this assertion is reconcileable with the former admission, we do not know—but it is coming to issue. The only reason assigned for the assertion is, that if "no claim for tithes existed, to the demand of the landlord for rent would be added the money value of the tenth portion of the *average* crop, which the land in a certain number of years would produce, when a given capital had been expended in improving it." But this is merely repeating the former argument, that the landlord will monopolize the increased profits of capital employed in agriculture; and not denying that additional capital will be employed: and as every bargain is a collision of judgment on the subject of it, we should much doubt whether landlords would always judge better than tenants, of the improvements to be made, and capital employed, and profit reaped therefrom. For the landlord's rent is a condition to be settled *à priori*, not, like the tither's demand, to be made *à posteriori*. But the Reviewer seems to intend to exclude this argument by putting, in the sentence above cited, the word *average* crop in italics. This, however, would be entirely begging the question: for it is the opposition which tithes make to *improvement* on the average crop which is the question in dispute. Having thus endeavoured to clear the way, we will now proceed to show how necessarily and how extensively tithes do prevent improvement, and consequently restrict the power of the country to raise subsistence for its inhabitants. We shall reduce the matter to its simplest form by limiting the inquiry to one year, and the employment of a hundred pounds of additional capital in improvement of agriculture on a tithe-free and titheable farm. As the simplest mode of improvement (and therefore liable to the least objection in the calculation), let it be by the employment of an additional number of labourers. As at the end of the year the hundred pounds will be quite gone, the farmer on a tithe-free farm must expect an increased gross produce worth one hundred and eight pounds—namely, a hundred to replace the capital, four pounds for the common interest, and four pounds more to make up the common *trading* interest. With this he will be satisfied; and the country will be richer by one hundred and eight pounds more of produce. But if a farmer on the titheable land were to make the same calculation, he would be miserably deceived: for of the hundred and eight pounds' worth of additional gross produce the tither would take ten pounds sixteen shil-

lings, leaving him ninety-seven pounds four shillings to replace his hundred pounds expended, and nothing at all for interest. Is it not obvious, therefore, that on the titheable farm no such improvement will in fact be made, and that the tithing system must continually be repressing improvement? and therefore restricting the power of the country to maintain its inhabitants?

The next question is with regard to the extent of that repression and restriction. And this is not difficult to approximate. For, in the case we have supposed, the farmer of titheable land, in order to be on a par of profits with the farmer on tithe-free land, must abstain from all improvements which will not increase the gross produce a hundred and twenty pounds: for then only would the deduction of the tenth leave him his capital of a hundred pounds and his trading interest of eight pounds. The obstruction to improvement, therefore, on titheable and tithe-free land, is, apparently, in the proportion of ten to nine; but the real proportion is much greater; for the quantity of inferior land is so much greater than that of good, that of three acres to be improved it is more probable that two will be made capable of the lower rate of additional produce than that one will be made capable of the higher rate; in that case, the obstruction to improvement on titheable land will be double the obstruction on tithe-free land:—and, in many cases, the obstruction will become a total prevention of improvement. Whether the land be let to farm, or occupied by the proprietor, is obviously of no consequence; the reasoning and calculation applying equally to both cases:—and therefore we may throw out of the question all the comparison of the shares of profits from the produce of soil, to be adjusted between landlord and tenant.

But it may be asked, is this calculation really and generally made? and does it operate in the degree which is here supposed? There are two kingdoms at hand to answer the question. Scotland, as far back as history extends, seems to have been slower in the whole progress of civilization than England, from which she was content to borrow every improvement, even to her acts of legislation; which, in rival and often hostile nations, was least to be expected. To the time of the Reformation this order of improvement was observed; and, since that period, England has still kept the lead in every branch but that of agriculture; and in that, and that alone, Scotland leads and keeps the lead: and why? because, at the Reformation, tithes were swept away in Scotland and retained in England. In adducing the fact, we protest against any imputation of our approving the robbery of the church at the Reformation, in either kingdom. In England, it was committed by one rapacious tyrant; in Scotland, by the rapacity of the nobles. But, in England, the Reformation having been begun by the King, and in Scotland by the people, the more immediate interests of the people were totally overlooked in the first kingdom, and promoted in the second by that violence and injustice which so often characterize reforms that are extorted from a reluctant government. But in order for England to have the advantage, it is not requisite that she should imitate the atrocities by which Scotland procured it. Let the people of England have the legal means of purchasing from the church what Scotland partly pretended to purchase and principally forced from it, and we shall soon see an extensive improvement in the country at large; and, we doubt not, also an increase in the revenues of the church; and an incalculable increase in its moral and religious influence, from removing all hostile interests between the pastor and his flock.

We have no room to discuss the means of remuneration to the church; but we think it could not be very difficult to show, that a per-centage on rents, instead of a tithe on produce, would obviate most of the objections to a commutation; and, when the object is of such paramount importance, trivial objections should not be allowed to prevail.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH

OF A LATE TRIAL FOR MURDER,

IN

A Letter from Hertford,

BY EDWARD HERBERT, ESQ.

——As I stand here,—I SAW THEM!—*Macbeth.*

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Hertford, — *Jan.* 1824.

DEAR SIR,—By this time I fear you will have become heartily wearied of the names of Thurtell, Probert, and Hunt, upon which the London newspapers have rung the changes so abominably; I fear this,—because, having consented to give you a narrative of the Trial of these wretched and hardened men, with the eye of a witness, and not the hand of a reporter; and having in consequence of such consent borne up an unfed body with an untired spirit for two days, against iron rails and fat men, I tremble lest all my treasured observations should be thrown away, and my long fatigue prove profitless to my friend. On consideration, however, I have withstood my fears, and have determined not to abandon my narrative;—in the first place, because the newspapers have given so dry a detail of the evidence as to convey no picture of the interesting scene,—and secondly, because in a periodical work like the LONDON MAGAZINE, which ought to record remarkable events as they pass by, a clear account, not made tedious, as far as possibly can be avoided, by repetitions and legal formalities, may be interesting not only to the reader of this year, but to the reader of twenty years hence!—if at that extremely distant period readers should exist—and the Roxburghe Boys should then, as now, save old books from the cheesemonger and the worm!

It is my intention, good my master, to give you the statements only of those persons from whose mouths you will best get the particulars of the murder, and of the circumstances preceding and following it; for, judging by myself, I am sure you and your readers would be fairly tired out, if you were compelled to undergo Mr. Hunt's confession, first poured from his own polluted lips, and then filtered through Mr. Upson, Mr. Beeston, Mr. Symonds, and a host of those worthy Dogberrys of Hertfordshire, who had an opportunity of "wasting all their tediousness upon his Lordship." It is well for the prisoner that Inquiry goes about her business so tiresomely and thoroughly,—but to the hearer and the reader her love of "a twice-told tale" is enough to make a man forswear a court of justice for the rest of his life! I do believe that no man of any occupation would become a thief, if he were fully aware of the punishment of listening to the "damnable iteration" of his own trial. In the present case, we had generally three or four witnesses to the same fact. It is strange that, solitary as the place was, and desperate as was the murder,—the actors, the witnesses,—all,—but the poor helpless devoted thing that perished, were in clusters! The murderers were a cluster! The farmer that heard the pistol had his wife and child, and nurse with him; there were two labourers at work in the lane on the morning after the dreadful butcher-work: there was a merry party at the cottage on the very night, singing and supping, while Weare's mangled carcass was lying darkening in its gore, in the neighbouring field; there were hosts of publicans and ostlers, witnesses of the gang's progress on their blood-journey; and the gigs, the pistols, even the very knives ran in pairs! This is curious at least; and it seems as though it were fated that William

Weare should be the only solitary object on that desperate night, when he clung to life in agony and blood, and was, at last, struck out of existence as a thing single, valueless, and vile!

I shall, as I have promised, avoid repetition; and, when you have read Mr. Gurney's statement for the prosecution, which very perspicuously details the case, as afterwards supported by evidence,—Probert's heartless narration, and his wife's hard-wrung words; I shall call no other witnesses—for none other will be necessary to satisfy the reader. After these I shall but speak of what I saw: I shall but turn my eye to that green table, which is now and will ever be before me, and say what thereon I beheld! I shall but, in the good impressive words of the crier to the jury, "look upon the prisoners;" and describe that one strong desperate man playing the hero of the tragic trial, as at a play; and show his wavering weak comrade, a baby's Turpin! visibly wasting by his side, in the short space of eight-and-forty hours! You want to *see* the trial, you say, not to read of it: Oh! that I could draw from the life with the pen (your pen and ink drawings are the only things to make *old masters* of you)! Then would I trace such lines as should make the readers breathless while they read, and render a Newgate-Calendarian immortal! It was, in spite of what a great authority has said, an unimprovable horror!

You remember how we parted when I left your hospitable table, to take my place in the Hertford coach, on the cold evening of the 5th of December; and how you enjoined me to bear a wary eye on the morrow's trial. I promised you fair.—Well. I had strange companions in the coach with me, a good-looking middle-aged baronet, who was going to Hertford upon speculation; a young foolish talkative reporter who was travelling with all the importance of a Sunday newspaper encircling him, and who had a dirty shirt on his back, and a clean memorandum book tied up in his pocket handkerchief;—all his luggage! And a gentleman of about thirty who was going to his house in Hoddesdon, never having heard of the trial! "not but what he had read something in the news about a baddish murder." We exchanged coach-conversation sparingly, and by fits, as usual. The Sunday press was on *my side* (the only time in my life), and the baronet sat pumping it slily of all its watery gossip; while the Hoddesdon body, at the same time, occasionally kept craftily hitting at the character of a person, whom he declared to have known abroad, and who bears the evil repute of lending his aid to our fellow traveller's paper. We dropped our *fourth* at Hoddesdon, and pretty well played *dummy* the rest of the journey.

The moment I arrived, I called upon the friend who was to give me a bed for the night; a *gift* which, on these occasions, innkeepers and housekeepers are by no means in the habit of indulging in; and I found him with a warm fire, and a kettle singing, aye,—more humanely than Hunt. I soon dispatched the timely refreshment of tea, for during it, I learnt the then strange news of Probert having been admitted evidence for the crown, and of his being at that very moment before the grand jury undergoing his examination. I hastened to the Town Hall (a poor pinched-up building, scarcely big enough to try a well-grown petty-larceny in) and found there the usual assize scene; a huddled cold crowd on a dim stone staircase,—a few men of authority, with their staves and long coats, thence called javelin men; patient oglers of hard-hearted doors, red cloaks, plush breeches, and velveteen jackets—and with all these the low hum of country curiosity! On approaching the door of the grand jury room, wherein stood that bad but not bold man, Probert, I met with a legal friend under whose wing I was to be conducted into the court. He was in some way concerned in the trial; and the first words he accosted me with were "Well!—Probert is in that room!" The dimness of the place helped his sudden words, and I looked at the door that parted me from this wretch, as though it were a glass through which I could see Probert himself darkly. I waited,—the door opened for the eighth of an inch —then arose the murmur and cry, "Probert is coming out!" No! It was only to tell some inveterate *tapster* that he could not be admitted

Another pause—and in the middle of an indifferent conversation, my friend exclaimed—"There—there goes Probert!" And I saw an unwieldy bulk of a man sauntering fearlessly along (he was now safe!) and sullenly proceeding to descend the stairs. I rushed to the balustrade—and saw this man, who had seen all! go step by step quietly down,—having just sealed the fate of his vicious associates (but his associates still) and returning, with his miserable life inflicted upon him, to clanking irons and a prison bed. He was dressed in black, and had gloves on:—But through all these, I saw the creature of Gill's Hill Lane—I saw the miscreant that had held the lantern to the rifled pocket, and the gashed throat,—and I shuddered as I turned away from the staircase vision!

On this night the lovers of sleep were sadly crossed in their love,—for there was a hum of men throughout the streets all the dead-long night,—broken only by the harsher grating of arriving chaises and carriages, which ceased not grinding the gravelled road and vexing the jaded ear till morning. The innkeepers and their servants were up all night, looking out for their prey;—and very late into the night, servant-maids with their arms in their aprons, and sauntering lads, kept awake beyond nine by other men's guilt, were at doors and corners, talking of Thurtell and his awful pair! Gaping witnesses too were idling about Hertford town, dispersing with potent beers and evil spirits, as well as they were able, the scanty wits and frail memories which Providence had allotted to them.—The buzz of conversation, amidst all and in all places, was a low murmur, but of "Thurtell"—"Miss Noyes"—"Probert"—"Mrs. Probert"—and "Hunt." You heard one of these names from a window—or it came from under a gateway,—or over a wall,—or from a post,—or it met you at a corner! these vice-creatures were on all lips—and in no hour betwixt the evening and the morning was their infamy neglected to be tolled upon the night!—The gaol, to which I went for a few minutes, looked solemn in the silence and the gloom;—and I could not but pierce with my mind those massive walls, and see the ironed men restless within;—Thurtell rehearsing his part for the morning's drama, with the love of infamous fame stimulating him to correctness;—(for I was told that evening that he was to make a great display;) and Hunt cowering in his cell, timorous of fate,—while Probert, methought, was steeping his hideous senses in the forgetfulness of sleep—for when such men are safe, they can sleep as though their hearts were as white as innocence or virtue!

We were up early in the morning, and breakfasted by candlelight;—with a sandwich in my pocket I sallied forth to join my legal friend, who had long been dressed, and was sitting at his papers and tea, in all the restlessness of a man whose mind defies and spurns at repose while any thing remains to be accomplished.—We were in court a little after eight o'clock—but as you know that on this day the trial was postponed, I shall not here describe the scene, but shall reserve my description of the prisoners for the actual day of trial, to which I shall immediately proceed.—I should tell you that I saw Mrs. Probert for a few minutes on this day, and was surprised at her mode of conducting herself, having heard, as I knew she had, of her husband's safety.

Immediately that the trial was adjourned I secured a place in the coach, and returned to London. The celebrated Mr. Noel was on the roof,—and my companions inside were an intelligent artist and craniologist, who had been sketching and examining the heads of the prisoners,—and a tradesman from Oxford-street, who had been frightened out of his wits and Hertford, by hearing that pictures of Gill's Hill Cottage were actionable, for he had brought "some very good likenesses of the Pond to sell," and been obliged to take them out of the window of the Seven Compasses, almost the very moment they were placed there! From this December day to the 5th of January—all the agitation of the public press ceased—and murder had no tongue until the day on which it was privileged to speak.

To the day of trial therefore I come;—for I compelled my curiosity to slumber the ordered sleep of the

newspapers.—I arrived at Hertford about the same hour as on the former occasion. I drank tea over again,—sat again by the fire. The former day seemed but a rehearsal of this—and I as anxiously looked for the morning.—Throughout the night Hertford was as sleepless as before.—The window at the Plough was as luminous as usual;—the Half Moon swarmed with post-chaises and drab coats;—and the Seven Stars – the Six Compasses—the Three Tuns—and the Horse and Magpie, abounded with tippling witnesses, all dressed in their Sunday clothes, and contriving to cut a holiday out of the remnant of the murder. "Pipes," as Lord Byron says, were everywhere,—"in the liberal air."

With great and laborious difficulty I made my way into court about half past seven in the morning. The doors were sadly ordered, for instead of the wholesome guardianship of Ruthven, Upson, and Bishop, men who know how to temper a crowd with kind severity, we had great country-constable-bumpkins with long staves, which they handsomely exercised upon those excrescences in which they themselves were deficient, the heads of the curious!—Such bumping of skulls I never before witnessed. Gall would have loved them. One or two sensible officers might have kept the entrances free and quiet:—but Tumult had it all her own way.

The Court was crowded to excess. It appeared to be more closely and inconveniently packed than on the first day,—and even at this early hour the window panes, from the great heat, were streamed and streaming with wet. The reporters were closely hedged in, and as a person observed to me, had scarcely room to write even *short hand.*

Before the entrance of the judge, the clerk of the arraigns beckoned Mr. Wilson, the humane jailer of Hertford prison, to the table, and inquired of him whether the fetters were removed from the prisoners: Mr. Wilson replied that they were not, as he did not consider it advisable to free them without orders. The clerk recommended the removal, and Mr. Wilson, apparently against his own will, consented,—declaring that he thought it "dangerous." Mr. Andrews, Thurtell's counsel, said impressively there was no danger—and the jailer retired to take the chains from his charge. I had heard that Thurtell meditated and even threatened violence against Hunt,—and indeed Hunt himself apprehended some attack from his tremendous companion;—but the former had evidently been counselled as to the effect of such vengeance being wreaked, and doubtless he had himself come to the conviction that revenge was a profitless passion,—and particularly so at such a time!

At eight o'clock the trumpets of the javelin men brayed the arrival of Mr. Justice Park, who shortly afterwards entered the court and took his seat:—as usual the *court* was colloquial respecting the heat,—and the crowd,—and the sitting down of tall men,—to the loss of much of that imposing dignity with which the ermine and trumpets invariably surround a judge. Sir Allan is a kind but a warm tempered man: and few things distract him so much as the disorder occasioned by full-grown persons standing up, or by unwieldy men in any position. I really think he would not be able to endure even a *standing order!*

The pressure was great at this early time. Only one space seemed left, and who, to be ever so comfortably accommodated, would have filled it? The dock was empty! Some short time was lost in the removing of the irons from the prisoners,—and although the order to "place the prisoners at the bar" had long been given,—the anxious stretch of the crowd to behold them was not relieved by their presence.

The situation in which I stood commanded the entrance to the dock, which was from the back part of it: it was lost in gloom, and seemed like the dark portal to a condemned cell. At length, the approach of the prisoners could be discerned. Hunt entered first and took his place at the bar; and Thurtell immediately followed. They slightly bowed to the court. Every motion of Thurtell seemed watched and guarded at first; but when from his attention to his papers, it was clear that he had no idea of violence, his actions were less observed by his keepers.

Hunt was dressed in black, with a white cravat and a white handker

chief, carefully disposed, so as to give the appearance of a white under waistcoat. There was a foppery in the adjustment of this part of his dress, which was well seconded by the affected carriage of his head and shoulders, and by the carefully disposed *disorder* of his hair. It was combed forward over his ears from the back part of his head, and divided nicely on his forehead, so as to allow one lock to lie half-curled upon it. His forehead itself was white, feminine, and unmeaning; indeed his complexion was extremely delicate, and looked more so from the raven blackness of his hair. Nothing could be weaker than his features, which were small and regular, but destitute of the least manly expression. His eye was diminutive and unmeaning, indeed coldly black and poor. He gazed around at the crowded court, with the look and the attitude of a person on the stage just about to sing. Indeed the whole bearing of Hunt was such as to convince any person that even his baseness was not to be relied upon, that his self-regard was too deep to make him bear danger for his companions, or to contemplate death while safety could be purchased at any price!

Beside him stood the murderer—complete in frame, face, eye, and daring!—The contrast was singularly striking,—fatal indeed, to the opinion which it created of Thurtell. He was dressed in a plum-coloured frock coat, with a drab waistcoat and gilt buttons, and white corded breeches. His neck had a black stock on, which fitted as usual stiffly up to the bottom of the cheek and end of the chin, and which therefore pushed forward the flesh on this part of the face so as to give an additionally sullen weight to the countenance. The lower part of the face was unusually large, muscular, and heavy, and appeared to hang like a load to the head, and to make it drop like the mastiff's jowl. The upper lip was long and large, and the mouth had a severe and dogged appearance. His nose was rather small for such a face, but it was not badly shaped: his eyes too were small and buried deep under his protruding forehead, so indeed as to defy you to detect their colour. The forehead was extremely strong, bony, and knotted;—and the eyebrows were forcibly marked though irregular;—that over the right eye being nearly straight, and that on the left turning up to a point so as to give a very painful expression to the whole face. His hair was of a good lightish brown, and not worn after any fashion. I have been thus particular, because, although I have seen many pictures, I have seen none resembling him in any respect, and I should like to give you some idea of him. His frame was exceedingly well knit and athletic—and if you have ever seen Shelton the prize-fighter, you will have a perfect idea of John Thurtell,—even to the power and the stoop of the shoulders. I observed that Thurtell seldom looked at the person with whom he conversed,—for whenever he addressed Wilson, or his solicitor, or a turnkey, he leant his head side-ways to the speaker, but looked straight forward. He had a large bundle of papers and books,—and very shortly after being placed at the bar he commenced making remarks and penning notes to his counsel and advisers.

The trial commenced I should conceive about ten o'clock; for some time was consumed in a fruitless application on the part of Hunt for a further postponement of his trial to allow of his petitioning the crown for mercy on the ground of his confession before the magistrates. The Jury were mustered by main strength—and several Hertfordshire yeomen seemed much perplexed at hearing that they were *challenged*:—indeed one or two had taken a comfortable seat in the box, and seemed determined not to be *called out*.

It now fell to Mr. Gurney's lot to detail the case, which he did in a slow, distinct, and concise manner, pretty well in the following words. The Jury listened with an almost breathless attention—and in several of the most appalling parts of his statement,—there was a cold drawing in of the breath and an involuntary murmur throughout the whole court. The Judge, who had read the depositions, leant back in his chair at the narrative!

—The deceased, whose murder was the subject of the present inquiry, was the late Mr. William Weare—a man, it was said, addicted to play, and, as had been suggested, connected with gaming-houses. Whether he was the best, or the least esti-

mable individual in society, was no part of their present consideration. The prisoner at the bar, John Thurtell, had been his acquaintance, and in some practices of play had, it was said, been wronged by him, and deprived of a large sum of money. The other prisoner, Hunt, was described as being a public singer, and also known to Mr. Weare, but not, as he believed, in habits of friendship. Probert, who was admitted as an accomplice, had been in trade a spirit-dealer, and rented a cottage in Gill's-hill-lane, near Elstree. It was situate in a by-lane, going out of the London-road to St. Alban's, and two or three miles beyond Elstree. The cottage of Probert was, it would appear, selected from its seclusion, as the fit spot for the perpetration of the murder. Probert was himself much engaged in London, and his wife generally resided at the cottage, which was a small one, and pretty fully occupied in the accommodation of Mrs. Probert, her sister, (Miss Noyes,) some children of Thomas Thurtell's, (the prisoner's brother,) and a maid and boy servant. It should seem, from what had taken place, that the deceased had been invited by John Thurtell, to this place to enjoy a day or two's shooting. It would be proved that the prisoner Thurtell met the deceased at a billiard-room, kept by one Rexworthy, on the Thursday night previous to the murder. They were joined there by Hunt. On the forenoon of the Friday, he (deceased) was with Rexworthy at the same place, and said he was going for a day's shooting into the country. Weare went from the billiard-rooms between three and four o'clock to his chambers in Lyon's inn, where he partook of a chop dinner, and afterwards packed up, in a green carpet bag, some clothes, and a mere change of linen, such as a journey for the time he had specified might require. He also took with him when he left his chambers, in a hackney coach, which the laundress had called, a double-barrelled gun, and a backgammon box, dice, &c. He left his chambers in this manner before four o'clock, and drove first to Charing-cross, and afterwards to Maddox-street, Hanover-square; from thence he proceeded to the New-road, where he went out of the coach, and returned after some time, accompanied by another person, and took his things away. Undoubtedly the deceased left town on that evening with the expectation of reaching Gill's-hill cottage; but it had been previously determined by his companions, that he should never reach that spot alive. He would here beg to state a few of the circumstances which had occurred antecedent to the commission of the crime. Thomas and John Thurtell were desirous of some temporary concealment, owing to their inability to provide the bail requisite to meet some charge of misdemeanor, and Probert had procured for them a retreat at Tetsall's, the sign of the Coach and Horses, in Conduit-street, where they remained for two or three weeks previous to the murder. On the morning of Friday, the 24th of October, two men, answering in every respect to the description of John Thurtell and Hunt, went to a pawnbroker's in Mary-le-bone, and purchased a pair of pocket-pistols. In the middle of the same day, Hunt hired a gig, and afterwards a horse, under the pretence of going to Dartford in Kent; he also inquired where he could purchase a sack and a rope, and was directed to a place over Westminster-bridge, which, he was told, was on his road into Kent. Somewhere, however, it would be found that he did procure a sack and cord, and he met the same afternoon, at Tetsall's, Thomas Thurtell and Noyes. They were all assembled together at the Coach and Horses in Conduit-street. When he made use of the names of the two last individuals, he begged distinctly to be understood as saying, that he had no reason to believe that either Thomas Thurtell or Noyes were privy to the guilty purpose of the prisoners. Some conversation took place at the time between the parties, and Hunt was heard to ask Probert if he "would be in it,"—meaning what they (Hunt and John Thurtell) were about. Thurtell drove off from Tetsall's between four and five o'clock to take up a friend, as he said to Probert, "to be killed as he travelled with him;" an expression which Probert said at the time he believed to have been a piece of idle bravado. He requested Probert to bring down Hunt in his own gig. In the course of that evening, the prisoner Thurtell is seen in a gig, with a horse of a very remarkable colour. He was a sort of iron grey, with a white face and white legs—very particular marks for identity. He was first seen by a patrole near Edgeware; beyond that part of the road he was seen by the landlord; but from that time of the evening until his arrival at Probert's cottage on the same night, they had no direct evidence to trace him. Probert, according to Thurtell's request, drove Hunt down in his gig, and, having a better horse, on the road they overtook Thurtell and Weare in the gig, and passed them without notice. They stopped afterwards at some public-house on the road to drink grog, where they believe Thurtell must have passed them unperceived. Probert drove Hunt until they reached Phillimore-lodge, where he (Hunt) got out, as he said by Thurtell's desire, to wait for him. Probert from thence drove alone to Gill's-hill cottage, in the lane near which he met Thurtell, on foot, alone. Thurtell inquired, Where was Hunt, had he been left behind? he then added, that he had done the business without his assistance, and had killed his man. At his desire, Probert returned to bring Hunt to the spot, when he (Probert) went to Hunt for that purpose. When they met, he told Hunt what had happened. "Why it was to be done here," said Hunt (pointing to nearer Phillimore-lodge), admitting his privity, and that he had got out to assist in the commission of the deed. When Thurtell rebuked Hunt for his absence; "Why (said the latter), you had the tools." "They were no good," replied Thurtell; "the pistols

were no better than pop-guns. I fired at his cheek, and it glanced off"—that Weare ran out of the gig, cried for mercy, and offered to return the money he had fobbed him of—that he (Thurtell) pursued him up the lane when he jumped out of the gig. Finding the pistol unavailing, he attempted to reach him by cutting the penknife across his throat, and ultimately finished him by driving the barrel of the pistol into his head, and turning it in his brains, after he had penetrated the forehead. Such was the manner in which Thurtell described himself to have disposed of the deceased, and they would hear from Probert what he said on the occasion. A gig was about that time heard to drive very quickly past Probert's cottage. The servant-lad expected his master, and thought he had arrived; but he did not make his appearance. Five minutes after that period, certain persons, who would be called in evidence, and who happened to be in the road, distinctly heard the report of a gun or pistol, which was followed by voices, as if in contention. Violent groans were next heard, which, however, became fainter and fainter, and then died away altogether. The spot where the report of the pistol and the sound of groans were heard, was Gill's-hill-lane, and near it was situated the cottage of Probert. They had now, therefore, to keep in mind, that Thurtell arrived at about nine o'clock in the evening at Probert's cottage, having set off from Conduit-street at five o'clock; and though he had been seen on the road in company with another person in the gig, yet it appeared that he arrived at the cottage alone, having in his possession the double-barrelled gun, the green carpet-bag, and the backgammon-board, which Mr. Weare took away with him. He gave his horse to the boy, and the horse appeared to have sweated, and to be in a cool state, which corroborated the fact that he had stopped a good while on his way. He left Conduit-street, it should be observed, at five, and arrived at the cottage at nine—a distance which under ordinary circumstances, would not have occupied more than two hours. The boy inquired after Probert and Hunt, and was told that they would soon be at the cottage. At length, a second gig arrived, and those two persons were in it. They rode, while Thurtell, who went to meet them, walked with them. The boy having cleaned his master's horse, then performed the same office for the horse of Thurtell, which occupied a good deal of time. Probert went into the house. Neither Thurtell nor Hunt was expected by Mrs. Probert. With Thurtell she was acquainted; but Hunt was a stranger, and was formally introduced to her. They then supped on some pork chops, which Hunt had brought down with him from London. They then went out, as Probert said, to visit Mr. Nicholls, a neighbour of his; but their real object was to go down to the place where the body of Weare was deposited. Thurtell took them to the spot down the lane, and the body was dragged through the hedge into the adjoining field. The body was, as he had previously described it to be, enclosed in a sack. They then effectually rifled the deceased man, Thurtell having informed his companions, that he had, in the first instance, taken part of his property. They then went back to the cottage. It ought to be stated, that Thurtell, before he went out, placed a large sponge in the gig; and when he returned from this expedition, he went to the stable and sponged himself with great care. He endeavoured to remove the spots of blood, many of which were distinctly seen by Probert's boy; and certainly such marks would be observable on the person of any one who had been engaged in such a transaction. In the course of the evening Thurtell produced a gold watch, without a chain, which occasioned several remarks. He also displayed a gold curb chain, which might be used for a watch, when doubled; or, when singled, might be worn round a lady's neck. On producing the chain, it was remarked that it was more fit for a lady than a gentleman; on which Thurtell pressed it on Mrs. Probert, and made her accept it. An offer was afterwards made that a bed should be given to Thurtell and Hunt, which was to be accomplished by Miss Noyes giving up her bed, and sleeping with the children. This was refused, Thurtell and Hunt observing, that they would rather sit up. Miss Noyes, therefore, retired to her own bed. Something, however, occurred, which raised suspicion in the mind of Mrs. Probert; and, indeed, it was scarcely possible, if it was at all possible, for persons who had been engaged in a transaction of this kind to avoid some disorder of mind—some absence of thought that was calculated to excite suspicion. In consequence of observing those feelings, Mrs. Probert did not go to bed, or undress herself. She went to the window and looked out, and saw that Probert, Hunt, and Thurtell, were in the garden. It would be proved that they went down to the body, and, finding it too heavy to be removed, one of the horses was taken from the stable. The body was then thrown across the horse; and stones having been put into the sack, the body, with the sack thus rendered weighty by the stones, was thrown into the pond. Mrs. Probert distinctly saw something heavy drawn across the garden where Thurtell was. The parties then returned to the house; and Mrs. Probert, whose fears and suspicions were now most powerfully excited, went down stairs and listened behind the parlour door. The parties now proceeded to share the booty; and Thurtell divided with them to the amount of 6*l.* each. The purse, the pocket-book, and certain papers which might lead to detection, were carefully burned. They remained up late; and Probert, when he went to bed, was surprised to find that his wife was not asleep. Hunt and Thurtell still continued to sit up in the parlour. The next morning, as early as six o'clock, Hunt and Thurtell were both seen out, and in the

lane together. Some men who were at work there, observed them, as they called it, "grabbling" for something in the hedge. They were spoken to by these men, and as persons thus accosted must say something, Thurtell observed, "that it was a very bad road, and that he had nearly been capsized there last night." The men said, "I hope you were not hurt." Thurtell answered, "Oh no, the gig was not upset," and they then went away. These men, thinking something might have been lost on the spot, searched after Hunt and Thurtell were gone. In one place, they found a quantity of blood, further on they discovered a bloody knife, and next they found a bloody pistol—one of the identical pair which he would show were purchased by Hunt. That pistol bore upon it the marks of blood and of human brains. The spot was afterwards still further examined, and more blood was discovered, which had been concealed by branches and leaves, so that no doubt could be entertained that the murder had been committed in this particular place. On the following morning, Saturday, the 25th of October, Thurtell and Hunt left Probert's cottage in the gig which Hunt had come down in, carrying away with them the gun, the carpet-bag, and the backgammon-board, belonging to Mr. Weare. These articles were taken to Hunt's lodgings, where they were afterwards found. When Hunt arrived in town on Saturday, he appeared to be unusually gay. He said, "We Turpin lads can do the trick. I am able to drink wine now, and I will drink nothing but wine." He seemed to be very much elevated at the recollection of some successful exploit. It was observed, that Thurtell's hands were very much scratched, and some remark having been made on the subject, he stated, "that they had been out netting partridges, and that his hands got scratched in that occupation." On some other points, he gave similarly evasive answers. On Sunday, John Thurtell, Thomas Thurtell, Noyes, and Hunt, spent the day at Probert's cottage. Hunt went down dressed in a manner so very shabby, as to excite observation. But in the course of the day he went up stairs, and attired himself in very handsome clothes. There was very little doubt that those were the clothes of the deceased Mr. Weare. He had now to call the attention of the jury to a very remarkable circumstance. On the Saturday Hunt had a new spade sent to his lodgings, which he took down to the cottage on Sunday. When he got near Probert's garden, he told that individual, "that he had brought it down to dig a hole to bury the body in." On that evening, Probert did really visit Mr. Nicholls; and the latter said to him, "that some persons had heard the report of a gun or pistol in the lane, on Friday evening; but he supposed it was some foolish joke." Probert, on his return, stated this to Thurtell and Hunt, and the information appeared to alarm the former, who said, "he feared he should be hanged." The intelligence, however, inspired them all with a strong desire to conceal the body effectually. Probert wished it to be removed from his pond; for, had it been found there, he knew it would be important evidence against himself. He declared that he would not suffer it to remain there; and Thurtell and Hunt promised to come down on the Monday, and remove it. On Monday, Thurtell and Hunt went out in the gig, and in furtherance of that scene of villany which they meditated, they took with them Probert's boy. They carried him to various places, and finally lodged the boy at Mr. Tetsall's, in Conduit-street. On the evening of that same Monday, Hunt and Thurtell came down to the cottage. Hunt engaged Mrs. Probert in conversation, while Thurtell and Probert took the body out of the pond, put it into Thurtell's gig, and then gave notice to Hunt that the gig was ready. In this manner they carried away the body that night; but where they took it to, Probert did not know. It appeared, however, that the body was carried to a pond near Elstree, at a considerable distance from Probert's cottage, and there sunk, as it had before been in Probert's pond, in a sack containing a considerable quantity of stones. Hunt and Thurtell then went to London; and the appearance of the gig the next morning clearly told the way in which it had been used over night; a quantity of blood and mud being quite perceptible at the bottom. The parties heard that the report of the pistol in the lane on the Friday evening, and the discovery of the blood in the field, had led to great alarm amongst the magistracy. Inquiry was set on foot, and Thurtell, Hunt, and Probert were at length apprehended. It was found that Hunt had adopted a peculiar mode for the purpose of concealing his identity; for when he was hiring the gig, and doing various other acts connected with this atrocious proceeding, he wore very long whiskers; but on the Monday after the murder, he had them taken off; and they all knew that nothing could possibly alter the appearance of a man more than the taking away of large bushy whiskers. Strict inquiries were made by the magistrates, but nothing was ascertained to prove to a certainty who was murdered. The body was, however, found on the Thursday, Hunt having given evidence as to the place where the body was deposited. The evidence which Hunt gave, and which led to the finding of the body, he would use: but no other fact coming out of his mouth, save that, would he advert to. He was entitled, in point of law, to make use of that. The fact only of the disclosure by Hunt, in consequence of which the body was discovered, was he permitted to make use of; and to that alone, so far as Hunt's confession went, he would confine himself. But by reference to his conversations with others, and to various circumstances not adverted to by him, he was convinced that he should be enabled to establish a perfect and complete chain of evidence. He had now stated the principal part of the facts which it would be his duty to lay before the jury.

Some of them, they must observe, would depend on the evidence of an accomplice; for Probert, though not an accomplice *before* the murder, was confessedly privy to a certain part of the transaction—to the concealment of the body—to the concealment, consequently, of the murder. He must be looked upon as a bad, a very bad man. He was presented to the jury in that character. What good man could everlend himself, in the remotest degree, to so revolting a transaction? An accomplice must always be, in a greater or less extent, a base man. The jury would therefore receive the evidence of Probert with extreme caution; and they would mark, with peculiar attention, how far his evidence was confirmed by testimony that could not be impeached. But he would adduce such witnesses in confirmation of Probert's statement—he would so confirm him in every point, as to build up his testimony with a degree of strength and consistency which could not be shaken, much less overturned. He would prove by other witnesses besides Probert, that Thurtell set out with a companion from London, who did not arrive at the ostensible end of his journey; he would prove that he had brought the property of that companion to Probert's house, the double-barrelled gun, the backgammon-board, and the green carpet-bag; he would prove, that some time before he arrived at the cottage, the report of a gun or pistol was heard in Gill's-hill-lane, not far from the cottage; he would prove that his clothes were in a bloody state; and that, when he was apprehended, even on the Wednesday after the murder, he had not been able to efface all the marks from his apparel. Besides all this, they would find, that in his pocket, when apprehended, there was a penknife which was positively sworn to as having belonged to Mr. Weare, and also the fellow-pistol of that which was found adjoining the place where the murder was committed,—the pair having been purchased in Mary-le-bone-street by Hunt. These circumstances brought the case clearly home to Thurtell. Next as to Hunt. He was charged as an accomplice before the fact. It was evident that he advised this proceeding. For what purpose, but to advise, did he proceed to the cottage? He was a stranger to Mrs. Probert and her family; he was not expected at the cottage. There was not for him, as there was for Thurtell, an apology for his visit. He hired a gig, and he procured a sack—the jury knew to what end and purpose. They would also bear in mind, that the gun, travelling-bag, and backgammon-board, were found in his lodging. These constituted a part of the plunder of Mr. Weare, and could only be possessed by a person participating in this crime. Besides, there was placed about the neck of Probert's wife, a chain, which had belonged to Mr. Weare, and round the neck of the murdered man there was found a shawl, which belonged to Thurtell, but which had been seen in the hands of Hunt. In giving this summary of the case, he had not stated every circumstance connected with it. His great anxiety was, not to state that which he did not firmly believe would be borne out by evidence. One circumstance he had omitted, which he felt it necessary to lay before the jury. It was, that a watch was seen in the possession of Thurtell, which he would show belonged to Mr. Weare. After Thurtell was apprehended, and Hunt had said something on the subject of this transaction, an officer asked Thurtell what he had done with the watch? He answered that, "when he was taken into custody, he put his hand behind him, and chucked it away." Thurtell also made another disclosure. He said, when questioned, "that other persons, near the spot, were concerned in it, whom he forbore to mention." As to Thurtell, the evidence would, he believed, clearly prove him to have been the perpetrator of the murder; and with respect to Hunt, it was equally clear that he was an accessory before the fact.

I have to the best of my ability given you the circumstances as detailed by Mr. Gurney, and have omitted his preliminary remarks and observations as to evidence. You have now the case before you as it was made out by the witnesses, whose examinations therefore I shall suppress—with the exception of those of Mr. and Mrs. Probert, which are too interesting and curious to allow of omission. Before I come to these, however, I must have your leave to describe a few of the witnesses, and to relate the effect which occasionally I remarked their evidence to have upon the prisoners.

The officers and constables gave their accounts plainly, firmly, and ungrammatically, as gentlemen in their line generally do; and Mr. Ward, the surgeon of Watford, described the injuries of the deceased in a very intelligent manner, in spite of Mr. Platt, whose questions might have pozed the clearest heads. When Ruthven was called, there was a great stir in the court, as it was known that he had in his possession several articles of great interest. He took his place in the witness box, and in the course of his examination deposited on the table a pistol, and a pistol-key, a knife, a muslin handkerchief spotted with blood,—a shirt, similarly stained; and a waistcoat, into the pockets of which bloody hands had been thrust. A coat and a hat marked with blood were also produced. These all belonged to Thurtell, and he looked at them with

an eye of perfect indifference. Ruthven then produced several articles belonging to the deceased,—the gun, the carpet bag, and the clothes;—there was the shooting jacket, with the dog-whistle hanging at the button hole, the half dirty leggings, the shooting shoes, the linen: and yet the sight of these things had no effect on either of the prisoners.

Symmonds the constable, when sworn, took from his pocket a white folded paper, which he carefully undid, and produced to the court the fatal pistol with which the murder had been committed. It was a blue steel-barrelled pistol, with brass about the handle; the pan was opened, as the firing had left it, and was smeared with the black of gunpowder and the dingy stain of blood. The barrel was bloody, and in the muzzle a piece of tow was thrust, to keep in the horrid contents, the murdered man's brains. Against the back of the pan were the short curled hairs, of a silver sabled hue, which had literally been dug from the man's head: they were glued to the pan firmly with crusted blood!—This deadly and appalling instrument made all shudder, save the murderers, who on the contrary looked unconcernedly at it, and I should say their very unconcern, when all others were thrilled, was guilt!

Thomas Thurtell, when called, seemed affected—and his brother seemed calm. Miss Noyes was very plain and very flippant. Rexworthy, the billiard-table keeper, spoke of his dead friend with great decision; but the brother of Weare was truly shocked, and his sincere grief exposed the art and trickery of many serious and hysterical witnesses. The landlords were all thorough-bred landlords, sleek, sly and rosy. Mr. Field of the Artichoke, with a head which Rexworthy could have *cannoned* off, was a very meek kindly tapster. His little round head, with a little round nose to suit, a domestic nose, that would not quit the face, with a voice thin as small ale, was right pleasant to behold. The ostlers were *rather* overtaken,—all except he of the stable in Cross-street, Jem Shepherd, a thin, sober, pert fellow, who said all he knew clean out. Old John Butler, of the Bald Faced Stag, had steadied himself with very heavy liquor, and he contrived to eject his evidence out of his smock frock with tolerable correctness. Dick Bingham, another hero of the pitchfork, was quite *undisguised*, and he seemed to be confident and clear in proportion to the cordials and compounds.

Little Addis, Probert's boy, was a boy of uncommon quickness and pretty manner. He was a nice ingenuous lad. When you saw his youth, his innocence, his pretty face and frankness, you shuddered to think of the characters he had associated with, and the scenes he had witnessed. His little artless foot had kicked up the bloody leaves; he had seen the stains fresh on the murderer's clothes. His escape from death was miraculous!

The cook, Susan Woodroofe, had no prepossessing appearance. She had no great skill too in language. like Dan in John Bull, who when asked if he ever *deviated*, said—No! —he always *whistled*:—she in speaking of the supper, when Mr. Bolland asked her if it was *postponed!* she replied—No! It was *pork!*

When Probert was called, he was ushered through the dock into the body of the court. The most intense interest at his entering the witness box was evidently felt by all persons, in which indeed even the prisoners joined. Hunt stood up, and looked much agitated:—Thurtell eyed the witness sternly and composedly. Probert was very well dressed; and had a pair of new gloves on. He did not seem the least ashamed of his situation, but stood firmly up to answer Mr. Gurney, who very solemnly prefaced his examination, with charging him to tell the whole truth. The face of Probert is marked with deceit in every lineament. The eyes are like those of a vicious horse, and the lips are thick and sensual. His forehead recedes villanously in amongst a bush of grizzly black hair—and his ears project out of the like cover. His head and legs are too small for his body, and altogether he is an awkward, dastardly, and a wretched-looking animal. He gave the following account with no hesitation, or shame, and stood up against Mr. Andrewes's exposure with a face of brass. Indeed he seems to fear nothing but

death or bodily pain. His grammar was very nearly as bad as his heart!

I occupied a cottage in Gill's-hill-lane six months before October last; my family consisted of Mrs. Probert, her two sisters (Misses Noyes), part of the summer a servant maid and a boy; in the month of October, only one Miss Noyes lived with us. In October also I had some children of Thomas Thurtell's, two - none of my own. T. Thurtell is a brother of the prisoner's. I have been for some time past acquainted with the prisoner, John Thurtell; he had been down to my cottage often, sporting with me; he knew the road to my cottage, and all the roads thereabouts, well. Gill's-hill-lane, in which my cottage was, was out of the high road to St. Alban's, at Radlett; my cottage was about a quarter of a mile from my high road. My regular way to the cottage would be to go along the high road through Radlett; there was a nearer way, but that was my usual way. My cottage was fourteen miles and a quarter from Tyburn turnpike. In the latter end of October, the week in which this happened, the prisoner, John Thurtell, lodged at Tetsall's, the Coach and Horses, in Conduit-street; Thomas Thurtell lodged there also. They were there every day that week. On Friday the 24th, I dined at Tetsall's with John Thurtell and Hunt; Thomas Thurtell and Noyes were there also. After dinner, Thurtell said something to me about money. Four days previous to the 24th, I borrowed 10*l.* from John Thurtell; he then said, you must let me have it back on the Thursday or Friday; on the Thursday I saw him at Mr. Tetsall's, and he asked me if I had got the 10*l.*; I told him I had not; I had not collected any money. He said, I told you I should want it to-day or to-morrow, else it will be 300*l.* out of my pocket; but if you will let me have it to-morrow, it will answer the same purpose. On the next day (Friday) I paid him 5*l.* I borrowed 5*l.* of Mr Tetsall; that was after dinner. He then said, I think I shall go down to your cottage to-night; are you going down? and asked me if I could drive Hunt down. I said "yes." He said, I expect a friend to meet me this evening a little after five, and if he comes I shall go down. If I have an opportunity I mean to do him, for he is a man that has robbed me of several hundreds. He added, I have told Hunt where to stop. I shall want him about a mile and a half beyond Elstree. If I should not go down, give Hunt a pound—which I did. Hunt had just come in, and Thurtell said, "There, Joe, there's a pound; if Probert don't come, hire a horse, you know where to stop for me." I do not know that Hunt made any answer; I gave him twenty shillings in silver; Thurtell left the Coach and Horses almost immediately, in a horse and chaise; it was a grey horse; I believe Hunt brought the horse and chaise; Thurtell left a little after five. I afterwards set off to go in my own gig; I took Hunt with me. When I came to the middle of Oxford-street, Hunt got out of the gig to purchase a loin of pork, by my request, for supper. When we came to the top of Oxford-street, Hunt said, "This is the place Jack is to take up his friend at." In our way down we overtook Thurtell, about four miles from London. Hunt said to me, "There they are; drive by, and take no notice." He added, "It's all right; Jack has got him." There were two persons in the gig—Thurtell and another; I passed them and said nothing. I stopped at a public-house called the Bald-faced Stag, about seven miles from London, two miles short of Edgware. It was then, perhaps, a quarter to seven. When Hunt said "It's all right," I asked him what was his name? Hunt replied, "You are not to know his name; you never saw him; you know nothing of him." I got out at the Bald-faced Stag; I supplied the house with spirits. Hunt walked on, and said, "I'll not go in, because I have not returned the horse-cloths I borrowed." I stopped about twenty minutes; I then drove on, and overtook Hunt about a quarter of a mile from Edgware. I took him up, and we drove to Mr. Clarke's, at Edgware. We had a glass of brandy and water. I should think we did not stop ten minutes; we went into the bar. We stopped a little further in Edgware; and bought half a bushel of corn; I was out of corn at home; I put it in the gig. Hunt then said, "I wonder where Thurtell is; he can't have passed us." We then drove on to the Artichoke, kept by Mr. Field. We got there within about eight minutes of eight. Neither I nor Hunt got out. We had four or five glasses of brandy and water, waiting for the express purpose of Thurtell coming up; we thought we heard a horse and chaise, and started; I think we stopped more than three quarters of an hour at Elstree. We went about a mile and a half, to Mr. Phillimore's Lodge, to wait for Thurtell. Hunt said, I shall wait here for John Thurtell, and he got out on the road. I drove on through Radlett, towards my own cottage; when I came near my own cottage, within about a hundred yards, I met John Thurtell; he was on foot; he says "Hallo! where's Hunt?" I said I had left him waiting near Phillimore's Lodge for him; John Thurtell said to that, "Oh, I don't want him now, for I have done the trick;" he said he had killed his friend that he had brought down with him; he had ridded the country of a villain, who had robbed him of three or four hundred pounds!" I said, "Good God! I hope you have not killed the man?" and he said "It's of no consequence to you, you don't know him, nor you never saw him; do you go back and fetch Hunt, you know best where you left him!" I returned to the place where I left Hunt, and found him near the spot where I left him. Thurtell did not go. I said to Hunt, when I took him up, "John Thurtell is at my house—he has killed his friend;" and Hunt said, "Thank God, I am out of it; I am glad he has done it without me; I can't think where the devil he could pass; I never

saw him pass any where, but I'm glad I'm out of it." He said, "This is the place we was to have done it," (meaning near Phillimore's Lodge); I asked him who the man was, and he said "You don't know him, and I shall not tell you;" he said it was a man that had robbed Jack of several hundred pounds, and they meant to have it back again; by that time I had reached my own house; John Thurtell stood at the gate; we drove into the yard; Hunt says, "Thurtell, where could you pass me?" Thurtell replied, "It don't matter where I passed you, I've done the trick—I have done it;" Thurtell said, "What the devil did you let Probert stop drinking at his d—d public houses for, when you knew what was to be done?" Hunt said, "I made sure you were behind or else we should not have stopped;" I then took the loin of pork into the kitchen and gave it to the servant to cook for supper. I then went into the parlour and introduced Hunt to Mrs. Probert; he had never been there before. Thurtell followed immediately; we had stopped in the yard a little time before we went in. I returned to the parlour and told Mrs. Probert we were going to Mr. Nichols's to get leave for a day's shooting; before we went out Thurtell took a sack and a cord with him. We then went down the lane, I carried the lantern; as we went along Thurtell said, "I began to think, Hunt, you would not come." Hunt said, "We made sure you were behind." I walked foremost; Thurtell said, "Probert, he is just beyond the second turning." When he came to the second turning he said, "It's a little further on." He at length said, "This is the place." We then looked about for a pistol and knife, but could not find either; we got over the hedge and there found the body lying; the head was bound up in a shawl, I think a red one (here the shawl already produced, was shown to witness); I can't say that is the shawl. Thurtell searched the deceased's pockets, and found a pocket-book containing three five pound notes, a memorandum book, and some silver. John Thurtell said, "This is all he has got, I took the watch and purse when I killed him." The body was then put into a sack, head foremost; the sack came to the knees, and was tied with a cord; it was the sack John Thurtell had taken out of the gig; we then left the body there and went towards home. Thurtell said, "When I first shot him he jumped out of the gig and ran like the devil, singing out that 'he would deliver all he had if I'd only spare his life.'" John Thurtell said, "I jumped out of the gig and ran after him; I got him down, and began to cut his throat, as I thought, close to the jugular vein, but I could not stop his singing out; I then jammed the pistol into his head; I gave it a turn round, and then I knew I had done him." He then said to Hunt; "Joe, you ought to have been with me, for I thought at one time he would have got the better of me. These d—d pistols are like spits, they are of no use." Hunt said, "I should have thought one of those pistols would have killed him dead, but you had plenty of tools with you;" we then returned to the house and supped. In the course of the evening, after supper, John Thurtell produced a handsome gold watch; I think double cased; it had a gold chain attached to it. He took off the chain and offered to make Mrs. Probert a present of it, saying it was more fit for a lady than a gentleman. Mrs. Probert refused for some time, but at length accepted of it. He put the watch and seal in his pocket; we had no spare bed that night; I asked when they would go to bed. I said my sister would sleep with Thomas Thurtell's children, and that they could have her bed. They answered they would sleep on the sofa. Hunt sang two or three songs after supper; he is a professional singer. Mrs. Probert and Miss Noyes went to bed between twelve and one. When they were gone, John Thurtell took out a pocket-book, a purse, and a memorandum-book; the purse contained sovereigns; I can't say how many. He took 15*l.* in notes from the pocket-book, and gave Hunt and myself a 5*l.* note and a sovereign each, saying—"that's your share of the blunt." There were several papers in the books; they and the purse and books were burnt; a carpet bag was opened. Thurtell said it had belonged to the man he had murdered; it contained wearing apparel and shooting materials; they were examined and put in again; I think two or three silk handkerchiefs were left out; there was also a backgammon-board, containing dice and cards; I also saw a double-barrelled gun; it was taken out of a case and looked at; all the things were taken away next day in a gig, by Thurtell and Hunt. After this, Thurtell said, "I mean to have Barber Beaumont and Woods;" Barber Beaumont is a director of a fire office with which John Thurtell had some dispute; Woods is a young man in London who keeps company with Miss Noyes. It was a general conversation, and I cannot recollect the particulars; he might have mentioned other names, but I can't recollect them. Thurtell said to Hunt, "We must now go out and fetch the body, and put it in the pond." I said, "By G—d, you shan't put it in the pond, you'll be my ruin else." There is a pond in my ground. Thurtell said, "Had it not been for the mistake of Hunt I should have killed him in the other lane, and returned to town and inquired of his friends why he had not come." First, only Thurtell and Hunt went out; when they came back, Hunt said, "Probert, he is too heavy, we can't carry him; we have only brought him a little way." Thurtell said, "Will you go with us? I'll put the bridle on my horse and fetch him." I went out to the stable with him, and left Hunt waiting near the gate. Thurtell's horse was brought out, and Thurtell and I went down and brought the body on the horse; Hunt did not go with us. We took the body to Mr. Wardle's field, near my gate. Hunt took the horse back to the stable, and came back to the garden, and we dragged the body down the garden to the pond; we put some stones in the sack, and threw the body into the pond.

The man's feet were perhaps half a foot above the water; John Thurtell got a cord, threw it round the feet, and gave me the other end, and I dragged it into the centre of the pond, and it sunk. We all three returned to the cottage, and I went to bed almost immediately. I found my wife up; next morning, I came down about nine o'clock. Thurtell said, in presence of Hunt, that they had been down the lane, to look for the pistol and knife, but neither could be found. They asked me to go down the lane and seek them, in the course of the day; which I promised to do. When I went down the lane, I saw a man at work near the spot, so I took no notice. That morning they went away after breakfast. On Sunday they came down again; and Thomas Thurtell and Mr. Noyes came also. Thomas Thurtell and Hunt came in a gig. Hunt brought a new spade with him. He said it was to dig a grave for the deceased that he brought it. Hunt returned with the gig after setting down Thomas Thurtell, and brought John Thurtell and Noyes in the chaise. Hunt was very dirtily dressed when he came down, and went up stairs to change. When he came down, he was well dressed—in almost new clothes. Hunt said the clothes belonged to the deceased; he told me he had thrown a new spade over the hedge into my garden; I saw it afterwards; it was a new spade. John Thurtell and I walked to the pond. He asked me if the body had risen? I said, no; and he said it would lay there for a month. In the afternoon Hewart called, and I went with him to Mr. Nicholls's. On my return, I told Thurtell and Hunt that Mr. Nicholls had told me that some one had fired a pistol or gun off in Gill's-hill-lane on Friday night, and that there were cries of murder, as though some one had been killed. He said it was about eight o'clock, and added, "I suppose it was done by some of your friends to frighten each other." John Thurtell said, "then I am baked." I said, "I am afraid it's a bad job, as Mr. Nicholls seems to know all about it; I am very sorry it ever happened here, as I fear it will be my ruin." Thurtell said, "never mind Probert, they can do nothing with you." I said the body must be immediately taken out of my pond again. Thurtell said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Probert; after you are all gone to bed, Joe and I will take the body up and bury it." Hunt was present at this. I told them that would be as bad, if they buried it in the garden. John Thurtell said, "I'll bury him where you nor no one else can find him." As John Thurtell was going into the parlour, Hunt said, "Probert, they can do nothing with you or me, even if they do find it out, as we were neither of us at the murder." Thurtell and Hunt sat up all that night; I, Noyes, and Thomas Thurtell, went to bed. Thomas Thurtell slept with his children. In the morning, John Thurtell and Hunt said they went to dig a grave, but the dogs were barking all night, and they thought some one was about the ground. John Thurtell said, "Joe and I will come down to-night and take him quite away, and that will be better for you altogether." Thomas Thurtell and Hunt, and my boy, Addis, went away in one chaise after breakfast, and John Thurtell, Thomas Noyes, and Miss Noyes in another. The boy was sent to town to be out of the way. That evening John Thurtell and Hunt came again in a gig about nine; they took supper; after supper, John Thurtell and I went to the stable, leaving Hunt talking to Mrs. Probert. Thurtell said, "Come, let's get the body up; while Hunt is talking to Mrs. Probert, she will not suspect" We went to the pond, and got the body up; we took it out of the sack, and cut the clothes all off it. We left the body naked on the grass, and returned to the parlour; we then went to the stables, and John Thurtell went to his gig, and took out a new sack and some cord; we all three returned to the pond, and put the body head-foremost into the sack; we all three carried it to the lower garden gate; we left Hunt waiting with the body, while Thurtell and I went round the pond. I carried the bundle of clothes, and threw it into the gig; we then put the horse to, and Thurtell said, "we had better leave the clothes here, Probert, there is not room for them." The clothes were left, and the body was put into the gig. I refused to assist them in settling the body in the gig. They went away. I, next morning, burnt some of the clothes, and threw the rest away in different places. I was taken into custody on the Tuesday evening after they went away.*

* I am able, on pretty good authority, to hand you the following statement as made by Probert, previously to his being admitted evidence. You will see how he has softened the blasphemy—for I believe there is not one oath here which he did not put down. The words in Italics are alterations which he made when he understood he was to be admitted. Are they not prudent additions?

"When I got to Phillimore's Lodge, Hunt said, "I must get out here, for this is the place I was to have rode the single horse to, if you had not come down." I said, *as he was getting out*, "What do you mean by stopping here."—"Why I am going to wait here for John Thurtell."—I said, "What can you want to wait here for John Thurtell, when he knows the way to my place." He said, "I shall wait here, and you must go on." I continued for at least five minutes endeavouring to persuade him to go on with me.—He said he would not, and turned short round and walked back towards London. I then drove on home, and met John Thurtell within about a hundred yards of my own house. John Thurtell said, "Where's Hunt?" I said, "I have left him at Phillimore's Lodge, waiting for you." "Damn his stupid blood, did he think I was going to be all night upon the road. The fact is, I don't want him now, for I have killed my friend." *I said, "Good God, I hope you have not killed any*

Mrs. Probert is by no means possessed of "a well favoured face."—It has a good and a *constant* colour, which in moments of great grief and hysteric passion, is a great comfort,—but her forehead is ill-shaped and large—and her sly grey eyes have a wildness which I should be loth to confide in. She gave her evidence drop by drop, and not then without great *squeezing*. Every dangerous question overcame her agitated nerves,—and she very properly took time to recover before she answered. Her *sudden* vehement and tearful joy at the safety of her husband was late but timely, for, to my certain knowledge, Mr. Nicholson had informed her of it on the 5th of December, just one month before her hysterics. In truth, my dear friend, so abominable a farce never was played off in a Court of Justice; but it had its effect, for it touched his Lordship and made Mr. Gurney weep!—This was the sum of her evidence.

I remember the night of the 24th of October, when Mr. John Thurtell and Mr. Hunt came to Gill's-hill Cottage, to have heard the sound of a gig passing my cottage. It was about eight o'clock, I think. The bell of our cottage was rung nearly an hour after. After that ringing nobody came into our house. My husband came home that night nearly at ten. I came down stairs, found Mr. Probert, John Thurtell, and a stranger, in the parlour. My husband introduced that stranger as Mr. Hunt, to me. I saw John Thurtell take out a gold chain, which he showed to me. It was a gold watch chain with a great deal of work about it; it was such a chain as this, I think (the chain was shown her). He offered to make it a present to me; I refused it for some time, and at last he gave it to me (she was shown the box and chain produced by the constable at Watford). I recollect giving that box and the chain to the constable, in the presence of the magistrates. When I and Miss Noyes went up stairs, we left John Thurtell, Hunt, and Mr. Probert in the room. I did not go to bed immediately; I went from my room to the stairs to listen; I leaned over the banisters. What I heard in leaning over the banisters, was all in a whisper. What I heard at first was, I thought, about trying on clothes. The first I heard was, "This, I think, will fit you very well." I heard a noise like a rustling of papers on the table; I heard also something like the noise of papers thrown in the fire. I afterwards went up to my own chamber. Out of doors I saw something; I looked from my window, and saw two gentlemen go from the parlour to the stable; they led a horse out of the stable, and opened the yard gate and let the horse out. Some time after that I heard something in the garden; I heard something dragged, as it seemed, very heavily; it appeared to me to come from the stable to the garden; the garden is near the back gate; it was dragged along the dark walk; I had a view of it, when they dragged it out of the dark walk; it seemed very large and heavy; it was in a sack. It was after this I heard the rustling of papers, and the conversation I have described. After the sack was dragged out of the dark walk, I had a view of it until it was half way down the walk to the pond. I had a good view

person, much more a friend." He said, "Oh, it's the damned thief that robbed me of *my* three hundred pounds. Will you go back and fetch Hunt, as you know where you have put him down best. I shall not go in your house till you come back." I then went after Hunt, and met him just beyond Mr. Phillimore's Lodge As soon as he saw me he came to the gig and got up. I said, "Good God! Hunt, John Thurtell says he has killed the gentleman he brought down with him." "Well," said he, "I am glad I am out of it, but d——n his eyes he meant to have killed him here, that is what I got out for. D——n his eyes he has robbed Thurtell of three hundred pounds, and we meant to have had it back again. *I was to have rode a horse here, but finding you was coming down, Jack said, you might as well drive me down, for a d——d fool like you would not suspect murder.*" By this time I had got home, and said, "By God you should neither of you have come to my house if I had known this had been the case." Hunt said, "Why d——n it, it can make no difference to you; you don't know the man." When we got into the yard, *I was horror-struck, and went into the stable, not knowing what to do for fear: while there I heard* Hunt say, "Where the devil did you pass me, Jack?" Thurtell said, "I don't know where the hell I passed you—why the devil did you let that Probert stay guzzling at his public-houses, when you knew what was to be done? Suppose he had got the best of me—I then should have got baked." "Why, Jack, you know you had got the tools to do it, and might have killed two or three such as him." "Why," said he, "those blasted pistols were of no use—they are like squibs. I shot him in the face, and he jumped out of the gig, and ran like hell, and I after him. He kept singing out, Jack, I'll give you all the money back I won of you, but don't take my life. I got hold of him, took out my knife, and gave him a cut, as I thought, about the jugular vein, but that did not stop his singing out. I then laid hold of the pistol and jammed it right into his head, and turned it round, then I knew I had done him. *I have just dragged him through the hedge, and we must go and fetch him presently. I shall call the lane Turpin's Lane, and if ever you split (meaning me) you must expect the same fate.*"—Hunt said, "Have you got the kick all right, for that's what we must now look to?"

of it so far. After this I heard a noise like a heap of stones thrown into a pit, I can't describe it any other way; it was a hollow sound. I heard, besides what I have before mentioned, some further conversation. The first I heard was, I think, Hunt's voice; he said, "let us take a 5*l.* note each." I did not hear Thurtell say any thing; then—I am trying to recollect—I heard another voice say, "we must say there was a hare thrown up in the gig on the cushion—we must tell the boy so in the morning." I next heard a voice, I can't exactly say whose, "we had better be off to town by four or five o'clock in the morning;" and then, I think, John Thurtell it was, who said, "we had better not go before eight or nine o'clock;" and the parlour door then shut, I heard John Thurtell say also (I think it was his voice), "Holding shall be next." I rather think it was Hunt who next spoke; he asked, "has he (Holding) got money?" John Thurtell replied, "it is not money I want, it is revenge; it is," said John Thurtell, "Holding who has ruined my friend here." I did not at first understand who this friend was; I believe it meant, Mr. Probert, my husband, I cannot say whether Holding had any thing to do in the transactions of my husband's bankruptcy. "It was Holding," said John Thurtell, "who ruined my friend here, and destroyed my peace of mind." My husband came to bed about half-past one or two o'clock; I believe it was; I did not know exactly the hour.

At the close of the evidence for the crown, although in answer to his Lordship's inquiry, the jury decided on going through the case;—they revoked that decision at the desire of John Thurtell; who strongly but respectfully pressed on their attention the long and harassing time he had stood at that bar; and begged for a night's cessation to recruit his strength previous to his making his defence. Hunt said nothing:—but Thurtell's manner was too earnest to admit of denial, and the Court adjourned—an officer having been sworn to keep the jury apart from all persons.

I should not have omitted to mention an admirable piece of presence of mind and bye-play which Thurtell showed towards Clarke the publican, who had been an old acquaintance: on Clarke's turning to bow to him when he entered the witness box, in which he was about to speak to the prisoner's identity;—Thurtell received the bow with a look of ignorant wonder,—and elevated his eyebrows as though to say, "How!—bow to me!—I know you not." This could but have been instantaneous, but the intention of the prisoner was evident, and the trick was inimitably well performed.

At half-past ten at night we were allowed to return to our houses and our food:—at half-past seven in the morning we were again wedged together in the same Court.

Thurtell, with the exception of a white kerchief round the neck, was dressed as on the previous day;—he looked as though he had passed a good night; and yet he must have been busy in the brain through all the dark hours!—There was a more sallow paleness on Hunt's face,—and less care seemed to have been taken in the arrangement of his Court-dress.

The jury were re-assembled—and the trial proceeded.

Ruthven and Thomas Thurtell were recalled on some trifling points—and in a short time, Mr. Justice Park informed John Thurtell, that he was ready to hear any observations he had to make. Thurtell intimated, in a murmur to Wilson, which Wilson interpreted to the Court, that he wished his witnesses to be examined first, as though he thought their evidence would interfere with his eloquence; but this was refused, as being contrary to the practice.

Thurtell now seemed to retire within himself for half a minute,—and then slowly,—the crowd being breathlessly silent and anxious,—drawing in his breath, gathering up his frame, and looking very steadfastly at the jury, he commenced his defence.—He spoke in a deep, measured, and unshaken tone;—accompanying it with a rather studied and theatrical action.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—Under greater difficulties than ever man encountered, I now rise to vindicate my character and defend my life. I have been supported in this hour of trial, by the knowledge that my cause is heard before an enlightened tribunal, and that the free institutions of my country have placed my destiny in the hands of twelve men, who are uninfluenced by prejudice, and unawed by power. I have been represented by the press, which carries its benefits or curses on rapid wings from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, as a man more depraved, more gratuitously and habitually profligate and cruel, than has ever ap-

peared in modern times. I have been held up to the world as the perpetrator of a murder, under circumstances of greater aggravation, of more cruel and premeditated atrocity, than it ever before fell to the lot of man to have seen or heard of. I have been held forth to the world as a depraved, heartless, remorseless, prayerless villain, who had seduced my friend into a sequestered path, merely in order to despatch him with the greater security—as a snake who had crept into his bosom only to strike a sure blow—as a monster, who, after the perpetration of a deed from which the hardest heart recoils with horror, and at which humanity stands aghast, washed away the remembrance of my guilt in the midst of riot and debauchery. You, gentlemen, must have read the details which have been daily, I may say hourly, published regarding me. It would be requiring more than the usual virtue of our nature to expect that you should entirely divest your minds of those feelings, I may say those creditable feelings, which such relations must have excited; but I am satisfied, that as far as it is possible for men to enter into a grave investigation with minds unbiassed, and judgments unimpaired, after the calumnies with which the public mind has been deluged—I say, I am satisfied, that with such minds and such judgments, you have this day assumed your sacred office. The horrible guilt which has been attributed to me, is such as could not have resulted from custom, but must have been the innate principle of my infant mind, and have 'grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.' But I will call before you gentlemen whose characters are unimpeachable, and whose testimony must be above suspicion, who will tell you, that the time was when my bosom overflowed with all the kindly feelings; and even my failings were those of an improvident generosity and unsuspecting friendship. Beware, then, gentlemen, of an anticipated verdict. Do not suffer the reports which you have heard to influence your determination. Do not believe that a few short years can have reversed the course of nature, and converted the good feelings which I possessed into the spirit of malignant cruelty to which only demons can attain. A kind, affectionate, and religious mother directed the tender steps of my infancy, in the paths of piety and virtue. My rising youth was guided in the way that it should go by a father whose piety was universally known and believed—whose kindness and charity extended to all who came within the sphere of its influence. After leaving my paternal roof, I entered into the service of our late revered monarch, who was justly entitled the "father of his people." You will learn from some of my honourable companions, that while I served under his colours, I never tarnished their lustre. The country which is dear to me I have served. I have fought for her. I have shed my blood for her. I feared not in the open field to shed the blood of her declared foes. But oh! to suppose that on that account I was ready to raise the assassin's arm against my friend, and with that view to draw him into secret places for his destruction—it is monstrous, horrible, incredible. I have been represented to you as a man who was given to gambling, and the constant companion of gamblers. To this accusation, in some part, my heart with feeling penitence pleads guilty. I have gambled. I have been a gambler, but not for the last three years. During that time I have not attended or betted upon a horse-race, or a fight, or any public exhibition of that nature. If I have erred in these things, half of the nobility of the land have been my examples; some of the most enlightened statesmen of the country have been my companions in them. I have indeed been a gambler—I have been an unfortunate one. But whose fortune have I ruined?—whom undone?—My own family have I ruined—I have undone myself! At this moment I feel the distress of my situation. But, gentlemen, let not this misfortune entice your verdict against me. Beware of your own feelings, when you are told by the highest authority, that the heart of man is deceitful above all things. Beware, gentlemen, of an anticipated verdict. It is the remark of a very sage and experienced writer of antiquity, that no man becomes wicked all at once. And with this, which I earnestly request you to bear in mind, I proceed to lay before you the whole career of my life. I will not tire you with tedious repetitions, but I will disclose enough of my past life to inform your judgments; leaving it to your clemency to supply whatever little defects you may observe. You will consider my misfortunes, and the situation in which I stand—the deep anxiety that I must feel—the object for which I have to strive. You may suppose something of all this; but oh! no pencil, though dipped in the lines of heaven, can portray my feelings at this crisis. Recollect, I again entreat you, my situation, and allow something for the workings of a mind little at ease; and pity and forgive the faults of my address. The conclusion of the late war, which threw its lustre upon the fortunes of the nation generally, threw a gloomy shadow over mine. I entered into a mercantile life with feelings as kind, and with a heart as warm, as I had carried with me in the service. I took the commercial world as if it had been governed by the same regulations as the army. I looked upon the merchants as if they had been my mess-companions. In my transactions I had with them my purse was as open, my heart as warm, to answer their demands, as they had been to my former associates. I need not say that any fortune, however ample, would have been insufficient to meet such a course of conduct. I, of course, became the subject of a commission of bankruptcy. My solicitor, in whom I had foolishly confided as my most particular friend, I discovered, too late, to have been a traitor—a man who was foremost in the ranks of my bitterest enemies. But for that man, I should still have been enabled to regain a

station in society, and I should have yet preserved the esteem of my friends, and, above all, my own self-respect. But how often is it seen that the avarice of one creditor destroys the clemency of all the rest, and for ever dissipates the fair prospects of the unfortunate debtor. With the kind assistance of Mr. Thomas Oliver Springfield, I obtained the signature of all my creditors to a petition for superseding my bankruptcy. But just then, when I flattered myself that my ill fortune was about to close—that my blossoms were ripening—there came "a frost—a nipping frost." My chief creditor refused to sign unless he was paid a bonus of 300l. upon his debt beyond all the other creditors. This demand was backed by the man who was at the time his and my solicitor. I spurned the offer—I awakened his resentment. I was cast upon the world—my all disposed of—in the deepest distress. My brother afterwards availed himself of my misfortune, and entered into business. His warehouses were destroyed by the accident of a fire, as has been proved by the verdict of a jury on a trial at which the venerable Judge now present presided. But that accident, unfortunate as it was, has been taken advantage of in order to insinuate that he was guilty of crime, because his property was destroyed by it, as will be proved by the verdict of an honest and upright jury in an action for conspiracy, which will be tried ere long before the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. A conspiracy there was—but where? Why, in the acts of the prosecutor himself, Mr. Barber Beaumont, who was guilty of suborning witnesses, and who will be proved to have paid for false testimony. Yes; this professed friend of the aggrieved—this pretended prosecutor of public abuses—this self-appointed supporter of the laws, who panders to rebellion, and has had the audacity to raise its standard in the front of the royal palace—this man, who has just head enough to contrive crime, but not heart enough to feel its consequences—this is the real author of the conspiracy which will shortly undergo legal investigation. To these particulars I have thought it necessary to call your attention, in language which you may think perhaps too warm—in terms not so measured, but that they may incur your reproof. But—

"The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
"The blood will follow where the knife is driven."

You have been told that I intend to decoy Woods to his destruction; and he has said that he saw me in the passage of the house. I can prove, by honest witnesses, fellow-citizens of my native city of Norwich, that I was *there* at that time; but, for the sake of an amiable and innocent female, who might be injured, I grant to Mr. Woods the mercy of my silence. When, before this, did it ever fall to the lot of any subject to be borne down by the weight of calumny and obloquy which now oppresses me? The press, which ought to be the shield of public liberty, the avenger of public wrongs—which, above all, should have exerted itself to preserve the purity of its favourite institution, the trial by jury—has directed its whole force to my injury and prejudice; it has heaped slander upon slander, and whetted the public appetite for slanders more atrocious; nay more, what in other men would serve to refute and repel the shaft of calumny, is made to stain with a deeper die the villanies ascribed to me. One would have thought, that some time spent in the service of my country would have entitled me to some favour from the public under a charge of this nature. But no; in my case the order of things is changed—nature is reversed. The acts of times long since past have been made to cast a deeper shadow over the acts attributed to me within the last few days; and the pursuit of a profession, hitherto held honourable among honourable men, has been turned to the advantage of the accusation against me. You have been told that after the battle, I boasted of my inhumanity to a vanquished, yielding, wounded enemy—that I made a wanton sacrifice of my bleeding and supplicating foe, by striking him to the earth with my cowardly steel; and that, after this deed of blood, I coldly sat down to plunder my unhappy victim. Nay, more—that with folly indescribable and incredible, I boasted of my barbarity as of a victory. Is there an English officer, is there an English soldier, or an English man, whose heart would not have revolted with hatred against such baseness and folly? Far better, gentlemen, would it have been for me, rather than have seen this day, to have fallen with my honourable companions, stemming and opposing the tide of battle upon the field of my country's glory. Then my father and my family, though they would have mourned my loss, would have blessed my name, and shame would not have rolled its burning fires over my memory!——Before I recur to the evidence brought against my life, I wish to return my most sincere thanks to the High Sheriff and the Magistrates for their kindness shown to me. I cannot but express my unfeigned regret at a slight misunderstanding which has occurred between the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, the visiting magistrate, and my solicitor. As it was nothing more than a misunderstanding, I trust the bonds of friendship are again ratified between us all. My most particular gratitude is due to the Rev. Mr. Franklin, whose kind visits and pious consolations have inspired me with a deeper sense of the awful truths of religion, and have trebly armed my breast with fortitude to serve me on this day. Though last, not least—let me not forget Mr. Wilson, the governor of the prison, and the fatherly treatment which he has shown me throughout. My memory must perish ere I can forget his kindness. My heart must be cold ere it can cease to beat with gratitude to him,

and wishes for his prosperity of the family.

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Here the prisoner read a long written comment on the weaker parts of the evidence;—the stronger and indeed the decisive parts he left untouched. This paper was either so ill-written, or Thurtell was so imperfect a reader, that the effect was quite fatal to the previous flowery appeal to the Jury. He stammered, blundered, and seemed confused throughout; until he came to the Percy Anecdotes, from which he preached some very tedious instances of the fallibility of circumstantial evidence. — When he finished his books and laid aside the paper, he seemed to return with joy and strength to his memory,—and to muster up all his might for the peroration.—

"And now, gentlemen, having read those cases to you, am not I justified in saying, that unless you are thoroughly convinced that the circumstances before you are absolutely inconsistent with my innocence, I have a claim to your verdict of acquittal? Am I not justified in saying, that you might come to the conclusion that all the circumstances stated might be true, and yet I be innocent? I am sure, gentlemen, you will banish from your minds any prejudice which may have been excited against me, and act upon the principle that every man is to be deemed innocent until he is proved guilty. Judge of my case, gentlemen, with mature consideration, and remember that my existence depends upon your breath. If you bring in a verdict of guilty, the law afterwards allows no mercy. If upon a due consideration of all the circumstances you shall have a doubt, the law orders, and your own consciences will teach you to give me the benefit of it. Cut me not off in the summer of my life! I implore you, gentlemen, to give my case your utmost attention. I ask not so much for myself as for those respectable parents whose name I bear, and who must suffer in my fate. I ask it for the sake of that home which will be rendered cheerless and desolate by my death. Gentlemen, I am incapable of any dishonourable action. Those who know me best know that I am utterly incapable of an unjust and dishonourable action, much less of the horrid crime with which I am now charged. There is not, I think, one in this court who does not think me innocent of the charge. If there be—to him or them, I say in the language of the Apostle, "Would to God ye were altogether such as I am, save these bonds." Gentlemen, I have now done. I look with confidence to your decision. I repose in your hands all that is dear to the gentleman and the man! I have poured my heart before you as to my God! I hope your verdict this day will be such as you may ever after be able to think upon with a composed conscience; and that you will also reflect upon the solemn declaration which I now make—I—am—innocent!—So—help—me—God!

The solid, slow, and appalling tone in which he wrung out these last words can never be imagined by those who were not auditors of it: he had worked himself up into a great actor—and his eye for the first time during the trial became alive and eloquent; his attitude was impressive in the extreme. He clung to every separate word with an earnestness, which we cannot describe, as though every syllable had the power to buoy up his sinking life,—and that these were the last sounds that were ever to be sent into the ears of those who were to decree his doom! The final word, God! was thrown up with an almost gigantic energy,—and he stood after its utterance with his arms extended, his face protruded, and his chest dilated, as if the spell of the sound were yet upon him, and as though he dared not move lest he should disturb the still echoing appeal! He then drew his hands slowly back,—pressed them firmly to his breast, and sat down half exhausted in the dock.

When he first commenced his defence, he spoke in a steady artificial manner, after the style of Forum orators,—but as he warmed in the subject and felt his ground with the jury, he became more unaffectedly earnest and naturally solemn—and his mention of his mother's love and his father's piety drew the tear up to his eyes almost to falling. He paused—and, though pressed by the Judge to rest, to sit down, to desist, he stood up resolute against his feelings, and finally, with one vast gulp, swallowed down his tears! He wrestled with grief, and threw it! When speaking of Barber Beaumont, the *tiger* indeed came over him, and his very voice seemed to escape out of his keeping. There was such a savage vehemence in his whole look and manner, as quite to awe his hearers. With an unfortunate quotation from a play, in which he long

had acted too bitterly,—the Revenge! he soothed his maddened heart to quietness, and again resumed his defence, and for a few minutes in a doubly artificial serenity. The tone in which he wished that he had died in battle, reminded me of Kean's farewell to the pomp of war in Othello—and the following consequence of such a death, was as grandly delivered by Thurtell as it was possible to be! "Then my father and my family, though they would have mourned my loss, would have blessed my name; and *shame would not have rolled its burning fires over my memory!*" Such a performance, for a studied performance it assuredly was, has seldom been seen *on* the stage, and certainly never *off*. Thus to act in the very teeth of death, demands a nerve, which not one man in a thousand ever possesses.

When Hunt was now called upon for his defence (Thurtell's poor group of five witnesses having been examined) his feeble voice and shrinking manner were doubly apparent, from the overwrought energy which his companion had manifested. He complained of his agitation and fatigue, and requested that a paper which he held in his hand might be read for him: and the clerk of the arraigns read it according to his request in a very feeling manner. It was prudently and advisedly composed; but Mr. Harmer is no novice at murderers' defences. Reliance was placed on the magistrates' promise, and certainly Mr. Noel did not come brightly out of Hunt's statement.

When the paper was concluded, Hunt read a few words on a part of Probert's evidence, in a poor dejected voice, and then leant his wretched head upon his hand. He was evidently wasting away minute by minute. His neckcloth had got quite loose, and his neck looked gaunt and wretched.

Mr. Justice Park summed up at great length, and Thurtell with an untired spirit superintended the whole explanation of the evidence; interrupting the Judge, respectfully but firmly, when he apprehended any omission, or conceived any amendment capable of being made. The charge to the Jury occupied several hours—and the Jury then requested leave to withdraw. Hunt at this period became much agitated, and as he saw them about to quit the box, he intreated leave to address them,—but on his counsel learning and communicating to the Judge what the prisoner had to say, the Jury were directed to proceed to the consideration of their verdict.

During their absence, Thurtell conversed unalarmed with persons beneath and around him: Hunt stood up in the deepest misery and weakness. Twenty minutes elapsed; and the return of the Jury was announced!

Whilst way was making through the throng, Hunt leant over the dock, and searched with an agonized eye for the faces of his dooms-men! As they, one by one, passed beneath him, he looked at their countenances with the most hungry agony: he would have devoured their verdict from their very eyes! Thurtell maintained his steadiness.

The foreman delivered the verdict of "guilty" in tears, and in a tone which seemed to say, "we have felt the defence—we have tried to find him innocent—but the evidence is too true!"—respecting Thurtell, he uttered with a subdued sigh "He *is* guilty!"

A legal objection was taken to the day of trial, but it failed.

Thurtell shook not to the last: Hunt was broken down,—gone! when asked why sentence of death should not be passed; the latter said nothing, so sunk was he in grief; but Thurtell stood respectfully up, inclining over the dock towards the judge, requesting his merciful postponement of his death from the Friday to Monday; not for himself, but for his friends! Having pressed this on the judge in a calm yet impressive tone,—he stood silently waiting his doom.

The judge had put on his black hat—the hat of death, before this appeal; he heard it—and then gave the signal to the crier; who spoke out to the breathless court, those formal yet awful words: "*Be silent in the court, while sentence of death is passed upon the prisoners!*" His own voice being the only sound that broke the silence.

The sentence was passed. The prisoners were doomed. The world was no longer for them!

Hunt sobbed aloud in the wildness of his distress; his faculties seemed thrown down. Thurtell, whose hours were numbered, bore his fate with an unbroken spirit. While the very directions for his body's dissection were being uttered, he consumed the pinch of snuff which had to that moment been pausing in his fingers! He then shook hands with a friend under the dock, and desired to be remembered to others! Almost immediately the sentence was passed, Wilson handcuffed both the prisoners: and in a few minutes they were removed.

I confess I myself was shaken. I was cold and sick. I looked with tumultuous feelings at that desperate man, thus meeting death, as though it were an ordinary circumstance of his life; and when he went through the dark door, he seemed to me gone to his fate. It struck me that death then took him! I never saw him more.

There is the trial, as I saw it. You know that Thurtell on the drop met his death as he met his trial, without a tremor.* His life had been one long vice, but he had iron nerves and a sullen low love of fame,—even black fame,—which stimulated him to be a hero, though but of the gallows. He had learned his defence by heart,† and often boasted of the effect it would have: To Peirce Egan, indeed, he rehearsed it a month before he played his part in public, and he thought that, with a gentlemanly dress and a pathetic manner, it would bring him through, or, at least, insure him a gloomy immortality. His ordinary discourse was slang and blasphemy; but he chained up his oaths in court. The result of all this masquerading, for a short time, has been public sorrow for his fate, and particularly among women! The re-action is, however, again coming round, and although it is impossible not to admire this man's courage and his intellect; it is also as impossible not to rejoice in the death of so much revenge, cruelty, and bloody power! Hunt may yet be punished with a pardon: How must he envy Thurtell now, whose death is over!

The trial, after all, I believe, has left the public mind much dissatisfied, and in doubt; and certainly the general opinion is, that Probert, the worst and the most dastardly of the gang, has improperly escaped. That he merited death, who can deny? That he knew all at Tetsall's, who disbelieves? I have already carried this letter to an unexampled length, but I cannot close it, without putting down the result of a very careful consideration of, and inquiry into, the matter. And seeing how unsatisfactorily the accounts and confessions before and at the trial dovetail with each other, I cannot resist hazarding a *supposition* that the following may be nearer the truth of the particulars of this horrible transaction.

Thurtell, with a person resembling Weare, in a gig drawn by a roan horse, is seen by Wilson, the horse patrol, driving fast on the wrong side of the road, between the fifth and sixth mile-stone, about twenty minutes before seven. At a very little before seven, Richard Bingham, the ostler of the White Lion, at Edgeware, sees him and his victim. Then about a mile further on, (nine miles from town) Clarke, the landlord of the inn, sees Thurtell pass with another in a gig, in which was also a parcel or bag. The last time the murderer and Weare are seen, is in Gill's-hill-lane, near Probert's cottage, by James Freeman. They were then waiting, probably for the arrival of Probert and Hunt, but the sight of Freeman disturbed Thurtell, and he drove down the lane to the place where the crime was perpetrated. —This was a little *before* eight o'clock.

It should seem that the hour appointed for the murder, was eight o'clock; all the circumstances conspire to prove it. This accounts for the rapid pace of Thurtell down the Edgeware road, he supposing himself late; and the waiting about of Probert, who thought himself beforehand. Thurtell passed Probert unawares in Edgeware.

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* I know it to be a fact that Thurtell said about seven hours only before his execution: "It is perhaps wrong in my situation, but I own I should like to read Pierce Egan's account of the Great Fight yesterday," (meaning that between Spring and Langan.) He had just inquired how it terminated.

† I have no doubt this defence was written by Mr. C. Pearson.

The first time Probert and Hunt are seen, after leaving London, is at the Red Lion at the Hyde about six o'clock, and Probert seems to have wished to impress on the landlord's (Harding's) mind who he was, for he said, "You forget me, my name is Probert." Hunt next got down before Probert reached the Bald Faced Stag, where the latter was familiarly known; here Probert told the hostler to make haste as he had to take up a *Lady*. They are next recognised at the White Lion at Edgeware about seven o'clock, to which place Clarke had just returned, having seen Thurtell. The horse of Probert, which is a very fine one, and capable of going eleven or twelve miles an hour with ease, was quite cool and fresh. This both Clarke and Bingham well remember. Probert and Hunt drank brandy and water here in the gig, and Hunt then jumped out and proposed a second glass each, to which Probert consented, saying "I don't care, but *damn it, make haste!*" Hunt here looked up at the clock as though to mark the time: at this period Clarke is sure that it was not later than a quarter past seven. The White Lion is three miles only from the Artichoke at Elstree. And *it was nearly twenty minutes after eight when Probert and Hunt arrived there—Probert's fine horse very much distressed and bathed in sweat.* Thus one hour is consumed in going the three miles! And the horse experiences such distress in travelling them! How is this to be accounted for? Let me try to explain it:—And now I must come to the place of murder.

About *five minutes before the report of the pistol* in the lane, a gig was heard by some cottagers, of the name of Hunt, passing rapidly by their house towards Gill's-hill-lane. Other cottagers, named Clarke and Broughall, who live on the straight road, beyond the turning into Gill's-hill-lane, heard no gig pass, so it must have gone into the lane. About five minutes after this gig was heard to go by, Mr. Smith, the farmer, his wife and nurse, who were about three hundred yards from the spot in another lane, heard the pistol; and Smith himself had indeed heard the wheels of a gig coming in the direction from Hunt's Cottage. They all listened and heard groans, but no shrieking or *singing out*. Mr. Smith indeed heard voices as in contention before the groans. The nurse also now heard *voices* distinctly *of two or three persons*, though the groans had ceased! All then became still—And a gig was afterwards heard rattling off.

The supposed track of the wheels, as described by Mrs. Smith, ran into the high road between Radlett and Elstree. It is not impossible for a gig to have gone a considerable way towards Elstree, then to have turned and taken a circuit by Aldenham Common, and so turning again to the left round the Red Lion at Elstree, to have reached the Artichoke with the appearance of coming from London.

Of course the party would only be seen at Elstree once,—it was possible therefore for a gig to have gone to Gill's-hill-lane through Stanmore, over Stanmore Common, Calldecott Hill, by Hill Field Lodge, and so on to Battler's Green. Probert was not seen at Elstree until nearly *twenty minutes after eight*. The return must have been rapid, and the appearance of the horse, who was cool at Edgeware and could trot ten or eleven miles an hour easily, bears it out. In confirmation of the supposed *route* by Aldenham Common back to Elstree, a poor woman of the name of Mary Hale, says she heard a gig "tearing by," in front of her cottage, the horse apparently galloping. This she says was between eight and nine.

From this statement I should say all three were at Gill's-hill-lane on the fatal night and at the fatal hour of eight o'clock. The confessions rendered all attempts at proving an *alibi* needless; although this seems to have been the object in view.

You must by this time be as tired of the Murderers as I am, and I therefore abruptly close here, praying that it may be long before the English character is again cursed with such blights upon it as Thurtell, Probert and Hunt!

Yours truly,

EDWARD HERBERT.

THE DEDICATION

PREFIXED BY GOETHE TO HIS POEMS.

The morning came, and with its footsteps broke
  The gentle slumber that my senses blended;
I left my peaceful dwelling when I woke,
  And with fresh soul the neighbouring hill ascended.
I joy'd, for all I saw of pleasure spoke;
  The opening flowers from which bright dew depended,
And the young laughing day that rose in gladness,
And drove from me and all things gloom and sadness.

And as I went above the watery glade,
  I saw in wavering streaks a mist exhale;
It thicken'd and approach'd, as to o'ershade
  Me with its wings; above my head they sail.
All sight of the fair prospect they forbade,
  And o'er my path was spread a darksome veil.
Clouds soon involved me, thickening as they crowded,
And in dim twilight I was quickly shrouded.

Suddenly seem'd the sun to pierce it through,
  And in the dark I saw a growing light;
Here the descending mists awhile withdrew,
  And there ascending roll'd o'er wood and height.
How hoped I soon returning light to view,
  Light after darkness doubly dear to sight.
The aërial strife I witness'd was not o'er
When glory circled me—I saw no more.

And as I strove to look, within my heart
  I felt a bolder impulse soon return:
But momentary glances I could dart,
  For all around appear'd to glow and burn.
But as the rolling clouds their folds dispart,
  A heavenly maid my aching eyes discern:
In all my life ne'er saw I form more fair;
She gazed on me while floating yet on air.

"Know'st thou me not?" she utter'd in a tone
  That seem'd the very voice of love and truth—
"Know'st thou not me, who pour'd so oft alone
  Into thy wounds the purest balm of ruth?—
Thou know'st me well, for thou hast been mine own
  By bonds eternal since thy striving youth!
Did I not see thee with thy hot heart's-tears
Yearn after me from thy first boyish years?"

"Oh yes (I cried), thou art indeed the same!"
  And sank to earth; "Long, long, I thee have sought!
Thou gavest rest, when through my youthful frame,
  Fierce, reckless passion ran, and madly wrought.
'Twas thou that with thy heavenly plumage came
  At burning noon to cool my brow, and taught
My heart for earth's best gifts thy name to bless;
Thou, only source of all my happiness!

"I name thee not, although full oft I hear
Thee named, and each presumes to call thee his.
Each eye believes thou dost to it appear,
Though each must shrink from splendour such as this.
The while I err'd companions aye were near;
But now I know thee I'm alone: my bliss
By myself only I must think and feel,
And thy sweet light from other eyes conceal."

She smiled, she spoke. "Thou see'st to thee how meet
It was but little to unveil; for still
Thou'rt scarce secure from the most gross deceit,
And scarce art master of thy infant will:
Yet hold'st thyself above thy kind complete,
Neglecting thus man's duty to fulfil.
In what dost thou then differ so from others?
First know thyself, and live with men as brothers!"

"Pardon! (I cried) if I not understood.
Shall then my eyes be vainly oped from birth?
A joyful purpose lives within my blood;
Of all thy precious gifts I know the worth.
The boon I nourish but for other's good:
I will not hide my talent in the earth!
Why sought I so the way from others hidden,
If to point out that way it were forbidden?"

While thus I spoke, that heavenly maid, and high,
Cast a look on me that excused and pitied;
I could not choose but read within her eye
What I had rightly done and what omitted.
She smil'd—I gained new confidence thereby,
And a fresh gladness through my spirit flitted;
So that I could with inward strength and lightness
Draw near and gaze upon her glowing brightness.

Into the streaky mists she stretch'd her hand,
The lightsome clouds and wavering vapours near.
She took them:—as obedient to command
The clouds are gone, the vapours disappear.
My eyes again could wander o'er the land;
I look'd to heaven, and it was bright and clear:
And in her hand the purest veil I noted,
While in a thousand swelling folds it floated.

"I know thee, and I know wherein thou'rt weak;
I know the good that burns in thee so strong."
She said—I heard her everlasting speak.
"Accept a gift I destined for thee long!
He who obtains it has no more to seek,
If to him also a calm soul belong:
Of beams 'tis wove, and dews of morning sky—
From Truth's own hand the veil of poesy.

"And when thou feel'st the heat of sultry noon,
Thou or thy friends, this veil above thee spread;
The grateful breath of eve shall cool thee soon,
And flowers and spices round their odours shed.
All woes shall yield to this celestial boon,
The grave itself shall be a downy bed!
The ills of life it will destroy or lighten,
Make the day lovely, and dark midnight brighten!"

Come then, my friends! and whether on your way
The load of life oppresses more and more;
Or whether some new blessing, as you stray,
Strews flowers and golden fruits your path before;
United we will meet the coming day,
And wander joyous 'till our journey's o'er:
And even when our children for us sadden
Our love shall last their after lives to gladden!

N. O. H. I.

FROM THE POLISH OF ZIMOROWICZ.

I SAW thee from my casement high,
And watch'd thy speaking countenance:
With silent step thou glidedst by,
And didst not cast a hurried glance
Upon my mean abode nor me.

Then misery smote me—but for heaven,
I should have fallen scathed and dead.
I blame thee not—thou art forgiven.
I yet may hear thy gentle tread
When evening shall o'er-mantle thee.

The evening came,—then mantling night:
I waited till the full moon tower'd
High in the heaven.—My longing sight
Perceived thee not;—the damp mists lower'd;—
In vain I sought thee anxiously.

Didst thou upon some privileged leaf
My name record,—and to the wind
Commit it,—bid it charm my grief,
Bear some sweet influence to my mind,
And set me from despairing free?

Where are the strains of music now,—
The song,—the dance,—that morn and eve
Were heard around my house,—when low
And sweet thy voice was wont to heave
Soft sighs and gentle thoughts for me?

'Tis past,—'tis past,—and in my heart
Is sorrow,—silence in my ear.
The vain world's wonted smiles depart;—
Joy and the spring-tide of the year,
Fond youth! are scatter'd speedily.

Thou hast not said farewell!—no sleep
Shall close my mourning eye;—the night
Is gloomy now.—Go, minstrel! weep,
For I shall weep,—and sorrow's blight,
That scathes my heart, shall visit thee.

B.

MEMOIRS OF ROSSINI.*

Rossini is in London, and, at the moment of his appearance, his coming is illustrated by an account of "his Life, Character, and Behaviour," through a translation of the work of Monsieur Bombet, the sprightly author of the lives of Haydn and Mozart. The book is a compound of anecdote and criticism; and so amusing, that it can hardly fail to attract a good share of notice amongst all who dabble in such matters as music, composers, and opera-singers. Englishmen, it is true, are not quite so sensitive to these subjects as Italians;—but then your Italian has a musical, your Englishman a political, constitution, and these draw different ways. There is however quite enough in Signor Rossini, his music, and his mistresses, to excite an interest; and though the son of an itinerant horn-player, he has contrived, by the potency of the talisman called Genius, to do more to agitate, than all the Allied Sovereigns to tranquillize, all Europe. And to England he is come at last, and he has been to the Pavillion at Brighton; and (they say) he entered the presence with his hat in his hand, threw himself into a chair, while all the Court were standing, and told the King that something which his Majesty wished to hear, had better be postponed till another evening, for they had had music enough! We are assured, however, by a gentleman who was present, that there is no truth whatever in this report, and that nothing could be more well-bred than his conduct on that occasion. —But to his Memoirs.

Gioacchino Rossini was born on the 29th of February, 1792, at Pesaro, a town in the Papal States. His father was an inferior performer on the French-horn, of the third class, in one of those strolling companies of musicians who attend the fairs of Sinigaglia, Termo, Forli, and other small towns of Romagna and its vicinity. The little musical resources in which the company is deficient, are collected in the neighbourhood where they pitch their tent; an orchestra is collected impromptu, and the good folks of the fair are treated with an opera. His mother, who passed for one of the prettiest women of Romagna, was a *seconda donna* of very passable talents. Poverty was of course the companion of their wanderings.

At Bologna, when he was twelve years old, he was placed under a master named Tesei, who taught him singing, counterpoint, and accompaniment; he promised to become a fine tenor. He made a musical tour through Romagna, and in 1807, entered the Lyceum at Bologna, where he studied under Mattei. His first composition was a cantata, *Il pianto d' Armonia*, and his first opera, *Demetrio e Polybio*. It was written in 1809, but not acted till some years afterwards, and it was performed by the family of Mombelli, which has given more than one celebrated singer to Italy. At the age of nineteen he had advanced so far in musical science as to be chosen to direct the performance of Haydn's Seasons at Bologna. In 1810 he was sent to Venice by the aid of a rich family who patronized him, where he composed *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, the first opera of his that was ever acted at a public theatre. His success was flattering —he returned to Bologna, and composed *L'Equivoca stravagante*, and wrote for the carnival at Venice the next year, *L'Inganno felice*, a piece which attracted great applause, and contains strong marks of his genius.

In the next season Rossini gave an amusing proof of the originality of his character. Being engaged to write for the theatre, St. Mosé, at Venice, the director thought he might exercise his authority without much ceremony over one so poor and so young as Rossini, who took this whimsical means of revenge. His power over the orchestra, from his office of composer, was absolute. In his opera, *La scala di Seta*, he brought together all the extravagancies and ridiculous combinations his fertile fancy could imagine or unite.

In the *allegro* of the overture, the violins were made to break off at the end of

* Memoirs of Rossini. By the Author of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart. 8vo. London, 1824.

every bar, in order to give a rap with the bow, upon the tin shades of the candlesticks. It would be difficult to imagine the astonishment and indignation of an immense concourse of people, assembled from every quarter of Venice, and even from the *Terra Firma*, to hear the opera of the young *Maestro*. The public, who, during the greater part of the afternoon had besieged the doors; who had been forced to wait whole hours in the passages, and at last to endure the "tug of war" at the opening of the doors, thought themselves personally insulted, and hissed with all the vengeance of an enraged Italian public. Rossini, not in the least moved by all this uproar, coolly asked the trembling *impresario*, with a smile, what he had gained by treating him so cavalierly. He then quitted the theatre, and started at once for Milan, where his friends had procured him an engagement. However, a month after, he made his peace with the humbled manager; and returning to Venice, successively produced two *farze*. It was during the carnival of 1813, that he composed his *Tancredi*.

No adequate idea can be formed of the success, which this delightful opera obtained at Venice,—the city which, of all others, is considered as most critical in its judgments, and whose opinions as to the merits of a composition, are supposed to hold the greatest weight. Suffice it to say, that the presence of Napoleon himself, who honoured the Venetians with a visit, was unable to call off the attention from Rossini. All was enthusiasm! *tutto furore*, to use the terms of that expressive language, which seems to have been created for the use of the arts. From the gondolier to the patrician, every body was repeating,

"Mi rivedrai, ti rivedro."

In the very courts of law, the judges were obliged to impose silence on the auditory, who were ceaselessly humming "ti rivedro"

"Our Cimarosa is returned to life again," was the expression when two dilettanti met in the streets. The national honour of the Venetians was however still alive to the insult of the *obligato* accompaniment of the tin candlesticks. Rossini, conscious of this, would not take his place at the piano. He anticipated the storm that awaited him, and had concealed himself under the stage, in the passage leading to the orchestra. After waiting for him in vain, the first violin, finding the moment of the performance draw nigh, and that the public began to manifest signs of impatience, determined to commence the opera.

The first *allegro* pleased so much, that during the applauses and repeated bravos, Rossini crept from his hiding place, and slipped into his seat at the piano. At length we came to the celebrated *entrata* of Tancred. The history of this *scena* is curious. Rossini, in the first instance, had composed a grand air for the entrance of Tancred; but it did not please the Signora Malanote, and she refused to sing it. What was still more mortifying, she did not make known this unwillingness till the very evening before the first representation of the piece. Malanote was a first rate singer, she was in the flower of youth and beauty, and the gallantry of the young composer was obliged to give way to this no-unusual sally of caprice. At first his despair was extreme. "If after the occurrence in my first opera," exclaimed Rossini, "the first entrance of Tancred should be hissed—*tutta l'opera va a terra*." The poor young man returned pensive to his lodgings. An idea came into his head: he seizes his pen and scribbles down some few lines; it is the famous, "*Tu che accendi*," that which, of all airs in the world, has, perhaps, been sung the oftenest, and in the greatest number of places. The story goes, at Venice, that the first idea of this delicious *cantilena*, so expressive of the joy of revisiting one's native shore after long years of absence, is taken from a Greek Litany, which Rossini had heard, some days previous, chaunted at vespers, in a church on one of the islets of the Laguna, near Venice.

At Venice it is called the *aria dei rizi* (air of rice); the reason is this, in Lombardy, every dinner, from that of the *gran signore* to that of the *piccolo maestro*, invariably begins with a plate of rice; and as they do not like their rice overdone, it is an indispensable rule for the cook to come a few minutes before dinner is served up, with the important question,—bisogna mettere i rizi? (shall the rice be put down?) At the moment Rossini came home in a state of desperation, his servant put the usual question to him, the rice was put on the fire, and before it was ready, Rossini had furnished his celebrated *Di tanti palpiti*.

Rossini's fire and his agreeable manners here won him the heart of Marcolini, the charming *cantatrice buffa*, and who, it is said, abandoned for the composer of *Tancredi* the illustrious author of the epic of *Charlemagne*, Lucien Buonaparte himself. For her was written *L'Italiana in Algieri*.

It should seem, Rossini cares little for the morrow. Lively, volatile, and confident in his own powers, so long as he has the means of pleasure, he enjoys them. The following anecdote is told of his natural indolence, but it rather affords a proof of his intellectual fecundity.

During his residence in Venice this year (1813) he lodged in a little room at one of the small inns. When the weather was cold he used to lie and write his music in bed, in order to save the expence of firing. On one of these occasions, a duet, which he had just finished for a new opera, *Il figlio per Azzardo*, slipped from the bed and fell on the floor. Rossini peeped for it in vain from under the bed clothes; it had fallen under the bed. After many a painful effort, he crept from his snug place, and leaned over the side of the bed to look for it. He sees it, but it lies beyond the reach of his arm; he makes one or two ineffectual efforts to reach it; he is half frozen with cold, and wrapping himself up in the coverlid, exclaims, "Curse the duet, I will write it over again, there will be nothing difficult in this, since I know it by heart." He began again, but not a single idea could he retrace; he fidgets about for some time;—he scrawls, but not a note can he recall. Still his indolence will not let him get out of bed to reach the unfortunate paper. "Well!" he exclaims, in a fit of impatience, "I will re-write the whole duet. Let such composers as are rich enough, keep fires in their chambers, I cannot afford it. There let the confounded paper lie. It has fallen and it would not be lucky to pick it up again." He had scarcely finished the second duet when one of his friends entered. "Have the goodness to reach me the duet that lies under the bed." The friend poked it out with his cane, and gave it to Rossini. "Come," says the composer, snugging close in his bed, "I will sing you these two duets, and do you tell me which pleases you best." The friend gave the preference to the first; the second was too rapid and too lively for the situation in which it was to stand. Another thought came into Rossini's head; he seized his pen, and without loss of time worked it up into a terzetto for the same opera. The person from whom I had this anecdote assures me, that there was not the slightest resemblance between the two duets. The terzetto finished, Rossini dressed himself in haste, cursing the cold, and set off with his friend to the *casino* to warm himself, and take a cup of coffee. After this he sent the lad of the *casino* with the duet and the terzetto to the copyist of *San Mosè*, to be inserted in the score.

Rossini composed *Il Pietro del Paragone*, for Milan. Its effects were magical. He became the prodigy whom all flocked to behold. But an incident of the utmost importance to his future life occurred here.

Dazzled by the glories that surrounded him, the prettiest, perhaps, of the pretty women of Lombardy fell desperately in love with him. Faithful heretofore to her duties, and cited as a pattern of young and prudent wives, she at once forgot her reputation, abandoned her palace and her husband, and publicly stole her favourite from the arms of Marcolini. Rossini made his new devotee the first musician, probably, in all Italy; seated by her side at her piano-forte, and at her country house at B——, he composed the greater part of those airs and *cantilenas* which afterwards made the fortune of his thirty operas.

Nor was this his only triumph of a similar kind. He returned to Pesaro and afterwards visited Bologna.

"While he resided here, his Milanese admirer abandoned her splendid palace, her husband, her children, and her fortune, and early one morning plunged, as if from the clouds, into the little chamber of his lodging, which was anything but elegant. The first moments were all tenderness, but scarce had the transports of their meeting subsided, when the door opened, and in rushed one of the most celebrated and most beautiful women of Bologna (the Princess C———). A scene ensued, which the comic pencil of Gay has already anticipated in the Beggar's Opera. The reckless Rossini laughed at the rival queens; sung them, like another Macheath, one of his own *buffo* songs; and then made his escape, leaving them gazing on each other in dumb amazement.

From 1810 to 1816, Rossini visited in succession all the principal towns of Italy, remaining from three to four months in each. Wherever he arrived he was received with acclamations, and *fêted* by the *dilettanti* of the place. The first fifteen or twenty days were passed with his friends, dining out, and shrugging up his shoulders at the nonsense of the *libretto* which was given him to set to music. *Tu mi hai dato versi, ma non situazioni*,* have I heard him frequently repeat to an unhappy votary of the nine, who stammered out a thousand excuses, and two hours after came to salute him in a sonnet *umiliato alla gloria del più gran maestro d'Italia e del mondo*.†

After two or three weeks spent in this dissipated manner, Rossini falls to work in good earnest. He occupies himself in studying the voices of the performers, and about three weeks before the first representation, having acquired a competent knowledge of them, he begins to write. He rises late, and passes the day in composing

* You have given me verses, but not situations.

† Inscribed with all humility to the glory of the greatest composer of Italy and of the world.

in the midst of the conversation of his new friends, who, with the most provoking politeness, will not quit him for a single instant. The day of the first representation is now rapidly approaching, and yet he cannot resist the pressing solicitations of these friends to dine with them *a l'Osteria.* This, of course, leads to a supper: the sparkling champagne circulates freely; the hours of morning steal on apace. At length a compunctious visiting shoots across the mind of the truant *maestro;* he rises abruptly; his friends will see him to his own door; they parade the silent streets with heads unbonneted, shouting some musical impromptu, perhaps a *miserere,* to the great scandal and annoyance of the good Catholics in their beds. At length he reaches his house and shuts himself up in his chamber, and it is at this, to every-day mortals, most ungenial hour, that he is visited by some of the most brilliant of his inspirations. These he hastily scratches down upon odds and ends of paper, and next morning arranges them, or to use his own phrase *instruments* them, amidst the same interruptions of conversations as before.

Rossini presides at the piano during the three first representations, after which he receives his 800 or 1000 francs, is invited to a grand parting dinner given by his friends, that is to say, by the whole town, and he then starts in his *veturino,* with his portmanteau much fuller of music-paper than of other effects, to commence a similar course in some other town forty miles distant. It is usual for him to write to his mother after the three first representations, and send her and his aged father the two-thirds of the little sum he has received. He sets off with ten or twelve sequins in his pocket, the happiest of men, and doubly happy, if chance should throw some fellow traveller in his way, whom he can quiz in good earnest. On one occasion, as he was travelling *col veturino* from Anconato Reggio, he passed himself off for a composer, a mortal enemy of Rossini, and filled up the time by singing the most execrable music imaginable to some of the words of his own best airs to show his superiority to that animal Rossini, whom ignorant pretenders to taste had the folly to extol to the skies.

Such anecdotes sufficiently speak the character of this lively composer, and it is to be lamented that they say more for the vivacity of his feelings than for his morals. But what shall be thought of a country where such a circumstance as that which we are about to narrate, could not only pass with impunity, but afford a source of such wanton outrage against an individual lamenting under the deepest of injuries on the part of the public? The celebrated buffo Paccini took the part of Don Geronio the ill-fated husband of the intriguing Fiorilla in *Il Turco in Italia.*

About the fourth or fifth representation of the piece, all the world was busied about the unfortunate event that happened to the poor Duke of ——, and which he did not bear with the most stoical fortitude. The particulars of this unfortunate event, which he had discovered only that very day, furnished a topic of conversation to the whole of the boxes. Paccini, piqued at seeing no attention paid to him, and aware of the circumstances that were whispered in every part of the house, began to imitate the well known gestures and despair of the unfortunate husband. This reprehensible piece of impertinence produced a magical effect. Every eye was turned toward the performer, and when he produced a handkerchief similar to that which the poor Duke incessantly twirled about in his hand, when speaking of his lamentable occurrence, the portrait was at once recognized, and followed by a burst of malicious applause. At this very instant, the unfortunate individual himself entered a friend's box, which was a little above the pit. The public rose *en masse* to enjoy the spectacle. Not only was the unfortunate husband not aware of the effect his presence produced, but scarcely had he taken his seat, when he drew out his handkerchief and by his piteous gestures, was evidently detailing the affair to a friend. One ought to be well acquainted with Italy, and with the keen curiosity which exists with regard to the scandalous chronicle of the day, to form any idea of the burst of convulsive laughter that echoed from every part of the house, at sight of the unconscious husband in his box, and Paccini on the stage, with his eyes fixed upon him during the whole of the cavatina, which had been encored, copying his slightest gestures, and caricaturing them in the most grotesque manner conceivable. The orchestra forgot to accompany, the police forgot to put an end to the scandal. Happily, some good natured friend entered the Duke's box, and by some lucky pretence, adroitly drew him from the public gaze.

Paccini was *not* publicly horsewhipped on quitting the theatre.

But we must break from the magic circle of anecdote. Rossini is justly condemned for having changed the very nature of melody by substituting the ornaments which singers had been left to append, as the language of passion. This was not his original style of writing, but is called his second manner, and was

occasioned by observing the effect of Velluti's gracing. This singer, prodigal of his power of ornament, so entirely changed the whole of the music of his part in *Aureliano in Palmyra,* yet with so much advantage, that while the opera sunk, the singer was lauded to the skies. Henceforward Rossini determined not to leave a crevice for the singer, but to fill every part so full of notes as to permit no interpolation, and hence the excessively florid style of his *second manner.* This determination has been still more fatally enforced by writing for Signora Colbran, whom he has since married, and who (says the biographer) has lost the power of sustaining, and must therefore be indulged with a profusion of passages. If, indeed, half what is averred concerning this lady be true, the frequenters of the King's theatre will require all their respect for the talents of the husband to support them in the endurance of the wife.

It will be no matter of surprise that a composer who having numbered no more years than thirty-two, and who has produced no fewer than thirty-three entire operas, should have occasionally failed. The rapidity is marvellous—the success still more astonishing. The most terrific instance, however, occurred at Venice, in the production of his *Maometto secondo,* where a storm was raised, which lasted from seven in the evening till three in the morning, and even the safety of the theatre was compromised. All this arose from his indolently neglecting to write (in violation of his contract) and from his dressing up some of his old works, and endeavouring to foist them upon the public for new. He has, however, since conciliated the Venetians by the production of *Semiramide.*

He is now come to receive judgment in person, if that judgment can be said not to have been already pronounced, in the metropolis of England. But in fact he has now for some seasons shared all the honours the English Public has to bestow with Mozart, for no other operas have stood their ground, and continued to occupy the stage of the King's Theatre, but those of these composers. Nay, Rossini has, with Mozart, been translated for the benefit of all the family of *Mr. Bull,* at Covent Garden in the winter, and at the Haymarket in the summer. The music shops have subsisted upon his songs and variations, on his airs, and arrangements of his operas. The drawing rooms of affluent amateurs, and even the parlours of sober citizens have re-echoed to *Di tanti palpiti,* and *Zitti, zitti,* and that best (worst) test of captivating melody, the street organ, has brought down eleemosynary showers of pence and halfpence from the windows of the balconies, by the aid of the same enchanting strains of Rossini. Who then shall arraign his ability? Critics and good critics too may talk of simplicity and expression till they are tired; all their grave objections are answered by a single word--effect; and the interpretation of this word, conveyed by Rossini's music, has been understood and allowed from St. Petersburgh to Naples.

THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA, OF ISPAHAN.*

There is a very Johnsonian chaos of books upon our table; for which we have to acknowledge our obligation to various authors and publishers; but it is impossible to notice them all, and it has become necessary to our personal comfort (adverting to the scant room for our elbows) to dispose of them in some way. Ninety-seven per cent. of them we have no hesitation in throwing the way of all bad books. The remaining three per cent. we shall look into, and tell our readers what opinion to give of them when asked.

Hajji Baba consists of three little volumes, professing to be an imitation of Gil Blas; but it might as well be fairly owned an imitation of a contemporary. It is the Memoirs of a Persian upon the plan, though we are happy to say not upon the scale,

* The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan, in 3 vols. 12mo. London. Murray, 1824.

Anastasius. The Memoirs of a Greek were written with great talent, but with a degree of labour which must at times have tired out every one but the labourer; the wit was studied, and always sarcastic, and nothing ever proceeded from exuberance of mind and spirits. There is more easy writing in Hajji Baba, and it has an advantage in being of the size proper to a work of entertainment, but Morier (who we believe is the author) is not nearly so clever a man as Hope. He is well acquainted with his subject, and depicts the manners of Persians as accurately perhaps as Hope depicts those of Turks and Greeks; but his work is inferior as a work of imagination, he takes lower ground in the first place, and lower flights in the second. There is an adventurous wildness, and restlessness and recklessness in the character of Anastasius, which would have made him interesting to many in spite of his depravity, if Hope had but possessed some freedom of writing. There is nothing of this in the Persian, but all manner of sinfulness and selfishness without it; so that no character can be more uninteresting. It is a fault of both these books that the narrative is continually broken up in order to change the scene, and therefore is rather a cluster of episodes than one tale; but in Hope's work the influence of a prominent character is carried through all, in Morier's there is no character worth attending to; in Hope's, there was one pleasing object to rest the mind upon (the merchant's son,—we forget his name), in Morier's there is *not* one; and the total absence of virtue and kindness in any country is untrue to nature as well as unpleasing in fiction: in Hope's there are passages of striking beauty and force,—the death at sunset for instance, and the scene after battle, and one able historical sketch,—that of the Mamelukes: in Morier's there are no passages equal to these, though we acknowledge the vividness of two or three episodes,—that of the Armenian marriage where "pro face thalami fax mortis adest," and the death of Zeenab, which is told with such impressiveness and matter-of-fact air as the Scotch novelist gives to similar incidents of horror. We are glad to give such passages, but there might have been more of them in the space of three volumes.

Whilst in the middle of our conversation, one of the Shah's eunuchs came up to me, and said that his chief had been ordered to see that the sub-lieutenant to the chief executioner, with five men, were in waiting at the foot of the high tower at the entrance of the harem, at the hour of midnight; and that they were to bring a *taboot*, or hand-bier, with them, to bear away a corpse for interment.

All I could say in answer was '*be cheshm*,' (by my eyes); and lucky was it for me that he quitted me immediately, that Mirza Ahmak had also left me, and that it was dusk, or else the fear and anguish which overwhelmed me upon hearing this message must have betrayed me. A cold sweat broke out all over my body, my eyes swam, my knees knocked under me, and I should perhaps have fallen into a swoon, if the counter fear of being seen in such a state, in the very centre of the palace, had not roused me.

'What,' said I to myself, 'is it not enough that I have been the cause of her death, must I be her executioner too? must I be the grave-digger to my own child? must I be the ill-fated he who is to stretch her cold limbs in the grave, and send my own life's blood back again to its mother earth? Why am I called upon to do this, oh cruel, most cruel destiny? Cannot I fly from the horrid scene? Cannot I rather run a dagger into my heart? But no, 'tis plain my fate is ordained, sealed, fixed! and in vain I struggle,—I must fulfil the task appointed for me! Oh world, world! what art thou, and how much more wouldst thou be known, if each man was to lift up the veil that hideth his own actions, and show himself as he really is!'

With these feelings, oppressed as if the mountain of Demawend and all its sulphurs were on my heart, I went about my work doggedly, collecting the several men who were to be my colleagues in this bloody tragedy; who, heedless and unconcerned at an event of no unfrequent occurrence, were indifferent whether they were to be the bearers of a murdered corpse, or themselves the instruments of murder.

The night was dark and lowering and well suited to the horrid scene about to be acted. The sun, unusual in these climates, had set, surrounded by clouds of the colour of blood; and, as the night advanced, they rolled on in unceasing thunders over the summits of the adjacent range of Albors. At sudden intervals the moon was seen through the dense vapour, which covered her again as suddenly, and restored the night to its darkness and solemnity. I was seated lonely in the guard-room of the palace, when I heard the cries of the sentinels

on the watch-towers, announcing midnight, and the voices of the muezzins from the mosques, the wild notes of whose chant floating on the wind, ran through my veins with the chilling creep of death, and announced to me that the hour of murder was at hand! They were the harbingers of death to the helpless woman. I started up,—I could not bear to hear them more,—I rushed on in desperate haste, and as I came to the appointed spot, I found my five companions already arrived, sitting unconcerned on and about the coffin that was to carry my Zeenah to her eternal mansion. The only word which I had power to say to them was, '*Shoud?*' Is it done? to which they answered, '*Ne shoud,*' It is not done. To which ensued an awful silence. I had hoped that all was over, and that I should have been spared every other horror, excepting that of conducting the melancholy procession to the place of burial; but no, the deed was still to be done, and I could not retreat.

On the confines of the apartments allotted to the women in the Shah's palace stands a high octagonal tower, some thirty gez in height, seen conspicuous from all parts of the city, at the summit of which is a chamber, in which he frequently reposes and takes the air. It is surrounded by unappropriated ground, and the principal gate of the harem is close to its base. On the top of all is a terrace (a spot, ah! never by me to be forgotten!) and it was to this that our whole attention was now riveted. I had scarcely arrived, when, looking up, we saw three figures, two men and a female, whose forms were lighted up by an occasional gleam of moonshine, that shone in a wild and uncertain manner upon them. They seemed to drag their victim between them with much violence, whilst she was seen in attitudes of supplication, on her knees, with her hands extended, and in all the agony of the deepest desperation. When they were at the brink of the tower her shrieks were audible, but so wild, so varied by the blasts of wind that blew round the building, that they appeared to me like the sounds of laughing madness.

We all kept a dead and breathless silence: even my five ruffians seemed moved—I was transfixed like a lump of lifeless clay, and if I am asked what my sensations were at the time, I should be at a loss to describe them,—I was totally inanimate, and still I knew what was going on. At length, one loud, shrill, and searching scream of the bitterest woe was heard, which was suddenly lost in an interval of the most frightful silence. A heavy fall, which immediately succeeded, told us that all was over. I was then roused, and with my head confused, half crazed and half conscious, I immediately rushed to the spot, where my Zeenab and her burthen lay struggling, a mangled and mutilated corpse. She still breathed, but the convulsions of death were upon her, and her lips moved as if she would speak, although the blood was fast flowing from her mouth. I could not catch a word, although she uttered sounds that seemed like words. I thought she said, 'My child! my child!' but perhaps it was an illusion of my brain. I hung over her in the deepest despair, and having lost all sense of prudence and of self-preservation, I acted so much up to my own feelings, that if the men around me had had the smallest suspicion of my real situation, nothing could have saved me from destruction. I even carried my phrensy so far as to steep my handkerchief in her blood, saying to myself, 'this, at least, shall never part from me!' I came to myself, however, upon hearing the shrill and dæmon-like voice of one of her murderers from the tower's height, crying out—'Is she dead?' 'Ay, as a stone,' answered one of my ruffians. 'Carry her away, then,' said the voice. 'To hell yourself,' in a suppressed tone, said another ruffian; upon which my men lifted the dead body into the taboot, placed it upon their shoulders, and walked off with it to the burial-ground without the city, where they found a grave ready dug to receive it. I walked mechanically after them, absorbed in most melancholy thoughts, and when we had arrived at the burial-place, I sat myself down on a grave-stone, scarcely conscious of what was going on. I watched the operations of the Nasackchies with a sort of unmeaning stare; saw them place the dead body in the earth; then shovel the mould over it; then place two stones, one at the feet and the other at the head. When they had finished, they came up to me and said 'that all was done:' to which I answered, 'Go home; I will follow.' They left me seated on the grave, and returned to the town.

The night continued dark, and distant thunders still echoed through the mountains. No other sound was heard, save now and then the infant-like cries of the jackall, that now in packs, and then by two or three at the time, kept prowling round the mansions of the dead.—(Vol. ii. p. 295—302.)

The main part of them is a detail of Persian manners and society, exact, apparently, and in strict keeping, but not always in correct English. The last volume is the most amusing; and the scene of Hajji's marriage and separation, and the account of the Frank embassies, we pronounce good.

I went to the coffee-house at the proper time, and there found my friend. I approached him with great demonstrations of friendship; and calling to the waiting man, ordered some best Yemen coffee,

which was served up as we sat one opposite the other. In the course of conversation he pulled out his watch, when I seized the opportunity of introducing my subject.

'That is an European watch,' said I, 'is it not?'

'Yes, truly,' said he; 'there are none in the world beside.'

'Wonderful,' answered I,—'those Franks must be an extraordinary people.'

'Yes,' said he, 'but they are Kafirs,' (infidels).

'In the name of Allah,' taking my pipe from my mouth and putting it into his, 'tell me something respecting them. This Frangistan, is it a large country? Where does its king reside?'

'What say you, friend?' answered he; 'a large country, do you ask? A large country indeed it is, not governed by one king alone, but by many kings.'

'But I have heard,' said I, 'it is composed of many tribes, all having different names and different chiefs; still being, in fact, but one nation.

'You may call them one nation if you choose,' said he, 'and perhaps such is the case, for they all shave their chins, let their hair grow, and wear hats,—they all wear tight clothes,—they all drink wine, eat pork, and do not believe in the blessed Mahomed. But it is plain they are governed by many kings; see the numerous ambassadors who flock here to rub their foreheads against the threshold of our Imperial Gate. So many of these dogs are here, that it is necessary to put one's trust in the mercies of Allah, such is the pollution they create.'

'In the name of the Prophet speak on,' said I, 'and I will write.—Praise be to Allah! you are a man of wisdom.' Upon which, whilst I took out my inkstand from my girdle, and composed myself to write, he stroked his beard, and curled the tips of his mustachios, recollecting within himself who were the principal nations of Europe.

He prefaced his information by saying, 'But why trouble yourself? They all are dogs alike,—all sprung from one dunghill; and if there be truth in Heaven, and we believe our blessed Koran, all will burn hereafter in one common furnace. But, stop,' said he, counting his fingers: 'in the first place, there is the *Nemsé Giaour*, the Austrian infidel, our neighbours; a quiet, smoking race, who send us cloth, steel, and glassware; and are governed by a Shah, springing from the most ancient race of unbelievers: he sends us a representative to be fed and clothed.

'Then come those heretics of Muscovites, a most unclean and accursed generation. Their country is so large, that one extremity is said to be buried in eternal snows, whilst its other is raging with heat. They are truly our enemy; and when we kill them, we cry Mashallah, praise be to God! Men and women govern there by turns; but they resemble us inasmuch as they put their Sovereigns to death almost as frequently as we do.

'Again, there is a Prussian infidel, who sends us an ambassador. Allah only knows why; for we are in no need of such vermin; but, you well know, that the Imperial Gate is open to the dog as well as the true believer; for the rain of Providence descends equally upon both.

'Who shall I say next, in the name of the Prophet? Let us see: there are two northern unbelievers, living at the extremity of all things,—the Danes and Swedes. They are small tribes, scarcely to be accounted among men, although it is said the Shah of Denmark is the most despotic of the kings of Franks, not having even janissaries to dispute his will; whilst the Swedes are famous for a madman, who once waged a desperate war in Europe; caring little in what country he fought provided only that he did fight; and who, in one of his acts of desperation, made his way into our borders, where, like a wild beast, he was at length brought to bay, and taken prisoner. Owing to this circumstance we were introduced to the knowledge of his nation; or otherwise, by the blessing of Allah, we should never have known that it even existed.

'I will mention one more, called Flemings, infidels, dull, heavy, and boorish; who are amongst the Franks what the Armenians are amongst us,—having no ideas beyond those of thrift, and no ambition beyond that of riches. They used to send us a sleepy ambassador to negotiate the introduction of their cheeses, butter, and salt fish; but their government has been destroyed since the appearance of a certain Boonapoort, who (let them and the patron of all unbelief have their due) is in truth a man; one whom we need not be ashamed to class with the Persian Nadir, and with our own Suleiman.'

Here I stopped the Katib in his narrative, and catching at the name, I exclaimed 'Boonapoort, Boonapoort,—that is the word I wanted! Say something concerning him; for I have heard he is a rare and a daring infidel.'

'What can I say,' said my companion, 'except that he once was a man of nothing, a mere soldier; and now he is the Sultan of an immense nation, and gives the law to all the Franks? He did his best endeavours to molest us also, by taking Egypt, and sent innumerable armies to conquer it; but he had omitted to try the edge of a true believer's sword ere he set out, and was obliged to retreat, after having frightened a few Mamalukes, and driven the Bedouins into their deserts.'

'But is there not a certain tribe of infidels called Ingliz?' said I, 'the most unaccountable people on earth, who live in an island, and make pen-knives?'

'Yes, truly,' said the Katib, 'they, amongst the Franks, are those who for centuries have most rubbed their heads against the imperial threshold, and who have found most favour in the sight of our great and magnanimous Sultan. They are powerful in ships; and in watches and broadcloth unrivalled.'

'But what have you heard of their government?' said I: 'is it not composed of something besides a king?'

'Yes,' returned he, 'you have been rightly informed; but how can you and I understand the humours of such madmen? They have a Shah, 'tis true; but it is a farce to call him by that title. They feed, clothe, and lodge him; give him a yearly income, surround him by all the state and form of a throne; and mock him with as fine words and with as high-sounding titles as we give our sovereigns; but a common Aga of the Janissaries has more power than he; he does not dare even to give the bastinado to one of his own viziers, be his fault what it may; whereas the Aga, if expedient, would crop the ears of half the city, and still receive nothing but reward and encouragement.

'Then they have certain houses full of madmen, who meet half the year round for the purposes of quarrelling. If one set says white, the other cries black; and they throw more words away in settling a common question than would suffice one of our muftis, during a whole reign. In short, nothing can be settled in the state, be it only whether a rebellious Aga is to have his head cut off and his property confiscated, or some such trifle, until these people have wrangled. Then what are we to believe? Allah, the Almighty and Allwise, to some nations giveth wisdom, and to others folly! Let us bless Him and our Prophet, that we are not born to eat the miseries of the poor English infidels, but can smoke our pipes in quiet on the shores of our own peaceful Bosphorus!'

'Strange, strange things, you tell me,' said I, 'and had I not heard them, I could not believe something more, which is, that all India belongs to them, and that it is governed by old women. Do you know that fact?'

'I shall not be surprised to hear of any thing they do,' answered he, 'so mad are they generally reported to be; but that India is governed by infidel old women, that has never yet reached our ears. Perhaps it is so. God knows,' continued he, musing, 'for mad people do wonderful things.'

After a pause, 'Now,' said I, 'have I learnt all, or are there more unbelievers? By your beard, tell me; for who would have thought that the world was so composed?'

He reflected for some time, and said, 'O yes, I forgot to mention two or three nations; but, in truth, they are not worthy of notice. There are Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian infidels, who eat their swine, and worship their image after their own manner; but who, in fact, are nothing even amongst the Franks. The first is known to us by their *patakas* (dollars); the second sends us some Jews; and the third imports different sorts of dervishes, who pay considerable sums into the imperial treasury for building churches, and for the privilege of ringing bells. I must also mention the *papa* (pope), the Caliph of the Franks, who lives in Italia, and does not cease his endeavours to make converts to his faith; but we are more than even with him, for we convert the infidels in much greater proportion than they, notwithstanding all the previous pain which man must suffer before he is accepted for a true believer.'

'One more question I must ask,' said I, 'and then I am satisfied. Can you tell me any thing positive about *Yengi duniah*, the New World: for I have heard so many contradictory reports, that my brain is bewildered? How do they get at it, underground, or how?

'We have not had many dealings with it,' said the Katib, 'and therefore know not much of the matter; but this is true, that one can get there by ship, because ships belonging to the New World have actually been seen here. They are all infidels, my friend,' exclaimed he, with a sigh; 'all infidels, as much as those of the old world, and, by the blessing of Allah, will all grill in the same furnace.'

(Vol. iii. p. 322—333.)

We may say of every part of the work that it is clear of all effort or affectation, and therefore pleasant to read.

THE DRAMA.

THE PANTOMIMES.

The ever-blessed days of minced pies and pantomimes come, like our birth-days and other precious holidays, but once a year; but then, who that has the sense to know that the appetite of enjoyment should never be overcloyed, would think of having Christmas-tide visit us in every quarter of a year, like the tax-gatherer,—or come as often, and with as common a face, as the old whey-

faced moon? We cannot eat our pleasure, and have it too. It is wisely ordered that, when the parliament of pantomime is prorogued, it should not be re-assembled for at least ten or twelve months; to allow during the *recess* of some repose from the duties of fun. The mouth cannot be always on the stretch! This however is the licensed time of three-halfpenny loo. This is the time for Commerce—for mother-o'-pearl sprats,—for hanging caricatures,—drawing King and Queen,—and quartering cakes,—going to plays with bunches of little children, in clean frills and washed faces—swarming to the museum—the diorama, the panorama, and all the other amas!—seeing very tall men and women in caravans, and reading very little story-books everywhere. The public schools, and all the rooms of the Reverend Mr. G———, and the Reverend Mr. S———, and the Reverend Mr. C———, and the Reverend Mr. M———, and the comfortable houses of the graduates from Cambridge, which hold only six!—are empty now of restless velveteens, and hats with *thoroughfares!* The crowned heads, we know, are now at peace: And so, thank Heaven! are the *uncrowned* ones! Langford's pen in the Minories is not standing on its nib, and wagging its upper feather; Tomkins's ghost is not *striking* ideal swans with ethereal quills, or, as the recording angel of Foster Lane, printing down English glory in German text! He holds not the imaginary birch over honour's small ideal seat! For oh! it is holiday time! The Bowleses, the Barneses, the Le Bretons, the Reddalls, and all those worthy men who hang affectionately over the pothooks and hangers of the rising generation—are now enjoying a temporary rest: They are not at this pleasant period stalking behind innumerable little bare napes of necks,—or rapping those diminutive shadowy knuckles and nails, which have *cut* the soap for the taw, and which are but one shade lighter than the ink before them! The children which have been *composed together*, and kept in one *press* (our Mr. Parker will be pleased to watch over this metaphor with the eye at once of a printer and a Pylades!) are now *distributed;* and every separate compartment, in the great box of the metropolis, has its own lead again!

Yes! It is indeed holiday time! And having now made our annual low bow to the rising generation,—we take them all in our large dramatic hand, and go, like a fifth of November-group, to the two playhouses (readers! we hate to call them theatres before children!)—Lo! seating our mighty self, erect among the minors, like the monument among the lamp-posts of Fish Street Hill, we wait for the pantomimes. Was there any thing ever half so tedious as that old square-toes, Cato? How he gawkes about in insipid Utica preaching to his sons! Does he know what we are waiting for, and how tired we are of his sermon? Not he! Why does not he kill himself (as Mr. Young kills him) thoroughly at first, and let the play go on without him—it would be over in half the time, and Harlequin and Columbine would not shiver so long at the side-scene. Spangles should not be kept waiting. We long, we confess it, to see good master Merry-Diamond whisk on, and hit his old broad solemn Roman back a flap with his pearl wand, hard enough to turn him into a Barefoot or a Sherwood; that the ground might be got over the quicker. Well! There he is—Well! "bane and antidote!" Get on! a stab! a groan! a sermon! and cold feet! Now for the curtain,—the whistle aloft, the oranges, and the fiddles! Bell the first (silence, master Frederick!) Bell the second—(Tiny! keep your ninth orange but half an hour longer!)—up rolls the curtain—and now, as Squire Puff sayeth in his learned critical dissertation in the Critic, "let us see what the scene-painter hath done for us!"—Gently, however! The programme of the Covent Garden pantomime, as advertised by Mr. Farley, in his invaluable edition of the production, (for authors now publish their pantomimes, to keep up with Bell and Lancaster in their new system of education) runs to this effect.

Jack's Wager.

By virtue of one of our forest charters, if a man do build a dwelling upon common land, from sunset to sunrise, and enclose a

piece of ground, wherein there shall be a tree growing, a beast feeding, a fire kindled, a chimney smoking, and provision in the pot, such dwelling shall be freely held by the builder, any thing herein to the contrary, nevertheless, notwithstanding.—*Forest Laws.*

We say nothing of the very loose style in which this clause is worded, and of the many doors to litigation which its uncertainties leave open; for it is not our place to be doubting Mr. Farley's law: But we do think that something more interesting, romantic, and dramatic, than the old childish story of the House that Jack built, might have been found, for it is almost the duty of a pantomime builder to begin with the fanciful and the beautiful, before he dashes into the burlesque and the extravagant. Fairy tales make the best prologues to pantomime whim, on account of the contrast between finery and fun: for this reason, we so much liked the *Sleeping Beauty of the Wood,* as selected last year. *Harlequin and Poor Robin, or the House that Jack built,* has in its commencement no fine magic and poetic richness. It opens with scenes which might almost be mixed up with the humorous parts of the pantomime; so slight is the difference between the opening and the continuation. The jollity should be kept, like the sweetmeat, to the last. The choice of the subject, however, is the only objection we have to make to any part of the production, and we are glad we have got rid of it at once, as there is nothing we so much disrelish, as being critical upon pantomimes.

Grieve is a great man. Jack's house, with a distant landscape by sun-set, is painted by him, with a brush dipped, we should almost say, in mortar for the tenement, and in sun-light for the sky. May he paint for centuries, and we live to eulogize him! The country people sing a very long jolly glee in this scene—and Jack and his favourite girl's mother have a conference to music, which appears to have been written by a man more used to building than to rhyming. It is a sort of *Masonic* ode, irregular as the coming out of the Quarterly Review. But let it speak for itself—

Jack. Jack's house is built,
Old crutch and stilt,
And Rosebud must be mine.

Gaffer. A house! oh, lack!
You're dreaming, Jack,
'Tis only fit for fattening swine.

Jack. A house and shed,
And marriage bed,
Were all that you required.

Gaffer. A house and pelf,
And well-stored shelf,
For my daughter I desired.

Jack. Nay, prithee, dad!

Gaffer. It won't do, lad,
A better offer's made;
Young Squire Sap,
He is the chap—
By break of day,
He'll post away,
To wed my bonny maid.

We cannot afford room for more than these two inches of ode, but there is nearly half a yard more. Jack then, mother-vexed, bends his way to Robin on the Hill, an astrologer, who tells his fortune. The hut of poor Robin on the summit of a hill, with a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country, is another specimen of Grieve's admirable works. The moon is up, and Robin is consulting the planets. He assures Jack that the maid shall be his own, though difficulties may trouble him.

We now return to Jack's cottage, and are introduced *seriatim* to the rat that eat the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built,—to the cat that killed the rat,—and to the dog that worried the cat. The scene then changes and shows us the priest's house,—the cock that crowed in the morn,—the priest himself all shaven and shorn,—the cow with the crumpled horn,(we used to call it crumpie*dy* horn)—the damsel all forlorn,—and so on to the end of the chapter and verse. The mother desires to give her daughter to the Squire, and the priest is crowed up by a cock (big enough "to draw a Tilbury") to marry the fox-hunter and the forlorn one. But at this moment, lo!—what think you? Guess, reader, till you are black in the face, and you will be wide of the truth!—we will propound. "CUPID IS SENT BY IRIS FROM VENUS TO EARTH TO ASSIST JACK!" The changes forthwith take place, and away go the

dancing, glittering, tumbling, tottering four (our readers will be pleased to distribute these epithets to their right owners) through the usual and unusual vicissitudes. We cannot follow the merry set through all their magic troubles, but the skaiting on St. James's Park canal, and the ascent and descent of a balloon, are about the happiest contrivances that ever blessed a pantomime. The scenery throughout is brilliant and excellent, and the changes go as easily as well-oiled machinery can make them.

We miss Joe! (How is his gout?) but we have his son, a lad of exceeding strength, and with joints in every part of his body, like an eel. He could make a letter S. with his leg, or tie his right arm into a knot. He can work all the fanciful *tortuosities* of a show-tobacco-pipe in a snuffman's window, and with his own supple body; and yet he is strong and stubborn enough to walk straight under a weight which would press us down, like the toy-parson in the snuff-box. He *promises* to be an excellent clown, and we know that he *performs* —but if *he* has not a run, what is to be said of the dependance on breed! His sire and grandsire have been great before him! Oh that Joseph could make one at our pantomime supper still! The harlequin is nimble, the columbine strong, and the pantaloon powerfully feeble.

We never heard such rounds of laughter, as at the cock, who called the priest. He is a hearty old cock truly! five feet high, with a wing like a main-sail, and a bending tail like the middle arch of Westminster-bridge. His very comb is huger than a piece of roasting beef; and his beak bigger than Sir Richard Birnie, who is allowed to be the greatest *Beak** in London. The priest too is capital: a mighty fat man, dressed in black with a nice wide frill to eat soup over, and with a ripe red forehead, at which you might warm your hands and heart too. The pantomime is worth seeing if only for these two gentlemen.

At Drury-Lane theatre the pantomime has not been so prosperous as its rival at Covent-Garden, but who ever looked for a triumph in this department of the drama at this house? It is, to be sure, a great advance towards success to have produced a piece capable of weathering out six nights; for during the last few years the genius of mimicry has had a very hard time of it at this great national establishment. The great lessee sank in his repute, when he trusted it to the keeping of Harlequin and Columbine—and even Tom Dibdin, author of the two best follies of his time, Mother Goose and the Cabinet, became muddy in his wits, when he had to contrive nonsense for these luckless boards. Thanks to Mr. Stanfield the scene-painter, Mr. Elliston has at last launched a pantomime which can swim,—not exactly like a pleasure boat, nor yet precisely like a lighterman, but like a sober, slow, handsome hulk, which floats on steadily. The title is *Harlequin and the Flying Chest*, and it is of course founded on the story which we all pretty well know. The scenery is everything; and there is nothing besides. The harlequin is pursy, the columbine is a jumper, the clown vulgar, and not humorous; to be sure, we rather approve of the pantaloon, for he is an inveterate and good tumbler. Why does not Mr. Elliston take in the Mechanic's Magazine, it is only 3*d*. a week, and we can assure him that his carpenters would be all the better for a little of such wholesome reading. The *tricks* they prepare, go stiffer and stiffer on each succeeding night; and in a short time, if some alteration be not made in their materials or manufacture, the tricks will turn a deaf ear to the magic wand. Harlequin always hits his object more than once before it thinks of moving: he is invariably obliged to give two *flaps* to his table, when he wishes to make use of it. Is there no sweet oil in the house?—Are not hinges made to turn? By the mass! we are truly tired of admonishing the pantomime breeder of

* A pun requiring an explanation is no new thing.—*Beak* (to those who are not readers of Grose's Slang Dictionary) is the name by which a Magistrate is known among thieves and other gentlemen.

this establishment as to his errors of this nature.

The Diorama, as it is called, is beautifully painted indeed. We happen to have been enjoying the rains at Plymouth, and can speak to the correctness and spirit of the views. The lustre of the water is here better represented than we ever before saw it on the stage—and the vessels are painted with singular decision and effect. The shadows of the masts in one man-of-war are certainly too numerous, for the seas are never sufficiently half over themselves, to see double! The effect of this fine scenic display is somewhat impaired by the poverty of the machinery (ye rude mechanicals!) The fore-ground first stutters past, a few paces; and then the back-ground, which is water, stammers on after it: this is what we never saw in nature. But perhaps it is a clever attempt to bring on sea-sickness in the spectator. The interior of Fonthill Abbey is well managed, and the only effective piece of humour is here introduced. The clown puts on a black coat and hat, and represents Mr. Harry Phillips (who however is no clown) selling the great topaz vase. The auction is faithfully copied, and is therefore an admirable piece of foolery—of course it turns out a hoax!

There is much banging of bodies and springing of rattles—and tumbling watchmen—and firing guns—but there is nothing to make you laugh. The people are continually quitting the pit by ones and twos throughout the piece, which we take to be strong evidence of dulness somewhere. The endeavour to *write* jokes for the audience is misjudged in a pantomime—for the gallery folk are a great way off, and very few of them can read. The clown, for instance, is about to rob the mail, and a guard fires at him; upon which he falls through a trap, and a placard rises, on which is written "Search at the dead letter office." Then at a review in the park, a round of beef is introduced, over which is written "an eighteen pounder." Who could have invented these surpassing pleasantries?

The whole merit of this pantomime is to be laid at the door of Mr. Stanfield. He is *in* first at the great Christmas hunt, and we trust the *brush* will not be taken out of his hands.

There has been a new opera from the pen of Mr. Beazley, a favourite writer of ours in short summer pieces, called "Philandering, or the Rose Queen," which has the merit of being unentertaining, though Beazley wrote it, and Miss Stephens and Braham sing in it. It is taken from the French piece *Joconde*, and is not marked with the translator's usual spirit and skill. By this time it is perhaps dead, for we left it dying!

Young's Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant in the Man of the World is the best thing he ever did—and we should be very glad if he would confine himself to humorously sarcastic characters, in which he excels. His Cato is enough to bring on melancholy madness, or drive one to suicide. We would not have been "pent up in Utica" with such an old proser for all that is beneath the moon.

Simpson and Co. has been revived at this house (*revived* did we say?—when did it ever die?)—got up, we should say, for the sake of making a merchant of Mr. Farren. He is no more Peter Simpson, than is the Monument made of India rubber! He *marches* about the stage, and never walks; his voice too snaps and detonates unnaturally; and is nothing a-kin to Mincing Lane tones. Terry is the man. Terry is Peter Simpson in manner, dress, voice, every thing! Farren would do well to strike himself out of the firm, as he is really not fit for business: One would as soon think of putting Sir Peter Teazle to mix teas and thump lump sugar, or of setting up Lord Ogleby in a chandler's shop, as of beholding Farren successful in Peter Simpson. Bless your heart! he would bring the house into discredit and ruin the firm.

By the way, we do not think it quite correct in the managers of Covent Garden to get up this little comedy at their own house. It is printed to be sure,—but still is it not the property of Drury Lane? They may have the legal, but have they the moral right to possess themselves thus of their neighbour's goods?—we think not.

The minor theatres have been outraging decency beyond all former example within the last month: and seldom as we are in the habit of noticing their performances, we cannot be silent on the present occasion; as we are quite sure that the tacit suffering of such indecencies on the part of the public is a surer proof, than any other, of the sad perversion of public taste. The Surrey Theatre, not lectured into wisdom or good feeling by the criticism of the King's Bench judges, has returned to its vile representation of the murder of Mr. Weare, the very moment the verdict of the jury rendered such a step safe. Before the trial of Thurtell, a drama founded on the harrowing circumstances of the murder, was iniquitous, as tending to poison the sources of justice: but since that objection has been removed, the stronger though more hidden causes for the suppression of such a piece have not been perceived, and the murder has come out, enriched with all that can satiate the savage curiosity of an audience. The real horse and gig are introduced; the table at which Probert and his hideous gang supped,—the very chairs fresh from Gill's Hill cottage. Now, do these thrifty managers forget that the murdered man is scarcely cold in his grave; that the horrors of his death are still hanging in all their agony on the public mind; and that relatives, the closest relatives of the deceased, are still living, to whose feelings some respect should at least be shown? Not one of that unfortunate man's family can walk the street without reading some memorial of his death against every wall, in play-bills large as counterpanes. Never until the present time have theatres yet omitted to allow time first to dull the colours of events too painfully bright for abominable mockery.

At the Coburg Theatre, we have "The Hertfordshire Tragedy; or the Victims of Gaming," wherein the characters are threefold: Freeman, who represents Thurtell, is represented by a Mr. Stanley; Fellwood, who is Hunt, is played by a Mr. Lewis; and Holford, Probert, is Bengough. The circumstances of the trial are closely and tediously followed, in language too which would disgrace a novel from Leadenhall-street. There are no *identicals* from Gill's Hill Lane! But the murder is correctly followed, and Mr. Justice Park is enacted even to the black cap and the ermine.

> ———Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud,
> Without our special wonder?

PROSE BY A POET.*

This is a very pretty little book, we had almost said a beautiful one; but the diversity of its style will not permit the latter term to be applied as a general descriptive title. "Prose by a Poet" is a collection of short essays on various subjects, many of them interesting, all amusing. Some of them might have been written by a prose-writer,—none of them could have been penned by a proser. Had the work been merely entitled "Prose," the reader would inevitably have added "by a Poet," from the sweetness and melody of language which pervades many of the descriptions. There is more beauty of imagery and splendour of poetic vision diffused throughout these volumes of prose, than is to be found in many poems, such by profession: if modern fancy has sometimes soared to sublimer heights, it has not often attained a purer region in the heaven of "empyrean poesy," than it floats in here. We quote from a Fable, entitled "The Moon and Stars."

> On the fourth day of creation, when the sun, after a glorious but solitary course, went down in the evening, and darkness began to gather over the face of the uninhabited globe, already arrayed in exuberance of vegetation, and prepared by the diversity of land and water for the abode of uncreated animals and man,—a star, single and beautiful, stept forth into the

* Longman and Co. London, 1824.

firmament. Trembling with wonder and delight in new-found existence, she looked abroad, and beheld nothing in heaven or on earth resembling herself. But she was not long alone; now one, then another, here a third, and there a fourth resplendent companion had joined her, till, light after light stealing through the gloom, in the lapse of an hour, the whole hemisphere was brilliantly bespangled.

The planets and stars, with a superb comet flaming in the zenith, for a while contemplated themselves and each other; and every one, from the largest to the least, was so perfectly well pleased with himself, that he imagined the rest only partakers of his felicity,—he being the central luminary of his own universe, and all the host of heaven beside displayed around him in graduated splendour. Nor were any undeceived with regard to themselves, though all saw their associates in their real situations and relative proportions, self-knowledge being the last knowledge acquired, either in the sky, or below it,—till, bending over the ocean in their turns, they discovered what they imagined, at first, to be a new heaven, peopled with beings of their own species; but, when they perceived further that no sooner had any one of their company touched the horizon than he instantly disappeared, they then recognized themselves in their individual forms, reflected beneath, according to their places and configurations above, from seeing others whom they previously knew, reflected in like manner. By an attentive but mournful self-examination in that mirror, they slowly learned humility, but every one learned it only for himself, none believing what others insinuated respecting their own inferiority, till they reached the western slope, from whence they could identify their true images in the nether element. Nor was this very surprising,—stars being only visible points, without any distinction of limbs, each was all eye, and, though he could see others most correctly, he could neither see himself, nor any part of himself,—till he came to reflection! The comet, however, having a long train of brightness streaming sunward, *could* review that, and did review it with ineffable self-complacency: indeed, after all pretensions to precedence, he was, at length, acknowledged king of the hemisphere, if not by the universal assent, by the silent envy of all his rivals.

But the object which attracted most attention, and astonishment, too, was a slender thread of light, that scarcely could be discerned through the blush of evening, and vanished soon after nightfall, as if ashamed to appear in so scanty a form, like an unfinished work of creation. It was the moon,—the first new moon;—timidly she looked round upon the glittering multitude that crowded through the dark serenity of space, and filled it with life and beauty. Minute, indeed, they seemed to her, but perfect in symmetry, and formed to shine for ever; while she was unshapen, incomplete, and evanescent. In her humility, she was glad to hide herself from their keen glances in the friendly bosom of the ocean, wishing for immediate extinction. When she was gone, the stars looked one at another, with inquisitive surprise, as much as to say, "What a figure!" It was so evident that they all thought alike, and thought contemptuously of the apparition (though, at first, they almost doubted whether they should not be frightened), that they soon began to talk freely concerning her,—of course, not with audible accents, but in the language of intelligent sparkles, in which stars are accustomed to converse with telegraphic precision from one end of heaven to the other,—and which no dialect on earth so nearly resembles as the language of eyes,—the only one, probably, that has survived in its purity, not only the confusion of Babel, but the revolutions of all ages, &c.

Our limits stop us: we are almost ashamed to disturb the reader's admiration of these passages, by the truly critic-like objection, that our author, in passing from one to the other, has unceremoniously and injudiciously changed the *gender* of his stars; they are feminine in the first paragraph (as they ought to be), and masculine in the second.

"The Life of a Flower," supposed to be written by itself, which precedes this, is, also, exquisitely told, in a strain of playful elegance, and light, graceful, natural language. The specimen above, will, perhaps, excuse us the necessity of illustrating our opinion by another; nor do we think it quite fair in us Reviewers to plagiarise by wholesale from an author's works, extracting the honey, and leaving the empty combs for the purchaser of the book.

There is some *boná-fide* poetry in these volumes; yet, strange to say, it is far less poetical than some of the prose beside it. It is not exactly Poetry by a Proser; on the contrary, there are many of the *disjecti membra* to be recognized, here and there, by an industrious anatomist: but we certainly never should have suspected the author of poetry to any amount, had he not betrayed his propensity in a more unequivocal manner than shines through his verse.

A reader who begins (as some

readers may) at the beginning of this work will, perhaps, be prejudiced (as we were) against it, by the flippant tone which reigns through the introductory piece, a kind of deprecatory dialogue between the reader and the book, needless in any case, and injurious in this. Perhaps the author wrote it merely to cover paper; but this innocent design has a fatal result,—that of proving very evidently, that, whatever faculties of mind he may enjoy, *wit* is not one of them. He should be careful how he endeavours to indulge a disposition to be witty; there is nothing more exalted in the scale of intellect than wit, nothing more contemptible than the pertness which is frequently mistaken for it. Advice, we are aware, is more generously offered, than gratefully received; yet we will venture to advise our "Poet," in his future compositions, *not* to be witty. His temperament is evidently playful, but his spirit is not sharp enough for wit; he succeeds very well in amiable pleasantry, his attempts to be smart are always unhappy. May we be permitted to ask, if it is to the Genius of Wit, or No-meaning, that we owe the choice image contained in this sentence: "Like the variable star in the head of Medusa, he (*the author*) graduates between a luminary of the third, and one of the sixth magnitude, as the 'muse of fire' burns bright or dim within him?" In Shakspeare's Prologue, the Muse is allotted quite a different task; there she is not expected to *burn* at all, but merely to "ascend the brightest heaven of invention." Miracles, however, we are told, will never cease: why should the Muse not burn *in propriâ personâ* for a poet's convenience, as well as do a great many other extraordinary things, to which the mad use of metaphor has frequently condemned her?

Few, whether admirers or despisers of Ossian's poetry, will agree with our author as to the felicity of his proposal about turning its irregular cadences into Anapestic verse, except in the unfavourable sense which he himself seems to entertain of such a measure: "though a few pages got up in this manner may not be unpleasing, a volume would be intolerable." For ourselves, we give such an attempt our unqualified disapprobation. Whatever be the merits of Ossian, put the sentiments into any thing like regular metre, and you annihilate the principal charm of the book. Nothing but the vast variety of its manner can relieve the sameness of its matter. Its imagery is caught from the wilderness, its manners from wild society; its rhythm must also be wild, and the wilder (if not barbarous) the better. We are surprised that any man with an *ear*, and our author undoubtedly has one, can deny the necessity of frequent poetic *discords* in such a poem as Ossian. But we have often remarked that poets who "graduate between the third and sixth magnitude," are mainly deficient in what may be called ear for general harmony. A poem must be in verse, or it is no poem to them. We would not, however, be considered as champions for the immaculate beauty of Mr. Macpherson's rhythm; it is, in many places, very defective.

We are of that class of critics, who seldom praise *toto ore*: in every human work, there is inevitably something faulty, which our taste is generally fastidious enough to discover. Our author, we dare say, has little wish to put in a plea of perfection for his work, and less hope that we should allow it. But we can, with sincerity and safety, adjudge to these volumes the merits of considerable poetic fancy, harmony of language, and purity of sentiment. We can, moreover, recommend them, for their moral scope, and the lessons of piety which they sweetly infuse, to the bosom of every private family. We have rarely (and we regret it!) been able to accord such recommendation to books whose chief motive is the inculcation of virtue; in order to be didactic, their authors think it necessary to be dull; where they ought to solicit with the bland lip of poetry and eloquence, they repel with the harsh voice of lecture and pedantry. The work before us, by a judicious intermixture of gay imaginations with serious reflections, renders morality as sweet to the taste, as it is wholesome to the constitution.

SPECIMENS OF SONNETS FROM THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF ITALY.

ANTONIO TEBALDEO.

Ben fosti in Cipro colta nel giardino
D' Amor, o in quel di Giove a non lontano,
Rosa gentil; che 'n questo nostro piano
Si bel fior non si coglie d' alcun spino,
Io ch'era alla mia morte già vicino,
Poichè a me ti mandò la bella mano,
All' odor tuo son fatto in parte sano;
Mover non mi potea, ch' ora cammino.
Ma di una cosa prendi maraviglia,
Che già pallida secca e smorta sei,
Chi dianzi eri sì vaga e sì vermiglia:
Torna a Madonna, e dì piangendo a lei,
Che sua bellezza al tuo stato somiglia,
E che al suo ben proveda, e a' martir miei.

From Cyprus' isle, where Love owns every bower,
Or from the neighbouring shores of Jove's domain,
Thou surely comest, sweet Rose, since this our plain
Bears not the stem where bloom'd so fair a flower.
For I, who late was near my last sad hour,
No sooner from her hand the gift obtain,
Than thy sweet breath did charm away my pain,
And to my limbs restore their wonted power.
But mark one thing that wakes a just surprise,
Thy pallid form with life but faintly glows,
That late of loveliest hue blush'd vermeil dies:
Haste, to the thoughtless fair go sorrowing, Rose,
Bid her, by thy waned beauty taught, be wise,
For her own good provide and my repose.

FROM THE SAME.

Parte dell' alma mia, caro consorte!
Che vivrai dopo me qualch' anno ancora,
Se vuoi che in pace ed in quïete io mora,
Tempra tanto dolor sfrenato e forte!
Il vederti attristar m' è doppia morte;
E se pur pianger vuoi, deh fa dimora
Tanto che 'l spirto se ne voli fuora,
Ch' esser già per uscir sento alle porte.
Al mio partir sol ti dimando un dono;
Che serbi fede al nostro casto letto
Che 'n mia più verde età freddo abbandono;
E perchè accade pur qualche dispetto
Tra consorti talor; chieggio perdono.
Io vo; rimanti in pace, in cielo t' aspetto.

Lord of my love! my soul's far dearer part,
As thou wilt live, and still enjoy the day,
Wouldst thou in peace I breathe my soul away,
Then moderate the grief that rends thy heart!
Thy sobs and tears give death a double smart;
If weep thou must, oh! grant a short delay,
Till my faint spirit leave this house of clay,
E'en now I feel it struggling to depart.
This only boon I crave ere I go hence;
Spotless maintain the bed of our chaste love,
Which cold I leave while youth refines each sense;
And, oh! if e'er my will unduly strove
With thine, as oft occurr'd—forgive th' offence.
I go—farewell—for thee I wait above.

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA.

O dolce Selva solitaria, amica
De' miei pensieri sbigottiti e stanchi!
Mentre Borea ne' dì torbidi e manchi
D' orrido gel l'aere e la terra implica;
E la tua verde chioma ombrosa, antica
Come la mia, par d' ogni intorno imbianchi;
Or che 'n vece di fior vermigli e bianchi
Ha neve e ghiaccio ogni tua piaggia aprica;
A questa breve nubilosa luce
Vo ripensando, che mi avanza, e ghiaccio
Gli spirti anch' i' sento e le membra farsi:
Ma più di te dentro e d' intorno agghiaccio;
Chè più crudo Euro a me mio verno adduce,
Più lunga notte, e dì più freddi e scarsi!

Sweet lonely Wood, that like a friend art found
To soothe my weary thoughts that brood on woe,
Whilst through dull days and short the north winds blow,
Numbing with winter's breath the air and ground;
Thy time-worn leafy locks seem all around,
Like mine, to whiten with old age's snow,
Now that thy sunny banks, where late did grow
The painted flowers, in frost and ice are bound;
As I go musing on the dim brief light
That still of life remains, then I too feel
The creeping cold my limbs and spirits thrill:
But I with sharper frost than thine congeal;
Since ruder winds my winter brings, and night
Of greater length, and days more scant and chill.

CELIO MAGNO.

Alma che scendi in noi pura immortale,
Primo pregio del mondo e maraviglia,
Luce, il cui raggio al sommo Sol somiglia,
E di quest' altro alla beltà prevale!
Tu c' hai ministri in questo viver frale
Angioli ch' a tua guardia apron le ciglia,
Alta cura di Dio, sua dolce figlia,
Per cui salvar vestìo spoglia mortale!
Dunque sì tralignar non ti vergogna
Di tanta stirpe, e tuo splendor natio,
E stai vilmente in tanti error sepolta?
Deh sorgi omai, lasciando l'ombre e i sogni,
Chè morte hai presso, e mostra, al ciel rivolta,
Che ti formar' le proprie man di Dio.

Soul that to us descend'st immortal pure,
Creation's boast, and Wonder's endless theme,
Light, that enkindled at the sun supreme,
Dost with thy beams the lamp of day obscure!
About thy path to make frail life secure,
The eyes of Angels shed their watchful beam,
And thee his own sweet daughter to redeem,
The Lord of heaven did fleshly pains endure!
Then canst thou still without remorse defame
Thy noble origin, and native skies,
Lost in a maze of error, sin and shame?
Shake off these slumbers dark, awake, arise,
Turn thee to heav'n, 'tis Death that yonder stands
And show thyself the work of God's own hands.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

Padre eterno del ciel! se, tua mercede,
Vivo ramo son io dell' ampia e vera
Vite, ch' abbraccia il mondo, e chiusa intera
Vuol la nostra virtù seco per fede.
L' occhio divino tuo languir mi vede
Per l'ombra di mie frondi intorno nera,
Se nella dolce eterna primavera
Il quasi secco umore verde non riede.
Purgami sì, ch' io permanendo seco
Mi cibi ogn' ora della rugiada santa,
E rinfreschi col pianto la radice.
Verità sei, dicesti d'esser meco;
Vien dunque lieto, ond' io frutto felice
Faccia in te degno a sì gradita pianta.

Father of heaven! if by thy mercy's grace
A living branch I am of that true vine
Which spreads o'er all, and would we did resign
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace.
In me much drooping, Lord, thine eye will trace,
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves of mine,
Unless in season due thou dost refine
The humour gross, and quicken its dull pace.
So cleanse me, that abiding e'er with thee,
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,
And with my falling tears refresh the root.
Thou said'st, and thou art truth, thou 'dst with me be,
Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit,
And worthy of the stock on which it grew.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

There has scarcely ever been known a time when the preparations for the musical campaign have been upon so extended a scale. A new management at the King's Theatre—new proprietors at the Argyle Rooms—Madame Catalani in England, who, it should appear, is determined to have most of the arrangement, as well as of the profits, of every thing in which she engages; *il gran maestro* Rossini himself too arrived! all these things give such an impetus to the public exhibitions of the art as has not been experienced for an indefinite period. For it is not alone the novelties, but the powers of the competitors that increase the interest, and all these operating not simply *inter se*, but of necessity stimulating the conductors of all our musical establishments into the exertions indispensable to the conservation of their due share of the general favour. The theatres, the oratorios, the benefits, even the Ancient and the Philharmonic Concerts, will all be moved by the momentum of the impulse, and we are quite safe in prophesying that the metropolis never witnessed such appeals to the curiosity of the public, as well as to the predilections and the judgment of the amateurs, as will be put forth this season. It is not, indeed it cannot be, without well-founded fears for some of the *entrepreneurs*, that we contemplate the magnitude and the multitude of the preparations.—What contributes to this apprehension is, the enormous demands of the principal singers, which exceed

all the limits of customary extortion. There can, indeed, be no hazard in peremptorily pronouncing that if this cupidity be indulged but a very little further, or be not reduced by enlarging the field of competition, almost all the enterprizes of our most enterprizing conductors will be brought to a positive certainty of loss. Indeed, it is absolutely come to such a calculation already in many undertakings.

The King's Theatre has begun the campaign with strong appearances of success, and the spirit evinced by the board of management deserves encouragement. We say this, however, with some reservation; for it appears not a little surprising that the subscribers, who are the chief supporters of this most expensive place of fashionable resort, should so readily acquiesce in the rise of the charge for boxes; and we are driven to assume, that the concession is drawn from a desire of exclusion but too common to rank and opulence, and from the belief that by adding to the costliness, the circle will be rendered more select. Indeed it is due to the managers to say, that we understand great pains are used to exclude improper persons, by certain restrictions in the issue of tickets, which must so operate, and operate usefully. Be this however as it may, the effect is the same. The pleasure must be purchased at a dear, not to say at too dear a rate; and, indeed, it seems altogether impossible to account for the necessity of such a demand (amounting to about one-sixth of the whole), since, if published statements are correct, and they have long stood uncontradicted, the receipts have generally exceeded 70,000*l.* per annum, and the engagements of principal performers have been under 15,000*l.* These facts become even more surprising when contrasted with the expenses of the best foreign opera houses. But England is the true "gold coast," and *John Gull* would be a far more just cognomen than the one which has so long been taken to designate the sturdy, unyielding dispositions of our countrymen. Even the last comer, Signor Rossini himself, has learned our foible. He has refused to put pen to paper for less than 100 guineas, and demands the very trifling compensation of 1,200*l.* for the copyright of the opera he purposes, *Deo volente*, to compose, and which he began to write on Sunday the 25th of January, in the present year, 1824, if his intention then to commence his work was not postponed by the gratulations of his friends on his reception on Saturday the 24th.

It afforded him, indeed, a considerable triumph; and as indicating the strong feeling of what is due to talent, and the liberal desire to pay the full homage to genius, the circumstances are alike honourable to those who bestow as to him who receives. Never did we witness so early, so vehement a struggle for admission. The pay-table was choked; and strength, courage, and even a little ferocity, were necessary to enable the lover of the all-softening art to pay his half-guinea at the door of the pit. A very few minutes sufficed to fill every part of it. All the world of science was there; and when Rossini advanced to his place at the pianoforte, he was cheered in the loudest manner—every body jumped upon the seats to catch a look of the great man, who continued to bow respectfully to the audience. The opera selected was his *Zelmira*, of which we proceed to give a sketch.

The scene is laid in the island of Lesbos, where *Polidoro* (Placci) the sovereign, having been overthrown by *Azor*, King of Mitilene, is concealed through the filial piety of his daughter *Zelmira* (Signora Colbran Rossini) in the subterraneous mausoleum of the kings of Lesbos. *Antenor* (Curioni) aspiring to the throne, has conspired with *Leucippo* (Porto) to murder *Azor*, and the piece opens at the moment of the discovery of the deed. The conspirators contrive to throw the guilt upon *Zelmira;* and *Ilo* (Garcia), her husband, arriving, they inspire him with the belief that she also aimed at his life, when, in fact, she wrested the dagger from the hand of *Leucippo* at the very instant he was about to strike the blow. *Antenor* is elected king, and enthroned, and *Zelmira* imprisoned. *Polidoro,* compelled by her absence to quit his place of refuge, encounters *Ilo,* to whom he relates the truth. *Ilo,* overcome with joy at his wife's innocence, hastens to assemble his troops. In the meantime, *Zelmira* is

permitted to escape by *Leucippo*, who has seen *Ilo* and *Polidoro* together. *Antenor* and *Leucippo* by a stratagem induce *Zelmira* to disclose her father's concealment; they take immediate advantage of the communication, and arrest their victims; but *Ilo* arrives, preserves his father, his wife, and child, and orders the death of the conspirators.

It will be seen that, however deficient in probability, a piece thus constructed may abound in situations of interest and in passion. Such, indeed, is the case with *Zelmira*. But though perhaps it may be said to equal, if not exceed, any of Rossini's compositions in the combination of the orchestral accompaniments, there is a weight and a gloom about it, which not even the striking characteristic of the composer's manner, his conversion of ornamental passages into the language of expression—no, nor the vehemence of the style, nor the energy of the instruments, could remove; though there is some of the music effectively dramatic during the representation, there is not a single bar—not even a solitary *trait de chant*, that the mind carries away. The piece is supported by the clangor of drums and trombones (the whole orchestra, by the way, played most intolerably loud), by great splendour, and by some most admirable acting and singing; but we left the theatre with litle desire to hear the opera again. We think Rossini has made an injudicious choice therefore. It is inferior to *Otello*—it is infinitely below *Tancredi*—nor indeed can we think it adds a jot to the composer's reputation. He was however called for, faintly at first, and with some opposition; but the perseverance of a few, and the curiosity of the many, aided by his fame for other deserts than Zelmira, wrought upon the house, and he was led on by Signor Garcia, and supported by Benelli, the acting manager. Few, we believe, in any other situation, would have recognized, in the short fat figure they dragged reluctantly half a dozen feet from the side scene, the animated Rossini, the composer of thirty-three operas, the idol of musical Europe, and the irresistible seducer of female hearts. The conversion of Liston into a *Philander* at Drury (by the way, the endurance of *Philandering* is a national reproach) presents not a more ridiculous practical solecism. If what Bombet or Stendthall (whichever it be) relates is true, that two of the prettiest women in Italy rushed suddenly into Rossini's apartment at Bologna, to contend for his heart and person, it inspires us with the delicious anticipation, that the two captivating French actresses who occupied one of the lower boxes on Saturday night, and the sight of whose beauty was worth all Rossini's Zelmira, may, when they read of our devotion, climb to our solitary bower, where this our first public homage to their charms is indited; for we (notwithstanding our plurality) are quite as slender, and bear as near a resemblance to Adonis or Endymion as *il maestro* himself, though it must be confessed that he has some advantage in point of youth and reputation. But we are to the full as lovely; and if the science of Gall and Spurzheim holds, at least as loving to boot. Well then, Rossini was wooed and not unsought was won, to receive this *omaggio al merito*, almost new to England; he bowed, and he retreated. —But the whole was awkwardly achieved. "They manage these things better in France" and Italy.

We do not, however, mean to impute, as the daily journals have done, ill-manners or impertinence to the worthy maestro. On the contrary, we are happy to be able to state, on sufficient authority, that all that has been disrespectfully said of his conduct during his visit to the King is false. No man could have conducted himself with a better understanding of the custom of courts than Rossini. His entire deportment was that of a man at ease, yet sensible of what was due to the superior rank of those around him; and if he can be said to have erred at all, it was in the endeavour to amuse, and to show a wonderful faculty, in imitating one of those pitiable beings, whom the humanity and propriety of the English audiences have banished long since from the Italian operas. This, in the presence of females, was, perhaps, more consistent with foreign than with English freedom.

We have often before been struck with the admirable talents of Garcia, but we were never so deeply impressed with his great and various

powers as on this night. In fact, he sustained the whole opera. As a singer, his force, energy, execution, and expression, exceed, far exceed all his competitors; and his acting is not less remarkably excellent to those who are acquainted with the natural language of passion of the Italians. His voice has certainly lost the freshness and quality that belong to youth alone, but his genius and his volume are improved by maturity and exercise. He is florid beyond all florid vocalists; but his redundancy is extenuated by the delicious facility with which he flies through melody, and through the most difficult passages, while he surrenders his whole soul to the expression of passion.

The grand novelty was Signora Colbran Rossini, who has been much and grossly misrepresented by foreign publications, if her performance on Saturday can be taken as affording a fair specimen of her powers. Perhaps it might be raised above the ordinary standard; as the application of such a stimulus as was then exhibited to her mind, could hardly fail to exalt her to the utmost, and we well know how much depends upon excitement, and particularly where so much expectancy has been previously inspired. Signora Colbran is still a great singer in many respects, though with less volume than is commonly possessed by those of the first class. Her voice resembles that of Caradori in quality, and she has a little, and but a little, more power. Her execution is neat, though very rapid; and her intonation occasionally only faulty, and that in no considerable degree. She coursed through two octaves by semitones remarkably well. Her expression is still fine; there are the marks of a style originally great; her manner is commanding; there is much grandeur in her person, and dignity in her air. Such is the true portrait of Madame Rossini. Francheschi, a new man, is a tenor about a third rate, and certainly better than most of his predecessors. Madame Vestris, Curioni, and Porto, sung as usual, and Garcia, though he eclipsed Curioni, did not entirely extinguish his beams. He was listened to with pleasure, which is no slight compliment, when the natural endowments and scientific acquisitions of his corival are considered. At the end of the opera, *God save the King* was sung (verse and chorus) by Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Signora Caradori, and Madame Vestris—the rest of the singers, and the corps-dramatique, attending. Madame Ronzi was handsomely greeted. Upon the whole then the new management has given most decided, most laudable demonstrations of an active and energetic conduct of affairs. The house is very tastefully decorated, the scenery and costumes are splendid, and the vocal strength of the company can hardly perhaps be augmented, except by Catalani, whose terms, if report speaks truly, were such as forbid, and ought to forbid, her engagement.

The lessees of the King's Theatre have it in contemplation to originate a *Concert Spirituel* during Lent, or sacred performances, selected from foreign composers, and to be executed by foreign artists. Whether the Lord Chamberlain will be prevailed upon to interfere, by the proprietors of the winter theatres, is a point yet undecided.

Signor Rossini intends to give four concerts, at which he himself, it is presumed, will sing. He is a very fine tenor; and in the orchestra is said to be scarcely, if at all, inferior to any one now in this country.

The British Concerts will not be revived, nor the Vocal, nor the City Amateur. But a concert for general resort has been arranged at the Argyle Rooms. The proprietors are understood to be Messrs. Bellamy, Braham, Hawes, Mori, and Welch. There are to be nine nights, and the first performance will take place early in March. One act will consist of ancient music, and the other of modern compositions.

Thus with the Ancient and Philharmonic, and the Benefit Concerts, and the Oratorios, there is choice and plenty. But it is also a frequent question in the musical circles—will Madame Catalani consent to sink into the *auditor tantum?* Probably not. Ever since the great provincial meetings, she has been engaged in a tour through the north, taking in her suite two singers (Mr. and Mrs. Bedford, *ci-devant* Miss Greene), a conductor (M. Pio Cianchettini), a leader, and a

violoncellist. Thus attended, she has held concerts both in Scotland and in various towns of the North and has succeeded wonderfully. Mr. Sapio and Miss Stephens have made a tour in their different engagements of not less than 2000 miles. Bath, Bristol, and Worcester, are engaged in a series of concerts. The operas at Bath were very successful; and what is singular, Mr. Phillips, a young English bass, distinguished himself particularly.

The establishment of a new glee-club, at the Argyle Rooms, under Messrs. Hawes and Welch, the proprietors, is talked of.

The first Oratorio takes place on January 30, when will be given Schneider's composition, so much vaunted in the foreign journals, *The Day of Judgment*. Report speaks highly of it. Mr. Bochsa is the proprietor, and Sir George Smart conducts. Most of the principal English singers are engaged.

The Royal Academy of Music have been reduced to the necessity of requesting the attendance of the Professors gratuitously for a quarter!!!

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. Cramer has two new publications. *A favourite Swiss air for the pianoforte as a rondo, and a fantasia*, in which is introduced the round, *Up, 'tis the Indian drum*, from Bishop's opera of *Cortez*. The first piece commences with an introduction, into which the subject of the rondo is moulded with great ingenuity, and with graceful and dignified expression. The theme, a Swiss air, is a sweet melody of sufficient character to fasten itself upon the mind; but Mr. Cramer has apparently exhausted his fancy upon it in the introduction. In the rondo it appears in various keys, but under little novelty of form or character, and the intermediate strains are in no way remarkable. The construction, as well as the merit of the fantasia, is much the same. The late compositions of Mr. Cramer give some proofs of indolence, or of a failure in the powers of the master; for to what other causes may we attribute the mannerism and poverty of fancy they almost universally exhibit?

Aurora che sorgerai, a favourite air, by Rossini, with an introduction, and variations, by T. A. Rawlings. The first few bars of the introduction are bold and animated, and are principally effective from their contrast with the theme, parts of which appearing in common time, and alternately in the major and minor modes, give it novelty and interest. We cannot bestow equal praise upon the variations, which lose both the character and melody of the subject so entirely, that they would serve equally well for any other air. We regret this the more as they are animated and agreeable, and devoid of every thing like vulgarity. Mr. Rawlings has also a duet for the pianoforte, entitled, *Le Bouquet*, full of spirit and variety. It opens with a bolero leading to Storace's old air, *the lullaby*, which is arranged with sweetness, and attention to the character of the subject. *When the rosy morn*, from Rosina, follows, with two variations, succeeded by a gay and brilliant rondo à la militaire.

Variations to a theme in the opera Jean de Paris, with a grand introduction by J. Mayseder, arranged for the pianoforte solo by Gelinek. Great difficulties of execution, combined with rapidity, are the principal features of the piece. Its effect, therefore, depends on the hand of the performer.

Amongst the arrangements is *Paer's overture to Sargino*, by *Hummel*, with accompaniments for violin, flute, and violoncello. This overture is much in fashion in Germany.

The third number of *Les Belles Fleurs*, contains the *Bells of St. Petersburgh*, with variations and a rondo by Hummel.

The second number of Mr. Klose's *Operatic Divertimentos*, consists of selections from Winter's opera of Timoteo.

Mr. Cipriani Potter has arranged Rossini's celebrated trio, *Cruda sorte*, as a duet for the harp and pianoforte.

In vain hope's brightest colours beam, an Alsatian melody, adapted to original poetry, with an accompaniment for the harp or pianoforte; and, *In these shades*, a canzonet, by Lindpainter, adapted to original poetry, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte, are very elegant and expressive airs, far above the common.

The great work edited by Mr. Horsley, from the printed and MS. compositions of Dr. Callcot, is out, but we have not sufficient space to enter into its merits.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

The Drama.—No piece worthy of particular notice seems to have been brought forward since our last report, but several more new pieces are announced as in a state of forwardness, some of which will probably be represented before the end of the month. The second volume of the new edition of Molière, by M. Aimé

Martin, is published; the first volume will be published in February and the remaining six quarterly. This edition is very highly spoken of, as combining every thing interesting in the numerous editions of Moliere hitherto published, and many new and interesting observations. The fifth *livraison* of the Collection of Memoirs relative to the Dramatic Art, contains the Memoirs of Mademoiselle Dumesnil, published by M. Dusault and those of the celebrated German actor Iffland by M. Picard.

Poetry.—M. Pougerville has published his translation of Lucretius into French Verse in 2 vols. 8vo. This translation is very highly spoken of by the critics; among others by M. Raynouard, in the Journal des Savans for January 1824.

Natural History.—The fifth volume of Cuvier's Researches on Fossil Bones is published. Four volumes of the Classical Dictionary of Natural History are now published. This work is under the direction of Mr. Bory de St. Vincent, and will make 12 or 15 vols. in 8vo. It is quite distinct from the Dictionnaire des Sciences Naturelles, 28 vols. 8vo. published under the superintendence of M. Cuvier. A notice has been published of the works of Palissot de Beauvois, viz. The Flora of Owara and Benin, 20 numbers fol. Insects collected in Africa, St. Domingo, and the United States of North America, 15 numbers fol. Essay towards a new Agrostography 8vo. plates 4to. Prodromus of the 5th and 6th families of Oethogamy, (Mosses and Lycopodium) 8vo. The Travels of Humboldt and Bonpland, 6th part. Synopsis of the Equinoctial Plants of the New World, 8vo.

Jurisprudence. — A very useful work is an Alphabetical table of all the decrees, reported in the criminal part of the official Bulletin of the Court of Cassation, from 1798 to 1823. Le Code des Femmes, is written not for lawyers but for the use of the fair sex themselves; and not to alarm the ladies by a dry treatise, the author has thrown it into the form of Narratives and Conversations on their rights, privileges, duties, and obligations.

History, Memoirs, Biography.—The Historical Dictionary of the French Generals, from the 11th century to our times, by M. de Courcelles, is now completed by the publication of the 9th volume, which, like the preceding, contains about 200 biographical notices. A publication of the highest interest is, the inedited Letters of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, 2 vols. 8vo. The editor, M. Rives, has placed at the head of the work, under the modest title of Introduction, a dissertation of extraordinary merit, containing an abridged history of the parliaments, full of authentic facts, and profound and new ideas, which throw a strong light on the causes of the progress and the decline of those ancient institutions. Another publication which we should suppose must be interesting, but of which we know no more than what is contained in the advertisement, is Unpublished Letters of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, extracted from the archives at Rome, with two Memoirs, one in French, the other in Latin, partly inedited, 8vo. M. Raoul Rochette has published his History of the Swiss Revolution from 1797 to 1803, 1 vol. 8vo. The author professes to have observed strict impartiality, and it does not appear that he has in any respect failed in his promise: he supports his assertions by respectable authorities, and has not only drawn from the best sources, but even seems to have imposed it on himself as a duty to consult above all, authors whose opinions differ from his own. The work is divided into four books. The Royalist journals speak in unfavourable terms of the 3 vols. of the Annual Necrology, by M. Mahul; while he exalts, say they, all the liberals to the skies, he loses no opportunity of casting imputations on those who have served the cause of Royalty. Much praise, however, is given to the articles on the late Queen of England, the Abbé Sicard, and a few others. The enterprising bookseller Ladvocat has hit on a speculation, which will certainly be successful. It is an Historical Dictionary, 1 vol. 8vo. 600 pages in double columns, entirely extracted from the works of Voltaire, with the addition of a few necessary notes. Volumes 6 and 7 of the Memoirs of Cardinal Richelieu have just

made their appearance; these Memoirs, written by the Cardinal himself or under his eye, and the manuscript of which has numerous corrections in his own hand-writing, are published for the first time. They give a complete picture of the reign of Louis XIII, from 1610 to 1638. *Souvenirs Senatoriaux*, by Count de Cornet, peer of France, excited, when first advertised, considerable curiosity in many persons who conceived that one of Buonaparte's Senators who remembered all he had witnessed, and would tell all he remembered, must prove not a little entertaining. If they expected any scandal they must be disappointed. The Count has nothing of the kind: one fault he has; that of being either deficient in memory, or very niggardly of his Souvenirs: he has doubtless seen and heard many more remarkable things than he relates.

Medicine.—The foundation of the Hippocratic doctrine, or the treatises of Hippocrates, translated into French, with the text on the opposite page, revised and corrected after the MSS. in the king's library, by the Chevalier De Mercy. The two volumes now published, though the last in the order of their appearance, are in fact the first in the study of the doctrine. This most valuable work now consists of ten volumes. The luminous arrangement of the whole renders the study of the works of the father of medicine far more easy and profitable. A new Medical Review has just commenced, by the title of French and Foreign Medical Review, Classical Journal of the Hotel Dieu and la Charité at Paris. No doubt can be entertained of the success of a journal which the most eminent physicans of the capital have undertaken.

Fine Arts.—The first number of the 8vo. edition of Mr. Redouté's splendid work, Les Roses, is published at the very moderate price of 1 f. 50 cents. for four plates with text. Another work, equally splendid in its kind, is the views, plans, sections, and details of the cathedral of Cologne, with restorations according to the original plan, by Sulpice Boisserée (a German architect). This fine work has, we regret to say, two defects, which will prevent its becoming so useful as it ought to be. It is printed on paper of enormously large dimensions, and will be extremely expensive, far beyond the reach of those who would derive advantage from it. The text, which is handsomely printed in a moderate folio size, is a truly classical work on the kind of architecture falsely attributed to the Goths and Arabs. The author considers the cathedral of Cologne as the type of this order of building, and a perfect model of the style. There will be five numbers, of which one is published. We understand that it cannot be sold in London for less than eighty pounds sterling.

Mr. Costé, an architect, having been invited, in 1818, by the Pacha of Egypt, to superintend several important works, was authorized to measure and to make drawings of all the edifices at Cairo and Alexandria that he might think fit to study, in order to execute his works according to the style of the country. This gave him an opportunity, during his five years' residence, to make those researches which he is now going to publish, under the title of Arabic Architecture, in twelve numbers, each containing six or seven plates.

Education, &c.—Madame Campan's treatise on education, two vols. 8vo. is well worthy of perusal by all mothers who have the real interest of their daughters at heart. It is followed by a theatre for young persons, which, whatever may be the merit of some pieces, certainly does not deserve the honour which injudicious friendship or party spirit would fain bestow on it, of being superior to that of Madame de Genlis.

Novels.—*Alonzo, or Spain*, is the title of a work in four vols. 8vo. the object of which is to give a thorough insight into the customs, manners, &c. of Spain, the distinctive characters of the several provinces, and of the different classes of society. To effect this, the author, after visiting every part of the peninsula, has united his observations in this work, which he has composed in the form of a kind of drama, in which all the memorable event of this last twenty years, and the chief actors in them, are brought under review.

GERMANY.

Architecture.—The church of St. Elisabeth, at Marburg, published by George Moller, with eighteen plates and descriptive text, fol. and the cathedral at Meissen, by Schwechten, number 1, folio. The first of these works is complete; of the second, two more numbers are expected. These two churches, no good drawings of which have hitherto been published, are well worthy the study of the architect and the antiquarian, as both show the transition from the more ancient to the more modern style of religious architecture in Germany. The church of St. Elisabeth was founded by Conrad Landgrave of Hesse, in 1235, and finished in 1285, except some additions that continued to be made to it, till 1314. The cathedral of Meissen was originally founded by the Emperor Otho I. but the present building is not of his age, and we find from history that Bishop Wittigo I. had it rebuilt—1274. Another fine work is now in a fair way of being completed, after having been suspended for several years, we mean Tischbein's Homer, after the antique. The Universal Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences, by Ersch and Gruber, proceeds in its regular steady course. The 11th part is published, and the 12th may be shortly expected. We have not before had occasion to speak of this great undertaking, which for real and solid information is expected to be equal, if not superior to any similar production of other countries. Some idea of the extent of it may be formed when we say that this 11th part of 420 pages, 4to. is occupied with the articles *Bleiberg* to *Bolingbroke*. It is estimated to extend to 30 volumes, or 60 parts. Each article is signed by the author; and all the best writers in Germany, to the number of 400, are engaged in it. Among them are Kurt Sprengel for Botany; Jacobs and Ottfried Muller for Philology and Classical Antiquity; the librarians Ebert, Wachter, and W. Muller for Bibliography; Joseph Von Hammer, Gesenius Hartmann for the East, and a long etcetera of the most distinguished names. It is not to be expected that such a work can be published with rapidity, but we think that there is but little if any reason to complain that it proceeds too slowly. One fault we have to find is, that the copper-plates are not so numerous as might be wished, and that there is in particular a great deficiency of maps. Thus an excellent article, Bohemia, in this part, well deserved a map; the same may be said of the most learned article in this part, O. Miller's Beotia, which contains every thing relative to Greek tradition and archæology, down to the very latest discoveries and inscriptions. Some articles are evidently too short, in proportion to the extent of the work.

Italy.—M. Angelo Mai has published a second edition of the Letters of Cornelius Fronto, and Marcus Aurelius, with the addition of above 100 letters, taken from a Codex rescriptus in the Vatican Library. Origin of the Venetian Fêtes, (Italian and French) by Giust. Remer Michel, 3 vols. 8vo. A Dictionary of Natural History and Chemistry, applied to the Arts, by G. Pozzi, 3 vols. 8vo. An Analytical Examination of the Faculty of Thinking, and of the Phenomena of Memory, Dreams, Delirium, and Mania, by G. M. Scaramuzza, 8vo. We regret that we are at present unable to give more than the titles of these works.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

January 26, 1824.

FOR the first time for many months, we are enabled to postpone the affairs of Spain, as having become matters of minor consideration, and we are not sorry for it; the patriotic disinterestedness of some, the generous daring of others, rendered vain and useless as they were by mercenary baseness and successful treachery, leave us but little inclination to dwell upon such scenes longer than our duty absolutely compels us. The contest, however, we deem far from over; the present calm

is obviously prelusive of a storm,—and when that storm arises, though it may be impossible to foresee who will ride on it, and direct it, still we have little doubt it will tear up the edifice which priestcraft would cement with the blood of the people, and overwhelm both the architects and the tenants in its ruins. We are not sorry to obey the call which the new world makes on our attention, and we hope our readers will find, in the details of its rising prosperity, the same repose which they have afforded us after contemplating so long the crimes and follies of the old. Our last summary was scarcely closed when the files of the American papers brought us an account of the opening of the first session of their eighteenth congress, together with the important message of their President, Mr. Monroe. The writer, in its very outset, declares his conviction, that "there never was a period, since the establishment of their revolution, when, regarding the condition of the civilized world, and its bearing on them, there was greater necessity for devotion in the public servants to their respective duties, or for virtue, patriotism, and union in their constitution." Considering the character of Mr. Monroe, this is a peculiarly important announcement. He is not naturally an alarmist, nor is he ambitious of the fame of a fine writer—what he feels he says; and, were we not confirmed in our opinion by subsequent passages in this message, were we to pause even here, we should not scruple to affirm that, at least in his opinion, the Holy Alliance had further aims than the extirpation of liberal sentiments in mere *monarchies*. It is quite plain that Mr. Monroe sees, or fancies he sees, its vast shadow stretching across the Atlantic; and we can little wonder that late events in Europe should give him a distaste to any visit from the substance. Indeed the very next sentence in this document proves clearly enough what little cordiality would be likely to arise from such a visitation. We beseech our readers just to fancy Mr. Pozzo de Borgo reciting it aloud to his imperial master in the Russian dialect. "The people being with us exclusively the sovereign, it is indispensable that full information be laid before them on all important subjects, to enable them to exercise that high power with complete effect. To the people, every department of the government, and every individual in each are responsible; and the more full their information, the better they can judge of the wisdom of the policy pursued, and of the conduct of each in regard to it." The message then proceeds to state that, though the discussions with Great Britain, respecting the boundary line, have not yet terminated, still that a new and comprehensive negociation has been opened, by which they will be terminated, and their mutual commercial rights settled and established. A similar arrangement is in progress with France, with respect to the claim of the Republic upon that country for unjustifiable seizures and aggressions; and the question with Russia respecting the north west coast of America is also in the course of an amicable arrangement. The two next topics touched upon are such as to reflect everlasting credit upon Mr. Monroe, and to secure him the applause of every friend of humanity, no matter in what hemisphere, or under what form of government he may reside. The first is a proposal which, if acted on, would, we have no doubt, exterminate the odious traffic which has called it forth, and which now comes with double grace from the country which first set the example of this great political amelioration. "In compliance," says the document, "with a resolution of the House of Representatives, adopted at their last session, instructions have been given to all the ministers of the United States, accredited to the powers of Europe and America, to propose the proscription of the African slave trade, *by classing it under the denomination, and inflicting on its perpetrators the punishment of piracy.* Should this proposal be acceded to, it is not doubted that this odious and criminal practice will be promptly and entirely suppressed." As England has not had the good-fortune to originate this proposition, we have only to hope that she will not lose the secondary glory of being the foremost in adopting it. The next proposition is founded on a principle, it

seems, laid down by France in the war with Spain, of which we certainly were not before aware; namely, a determination to grant no commissions to privateers. In consequence of this concurrence with principles long maintained by the United States, "it has been deemed a favourable moment to propose to France, Russia, and Great Britain, to make this rule invariable." And "when the friends of humanity reflect on the essential amelioration to the condition of the human race, which would result from the abolition of private war on the sea, and on the great facility with which it might be accomplished, requiring only the consent of a few sovereigns, an earnest hope is indulged that these overtures will meet with an attention animated by the spirit in which they were made, and that they will ultimately be successful." We hope so too, and we are perfectly ready to join with that hope a tribute to the disinterestedness of the power with which the proposal has originated, promising, as it does, to become of eminent maritime superiority. The message then details, at great length, the state of their internal affairs, the army, the fortifications, the militia, and the navy, whose conduct in the West Indies, in the suppression of piracy, is particularly eulogized; all these statements are considered as very satisfactory. The finances of the country are next estimated, and the calculation was that, on the 1st day of the year 1824, there would be found in the treasury a surplus of 9,000,000 dollars. As to the public debt, the president's declared conviction is that, should the United States continue at peace, the operation of the ordinary sinking fund will make the only debt remaining in the year 1835, seven millions (dollars) of five per cent. stock, and thirteen of three per cent. stock. Much pleasure is expressed at the apparent progress of the Greeks, "whose cause and name" have excluded enemies, although they have not succeeded in procuring allies. By far the most important and interesting part of this philosophical state paper is what follows with regard to the newly-organized republics of South America, to which, as we noticed in our last, the United States had previously sent ambassadors, an interchange of which we find has since taken place. After briefly noticing the difference of system which exists with regard to the policy of the United States, and that of the Holy Alliance, Mr. Monroe says explicitly, "We owe it, therefore, to candour, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and these powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt upon their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But, with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it,—and whose independence we have, on great consideration, and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly spirit towards the United States." This language is clear, manly, and decided; but, lest any misunderstanding should, by possibility, exist on this most interesting subject, the President again reverts to it in the following terms:—"Our policy, in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early age of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same; which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy; meeting, in all instances, the just claims of every power—submitting to injuries from none. But, in regard to those continents, circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible,

therefore, that we should behold such interposition, in any form, with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain, and those new governments and their distance from each other, *it must be obvious that she never can subdue them.* It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course." This is not to be misunderstood; it amounts to neither more nor less than a distinct declaration of war against any European power which may interfere to assist Spain in the re-conquest of her revolted colonies; and it is obvious enough that, considering the distance of any European Belligerent from the seat of warfare, the necessity for importing thither large military reinforcements, the comparative proximity of the United States, and her rapidly increasing naval preponderance, the menace is not likely to be made in vain. Great Britain, with her fleet, is the only state whose co-operation could induce even a chance of success, and this co-operation, if rumour speaks truly, is not at all likely to be afforded. The British government is said to have declared that though it will not interfere with any attempt on the part of Spain herself to recover her South American possessions, still that it will not recognize the transfer of her mere nominal sovereignty to any other power for that purpose. As to Spain's attempting their subjugation in her present state, it is utterly ridiculous—wasted as she is with internal dissension, without money, credit, or confidence, trusting for the preservation of her own local tranquillity to a foreign army, she cannot, mid all her follies, dream of a chimæra so wild as the successful invasion of South America. It would be almost as easy for her to reproduce Columbus and discover another continent. Almost immediately after the delivery of the message, we find by intelligence from Washington, that the committee on foreign affairs were summoned by the chairman, Mr. Forsyth, to meet on the adjournment of the house. On this subject the Association of New York remarks—"We have little doubt from information obtained from other sources, that the extraordinary call of the committee is in consequence of a formal proposition having been made by the British government to our government, to unite in the defence of the South American States, against any efforts of Spain with the sovereigns called the Holy Alliance." If this be true, as there seems every probability that it is, the battle is but begun, and those powers who have thought proper to dictate a form of internal despotism to an unoffending state may yet meet a terrible re-action. One thing certain is, that the message has excited the utmost enthusiasm throughout the United States, and has produced such a sensation, that the re-election of Mr. Monroe to the Presidency for a further term of four years is talked of. The democratic papers say, that this document deserves to be placed by the side of their immortal declaration of independence. On the opening of the Congress, the Columbian ministers were invited to a grand dinner given by the President; they were dressed in plain suits of black, and their simple habiliments formed a striking contrast with the splendid decorations of the European ambassadors, which were ostentatiously displayed on the occasion. While on the subject of America we must not omit to mention, that a very generous spirit seems to have been roused throughout the republic in favour of the Greeks. Assemblies were holding in every state, subscriptions were rapidly pouring in, the theatres were giving benefits, and the colleges collecting contributions in their support; the students at Yale College in Connecticut subscribed 500 dollars. This is as it should be—while the hoary dotards of the old world are conspiring to put down liberty, it is delightful to observe that the young spirits of the new world are confederating, as it were, in vindication of human nature, thus odiously degraded. We have given more room than usual to this interesting document, and we have done so for two reasons; first, because the intelligence from every European state is meagre in the extreme; and next, and chiefly, because we consider its publication of paramount importance, as likely in short to produce a new era in the political alliance of Great Britain and America. We fervently hope it may, and

trust, in the words of one of our contemporaries, "that this common recognition and identity of views as to South America, may eventually lead to an intimate union, to a confederacy in short of all the constitutional governments and free countries in the world, to an alliance which might without sacrilege and hypocrisy, be indeed termed holy, against that monstrous and liberticide league which has assumed its name."

Our readers would be surprised, if indeed any thing coming from such a quarter could surprise them, at the singular effect which this document seems to have produced on the mind of the beloved legitimate of Spain. He has actually issued a decree parcelling out the offices, and abolishing the adopted constitution of South America, with as much sang froid as if that country was still prostrate under the foot of his despotism! The whole decree is a sort of state curiosity, and affords on the part of legitimacy a fine set-off to the vile democratic publication at Washington. We have only room for the two following paragraphs, but they are a tolerably fair specimen of the entire: "The revolutions (says the beloved) of Naples, Turin, and Lisbon, contrived, one after another, by the same means and on the same principles, completed the conviction of the sovereigns that no throne could be in safety without cutting off at once all the heads of the Hydra which threatened to devour the universe. Such was the object equally noble and important, of their various meetings. Certainly but for the resolutions, which for the salvation of the human race, prevailed in the congresses of Laybach and Verona, a great part of civilized Europe, deluged in blood, would now be the prey of ignorant and presumptuous reformers!" Such is the first paragraph; and we would willingly ask the most bigoted enemy of reformation, what possible conformation of society could be worse than the monarchical anarchy which now reigns, or rather riots in Madrid. Ferdinand is very foolish thus to talk as he does of "cutting off the heads of the Hydra" as he calls it; the truth is, we believe, the discomfited constitutionalists are now beginning to ascribe their situation at this moment to a too great tenderness for certain heads while they were in power, and there is no knowing what a familiarity with such phrases may induce them to do on some future possible opportunity. Ferdinand ought to remember too that "the Hydra" has still one head left in Washington, and there really seems a young one with some brains in it too, springing up in South America, which we suspect is not long enough to reach, nor his arm strong enough to sever. The second paragraph is ludicrous enough for the glaring inconsistency which it contains. "A single effort of the powerful Emperor of Austria, sufficed to put an end in a few days to the troubles of Naples and Piedmont. A similar effort of the most Christian King, sufficed in like manner to make the edifice of the constitution throughout the peninsula, fall to ruins on the heads of its authors. Emboldened by the presence of my well-beloved cousin the Duke of Angoulême and his valiant army, *the immense majority of my subjects* hastened to overthrow the trophies which stupidity had erected to revolt, and to re-establish the ancient institutions which had made the happiness of their fathers. Conducted by Victory the son of France flies to the banks of the Guadelete; he attacks, he carries the Trocadero; he fills my oppressors with terror, and at length I and my family are free. Glory be to God." One single observation is enough to put to flight the whole of this farrago; if the "immense majority" of the people of Spain were really so enamoured of Ferdinand and despotism, where was the necessity for the "son of France" taking such a flight to the banks of the Guadelete in order to rivet its chains on them? or where is the use of 40,000 Frenchmen remaining now in the peninsula, when Ferdinand is restored again to glory and embroidery? The decree ends as we have stated, with the abolition of the constitution in America, the disorganization of the national militia, the termination of the newly-created courts of justice, and in short with the annihilation of every vestige produced by the revolution. The pleasing and easy task of enforcing this decree is confided to the viceroys, archbishops, and deans and chapters

of the South American cathedrals. No doubt Bolivar, the young head of "the Hydra" in that part of the world, will be quite in ecstasy at the proposition. The promised amnesty act is still under consideration; we should not wonder if it was delayed till there were but few survivors to include in it. The new Pope is represented as in a very critical state of health; and we regret it, as it is rumoured and believed that he has refused his sanction to the re-establishment of the inquisition.

News has arrived from the Brazils of a strange, but not to us of a surprising character, because amid all the recent *promises* of the Brazilian Emperor, we still remembered that he was the son of the Queen of Portugal, who is the sister of King Ferdinand. Any liberal promise, therefore, coming from such a quarter, we can believe only when we see it performed. It appears that some dispute had arisen between the Brazilian and Portuguese officers, which was submitted to the mediation of the Emperor, who refused his interference; it was then laid before the congress which was sitting, and they proceeded to deliberate upon it. While they were debating, however, the senate-house was surrounded with soldiery by the royal order, the congress was dissolved, the leading liberal members arrested, and in a few days after actually shipped off with their families in a vessel of war under sealed orders, nobody knew whither. Next day the Emperor issued a decree, abolishing the constitution which then existed, and *promising* a new one. It must not be forgotten that not very long ago he had sworn to observe and protect the one he has abolished; it is true, however, that his father and uncle did the same before him, and there are few families in which there is not something hereditary. There is something, however, whimsical and original in this proceeding of Don Pedro. Cromwell and Napoleon merely dissolved their parliaments, but the idea of *exporting an opposition* is perfectly new. Verily, Don Pedro must be a man both of humour and genius. There was a true touch of his Madrid uncle however in part of these proceedings; a few days before he put this notable plan in execution, in order to prove his sincere hostility to the Portuguese, he ordered Lord Cochrane to proceed with his fleet from Maranham where he then lay, to Monte Video, in order to co-operate with the Brazilian army against that fortress. He also loaded his Lordship with honours, in order no doubt to propitiate him, should circumstances render his future co-operation necessary. Perhaps his Lordship has done even more than the Emperor wished, as the Portuguese garrison at Monte Video had surrendered. That Pedro, notwithstanding all his protestations, had been worked on by his mother to produce a re-union with Portugal is firmly believed by many, and certainly receives a strong confirmation from the admitted fact, that he had received and accepted two orders from the King of France, addressed to him as *Prince Regent of Portugal,* and not as Emperor of the Brazils. This, to say the least of it, is suspicious, as crowned heads are not fond of merging a greater title in a lesser, unless for very special reasons. The accounts which followed this measure are various, some representing it as popular, and others as quite the reverse. Placards had certainly been placarded all over Rio Janeiro decouncing the act, and calling on the Brazilians to defend their independence, and the Minister of Police had offered a large reward for the discovery of the author. No doubt we shall soon have something important to communicate on this subject, and indeed we should not wonder if Don Pedro himself brought the news to Europe. His experiment in the neighbourhood of so many young republics is a bold one, and perhaps the people may be inclined to act on the hint which he has given, and try whether a voyage might not prove of as much benefit to the health of an Emperor as to that of an opposition.

The news from France presents a blank; rumours are indeed afloat of some maritime preparations on the part of that power, and of her intention to assist Spain in the recovery of her colonies, but the notion either of a naval rivalry, or of any effectual colonial co-operation, must, as we apprehend, at present limit itself merely to *intention.*

There is no domestic news whatever; next month Parliament meets, when of course the dullness of our department in this respect will be broken in upon—at least we hope so.

AGRICULTURE.

January 24, 1824.

THE operations of farmers are not at this season of the year particularly interesting. They consist principally in ploughing the fallows. On the dry soils this work has gone on extremely favourably; but on the wet, and in the lowland districts, it has been much impeded by the soil having been completely saturated with water. The wheats, generally speaking, look well; but it is observed, that on loamy districts they do not spread with the same vigour as in former years, and it is to be feared that the continual rain will affect the health of the plant. Should a severe frost set in suddenly there will be much thin and root-fallen wheat observed in the spring. The early sown in the north has, in many instances, failed, from the constant rains that have inundated that part of the kingdom from October to November; that sown in the latter part of November is, however, vegetating with the greatest vigour. From the two Ridings of Yorkshire, from Northamptonshire, Glamorganshire, and Gloucestershire there are great complaints of the uncomfortable lodgings for sheep on turnips. The utmost care and attention has been necessary to keep them from being unhealthy and free from the foot rot. Upon some lands the rain was so heavy, and the earth was so completely soaked, that it was equally impossible either to carry the turnips off, or for the sheep to feed them. After so much wet, it is very probable that they will suffer from rot during the rest of the winter. Fodder, from the mildness of the season, will not be so scarce as was universally expected. The turnips appear as green as they were in November; they penn off very fast, and have every appearance of running speedily.

The corn market has been progressively rising since our last report, and still continues to advance, notwithstanding the large quantities of grain which weekly arrive. This rise is, however, fraught with considerable danger to the farmer in two points of view. The first arises from the opening of the ports; and secondly, if the ports do not open previous to the next harvest, it will determine the long doubtful question, whether or not this country is capable of growing sufficient corn to supply its own wants. Should corn so rise as to open the ports, it will again be brought as low and even lower than its late price, by the immense quantity that will rush into the market from all the foreign ports, which are now described as being overstocked, in consequence of the absence of demand from the foreign countries. If, on the contrary, the prices should still keep below importation, it will be clearly demonstrated, that this kingdom (even in a year of admitted deficiency) is fully able to grow more than is sufficient for its own consumption. Such a circumstance will be to the farmer, perhaps, an evil of even greater magnitude than an importation, because it will inevitably bring our markets down to a level with the exportation price.

The average arrivals of wheat, barley, oats, peas, and flour, during the month, have been,

Wheat......	9267	Peas	1941
Barley......		Flour	12646
Oats........	11391	Irish Oats..	3213

About 400 quarters of foreign oats, and 2625 barrels of foreign flour, have also arrived.

The average price for the month is—wheat, 54*s* 5*d*.; barley, 28*s*. 9*d*.; oats, 20*s*. 10*d*.; peas, 35*s*. 1*d*.;—and the actual rise in wheat, 6*s*. 2*d*; barley, 3*s*. 2*d*.; oats, but little variation; peas, about 2*s*

In Smithfield good Scots are selling at 4*s*. 2*d*. per stone, and mutton is down; choice light weights fetching not more than 4*s*. to 4*s*. 2*d*. per stone.

The hop-market is rather brisker, and wool is still on the advance.

COMMERCE.

January 20, 1824.

Accounts from St. Petersburg of the 2d of January bring the unwelcome intelligence that an Imperial Ukase had been most unexpectedly published, considerably increasing the duties of customs on the importation of foreign goods, particularly all kinds of colonial produce and cotton manufactures. This new Tariff, which was to be put in force on the 1st (13th) of January, will very materially affect the interests of the British merchant and manufacturer.

Cotton.—There was a good demand for cotton in the last week of December, chiefly India, at an advance of ⅛*d*. per lb. The sales amounted to above 7000 bales. The market has since then been depressed, but it is expected that there will shortly be large purchases made by the trade, and a demand for exportation, which may lead to an improvement. During this last week there has been a moderate inquiry, and about 1200 bags sold. At Liverpool, there has been considerable inquiry for cotton within the last week, but the holders were so desirous of selling, that the prices rather declined. The sales in four weeks, to 17th of January, were 34,000 bags; the arrivals 20,000 bags. The East India Company have declared for sale on the 6th of February, the whole of their remaining cotton, viz. 8040 Bengals, and 82 Madras.

Coffee.—The market is in a very de-

pressed state; for two weeks, to 6th of January, there were no public sales, and no purchases by private contract reported; on that day there were two sales, at which the Demerara and Berbice sold lower; a few lots of coloury Jamaica sold very high, being scarce; middling, 109*s.* 6*d.* to 110*s.* The market was heavy in the following week, and on the 13th, Berbice was 6*s.* to 8*s.* lower than on the 6th; Jamaica, 4*s.* to 5*s.* lower. This week there has been scarcely any business done, and the prices are very low. It must be observed, however, that the public sales lately brought have been most unfavourable to the market, consisting generally of inferior and rank coffee, for which there is no demand.

Sugar.—At the commencement of this month, considerable business was done in Muscovades, averaging about eight hundred hogsheads daily, which, considering the season of the year, and the small stock was a large quantity; since that time the market has been without interest. This forenoon it is in the same languid state, and the purchases so trifling, as hardly to constitute a market currency. The weekly deliveries are so limited in extent, that the stocks are rapidly accumulating. Molasses are at 27*s.* 6*d.*

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There has been a considerable speculation in rum, and an improvement in the prices. In the week ending the 13th, about 3000 puncheons were sold. This week there has not been so much doing, but the late advance is maintained. It is confidently asserted that some measure favourable to West India rums will be adopted; but the nature of it is not fully known. Brandies are high in France, and in the last week have risen here also. New, to arrive, on the Quay, 2*s.* 10*d.* to 2*s.* 11*d.*; housed, 3*s.* to 3*s.* 1*d.* The best pale geneva at 2*s.* 4*d.*, inferior 2*s.* 2*d.*

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—No remarkable fluctuations have taken place in these articles. Tallow has been from 33*s.* 6*d.* to 34*s.* 6*d.* The failure of a great house last week excited an expectation that a large quantity would be thrown on the market, and caused a momentary decline of yellow candle tallow to 34*s.*, but it is now at 34*s.* 3*d.* with indications of improvement. Hemp is rather higher, flax without alteration.

Spices.—By public sale 16th inst.—300 bales cinnamon, 1st quality, nearly all sold at 6*s.* 7*d.* to 6*s.* 8*d.*; 200 ditto, 2d quality, all sold from 5*s.* to 5*s.* 11*d.*; 100 ditto, 3d quality, all sold, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 11*d*; 35 chests nutmegs, licensed, 2*s.* 11*d.* to 3*s.*; 54 ditto cloves, licensed, 3*s.* 6*d* to 3*s.* 8*d.*; 18 ditto mace, licensed, 5*s.* to 5*s.* 3*d.*; 111 ditto cassia lignea, middling quality, 7*l.* 4*s.* to 7*l.* 10*s.*; 30 mats Bourbon cloves, for export only, 2*s.* 5*d.*

Indigo.—The prices are nominal, the sales at the India House having commenced to-day. The shipping qualities, (which were not good) have been from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb. higher; commoners 6*d.* to 1*s.* higher; the Oude was all bought in at a rather higher price than the company's last sale.

Oils.—The demand for fish oils is good, and for sperm oil great beyond all precedent, but the supplies have been so large as fully to equal the demands, and to keep down the price. There has been an unusually great demand for rape cake, and prices advanced from 85*s.* to 110*s.* per ton.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

The Monumental Remains of Noble and Eminent Persons, comprising the Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain, engraved from Drawings by Edward Blore, FSA. with Historical and Biographical Illustrations. The publication will consist of Twenty-four Parts, forming 3 vols. printed in imperial 8vo.

The Book of the Church, by Robert Southey, LLD. 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life of Riego and his Family, including a History of Spain, from the Restoration of Ferdinand to the Present Time, are preparing for publication, under the superintendence of the Canon Riego, and for the benefit of the Widow of that unfortunate General, the work will be illustrated with several Portraits and Fac-similes.

A Third Course of Practical Sermons, by the Rev. Harvey Marriot, Rector of Claverton, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon.

Eugenia, a Poem, by Mrs. E. F. Wolferstan.

Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland, by a Glasgow Gentleman.

Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the Countries East of Syria and Palestine, by James Buckingham, Esq. Author of Travels in Palestine, &c in 4to.

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Liver, and on some of the Affections usually denominated Bilious; comprising an impartial Estimate of the Merits of the Nitro-Muriatic Acid Bath. By George Darling, MD. Member of the Royal College of Physicians.

Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. in 2 vols. 8vo.

History of the Roman Empire, from the Accession of Augustus to the Death of the

Younger Antoninus. By William Haygarth, Esq. AM.

The Birds of Aristophanes, translated into English Verse, with Notes. By the Rev. H. F. Cary, AM. Author of the Translation of Dante. 8vo.

Mr. G. Dyer's Work on the Privileges of the University of Cambridge, the publication of which has been delayed for a long period, will shortly appear.

Miss Louisa Princeps has issued Proposals for publishing by subscription, in 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. a Prose Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.

Tales of Irish Life, written from actual Observation, during a Residence of several Years in various Parts of Ireland; and intended to display a faithful Picture of the Habits, Manners, and Condition of the People; with Illustrations by Cruikshank.

Duke Christian of Luneburg; or, Traditions from the Hartz. By Miss Jane Porter. In 3 vols. 12mo.

A Compendium of Medical Theory and Practice, founded on Dr. Cullen's Nosology. By D. Uwins, MD. In 1 vol. 12mo.

An Introduction to Anatomy and Physiology; for the Use of Medical Students and Men of Letters. By Thomas Sandwith, Esq. Surgeon. In 1 vol. 12mo. with plates.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, Translated into English Verse, with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By John Symmons, Esq. AM. of Christ Church, Oxford.

Conversations on the Evidences of Christianity, intended as an Introduction to the Systematical Study of the Principal Authors who have written on the Subject, but also exhibiting in a compressed form, a full Statement of the Facts, Arguments, and Difficulties connected with it; for the Use of those who have not the means of investigating it more fully. In 12mo.

Prose Pictures, or Series of Descriptive Letters and Essays. By Edward Herbert, Esq.; with Etchings by George Cruikshank.

The Life of Jeremy Taylor, and a Critical Examination of his Writings. By Dr. Heber, Bishop of Calcutta. In 2 vols. post 8vo. with a Portrait.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

History and Biography.

Rivington's Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1822. 8vo. 18*s.*

Memorials of Columbus, or a Collection of Authentic Documents of that celebrated Navigator; now first published from the Original Manuscripts, by Authority of the Decurions of Genoa: preceded by a Memoir of his Life and Discoveries, translated from the Spanish and Italian. 8vo. 18*s.*

Memoirs of Amos Green, Esq. By his Widow. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow. By Robert Lyall, MD. 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.*

Memoirs of Rossini. By the Author of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Miscellaneous.

Memoir, descriptive of the Resources, Inhabitants, and Hydrography of Sicily and its Islands, interspersed with Antiquarian and other Notices. By Captain W. H. Smyth, RN. 4to. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lexicon Herodoteum, quo et Styli Herodotei universa Ratio enucleate explicatur, et quamplurimi Musarum Loci ex professo illustrantur; passim etiam partim Græca Lectio, partim Versio Latina quas offert Argentoratensis editio vel Vindicatur vel emendatur; instruxit Joh. Schweighæuser, Academiæ Reg. inscript. &c. &c. 2 tom. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*

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CAMBRIDGE.—The Subjects for Sir William Browne's Gold Medals, for the present year are,—

Greek Ode:

Ω παιδες Ἑλληνων ιτε,
Ελευθερουτε πατριδ', ελευθερουτε δε
Παιδας, γυναικας, νυν υπερ παντων αγων.

Latin Ode. "Aleppo urbs Syriæ terræ motu funditus eversa."

Epigram. "Scribimus indocti doctique."

The Subject of the Hulsean Dissertation for the present year is, "The Doctrines of our Saviour as derived from the four Gospels, in perfect harmony with the Doctrines of St. Paul, as derived from his Epistles." The Prize for the Hulsean Dissertation, 1823, has been awarded to Wm. Clayton Walters, BA. Fellow of Jesus College: Subject, "The Nature and Advantages of the Influence of the Holy Spirit."

The Subject for the Seatonian Prize Poem is "The Death of Absalom."

BIRTHS.

Dec. 12.—At Aquilate Hall, Staffordshire, Lady Boughey, a son.

21. At Congham Lodge, the lady of Sir W. B. Folkes, a son.

23. At Chale Parsonage, Isle of Wight, the lady of the Rev. Craven Ord, a daughter.

— At Preshaw House, Hants, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Long, wife of Walter Long, Esq. a son.

24. At Irnham Hall, Lincolnshire, the seat of Lord De Clifford, the Hon. Mrs. Clifford, a son.

— At Amcott's House, the lady of R. R. Gorton, Esq. a son and heir.

29. In Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Col. Hugh Baillie, a daughter.

— The lady of Adolphus Meetkerke, Esq. of Julian's, Herts, a daughter.

30. The lady of Capt. H. Close, a daughter.

— At West Malling, Kent, the lady of Capt. Shaw, RN. a daughter.

— At Amwell Bury, Herts, the lady of H. Brown, Esq. a son and heir.

31. The lady of J. B. Lousada, Esq. of Finsbury-square, a daughter.

Jan. 1, 1824.—At Bedale, the lady of Sir John Beresford, Bart. a daughter.

1. At Castle Hill, the seat of Earl Fortescue, lady Mary Hamlyn Williams, a daughter.

6. At Forest Hill, near Windsor, the lady of Wm. Felix Riley, Esq. a son and heir.

9. At Dogmersfield Park, the lady of Paulett St. John Mildmay, MP. a daughter.

12. At Crichet, Lady Charlotte Sturt, a daughter.

15. At the house of Mr. Sergeant Pell, Montague-place, Russell-square, the Hon. Mrs. Pell, a son.

17. At Addlestrop Hall, Gloucestershire, the lady of Chandos Leigh, Esq. a son and heir.

18. In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of Wm. Thompson, Esq. MP. a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, the lady of Capt. A. Kerr, CB. RN. a daughter.

At Edinburgh, in Picardy-place, the lady of Major James Harvey, of Castle Semple, a son.

At Ballancrieff House, Lady Ellibank, a daughter.

At Rasey House, Mrs. Macleod, of Rasey, a son.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Keightley, a son.

At Dublin, the Lady Mayoress, a daughter.

At Dublin, the lady of Sir William Hort, Bart. a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 30.—At Eaton Bishop, Joseph Stanton, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn and Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. Henry Davis, of the former place, Vicar of Peterchurch, Herefordshire.

— At St. Pancras', C. G. Christmas, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square, to Jane, eldest daughter, of John Landseer, Esq. of Upper Conway-street, Engraver to his Majesty.

Jan. 3, 1824.—At St. Mary le bone Church, Charles Lane, Esq. of Bedford-row, to Emily Maria, daughter of John Thornhill, Esq. of Cornwall-terrace.

5. J. P. Robinson, Esq. of Camden-street, Gloucester-place, and of Mellonly, Yorkshire, to Mary Ann, only daughter of John Scott, Esq. late of Edinburgh.

6. At Dawlish, Devonshire, George Watts, Esq. of Sloane-street, Chelsea, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late John Everitt, Esq. of the same place.

8. At Mary-le-bone Church, the Rev. James Barrow, Rector of Lopham, Norfolk, to Louisa, daughter of the late Sir William Malet, Bart. of Wilbury House, Wilts.

10. At St. Giles', by the Bishop of Chichester, W. S. Jones, Esq. of the Crown Office, and of Caroline-place, Guilford street, to Sarah, daughter of Stephen Hough, Esq. of Tavistock-street, Bedford-square.

12. At Mary-le-bone Church, William Babington, Esq. of St. John's-Wood-place, Regent's Park, to Katherine, youngest daughter of the late William Ravensworth, Prebendary of Rasharkin, and Rector of Finvoy, in the county of Antrim.

13. At Staynton, G. L. Elliot, of the Hon. East Company's Civil Service, at Bombay, to Thomasina Gertrude, eldest daughter of H. Leach, Esq. of Milford.

14. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Adam Wilson, Esq. of Finsbury-square, third son of Adam Wilson, Esq. of Glasgowego, in the county of Aberdeen, to Martha Teresa, second daughter of the late William Lescher, Esq.

15. At St. Pancras' Church, Henry Magniac, Esq. of Kensington, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Peter Sampson, of the Hon. East Company's service.

— At St Mary's Cray, William Bent, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Martha Amelia, eldest daughter of Thomas Morgan, Esq. of the former place.

— In Cornwall, J. H. Walker, Esq. Surgeon, of the Strand, to Mary, only daughter of the late Phillip Lyne, Esq. of Tortrey, and granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. Lyne, of Mevagissey.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Brora, Sutherlandshire, William Robertson, Esq. to Miss Gunn.

IN IRELAND.

At Fermoy, Richard Wharton Mydleton, Esq. Capt. of the 71st Light Infantry, to Frances Penelope, only child of the late Colonel Watson, of the same regiment.

DEATHS.

Dec. 21.—At Weymouth, Anne, wife of Captain Newcome, CB. of His Majesty's Ship, Pyramus.

26. Fanny, wife of Col. Frazer, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

28. Aged 70, S. Pell, Esq. of Sywell Hall, in the County of Northampton.

30. At Torquay, Devonshire, Sarah, Countess of Kilcoursie.

— At Myerscough Hall, Lancashire, in his 58th year, Edward Greenhalgh, Esq.

31. At Walthamstow, Thomas Courtenay Warner, Esq. Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

— At his seat in Cornwall, Sir A. P. Molesworth, Bart.

Jan. 4, 1824.—At Middleton Cheney, Northamptonshire, the Rev. Fras. Lloyd, MA. late Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Assistant Master of the Charter-house School.

5. At his Chambers in the Albany, Wm. Cruise, Esq of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, aged 72.

6. In Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, the lady of John Loch, Esq. after having been delivered of a daughter on the 28th of December.

10. At the residence of the Duchess of Marlborough, Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park Corner, Lady Caroline Pennant, her Grace's daughter.

10. At Clapham, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, John Prior, Esq.

11. At Odiham, in his 28th year, the Rev. Henry Washington, MA. Fellow of New College, Oxford.

12. Of a fit of apoplexy, with which he was seized while sitting at his desk, at the Banking House in Mansion House Street, Joseph Marryatt, Esq. MP. for Sandwich, Kent, and Chairman of the Committee at Lloyd's Coffee House. Mr. Marryatt was in his 67th year.

14. In his 74th year, the Rev. John Shaw, DD. Senior Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Vicar of South Tetherwyn cum Trewen, Cornwall.

— Aged 70, Matthew Spragg, Esq. of Kingsland Terrace.

15. At Forhampton Court, Gloucestershire, aged 81, the Hon. Mary Yorke, relict of the Bishop of Ely, and daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Isaac Maddox, Bishop of Winchester.

16. In her 24th year, Catherine Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Groves, Esq. and Granddaughter of the late Gen. Chapman, RA.

17. At his Chambers in the Albany, aged 70, Wm. Osgoode, Esq. formerly Chief Justice in Canada.

— At Ormsby, in the County of Lincoln, (the seat of her grandfather, C. B. Massingberd, Esq.) Harriet, eldest daughter of C. G. Mundy, Esq. of Burton, Leicestershire, in her 17th year.

19. At Bath, Thomas King, Esq. late of Stamford Hill, and of London, merchant, aged 76.

— Elizabeth, relict of the late John Guitton, Esq. of Little Park, in the County of Hants, aged 78.

20. At his seat, Baysfordbury, Herts, Wm. Baker, Esq in his 81st year.

— At Richmond, in his 81st year, the Right Hon. and Rev. James, Earl Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and Dean of Durham. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son, James Mann, Viscount Broome, now Earl Cornwallis.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Duncrieff, Dr. John Rogerson, first Physician to the Emperor of Russia.

At Edinburgh, General Francis Dundas, Col. of the 71st Regt. of Foot, and Governor of Dumbarton Castle.

IN IRELAND.

At Canonbrook, near Lucan, aged 82, Jas. Gandon, Esq. architect.

At Dublin, Lady Stuarton Howard.

At Rathkeale, in the County of Limerick, Robt. Allen, Esq. MP.

ABROAD.

At Madras, aged 25, Jane Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Wm. Fenwick, and eldest daughter of the late Rev. Christopher Erle, of Gillingham, in the County of Dorset.

At Paris, Matilda, youngest daughter of Sir Grenville Temple, Bart.

At Paris, the lady of Jas. Browne, Esq. MP.

At Versailles, Wm. Pinckard, Esq.

At Madeira, Anna, daughter of John Carrick, Esq. of Clapton.

At Nice, in his 42d year, the Hon. and Rev. Thos. Harris, son to the late and brother to the present Earl of Malmsbury.

At Paris, in his 54th year, after an illness of several years, the Rt. Hon. Henry Earl of Barrymore, Viscount Buttivant, Baron Barry of Olethan and Ibanne, &c. &c. premier Viscount in Ireland. His Lordship succeeded his brother, the 7th Earl, in March, 1793; and in 1795 married Anna, daughter of Jeremiah Coghlan, Esq. of Ardo, Waterford. Having died without issue, all his titles become extinct, save that of the ancient barons of Olethan, which devolves on his sister, Lady Caroline Melfort. His Lordship's mother was Amelia, daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington, by Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton.

Emanuel Victor, the Ex-King of Sardinia. He is succeeded by his brother, his present Majesty, Chas. Felix.

At the Cape of Good Hope, aged 28, E. S. Montagu, Esq. late Persian Secretary to the Government at Calcutta.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1824.

CONTENTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

In compliance with the request of several Correspondents, our readers will perceive that we have entered somewhat more fully into the Reviewing Department of our Magazine. "Amongst the endless variety of literary journals, many of them conducted with ability, some with impartiality, there are few," it is said, "which are properly—Reviews. The two leading Works, under this denomination, are, for the most part, collections of Essays, and those chiefly political. The minor publications of the same class are but partially devoted to their professed object, and are rather—series of Extracts, than Reviews. Critiques, exclusively dedicated to one purpose—the due valuation of literary pretensions,—yet embracing all subjects; Reviews, having for their sole object, literature in the abstract, and as their chief end, the information of the public on the cotemporary issue of the press, so that society shall not become the purchaser of folly nor the patron of vice, but the friend of genius, industry, and learning,—are still wanting." The London Magazine will endeavour to supply this deficiency.

J. C.'s Review of the "Pilgrim's Tale," is not one on which we should wish to stake any part of our reputation. Judging from the present specimen, we have some doubt of his abilities, though none whatever of his willingness, "to become a regular contributor." We, however, put no Veto on his exertions.

A press of matter obliges us to postpone the able Review and Examination of the "Plan for the Government and liberal Instruction of Boys, in large Numbers." Our next number will be the better for it.

We must shelter ourselves under the same excuse for the non-publication of Mr. Farren's "Essay on Hamlet" this month; but it shall certainly appear in our next:—our great Poet is only now beginning to receive that portion of attention which his genius may fairly arrogate.

A better proof of our wish to encourage youthful talent, than an insertion of its crude productions would be, is, inserting here our advice to all such juvenile aspirants as Juliana:—upon the subject of translation.—Translation does not consist in a mere version of foreign words into native ones of equal value, but in turning foreign idiom into native idiom so as to preserve the sense. The sentimental, shepherdess style, of French authors in general, is the worst of all bad styles: in translating for exercise from French into English, all such writers should carefully be avoided.

In reply to the demand of "Thine," inserted in our Lion's Head of December last, we are desired to say that Kant is now in English, and that the translator is desirous to present him with a copy.

The lines beginning—

There is a mystic thread of life,

are not too good for Lord Byron, but much beyond X. C., or he would not have stolen them. Matthew Green's maxim—"Shun petty larceny in wit," would be lost upon this desperado; he commits nothing short of "flat burglary." X. C. may be young enough ("not yet twenty,") to think he can be-fool us, but he is old enough to play the knave, though, in this instance, without success. *I, fausto pede, puer!* in the honourable track you have chosen, and a literary gibbet will no doubt be your portion.

The "*Nugæ Dramaticæ*," "Ride to Ravenswell," together with the elaborate effusions of P. N., R.**, and L—— T——, are not destined to attain immortality through the medium of *our* pages.

THE

London Magazine.

MARCH, 1824.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE JESUITS IN NAPLES, THEIR SUBSEQUENT PROCEEDINGS, &c. &c.

Che voi siate scherniti e vilipesi
Non è stupor.—*Salvator Rosa*, Sat. iii.

When King Ferdinand's turbulent subjects had been reduced to proper order by a foreign force, that monarch, in his return towards his states in 1821, had business of an important nature to settle at the Vatican; favours were given and received; there was an harmonious reciprocation between the prince spiritual and the prince temporal; the pope absolved the king from the oath the Carbonari had extorted from him, and the king, among other returns, consented to receive the "Society of Jesus" into his states and favour, and was brought to acknowledge, that the falls of thrones, and the abridgments and convulsions royal authority has been subjected to in late years, all emanated from that most impolitic and unjust proceeding, the suppression of the Jesuits. The king was soon followed to his capital by about twenty members of this once redoubted society, who, after an absence of many years, once more took possession of their splendid church *del Gesù*: the spacious monasteries or rather palaces that belonged to their community were, however, turned into Austrian barracks or manufactories; these they could not have again, and indeed the smallness of their number would have told a melancholy tale in those once-thronged abodes of their wealth and influence. They were indifferently accommodated in a convent adjoining the church, and supported by a royal pension and the donations and countenance of certain devotees; they proceeded forthwith to their task with a great show of industry and energy. In a few days the confessionals of their church were announced as being accessible to the penitent sinner at any hour of the day whatever; an additional number of daily masses was instituted; preaching and vesper services, besides many others, neglected by the torpidity and carelessness of the other religious orders and of the regular priests, were undertaken with true jesuitical zeal and indefatigability; and a set of religious pamphlets, adapted to the meridian of vulgar minds, were printed and distributed, at the same time that a spirited Italian translation of the celebrated apology of their order, given in by the French Jesuits at their suppression, was published for the edification of the more intellectual, for the conviction of modern sceptics, and for establishing unanswerable evidence of the justice of their cause. The harvest of their labours was soon seen; other churches were deserted and theirs crowded from morning till night: in passing by, we have frequently seen the devout issuing in streams like those which the chapels of some of our more *gifted* methodist preachers emit; and we have seldom entered in times between service with-

out seeing all their confessionals occupied by kneeling penitents, and their altars besieged by weeping suppliants. One of the most powerful engines in the complicated machine of their power, was their monopoly of a great part of the education of youth; this had formerly awakened apprehension, and was one of the strongest of the motives alleged for their suppression; but now things were changed, and the society was encouraged to attempt the regaining of that ascendancy—they opened a school, which, like their church, was presently thronged.

Thus far, every thing went on in a cool, didactic way, but a *coup d'eclat* was judged expedient, and was given without delay. The body of a certain Francesco di Girolamo, a *Sacerdote professo* of their order, who died at Naples somewhat more than a hundred years ago in the odour of sanctity, and who has since, after a due trial in the *saint making* court at Rome (council being heard for and against) received the honour of beatification,* was brought back to Naples, whence his brethren had carried him, at their expulsion, as part of their moveable property, and reinstated, with full authority to continue his miracles in the church *del Gesù*. In a few days a splendid ceremony was announced, and a collection set on foot to defray its expenses; as the king gave liberally, the ministers did the same, and all their *impiegati* and dependants, who had any respect for their characters, contributed their mite—the Jesuits pocketed a total of 26,000 ducats. On the day fixed the city was in unusual bustle; the peasantry poured in on all sides, and their number may be imagined to have been great, when, as it was ascertained, more than 30,000 entered on one side, that is, by the *Strada Foria*. About five in the evening the ceremony was arranged, and the relics were carried in procession from the church, with a decorum and solemnity Neapolitan processions had long been strangers to. We saw them enter the street of Toledo, which was occupied by an undulating mass of plebeians, while the balconies and roof tops of the houses were crowded with people of all classes; the relics, protected by the Neapolitan Royal Guards, and accompanied by the devout murmurs, or the enthusiastic exclamations of the mob, moved on with sedate pomp; the sneer of the caviller, the disgust of the liberal, were of course suppressed or whispered, and every thing seemed to smile, like the setting sun of that fine summer evening, on the glory of the Jesuits. But alas! the whole length of Toledo was yet before them, and we all know how much may happen during a slow walk of half a mile: on a sudden the panic-spreading "*fuyi, fuyi,*" (fly, fly) was heard; how it originated, whether from the nefarious designs of a set of pickpockets, or from the malice of the Carbonari (it was said in both ways), or from what other cause, we know not, but in a minute the word of terror was vociferated by the voices of thousands, and an alarming rush ensued.† The Austrians who were placed at regular distances to preserve order, fearing that a revolt had broken out, put themselves in a position of defence; bayonets were lowered, and the clatter of arms and the unintelligible words of command were heard by the Neapolitans, who imagining that they were all going to be massacred, set up the most hideous yells and rushed more violently than ever. The weak were thrown down and trampled under foot, and a certain number of the curious who had elevated themselves on stools and chairs were swept from their pedestals, and carried down the stream: the children, and the priests in the procession, still more cowardly than they, were with difficulty kept from running away; the troop wavered about the

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* All parties, however, are not satisfied of the legality of his beatification, as the evidences of popular tradition, of the concurrence of magistrates to strengthen tradition, of a decision of the clergy of the country, were not fully given in on trial, and are all prescribed by the canons of holy church.

† Neapolitan crowds are generally dispersed in this manner with the cries of *fly! fly!* without any apparent cause of alarm—these people seldom want a second intimation to run away, and the fright, the hurry, the confusion which ensue, are very amusing, *when one does not happen to be in the streets among them*, for then, as we know by mournful experience, it is far from being agreeable.

street, the relics, the cross were hurled on this side and that, and were more than once near being relinquished altogether by the hirelings that bore them; the Jesuits were bawling and beating their breasts—in short, all decorum, all the *spettacoloso,* all the *maestoso* of the procession were annihilated. At length the multitude had partly disembogued through the numerous streets and lanes that diverge from the Strada Toledo, and the remainder had the satisfaction of discovering it was a false alarm! By slow degrees the flustered spirits were calmed, the procession formed again in tolerable order, music of instruments and voices again resounded, and the whole began to pass on decorously and solemnly as before. But the half of Toledo was not passed when the magic words "fuyi, fuyi," were again bellowed out, and the same scene of panic and confusion followed: this finished as the former, but not quite so soon. The procession then continued with fear and trembling, and with hastened steps: no other interruption occurred, but we believe the reverend fathers, and all personally interested in the business, were exceedingly happy when the Beato Francesco di Girolamo was again deposited in his coffin in the church. The mortification of the brethren and their party at this *vistosissima mala riuscita* may be conceived; the police of the city took sides with them, and that night and the following day a vast number of poor devils, who were supposed to look like pickpockets or malcontents, were thrown into prison, and three very respectable men were arrested for having laughed (for which we think there was great excuse) at the extraordinary scene, as they witnessed it from their balconies. The anti-jesuit and anti-miracle party, which amounted to all the people of sense in the capital, enjoyed this *chute d'orgueil,* and among the warmer of them, several pasquinades were written and circulated. The Jesuits, however, were consoled in their afflictions by an opportune miracle; as the body of the *Beato* was being carried into the church, a rickety child in the arms of a devout mother was carried to touch the case in which it was enclosed, and immediately on the contact the child was perfectly cured of all its infirmities. Of this fact an instrument, consolidated by oaths, was drawn up the day after by a public notary, and put in circulation forthwith.

Shortly after the society published a compendium of the life of the said Beato Francesco di Girolamo, with an appendix, containing two of his miracles, approved by the Holy See, in the process of his beatification at Rome, and a *Novena,* or vigil, to be held in his honour. The darkest ages of superstition have spawned few documents more insulting to the Divinity, and to the greatest of his gifts—the human intellect—few more dangerous in their tendency, more degrading, more monstrous than this abortion of the nineteenth century. It begins by relating that he was born at Grottaglie, a village near the ancient Tarentum, in 1642, that he gave evidences of sanctity as soon as he was born, and that he enlisted into the service of the church as soon as he was ten years old. He studied in the Jesuit College at Taranto, where he was promoted to holy orders: he then came to Naples, and entered as *prefet* in the Jesuit College de 'Nobili; in that establishment he continued his studies, obeyed the scriptural injunctions of obedience to the very letter, obtained the title of *Sacerdote Santo,* and went with honour through the difficult ordeal to which the society subjects those who aspire to be its members. In 1670 he was admitted as a novice, and the following year he was sent as a missionary into the province of Otranto, where he laboured apostolically for more than three years; he then returned to the head house in the capital, finished his course of theology, and made profession of the four vows.* Francesco was desirous of being sent missionary to India, and for a while it was reported he was destined for Japan, but Providence, that intended him for the good of his native country, induced the superiors to appoint him missionary of the city of Naples. One of

* These vows are of *poverty,* chastity, obedience, and renunciation of honours.—What strange proofs does the history of the Order furnish us, of the observance of the first and the last of these vows!

his first labours was to instruct a thousand youth eight days previous to their first communion; this he performed with great unction, and on the ninth day, the youths being dressed as angels, he conducted them with the music of sacred songs to the cathedral, to eat the angelic bread. His great duty was to preach on holidays in the public places of the city; in his discharge of this duty he was superhumanly fervent, and his preaching offered an uninterrupted course of eloquence and holiness on his part, and of conversion and miracles on that of his auditors. All the instances of divine interposition that are cited are very *characteristic*. What can reasonable beings think of the following?

A certain monk of another order, who in discharge of his office also preached in the public places, conceived a great jealousy against Francesco di Girolamo, who always commanded greater audiences than he; one day this monk found some Jesuit students, headed by Francesco, preaching at a spot that, from long occupation, he considered exclusively his own; enraged at this intrusion, he first obliged the young men to silence, and then commanded Padre Francesco to follow their example; this the Jesuit immediately did, and moreover prostrated himself before the envious monk to kiss his feet. His rival, with furious gesture, threw him from him, and, accusing him of hypocrisy, turned his back on him spitefully. The ensuing night divine vengeance fell upon the monk, he was struck with apoplexy: knowing from what hand the blow came, he sent to supplicate that Padre Francesco would repair to him. The Beatified went instantly, and consoled the monk by the grief he showed for his late transgression.

A beautiful and celebrated courtesan, on hearing Padre Francesco, who was preaching beneath her window, recommend charity for a poor convert, threw him a piece of silver; the Father, invested with celestial light, looked at her and exclaimed, "Sister, this charity will soon be of use to you." At these words alone, the obscene woman, touched with the spirit of repentance, resolved to change her way of life. She repaired to church, to the feet of Padre Francesco, and begged him to receive her confession. "Oh, not so," said he, "I require a surer pledge of your conversion; go into the conservatory of the Penitents; when you are entered there I will confess and absolve you." The woman did as she was bid. But when she thought herself duly disposed, and had confessed, and was expecting the Father would give her absolution, and that she might be admitted to the communion—he left her in suspense, and went to say mass. When he returned to her he said, "Well! so you have not disclosed *that* sin;" and he named the sin, and it was true she had been guilty of it; and the woman replied, "Yes, it is even so, but I failed to mention it through forgetfulness." She was absolved, and she approached the holy altar; and God then favoured her by sending her a cancer in the face, and so purified her from the faults she had committed through the incentives of her meretricious beauty.

In one of the streets where he was accustomed to preach to bad women, there was one so lost in sin, that she not only hindered his being heard, but mocked him and laughed at him: one day, surprised by divine justice, she died suddenly. That same day Padre Francesco, passing by, followed by a great multitude of people, asked what had become of Caterina, and he was answered that the unhappy wretch had died of an apoplectic stroke. Immediately he ascends the stairs, the crowd following him; and seeing her extended on her bed, he lifts his voice imperiously, and once, and twice, interrogates her, saying, "Caterina, where art thou?" The defunct, however, answering nothing, with still greater faith he interrogates her the third time, "Caterina, tell me where art thou?" Then the miserable creature, drawing a deep sigh from her bosom, with a hoarse and horrid voice answered, "I am in hell!"

On the 11th of May, 1716, Father Francesco di Girolamo, in the 74th year of his natural, and the 46th of his Jesuit existence, seceded from his mortal labours in an excess of spiritual enthusiasm. One of the brethren who had attended him in his illness, wished, from motives of devotion, to cut off in secret a corn that the deceased had under one of his feet; but in making the incision the blood gushed out alive, and in such quantity that, besides drenching several cloths, it filled a good sized bottle, in which for several months it remained liquid and of a ruby colour. This circumstance had a powerful effect on the Beatification Court at Rome, and no doubt the blood and blood-stained towels were valuable and productive property to the Jesuits. The body was carried into the common sacristy, and his death was rumoured through the city; such multitudes rushed to the church and to the vestibule of the sacristy, that it was necessary to close the doors and

to place a body of Swiss to keep back the crowd. This precaution, however, was rendered futile, for they opened a door to give ingress to the Princess of Roccella, a lady of high distinction and a penitent of the Father; the mob made a rush, precipitated themselves after her, and filled the vast church. The bier with infinite difficulty was brought to the middle of the church; the funeral service commenced—the pressure of the multitude interrupted it, and the Fathers, surrounded by soldiers, carried the bier into the chapel of the Santissima Trinita, which is defended by strong iron railing, where the service was concluded. This timely removal probably saved the body from being torn to pieces by the superstitious mob. The church could not be cleared until late at night, and the next day the crowd returned with increased density. The chapel where the body lay was besieged, particularly by the diseased and sorrowing: others ran to break the Father's confessional box in pieces, to preserve as miracle-working relics; but here the Jesuits had been before them; it was deposited in a place of safety, and only a few persons were admitted to kiss it. A little girl, who had been a cripple several years, had the good fortune to sit down on the seat of the said confessional—she rose up perfectly cured. Miracles, of course, were worked after his decease, for it is the working of miracles after death that gives a title to beatification and canonization: the two following were those which were proved in the Roman court, and which merited him the title of *Beato;* they are given in a style which has a close resemblance to that of the advertisements of puffing quack-doctors—the latter one will recall to the reader one of Prince Hohenlohe's miracles in Ireland, which has lately been so much noised.

A short time after the death of Padre Francesco, D. Giovanni Ambroselli, of Castronovo, in the kingdom of Naples, professor of medicine, who had been congregated under the direction of the holy man, was unfortunately wounded, by the bursting of a blunderbuss, in his left hand and arm: several bones were fractured, the nerves were lacerated; in a few days the wounds began to gangrene; he was reduced to extremeties; he received the sacraments, and was given over to the assistance of the priests. At a moment when he was more than ever tormented by spasmodic pains, he turned to God with faith, imploring succour through the merits of his servant Padre di Girolamo, whose death he was yet ignorant of, and anon the spasm was tranquillized, and he was surprised by sleep. During his sleep Padre Francesco appeared to him, animated him to hope health in God, and then touched with his dress the wounded hand and arm. Ambroselli awoke at this act, and feeling himself perfectly cured (guarito perfettamente da ogni incommodo), to the joyful surprise of all present rose from his bed, thanking the Lord, who through the merits of Padre Francesco had thus healed him by a prodigy; and as only the scars of the wounds remained, as a memorial of the grace he had received, he repaired on foot to Naples, where he better intimated his gratitude at the tomb of his beneficent deliverer, at the same time publishing through that great city the miracle, and authenticating it in his person.

Nor less prodigious was the cure that D. Maria Rosalia Rispoli, a nun in the monastery *Dell' Annunziata*, at Massa, near Sorrento, acknowledged to have obtained through the mediation of our Padre di Girolamo. She had for many years been molested by an hypochondriac, hysterical affection, that caused her most acute pains in the head and bowels, and was at last surprised by a violent apoplectic stroke that paralyzed all her left side, so that she could neither stand nor move without the aid of two or more of her sisters. Thus oppressed by an evil, declared by the physicians to be incurable, as she had heard of the numerous prodigies that were operated by God through the intercession of the recently deceased Padre Francesco, she was inwardly moved to have recourse to his protection, and forthwith procuring one of his relics, she crossed her side with it in great faith and fell asleep. In her sleep it seemed to her that she saw the servant of God apply his hand to her side, and restore her lost motion. Her dream was verified in fact: as soon as she awoke she felt herself perfectly cured, and so agile that she leaped from her bed, dressed herself without any help, and rapidly betook herself, all gay and smiling, and astonishing all the sisterhood, to the choir, where with great devotion she rendered thanks to God, who, through the intercession of Padre di Girolamo, had restored her to perfect health, *con un tanto strepitoso prodigio,* "with so noisy a prodigy."*

We hasten with pleasure from

* The society has published a detailed life of the *Beato*, in folio. It contains a vast number of miracles operated by his means, not only in Italy, but in Germany and elsewhere.

these shallow, worn out tricks, to other details, although they in their turn have little to conciliate us.

The company has not been able to re-establish their college *De' Nobili*, which once monopolized the education of nearly all the young men of family; nor have they the means of boarding their present pupils in the house, a circumstance which they must much regret, as the boy that goes home daily to his family, and has the city open before him, is not at all likely to be so docile a disciple as one shut up from year to year, within the walls and under the eyes of the society. The present number of these pupils is somewhat more than a thousand; the far greater part of them are children of men holding inferior situations under government, who, in an anxiety to keep their places, seize every opportunity of conforming to the spirit and taste of the rulers that be. The plan of study they profess to follow is, the *Ratio Studiorum*, one of the most luminous efforts, one of the columns of the jesuit order; but this plan, in fact, they do not pursue, being incapacitated by their present lack of means, and the circumstances of their pupils: we might, perhaps, go further, and say, that the fathers established here have not mental capacity sufficient to realize the scheme of their ingenious predecessors, which, after all, would be futile or pernicious, practised on poor lads who will be obliged to engage in the inferior occupations and toils of society. To them the day-schools established on the French form (many of which have been suppressed by government, that took no heed of the masters thus reduced to want) were incontestably better adapted. The system of *enseignement mutuel*, so long and so loudly deprecated by the whole body of the catholic priesthood,* has, curious to say, been largely drawn upon by the Jesuits; their school, however, is not half so orderly as one of our establishments for the poor, and without order this mode of instruction is worse than nothing: it is true, their subjects are *Neapolitans*, but our children are of a far inferior stage of society; they, too, wield the awful terrors of religion to repress vivacity, make use of means potent on the spirit of childhood, which our pedagogues can never handle. An immense crucifix, the figure distorted and smeared with blood, ever hangs at the end of the school-room, which is purposely kept rather dark, and the physiognomies of the teachers, their voices, their motions, are studied, to produce awe and respect—and then, what a difference is there in the costume of a Jesuit and the dress of one of our schoolmasters! Before they begin school in the morning the children are employed half an hour in genuflections, and in repeating, all together, a certain set of prayers; the afternoon studies have a similar prelude, and are wound up by the singing of a long *rosario*. When, after all this, we see that the children are neither respectful, obedient, attentive, nor quiet, we must conclude that the brethren are wanting in those talents or qualities that command and conciliate—that they are unfit for the duties they have taken upon themselves.

In the month of September (1822), previous to the vacation, the Jesuits gave a public display of the success of their labours, which did not answer the ends they proposed, much more than their unfortunate procession. As they had not sufficient room in the monastery, they resorted to their spacious church; the high altar was screened, the space immediately before it was furnished with a stage, and benches and chairs were placed in the body of the church for the audience. A picked number of the cleverest boys had to sustain the *scena*, which opened by a disputative

* Shortly after the fall of the constitution, and while the affairs of police were in the hands of that wiseacre, Signor * * *, a poor man who had established a school on this system, in Strada Santa Brigida, was visited one morning by some *sbirri*, and some Austrian soldiers, who conducted him to the presence of the dreaded minister. "Ah! how is this?" said Signor * * *, "you make use of signs in your school—signs wicked—forbidden!" The affrighted pedagogue explained the use of those signs; that they were children who used them; that his school doors were open, &c. "It won't do—it won't do," cried Signor * * *, "Carbonari make use of signs—Masons make use of signs—signs are prohibited by his majesty's decree." The school was put down and the master was glad to get off so cheaply.

dialogue between two of them (neither was fourteen years old) on education, the merits of the Jesuit system, that pursued by the innovators of modern date, &c. The arguments forced into the memory, and extorted from the mouth of the advocate for *oggigiorno* (present days) were wild and absurd: the pleader for the Jesuits, on the contrary, was very well furnished with dialectic and rhetoric; he showed as clear as the sun at noon-day, that nothing profitable had been done for education since the third Jesuit General, Acquaviva, and his six co-laborating monks, had formed the *ratio studiorum;* that it had been hurrying to ruin ever since the iniquity of man had persecuted the society of Jesus, and shut up their schools; and that religion and virtue, honour and morality, had been deteriorating with it; and this brought his speech to its natural conclusion of a diatribe against modern *philosophes,* which was done with sarcasm, peremptoriness, and sufficiency, really worthy of an *Encyclopédiste.* His opponent, as may be supposed, had no weapons put in his hand, and as his part comported, he owned himself vanquished, and confessed, that "cosi dev' essere" (so it must be). Another boy then came forward and recited a sonnet, which was addressed "in the name of all his companions and of himself to the blessed Virgin, the seat of all wisdom." After this a class came on the stage, and translated about a sentence each boy, from Cornelius Nepos, and, this was followed by a little parsing—another class handled some of Ovid's elegies, and talked a little about mythology—another class wrote a theme on holiness of life, in Latin and Italian—another underwent an examination in geography. But it would be useless and tiresome to follow the order, particularly as it was a long affair, the examination having been repeated for three successive days: it is enough to say, that Greek, Latin, and Italian, among languages; history, sacred and profane, ancient and modern geography, chronology, composition in prose and verse, mathematics, arithmetic, &c. &c. were made to strut and fret upon the stage, to show, what they did not, the astonishing capabilities of the instructors, and the rapid progress of the instructed. This sort of exhibition must ever be inconclusive and faulty—this particular one was unfair and paltry: two or three boys had evidently been picked out, and duly prepared by learning certain things by rote, which they pronounced, most probably without understanding, and the other lads were left to dangle their hands undisturbed. The extravagant pretensions of the fathers seemed ridiculous, when it was considered, that these boys had been but a few months under their tuition, that they affirmed they had received them in a state of *massima ignoranza,* and that now they brought them forward as Hellenists, Latinists, philosophers, and mathematicians.

Since that time they have had no scenes of eclat, but the number of novices has regularly increased, as also that of their penitents and devotees; so that there is at present a flourishing nursery of the future members and partizans of the order. They have renewed their *esercizi spirituali,* among which is the objectionable practice of having *ritirati,* which was one of their customs, that in other times, formed serious points of accusation against them—points of accusation as reasonable as serious; for the blinded individuals, who at their persuasion retire for a time from the vanities of the world, are sequestered in lonely cells, among the fearful objects, which bigotry, or rather cunning, has found calculated to dispose weak minds to fanaticism, or to unhinge their intellects: those temporary anchorets, for example, are exposed to the contemplation of skulls, perhaps the most frightful of the relics of mortality, and are placed between two banners, on one of which is depicted our Saviour, on the other the arch-enemy, and thus with aggravated susceptibilities they are left to dwell on the mass of superstitious horrid doctrine of their teachers—the effect of all this has frequently been that persons have come out of those *ritirati* with disordered and alienated intellects. The government asserts that it proposes to amend the morals of the people, and believes the Jesuits to co-operate in so very proper an undertaking; but certainly the means hitherto employed by them are not calculated to attain so

honourable an object, but rather to inspire the people with an ignorant and superfluous respect for the external forms and artifices of devotion, and this, when they are already too much attached to the forms and too little to the essentials, in a country where superstition goes hand in hand with crime, and where the brigands conceal upon their persons at the same time the instrument of their crimes and the object of their miserable idolatry: the dagger and the image of the Madonna lie in peaceful league upon the same bosom! And not only is the spirit of these Jesuits' proceedings unnecessary and prejudicial, but it is also in opposition to the spirit and the letter of their institutes, which order them expressly to avoid all pageants, and to take part very sparingly in processions, miracles, and other objects of excitation. Here are two sentences from their book of laws. "In your preaching make use of all the means that may move to piety and repentance, but never of such as inspire enthusiasm and fanaticism." "Adapt your manners and proceedings as far as justice and reason permit, to the time and country in which you live." Both these commandments are enforced with great earnestness; how admirably does the conduct of these men here, who have now been under our observation for more than two years, conform to them!

If we trace carefully the cause of the original suppression of the Jesuits, it will be seen that the severity exercised against their order was not occasioned by the general misdemeanour of its members, since even its greatest enemies can accuse but few Jesuits of notorious crimes, and no order of men can exist without being occasionally polluted by members who are a disgrace to it, and to the world at the same time: it was not therefore a general evil effected by the Jesuits which caused their expulsion, but a fixed and reasonable fear founded on the nature of their institution which aimed at the establishing of an intellectual and consequently a tremendous despotism over men; a despotism apt to become a mighty instrument of evil in the hands of evil men or even of one evil man, since the Jesuit General exercised a more absolute rule over the order, than perhaps can by any contrivances or violence be exercised by a tyrant over a people.

The ordinary causes of power and security were, in the case of the Jesuits, the proximate causes of their downfall; they were hated, and hated most energetically, by all the other orders, of the Catholic church, for their riches, their talent, their ambition, their real or affected austerity, and their unsociability.

In the present position of affairs, to judge from those settled here, who are all foreigners and selected men, no fear is or need be entertained of the Jesuits; they are no longer powerful in the talents which shed a lustre over their rise, nor in the wealth which was a chain to the multitude, a bait to royal covetousness, and a reproach to monkish poverty; they may add some little to the foppery of religion; but the people upon whom they are likely to exert any influence, are not well able to become more superstitious or more loyal than they are already, and all those who can justly estimate the modern Jesuits' might, smile at their stale tricks, sable dresses, downcast eyes, and demure and unavailing hypocrisy. The friends of liberal opinions may be assured that the illumination of the human mind cannot now be darkened by these antique extinguishers—their imbecility is a guarantee for their harmlessness: but though their sudden apparition need cause no alarm, yet it certainly is not a subject of exultation, which it almost seems to have been considered by certain modern writers, for if they were now what they were in former times, no reasonable man could contemplate their progress with tranquillity, supposing his bosom to be warmed by an honest love of his species; and if their imbecility relieves us from fear on their account, it at the same time makes them obnoxious to our slight regard, not to say our contempt.

GERMAN EPIGRAMS.

The Germans possess a great number and variety of short epigrammatic compositions, from which an interesting Anthology might be wreathed. We propose to give a few specimens from time to time.

Is it a wonder—with his pelf,
  That Tom his friends remembers not?
  For friends are easily forgot
By him who can forget himself.—*Wechkerlin.*

THE CHANGED LAIS.

O Venus! whelm'd in sorrow o'er,
My broken glass I bring to thee;
For *what I was* it shows no more,
And *what I am* I dare not see.—*Wechkerlin.*

EPITAPH.

Here lies, thank God, a woman who
Quarrell'd and storm'd her whole life through;
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.—*Weckherlin.*

Who noble *is* may hold in scorn
The man who is but noble *born.*—*Zeiler.*

TO A SCOUNDREL.

Witness against thee!—wheresoe'er thou goest
Thou bearest thy accuser, as thou knowest.—*Zeiler.*

PRUDENCE.

Seamen on the surge who rise
Court the wind and court the tide,
Force alone no victory brings;—
They who aim at noblest things,
Should aspire to wisdom's light;
Wisdom's mightier far than might.—*Zinkgreff.*

HONORABLE SERVICE.

If one have served thee, tell the deed to many;
Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.—*Opitz.*

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Here lies old father Gripe, who never cried, "*Jam satis,*"
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tomb-stone gratis.
Opitz.

I never dine at home, said Harry Skinner;
True! when you dine not out, you get no dinner.—*Opitz.*

Better to sit in Freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor and a mouldering wall,
Than to bend the neck, and to bow the knee,
In the proudest palace of slavery.—*Olearius.*

When o'er thee all the crowded storms of woe,
Roll darkling—mourn not! heaven hath order'd so,
That life's swift stream through dreary shores should flow.
Olearius.

One Arab's steed's worth more than all
An over crowded donkey stall.—*Olearius.*

O lovely May! thou art a kiss
From heaven to earth, of nuptial bliss;
A kiss that hails a blushing bride,
Who soon shall feel a mother's pride.—*Logau.*

In praise of truth and honesty,
Men's busy tongues are never still,
'Tis well—for both are fled from earth,
De mortuis nisi bonum nil.—*Logau.*

Thou addest daily to thy store thy gains,
Will a gold fleece give to a sheep more brains?—*Paullin.*

APPEARANCE.

Appearance may deceive thee—understand
A pure white glove may hide a filthy hand.—*C. Gryphius.*

The world is but an opera show,
We come, look round, and then we go.—*C. Gryphius.*

'Tis hard indeed to make a pother,
That Eve poor Adam overthrew,
For what he did to please the mother,
We daily for the daughters do.—*Besser.*

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.—*Besser.*

COUNSEL.

Friend! do not crouch to those above,
Friend! do not tread on those below:
Love those—they're worthy of thy love,
Love these—and thou wilt make them so.—*Wernicke.*

A BISHOP'S BLESSING.

With cover'd head, a country boor
Stood, while the Bishop bless'd the poor—
The mitred prelate lifted high
His voice—"Take off your hat"—"Not I—
Your blessing's little worth," he said,
"If through the hat 'twont reach the head."—*Wernicke.*

Of all Job lost, his history tells us plain,
God gave him doubled portions back again,
God did not take his plaguy wife—'tis true,
What could the patient man have done with *two*?—*Wernicke.*

Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath,
A mother's love begins—it glows till death,
Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.—*Wernicke.*

Bliss is like woman—both alike we see,
Immutable in mutability.—*Wernicke.*

EPITAPH.

What thou art reading o'er my bones,
I've often read on other stones;
And others soon shall read of thee,
What thou art reading now of me.—*Flemming.*

TO AN OLD COQUETTE.

'Tis not thy years that frighten me away,
But that thy youngest brother's hair is gray!—*Gryphius.*

TO THE SAME.

Be not disquieted, fond girl! in truth,
They laugh not at thy age, but at thy youth.—*Gryphius*

TO THE SAME.

I call her aged? I? What lies fame tells—
I only said she reads in spectacles!—*Gryphius.*

TO THE SAME.

I did not laugh—in spite of Celia's rage,
I dared not laugh—I've learnt to reverence age.—*Gryphius.*

B.

FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ;

OR,

The Old English Jesters.

No. VI.

DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR.

VERSATILE INGENIUM, THE WITTIE COMPANION, OR JESTS OF ALL SORTS. FROM CITIE AND COUNTRIE, COURT AND UNIVERSITIE. WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER DEMOCRITUS OF ABDERA. By Democritus junior.

——————*De sapientibus alter*
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem. Juv. Sat.

Utere convivis non tristibus, utere amicis,
Quos nugæ et risus, et joca salsa juvant.
Schol. Salern. de conserv. valetud.

AMSTERDAM, PRINTED BY STEPHEN SWART, AT THE CROWNED BIBLE, NEAR THE EXCHANGE. ANNO 1679. Octavo.*

It is no very easy matter to account for an English jest book being printed at Amsterdam; yet that our *Wittie Companion* issued from a Dutch press, the type, and in many places the foreign orthography, sufficiently testify. There are indeed several severe passages on the Catholics and their religion, (which were both getting into fashion at the English court about the time of its appearance,) and it might have been found difficult to procure an *imprimatur* in the country where the collection was principally intended to circulate, although nothing prevented its importation. With all our complaints

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* We are unable to state the exact number of pages in this volume, as the only copy we have ever seen or heard of ends at p. 232, but is evidently imperfect.

of the days in which we live, and our jealousies of the powers of his Majesty's attorney-general, we are, thank Heaven, exempt from the tyranny of an inspector of the press; and, although we do not seem so sensible of the blessing as we might be, the grumblers at the times present may rely upon it, that they enjoy a much larger share of literary licence than their forefathers dared to exercise, with the fears of an *imprimatur* before their eyes.

To return, however, to our Amsterdam Jester:—Whoever Democritus the younger might be, and there is no clue by which to discover his name, we are indebted to him for one of the most amusing volumes we ever remember to have fallen in with:—

Such books (says the bookseller to the intelligent reader) are to be esteem'd, not as altogether unprofitable, that doe awaken our reason, subtilize our wits, and marshal our conceptions of things: a wittie conceit being oftentimes a good convoy of truth, which otherwise could not so handsomly be ferried over: and amidst affairs transacted in the world, it is a matter more politic than one would think, smoothly to pass from jeast to earnest, and from earnest to jeast: yet let me advertise you by the by, that certain things there are which ought to be priviledged from jeasts; namely, Religion, Matters of State, Great Persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pittie; tho the present collection, being indeed as a *speculum microcosmi*, kind of prospect into the manners, humours, and dispositions of men in general, may be well excus'd, if in some few places it does not in every point so exactly quadrate to the intentions specified; it may suffice that we here see what heretofore have been the subjects of human wit, and that we now know for the future what ought not to be.

The life of Democritus, which precedes the collection of jests, is a slight compilation from Diogenes Laertius, Hippocrates, and others, and is signed D. C. It contains little more than the general heads of his character, and his well-known disposition to laugh at the follies of mankind: "he could never consider the many little concerns of the multitude, or once look into the labyrinth of the busie world, but he presently brake into laughter to see

How busily about the streets men run,
Some to un-do, and some to be un-don."

We will no longer detain our readers from the perusal of some of the best of more than six hundred jokes, for of so many does our Anglo-Dutch Jester consist.

The King of France, being at Calais, sent over an Embassador, a verie tall person, upon no other errand but a complement to the King of England. At his audience he appeared in such a light garb, that afterwards the King ask'd Lord-keeper Bacon, "what he thought of the French Embassador?" He answer'd, "That he was a verie proper man." "I," his Majestie replied, "but what think you of his head-piece? is he a proper man for the office of an Embassador?" "Sir," (return'd he) "it appears too often, *that tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonlie the uppermost room is worst-furnished.*"

A souldier in Ireland, having got his passport to go for England, as he went through a wood with a knap-sack on his back, being weary, he sate down, and fell to some victuals, upon a suddain he was surprised with two or three wolves, who coming towards him, he threw them scraps of bread and cheess so long till all was don; then the wolves coming nearer to him, he knew not what shift to make, he took a pair of bag-pipes which he had with him, and so soon as he begun to play away ran the wolves, as if they had bin scared out of their wits; "A pox take you all," said he; "*if I had known that you loved musick so well, you should have had it before dinner.*"

Secretary Walsingham and Secretary Cecil were two excellent statesmen; the one used to say at the council table; "My Lords, stay a little, and we shall make an end the sooner." The other would ofttimes speak of himself; "It shall never be said of me that I will defer till to-morrow, what I can do to-day." These sayings, though seemingly contradictory, may be reconcill'd by that excellent speech of Charles the Emperor, upon affairs of the like nature, *ubi desinit Saturnus, ibi incipiat Mercurius;* when any business of great consequence is in consultation, we should observe the motions of Saturn, which is plumbeous, long and heavie; but when 'tis once absolutely resolved upon, then we should observe the motion of Mercury, the nimblest of all the planets.

A countrie man in Spain coming to an image enshrined, the extraction and first making whereof he could well remember; and not finding from the same that respectfull usuage which he expected, "*You need not*

be so proud," said he, "*for I have known you from a plumb-tree.*

King Henry the Eighth haveing a months mind to the abbot of Glastenburie's estate (who was one of the richest abbots in England) sent for him to his court, and told him, that without he could resolve him three questions, he should not escape with his life. The abbot willing to get out of his clutches, promised his best endeavours. The King's questions were these: first, *Of what compass the world was about?* Secondly, *How deep the sea was?* And, thirdly, *What the King thought?* The abbot desired some few days' respite, which being granted, he returned home, but with intent never to see the King again, for he thought the questions impossible to be resolved. This his grief coming at last to the ears of his cook, he undertook, upon forfeiture of his life, to resolve these riddles, and to free his master from danger. The abbot willingly condescended. So the cook got on the abbot's cloaths, and at the time appointed went to the court, and being like the abbot in physiognomy, was taken by all the courtiers to be the same man. When he came before the King, (omitting other circumstances) he thus resolved his three questions. First, *Of what compass the world was about?* He said, "*It was but twenty four hours' journey, and if a man went as fast as the sun, he might easily go it in that space.*" The second, *How deep the sea was?* He answered, "*Only a stone's cast; for throw a stone into the deepest place of it, and in time it will come to the bottom.*" To the third, "which I conceive," saith he, "your Majesty thinks the most difficult to resolve; but indeed it is the easiest, that is, *What your Highness thinks?* I answer, *That you think me to be the abbot of Glastenburie, when as indeed I am but Jack his cook.*"

A barber going to the court, and being, at his return, asked what he saw? he answered, *The King was very neatlie trim'd.*

A certain nobleman sitting at the table opposite to Scotus (that writ on the sentences) a most learned Englishman, amongst other discourse, merrily asked him what was the difference betwixt *Sot* and *Scot?* He answered "*Nothing but the table, Sir.*"

One asked, Why men sooner gave to poor people that begged, than to scholars? "'Tis," said one, "*because they think they may sooner come to be poor, than to be scholars.*"

A prudent gentleman in the beginning of the rebellious times, as he lay on his death-bed, was asked how he would be buried? He answered, "*With my face downward; for within a while this England will be turned upside down, and then I shall lie right.*"

A valiant captain, when some of his timeorous companions, to hinder the joyning of the battle, told him their enemies were three times as many as they. "Are they so?" said he, no whit dismayed, "then I am very glad, *for there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.*"

Count Gundamore, being Embassador for the King of Spain in England, and being jesting with K. James, and speaking in Latine, did many times speak false Latine. "What!" says the King, "how comes it that you break Priscian's head so often, being Embassador to so great a King as you say your master is?" "Oh, Sir," (says he,) "your Maiestie must know that *I speake Latine like a King;* but *your Majestie speaks Latine like an Embassador.*"

One said he sung as well as most men in Europe, and thus he proved it: *the most men in Europe do not sing well, therefore I sing as well as most men in Europe.*

A wit at Cambridge in King James his time was ordered to preach at St. Marie's before the vice-chancellour and the heads of the universitie, who formerlie had observed the drowsiness of the vice-chancellour, and thereupon took this place of scripture for his text, *What? cannot ye watch one hour?* At everie division, he concluded with his text, which by reason of the vice-chancellour's sitting so near the pulpit, often awaked him. This was so noted by the wits, that it was the talk of the whole university, and withal it did so nettle the vice-chancellour, that he complained to the archbishop of Canterburie, who willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge, where coming, he made so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the archbishop enjoyned him to preach before king James; after some excuses he at length condescended, and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the First and the Sixth, waver not*—meaning the first king of England, and the sixth of Scotland—at first the king was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of the chaplains in ordinary. After this advancement, the archbishop sent him down to Cambridge to make his recantation to the vice-chancellour, and to take leave of the university; which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of his former text, *Sleep on now, and take your rest.* Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the vice-chancellour, saying, "whereas I said before (which gave offence) *what, cannot you watch one hour?* I say now, *Sleep on, and take your rest,*" and so left the university.

DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE.

BY JOHN PAUL RICHTER.

I HAD been reading an excellent dissertation of Krüger's upon the old vulgar error which regards the space from one earth and sun to another as empty. Our sun together with all its planets fills only the 31,419,460,000,000,000th part of the whole space between itself and the next solar body. Gracious Heavens! thought I,—in what an unfathomable abyss of emptiness were this universe swallowed up and lost, if all were void and utter vacuity except the few shining points of dust which we call a planetary system! To conceive of our earthly ocean as the abode of death and essentially incapable of life, and of its populous islands as being no greater than snail-shells, would be a far less error in proportion to the compass of our planet than that which attributes emptiness to the great mundane spaces: and the error would be far less if the marine animals were to ascribe life and fulness exclusively to the sea, and to regard the atmospheric ocean above them as empty and untenanted. According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers lie at such a distance from us—that their light, which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two millions of years ago; and thus by optical laws it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams which have themselves perished ages ago. Upon this scale of computation for the dimensions of the world, what heights and depths and breadths must there be in this universe—in comparison of which the positive universe would be itself a nihility, were it crossed—pierced—and belted about by so illimitable a wilderness of nothing! But is it possible that any man can for a moment overlook those vast forces which must pervade these imaginary deserts with eternal surges of flux and reflux, to make the very paths to those distant starry coasts voyageable to our eyes? Can you lock up in a sun or in its planets their reciprocal forces of attraction? Does not the light stream through the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the nebula which is furthest removed from us? And in this stream of light there is as ample an existence of the positive, and as much a home for the abode of a spiritual world, as there is a dwelling-place for thy own spirit in the substance of the brain. To these and similar reflexions succeeded the following dream:

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out appareled in light: and by my side there stood another form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. "Two thoughts," said the form, "are the wings with which I move; the thought of *Here*, and the thought of *There*. And behold! I am yonder;"—pointing to a distant world. "Come then, and wait on me with thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil."—And I flew along with the Form.—In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming flight, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summits of the Cordilleras; and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star; and soon there remained nothing visible of our system except a comet which was traveling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of solar bodies,—flocks past counting unless to their heavenly Shepherd,—that scarcely could they expand themselves before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us into pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constella-

tions and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulæ. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses: one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us: galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn altitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through the fields of the infinite space like triumphal gates through which the Infinite Being might pass in progress.—Sometimes the Form that lightened would outfly my weary thoughts; and then it would be seen far off before me like a coruscation amongst the stars—till suddenly I thought again to myself the thought of *There*, and then I was at its side. But, as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our eyes were not emptier—neither were the heavens below them fuller; and as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like water-spouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters; —then at length the human heart within me was overburthened and weary, and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the Form at my side— "Oh! Spirit! has then this universe no end?" And the Form answered and said—"Lo! it has no beginning."

Suddenly however the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss—no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula: and at length *that* also had vanished. And I thought to myself, —"At last the universe has ended:" and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure—pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation: I shuddered at the dead sea of nothing, in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried for ever: and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before but left all around it unilluminated. Then the Form said to me in my anguish—"Oh! creature of little faith! Look up! the most ancient light is coming!" I looked; and in a moment came a twilight,—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy,—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries gray with age, for millennia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and at length out of heights inaccessible to thought it had reached us. Now then, as through some renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

As we thus advanced for ever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point,—and as once we issued suddenly from the middle of thickest night into an Aurora Borealis—the herald of an expiring world, and we found throughout this cycle of solar systems that a day of judgment had indeed arrived; the suns had sickened, and the planets were heaving—rocking—yawning in convulsions, the subterraneous waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along—from east to west—from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where a sun should have been, we saw instead through the misty vapour a gloomy—ashy—leaden corpse of a solar body, that sucked in flames from the perishing world—but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista which had no end, mountain towering above mountain and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar and planetary bodies;—then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form "Rest, rest: and lead me no farther: I am too solitary in the creation itself; and in its desarts yet more so: the full world is great, but the empty world is greater; and with the universe increase its Zaarahs."

Then the Form touched me like the flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before: "In the presence of God there is no empti-

ness: above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very Universe, the sum and fountain of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly: now then I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images." Immediately my eyes were opened; and I looked, and I saw as it were an interminable sea of light—sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light: and there was a thundering of floods: and there were seas above the seas, and seas below the seas: and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over: and my eye comprehended the farthest and the nearest: and darkness had become light, and the light darkness: for the desarts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-gray blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men: but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light: and the murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zaarahs of the creation I saw—I heard—I felt—the glittering—the echoing—the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinning-wheels, the planets no more than weavers' shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of Isis;* which veil is hung over the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. And in sight of this immeasurability of life, no sadness could endure; but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers.

But in the midst of this great vision of the Universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits: I was left alone in the centre of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathising being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body; and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of a Madonna; and by her side there stood a child, whose countenance varied not—neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a King, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head: but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth: and, as the earth drew near, this child who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love—so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding; and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

I awoke: but my happiness survived my dream: and I exclaimed—Oh! how beautiful is death, seeing that we die into a world of life and of creation without end! and I blessed God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those unseen depths of the universe which are emptied of all but the Supreme Reality, and where no earthly life nor perishable hope can enter.

X. Y. Z.

* On this antique mode of symbolizing the mysterious Nature which is at the heart of all things and connects all things into one whole, possibly the reader may feel not unwilling to concur with Kant's remark at p. 197, of his *Critik der Urtheilskraft*: "Perhaps in all human composition there is no passage of greater sublimity, nor amongst all sublime thoughts any which has been more sublimely expressed, than that which occurs in the inscription upon the temple of Isis (the Great Mother—Nature): *I am whatsoever is—whatsoever has been—whatsoever shall be: and the veil which is over my countenance, no mortal hand has ever raised.*"

CAPTAIN W. H. SMYTH'S MEMOIR

DESCRIPTIVE OF SICILY AND ITS ISLANDS.*

Time was, when a philosopher would have deliberated for one or two years, whether he should undertake to write a quarto volume, and his printer for at least half a dozen, before he would have ventured to publish it. The world has grown bolder, however, if not wiser; authors and printers have at length happily got rid of their foolish terrors, and the only question now is, whether the former shall write quartos, or the latter publish them, with the least consideration. Readers, too, have begun to regard these "terrible big books" in a light not altogether so appalling: like Fabricius and the elephant, the simplest of us all can now look a quarto-author straight in the face, without trembling or taking to his heels at the sight of so prodigious a creature. In fact, the prejudice is now beginning to set the other way; six or seven pounds' weight of solid paper, enclosed between two royal squares of paste-board, and printed in telegraph letter, are *prima facie* presumptions that it is either a book of poetry, a tour, or a "sketch," which encumbers our table: and, for our own part, upon being introduced to the author of a quarto which we have not read, we instinctively look under his cape for a glimpse of the long ears, and expect almost to hear him *bray*, when he first opens his mouth,—so great are our suspicions.

Sicily and its islands came before us under all these disadvantages of imposing shape, fine print, and elegant paper; nor was the unfavourable impression completely removed till we got to the appendix of the volume. This, as a nautical document, conveying important information, and being moreover intended to accompany the Atlas of Sicily, previously published, ought to appear on a scale worthy of the subject and the British empire; we like to see a national work brought out, like this, in a style befitting the national grandeur. But with respect to the body of the work, the "Memoir" itself, an humble octavo with moderate type and margin, would be fully sufficient to the display of its merits. Nay, we have often collected from a slight duodecimo (fairly printed too) as much information as is here expanded over three hundred pages. The importance of the matter contained in this part of the book is by no means commensurate with the magnificence in which it is arrayed; we undertake to say, that the really useful portion of it, in a pretty sizeable type, might be impressed with the utmost ease on the *margin* alone. This much it was our duty to premise, in order that the public should not think, when they buy fifty shillings' worth of paper and printing, that they also buy fifty shillings' worth of genius and knowledge. We will now proceed to a brief analysis of the work.

The author is evidently a man of education; and the scientific part of his work appears to us clear, precise, and satisfactory. His first chapter discusses what may be generally denominated the superficial character of the island: ex. gr.

Geology.—From many peculiarities observable in the stratification and direction of its mountains, it has been inferred that Sicily was once joined to the continent, and that it was separated by some dreadful convulsion of nature, beyond the reach of history or tradition: and, as some suppose, before the craters of Stromboli, Ætna, Vesuvius, and Lipari, gave vent to the subterraneous fires. The whole of Sicily, its adjacent islands, and the south of Italy, being still subject to frequent and destructive earthquakes, and other volcanic phenomena, adds much to the probability of the supposed ancient connexion between the Apennine and Neptunian ranges.

* Memoir descriptive of the Resources, Inhabitants, and Hydrography of Sicily and its Islands, interspersed with Antiquarian and other Notices. By Captain W. H. Smyth, R. N. R. S. F., &c. 4to. London, 1824. J. Murray, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Next to Ætna, the principal mountains of Sicily are the Madonia and Pelorean or Neptunian ranges, forming the north and north-eastern coasts, and from thence gradually shelving down to the south-west part of the island, with inferior chains diverging in various ramifications. These are of a primitive formation, more or less covered with a calcareous stratum, intermixed with pyrites, schistus, talc, and marine deposits, and abounding with mineral riches and organic remains. The soil affords great variety, being loamy, argillaceous, aluminous, siliceous, or calcareous; and of considerable depth. By the genial influence of the climate, vegetation is rendered quick and abundant, and the country is altogether one of the most productive spots on earth. This fecundity may be owing, in part, to a volcanic influence, for lava, scoriæ, and ashes, are not confined to the neighbourhood of Ætna, but extend from that mountain to Cape Passaro. Masses of pozzolana occur at Leutini, Vizzini, Palazzolo, and Palica; and various substances, that have evidently undergone the action of fire, are observable in several parts of the interior, where the superincumbent strata have been riven by torrents. The central divisions of the island contain large tracts of bitumen, and though sulphur is rather a cause than a product of volcanos, it may be noticed, that it is found in immense quantities at Mussumeli, Cattolica, Girgenti, Naro, Mazzarino, and Alicata.

The general aspect of Sicily is mountainous and varied:

The appearance of the coast of the island is romantic, and formed by nature into strong positions of defence; while the interior presents a combination of mountains, ravines, and valleys, the latter of which, in many parts, branch out into extensive plains, presenting a pleasing assemblage of rural scenes, possessing a soil exuberantly fertile, and animated by numerous flocks and herds scattered around. The hilly regions presenting, alternately, undulating slopes, bold crags, and rugged elevations, with woody declivities abounding with elms, chesnuts, pines, oaks, ash, and other timber, complete the prospect.

Travelling, as may be supposed, over such a country is difficult as well as delightful; and the danger is considerably increased, in the winter season, by those heavy rains which are peculiar to sultry climates:

The violent rains that deluge the island at this season swell the rivers, damage the roads, and set the Fiumare running; these are torrents, occasioned by the waters descending from the mountains into deep ravines, through which they rush with impetuosity to the sea, carrying every thing before them. Their strength, however, soon exhausts itself; and when dry, their channels become tolerable roads to the distance of three or four miles inland, exhibiting peculiar picturesque beauties. The boisterous force of the Fiumare while flowing, the badness of the roads, and the want of bridges, render travelling in the winter dangerous, and at times wholly impracticable.

Travelling in Sicily is by no means an easy undertaking at any season; the mode of proceeding being either on mules, or on horseback, but more generally in a lettiga (a corruption of lectica), a kind of narrow chaise, with room for two persons to sit opposite to each other, mounted on two long poles, and carried by mules at the average rate of three miles and a half an hour.

The lettiga thus appears to be little different from a double-sedan, except that it is borne by mules instead of men. If the reputed obstinacy of the former animal adhere to him in Sicily, a traveller might often find himself in curious predicaments, whilst he thus lies at the mercy of his forefooted chairmen, perhaps on the summit of a precipice, or in the middle of a *fiumare*.

There is a considerable display of method and scholastic learning throughout this volume. In a geographical treatise especially, the system of regular classification is not only useful, but almost indispensable; it may nevertheless be carried further than is necessary or agreeable. Besides, it is not infrequently productive of the confusion which it is introduced to dispel. Thus, for instance, the first portion of this work is subdivided with logical precision into the several departments of geology, mineralogy, climate, aspect, produce, and resources; yet we may be permitted to question what light the latter part of the division throws upon the subject. There may, we acknowledge, be some doubt whether "tunnies" (which are classed under resources) can be properly said to *grow* upon the shores of the island whence they derive their sustenance, but there can be none, we apprehend, whatever, that wheat, grapes, olives, and other vegetable products enumerated, form a principal resource of the kingdom. We cite this venial error, merely because we

think the practice of making "distinctions without differences" is too prevalent amongst our modern travellers, who would fain give an appearance of magnitude and importance to that which is really insignificant.

The beauty of continuity is likewise sacrificed, by the system of dividing and decomposing a voyage or a tour, a memoir or an itinerary, into separate, independent articles. The mind does not flow over the page, but has, every now and then, to stop and prepare itself for a new course of reflection. In the popular part of the work before us, where the rigour of philosophical arrangement might, without any disadvantage, be exchanged for the ease and grace of a looser narrative, our author still proceeds with inflexible gravity, to dispatch—Nobles, Mechanics, Lawyers, Peasants, Nuns, and Religious Institutions, under these specific heads and designations. The eye stumbles upon a heap of large Roman capitals at the beginning of every third or fourth paragraph, and the second Chapter, instead of exhibiting the Sicilian community as it exists, and as the spectator must have beheld it, presents us with an elaborate draught of each independent particular, leaving it to us to combine, as we may, the heterogeneous mass into an harmonious picture. Separate essays upon diet, dwellings, burials, births, marriages, &c. &c. &c. each subject being carefully set apart and labelled for distinct perusal, gives the volume, in our opinion, less the appearance of a "Memoir," than of a Treatise on Physic, or a Book of Cookery. It must however be recollected, that Captain Smyth is a Fellow of the Astronomical Society, and was sent out by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for the express purpose of drawing up a complete Survey of Sicily; the habits of the severer sciences may have unfitted his mind for the discursive familiarity of narration, and he may have thought that their Lordships would be better pleased with an accurate than an elegant display of his acquired information. We must therefore balance the loss of ease and freedom with the profit of exactness and perspicuity.

Community.—The Sicilians are of a middle stature, and well made, with dark eyes, and coarse black hair; they have better features than complexions, and attain maturity, and begin to decline, earlier than the inhabitants of more northern regions. In conversation they are cheerful, inquisitive and fanciful, with a redundance of unmeaning compliments, showing themselves not so deficient in natural talents, as in the due cultivation of them. Their delivery is vehement, rapid, full of action, and their gesticulation violent; the latter is so significant as almost to possess the powers of speech, and animates them with a peculiar vivacity, bordering, however, rather on conceits than wit, on farce than humour. But the principal characteristic is an effeminate laziness among those of easy circumstances, which they attempt to excuse, by alleging the intense heat of the climate, without taking example from the warmer regions of Egypt and India, or the energy of the British colonists in the torrid zone; in fact, they have a practical illustration close to them, in the hardy labor and patient industry of the peasants, calessiers, and porters, of Malta.

Are they so ignorant of their own annals, as not to know that their Island was once the granary of Italy, and that it was the labour of the Sicilian husbandman which formerly supplied the physical energies of the Roman legions?

Notwithstanding our author's propensity to classification, division, and mathematical exactness, there is a good deal of what Lady Macbeth would call, admirable disorder, in his method of arranging his subjects. One would naturally suppose that the disposition of the people should be next spoken of, after their outward form and manners had been described; yet more than a dozen different lots of dissertation occur between Community and Disposition, the latter being found above twenty pages onwards, where we least expected it, most preposterously interposed between Amusements and Festivals—two kindred discussions. Such a very unceremonious diversification of matter would be, perhaps, excusable in an easy journal or memoir, but the *lucidus ordo* should not be attempted in a work of this kind, unless it could be in some measure attained. We are sorry to perceive that the scale in which we had deposited our author's "exactness and perspicuity," as some com-

pensation for his want of freedom and ease, very often kicks the beam. We enjoy all the defects of the methodical manner of memoir-writing, without reaping much of its advantages. However:—

Disposition.—Good fellowship prevails at most of their pastimes; but notwithstanding a generally cheerful disposition, the Sicilians are so violent and irritable, that they will not scruple, on an angry word, a trifling jealousy, or a drunken quarrel, to plunge into crime, and take the most summary and sanguinary revenge; a vice promoted, perhaps, by the mal-administration of justice. Unhappily a murder may be committed in open day, and yet the assassin escape; because, from a superstitious fear, rather than an impulse of humanity, (for that ought to be directed to the sufferer,) no spectator will assist to apprehend him, under the plea that it is the duty of the police. As atrocities of this nature are not inserted in the gazettes, the public are not aware of their occurrence, and it is therefore difficult to ascertain the number of such tragical events; but from many circumstances, I do not believe premeditated murders are very common in Sicily, although several atrocious and harrowing instances of this kind have come under my personal knowledge.

This is rather a lean body of contents to follow up the swelling title with which it was announced to our anxious curiosity: much about as satisfactory an account of the Sicilian disposition, as it would be of the English character, to say that, in foggy weather, the "most thinking people" in the world judge it wiser to encounter eternal punishment in the next world, than temporary evil in this; and therefore, with as little rhyme or reason as instigates the Sicilian, hang, drown, or shoot *themselves*, in preference to their neighbours. The different members of the above paragraph are, also, not a little at variance with each other, but we leave it as an exercise for the ingenuity of our readers to reconcile them, and proceed (backwards) to

The Host.—When a patient is despaired of by the physicians, it is deemed necessary to administer the sacrament of extreme unction; and accordingly the host is carried in state through the streets to the house of the dying person, preceded by banners, incense burning, and a bell; as it advances, every one kneels until the procession is past, while those in the houses, on hearing the bell, instantly run to the windows (showing a light if at night,) and fall on their knees in prayer. I was one evening at the Carolina Converzatione rooms at Palermo, when most of the principal peers of Sicily were playing at *rouge et noir*, and the deal having run several times, the stakes had increased to a considerable amount, and every one was anxious for the next turn-up; yet, when at this critical moment, the tinkling of a bell was heard, away went the cards, the banker swept his money into a handkerchief, and down went princes, and duchesses, and dukes, and princesses, on their knees, in promiscuous confusion, until it had passed by.

It was a bold paradox, even for a heathen to utter, that "atheism is less pernicious than superstition;" but one is almost tempted to think that it were better for a people to be totally indifferent to religion, than to disgrace its pure and holy practice, by such prostrate, mechanical idolatry. The mind, at least, is free in the one case; mind, morals, manners, and bodily powers, are debased and corrupted in the other.

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty (to whom this work is dedicated) will be but slenderly provided with intelligence upon the subject of Sicilian resources, military and naval, if they are induced to rely for their knowledge on the two short paragraphs, into which our author has modestly contracted his information as to these matters; they would, probably, like to have had a calculation of the strength of the army, as well as of the "height of the mountains," of Sicily; and being himself an officer of the navy, it might have been expected that Captain Smyth would have furnished his employers with the number of sailors, as well as a "list of the fishes," which appertain to those shores. A quarto volume,* one might suppose, would afford room, not only for the

* We beg leave to transcribe a passage from Hume, which will show what that great man thought of the relative decency to be preserved between the matter and magnitude of a book: "There is one Dr. Leland, who has lately wrote the Life of Philip of Macedon, which is one of the best periods. * * * I have not read the book; but by the size, I should judge it to be too particular. It is a pretty large quarto. I think a book

numbers of men in the Sicilian service, but even for their pictures, if the author had been disposed to draw them, and have them severally engraven, in their proper regimentals and accoutrements, as an embellishment for the naked borders of his pages. But if such trivial concerns are superficially noticed, their lordships are made full amends, by being instructed in the popular amusement of the "*caccagna*, a pyramid formed of boards, or a lofty pole made smooth and greasy, hung round the summit with provisions and apparel, which were the reward of those who possessed agility enough to climb up and reach them,—an enterprise attended with many awkward falls." Their lordships are edified, moreover, with the valuable piece of information, that "forfeits of various kinds, blind-man's buff, and cross-purposes," form the domestic sports of the people.

LITERATURE.—As military honours are scarcely within their reach, the pursuits of the Sicilians differ from those of more enterprising people; and as an apathy exists on political affairs, a greater proportion of literary characters is fostered, than would be expected from a population amounting to little more than a million and a half of souls. The learning of many of these literati, however, is rather the varnish of a base metal, than the polish of a true gem, and many of the inane attempts of insipid egotists, at satire, wit, and science, find vent in cowardly pasquinades, and tasteless pedantic essays.

Although there is a manifest decay in the genius of their literature, some expressive sonnets and pastoral poems of merit, with a few works on jurisprudence, ethics, mineralogy, mathematics, natural philosophy, and archæology, however disguised in diffuse and inflated language, prove that talent has not fled from amongst them; but statistics are neglected, and reviews, travels, romances, tales, plays, and other lively productions are almost strangers to their press. Perhaps the custom of submitting manuscripts to the inspection of supervisors and censors, has contributed to clog the flights of fancy, and occasioned the suppression of many an elegant treatise; for even their "Opusculi, Effemeridi, Notizie Letterarie," and various other journals, have severally existed but for a short period. From the causes before enumerated, female readers are few, and writers of that sex unknown. Of private libraries there is a great dearth. Public libraries are numerous, though but little attended, and foreign authors, except a favoured few (those principally German, that have been translated), are interdicted; for the least reference to freedom of opinion, in religion or politics, is sufficient to prohibit their introduction into the country. Scarcely any English works, except *Young's Night Thoughts*, and *Hervey's Meditations*, are in circulation. The names of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, and other British bards, have barely pierced the gloomy atmosphere of Sicilian prejudice; and even Shakspeare was only latterly introduced to public notice, by a ballet founded on Macbeth. Scott, Crabbe, Byron, and other ornaments of the present day, have found a few admirers; some of our new works on chemistry and medicine have become known and esteemed, during the occupation of the island by the British troops, when many students were received as assistants into our military hospitals. Many literary associations have been established under the ostensible name of "Gli Ebbri," or drunken; "Riaccesi," or reignited; "Addolorati," or grieved; "Geniali," or sympathetic; "Animosi," or intrepid; "Periclitanti," or in danger; "Buongusto," or good taste; and others. These societies, however, have all dwindled down to a few writers of macaronies and improvisatori, or extemporaneous poets; who, indeed, amidst extravagant rhapsodies, and verbose dulness, sometimes emit sparks of a poetic imagination.

Improvisatori neither require the exercise of thought in themselves, nor in their hearers, their whole mystery being a facility and volubility in uttering a profusion of sonorous alliterations and rhymes. But it is obvious, notwithstanding their popularity, and the high encomiums of Menzini, on these "gems of Parnassus," that the composition of madrigals and sonnets is a style of writing which, when resorted to by men of high talents, has been aptly compared to Raphael or Michael Angelo painting miniatures. They contribute but little to the developement of sublime genius; and neither poetical licence, luxury of words, nor harmony of numbers, can conceal the dearth of sentiment and invention, so visible in the works of all the Sicilian poets of the

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of that size sufficient for the whole History of Greece till the death of Philip."—*Letter to Robertson.*

The whole HISTORY *of Greece till the death of Philip*, comprehended within the limits of a MEMOIR *of Sicily and its Islands during the years* 1814, 1815, 1816! *Tempora mutantur.*

present day, except the melodious Meli, who, in his *Seasons*, descriptive of Sicilian scenery and manners, and other similar poems, shows what an inexhaustible source of variety may be recurred to by studying nature.

Though greatly addicted to colloquial argument, the public orators in parliament, at the bar, or in the pulpit, display little to be admired in their harangues, having generally a monotonous delivery, extravagant gestures, and absurd grimaces. Their allusions are rather pedantic than classic, and the neglect of general reading, together with their seldom or never travelling, deprives them of the advantage of an acquaintance with the most imposing and brilliant exertions of genius.

This is the land of Theocritus, Archimede, and Empedocles!

Our author having chosen to digest the various subjects of his Memoir into a kind of inventory or catalogue of things seen, felt, heard, and understood, this account of the Literature of Sicily should have been *preceded*—but, with a refinement on perversity, it is immediately *followed* by a character of the Sicilian language.

Language.—As Latin never exclusively prevailed in Sicily, the dialect differs both in extent and phrase from the Italian. A number of Greek and Arabic expressions have been retained, and many Norman and Spanish words have crept in, while the profusion of vowels and open sounds renders it as harmonious, sportive, and pastoral, as the Syracusan Doric of Theocritus. Though in some instances there may be a similarity, it completely differs from the vulgar and cacophonous jargon of Naples. It abounds with diminutives, superlatives, and metaphors, to a degree that facilitates the composition of poetry. On the whole, it is so much better adapted for light and amatory effusions, than for scientific and noble objects, that, with very few exceptions, Sicilian authors write in pure Italian. So many contractions are used in the Sicilian dialect, that it requires some practice before it can be read with ease.

A double-dozen of stanzas, done into English, are here quoted from the Idylls of Meli; we re-quote a corresponding couple, which (as the French say) will leave nothing to be desired on this subject:

Stu frischettu insinuanti
Chiudi un gruppu di piaciri,
Accarizza l'alma amanti;
E ci arrobba li suspiri.

This insinuating cool zephyr
Encloses a group of pleasures;
It fondles a loving soul,
And steals away our sighs.

The opera flourishes, and the drama decays in the rank ripe soil of the Sicilian mind; perhaps the observation, as well as the metaphor, might perform the tour of Europe, and be equally at home through the whole course of transmigration.—Where does the drama flourish? And where does the opera *not*?—sprouts, suckers, scions, branches, clusters, and all? From Kamschatka to Cape Finisterre, where is the public mind ripe without rottenness? Russia was a "medlar" long ago.

Our author enters pretty freely and spontaneously into the Religion, and religious errors of the country, though he professes himself no theologian, and (like a good protestant) lays no claim to infallibility on the subject. We agree with him, that the dispensation of the Sicilian (i. e. the Romish) church, is favourable to the "lessening the susceptibility of conscience;" but we do not agree with him, that it "engenders scepticism and infidelity." It engenders superstition, an error of exactly a contrary nature. The Kirk of Scotland, perhaps, in its general outline, the purest of all churches, and the most directly opposite to the church of Rome, is more fruitful in sceptics and infidels, from the very freedom which it allows to disceptation and private opinion.

There is little original or imposing in this part of the work, but the reader may refresh his memory, and renew his impressions of Italian manners, by a perusal of Captain Smyth's descriptive Memoirs. Under the head of Analogies, which closes the second chapter, several resemblances between the mysteries, rites, &c. of ancient Rome and modern Sicily are instituted; and it is very probable, that, on account of its remote and divided situation, this island does preserve more relics of Latin character, than any other province (if we may extend the name) of Italy. The constant influx of barbarian population, by which the peninsula in the declining ages of the Empire was overwhelmed, may have swept forwards those relics, till it

deposited them on the other side of the straits of Messina. Even there, however, the Vandal, the Saracen, the Norman, and many other intermediate and succeeding waves of conquest, obliterated or disfigured, for the most part, all traces of the Roman footstep; and the Lieutenants of St. Peter emulated with success the generals of Thor, Woden, and Mahomet, in the work of destruction.

Friday is still the "dies infaustus," and except the ominous thirteen at table, a preference remains for odd numbers, on the principle that those which are even being reducible to equal portions, are symbols of division. The number three, formerly regarded as classing the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal gods; the judges of hell; the heads of Cerberus; the Heliades, the Harpies, the Syrens, the Gorgons, the Hesperides, and the Cyclops; the Furies, the Fates, and the Graces;—is now viewed as the mystical type of the Trinity, as well as of matter, which has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The Sicilians still adhere to the inaccurate Roman mode of computing time; the civil day commences at sunset, and their time-pieces count twenty-four hours in succession, by which absurd method, half-past four in summer, coincides on the clock with one in winter, both being the twentieth hour from their respective sun-sets.

We will endeavour to steal our readers along with us, over the remainder of Sicily, next month.

AMADIS JAMYN.

EARLY FRENCH POETS.

It is entertaining enough, after reading the poems of Ronsard, to look into those of Amadis Jamyn, his page, who has quite as much of the airs of his master as one in that station ought to have. In imitation of his master, he has three mistresses, after whom he names three of his books, (there are five books in all,)—Oriana, christened after the mistress of Amadis of Gaul; Artemis, and Callirhoe. Like Ronsard, he pays his compliments in verse to the French monarchs, Charles IX. and Henry III.; the former of whom, I believe, appointed him his secretary. Through great part of the first book, he is lavish in his encomiums on these princes, particularly on Charles, whom he praises equally for his wisdom, poetry, beauty, and courage. The Poeme sur la Chasse au Roy Charles IX., being an animated description of the chase, may be read with more pleasure than the rest of these pieces of flattery. Like Ronsard, he dresses himself out in patches that he has purloined from the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets. His best things indeed are translations; such are those from Horace, at fol. 68, O navire dans la mer,—Fol. 69, Où où mechans vous ruez-vous ainsi?—Fol. 95, L'aspre Hyver se deslie au gracieux retour.—Fol. iii, Une horrible tempeste a ridé tous les cieux.—From Petrarch, at fol. 138, En quelle idee estoit l'exemple beau.*—And fol. 148, Fleurs, campagnes et prez que vous estes heureux.† There is a pretty description of a valley, into which he has transplanted the flowers and the nymphs from Theocritus.

La s'habilloit de bleu l'Eclaire arondeliere,
L'Adiante non moite et le Gramen noüeux
Et le Trefle croissant par les pastis herbeux.
* * * * * * *
Là dansoit Callirce et Eunice et Malis,
Qui blanches effaçoient les marbres bien polis.

(Les Oeuvres Poetiques d'Amadis Jamyn. au Roy de France et de Pologne. a Paris de l'Imprimerie de Robert Estienne, Par Mamert Patisson M.D.LXXV. 4to. fol. 126 and 127.

* In qual parte del ciel, in quale idea.

† Lieti fiori, e felici e ben nate erbe.

Περὶ δὲ θρύα πολλὰ πεφύκη,
Κυάνεόν τε χελιδόνιον, χλοερόν τ' ἄδιαντον,
Καὶ θάλλοντα σέλινα, καὶ εἰλιτενὴς ἄγρωστις·
Ὕδατι δὲν μέσσῳ Νύμφαι χορὸν ἀρτίζοντο,
Νύμφαι ἀκοίμητοι, δειναὶ θεαὶ ἀγροίωταις,
Εὐνείκα, καὶ Μαλὶς, ἔαρ θ' ὁρόωσα Νυχεία.

Idyll. 13. v. 45.

There sprang each herb of scent or colour fine,
Green maidenhair and bluish celandine,
The tufted parsley and lush meadowsweet.
And many a nymph a choral round did beat
Amid the waters, footing it amain;
The sleepless nymphs, dreaded by shepherd swain;
Eunice, Malis, and Nycheia fair
As springtime.

He has at times even a livelier flow of numbers than Ronsard; but he has not near the same depth, learning, or variety. I have seen only a few lines extracted from his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. They have his usual freedom and facility of verse. More might have been said for him, if he had left many such productions as the following sonnet:—

POUR UN JEU DE BALLE FORCEE.

Voyant les combatans de la Balle forcee
  Merquez de jaune et blanc l'un l'autre terracee,
  Pesle-mesle courir, se battre, se pousser,
  Pour gaigner la victoire en la foule pressee.
Je pense que la Terre à l'égal balancee
  Dedans l'air toute ronde, ainsi fait amasser
  Les hommes aux combats, à fin de renverser
  Ses nourissons brulans d'une gloire insensee.
La Balle ha sa rondeur toute pleine de vent:
  Pour du vent les Mortels font la guerre souvent,
  Ne remportant du jeu que la Mort qui les domte.
Car tout ce monde bas n'est qu'un flus et reflus,
  Et n'aprennent jamais à toute fin de conte,
  Sinon que cette vie est un songe et rien plus.

(Fol. 77.)

When I behold a foot-ball to and fro
  Urged by a throng of players equally,
Who run pell-mell and thrust and push and throw,
  Each party bent alike on victory;
Methinks I see, resembled in that show,
  This round earth poised in the vacant sky,
Where all are fain to lay each other low,
  Striving by might and main for mastery.
The ball is fill'd with wind: and even so
  It is for wind most times that mortals war;
  Death the sole prize they all are struggling for:
And all the world is but an ebb and flow;
  And all we learn, whenas the game is o'er,
  That life is but a dream, and nothing more.

Amadis Jamyn died in 1578.

ON GHOSTS.

I look for ghosts—but none will force
Their way to me; 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead.—*Wordsworth.*

What a different earth do we inhabit from that on which our forefathers dwelt! The antediluvian world, strode over by mammoths, preyed upon by the megatherion, and peopled by the offspring of the Sons of God, is a better type of the earth of Homer, Herodotus, and Plato, than the hedged-in cornfields and measured hills of the present day. The globe was then encircled by a wall which paled in the bodies of men, whilst their feathered thoughts soared over the boundary; it had a brink, and in the deep profound which it overhung, men's imaginations, eagle-winged, dived and flew, and brought home strange tales to their believing auditors. Deep caverns harboured giants; cloudlike birds cast their shadows upon the plains; while far out at sea lay islands of bliss, the fair paradise of Atlantis or El Dorado sparkling with untold jewels. Where are they now? The Fortunate Isles have lost the glory that spread a halo round them; for who deems himself nearer to the golden age, because he touches at the Canaries on his voyage to India? Our only riddle is the rise of the Niger; the interior of New Holland, our only terra incognita; and our sole mare incognitum, the north-west passage. But these are tame wonders, lions in leash; we do not invest Mungo Park, or the Captain of the Hecla, with divine attributes; no one fancies that the waters of the unknown river bubble up from hell's fountains, no strange and weird power is supposed to guide the ice-berg, nor do we fable that a stray pick-pocket from Botany Bay has found the gardens of the Hesperides within the circuit of the Blue Mountains. What have we left to dream about? The clouds are no longer the charioted servants of the sun, nor does he any more bathe his glowing brow in the bath of Thetis; the rainbow has ceased to be the messenger of the Gods, and thunder is no longer their awful voice, warning man of that which is to come. We have the sun which has been weighed and measured, but not understood; we have the assemblage of the planets, the congregation of the stars, and the yet unshackled ministration of the winds:—such is the list of our ignorance.

Nor is the empire of the imagination less bounded in its own proper creations, than in those which were bestowed on it by the poor blind eyes of our ancestors. What has become of enchantresses with their palaces of crystal and dungeons of palpable darkness? What of fairies and their wands? What of witches and their familiars? and, last, what of ghosts, with beckoning hands and fleeting shapes, which quelled the soldier's brave heart, and made the murderer disclose to the astonished noon the veiled work of midnight? These which were realities to our forefathers, in our wiser age—

——— Characterless are grated
To dusty nothing.

Yet is it true that we do not believe in ghosts? There used to be several traditionary tales repeated, with their authorities, enough to stagger us when we consigned them to that place where that is which "is as though it had never been." But these are gone out of fashion. Brutus's dream has become a deception of his over-heated brain, Lord Lyttleton's vision is called a cheat; and one by one these inhabitants of deserted houses, moonlight glades, misty mountain tops, and midnight church-yards, have been ejected from their immemorial seats, and small thrill is felt when the dead majesty of Denmark blanches the cheek and unsettles the reason of his philosophic son.

But do none of us believe in ghosts? If this question be read at noon-day, when—

Every little corner, nook, and hole,
Is penetrated with the insolent light—

at such a time derision is seated on the features of my reader. But let it

be twelve at night in a lone house; take up, I beseech you, the story of the Bleeding Nun; or of the Statue, to which the bridegroom gave the wedding ring, and she came in the dead of night to claim him, tall, white, and cold; or of the Grandsire, who with shadowy form and breathless lips stood over the couch and kissed the foreheads of his sleeping grandchildren, and thus doomed them to their fated death; and let all these details be assisted by solitude, flapping curtains, rushing wind, a long and dusky passage, an half open door—O, then truly, another answer may be given, and many will request leave to sleep upon it, before they decide whether there be such a thing as a ghost in the world, or out of the world, if that phraseology be more spiritual. What is the meaning of this feeling?

For my own part, I never saw a ghost except once in a dream. I feared it in my sleep; I awoke trembling, and lights and the speech of others could hardly dissipate my fear. Some years ago I lost a friend, and a few months afterwards visited the house where I had last seen him. It was deserted, and though in the midst of a city, its vast halls and spacious apartments occasioned the same sense of loneliness as if it had been situated on an uninhabited heath. I walked through the vacant chambers by twilight, and none save I awakened the echoes of their pavement. The far mountains (visible from the upper windows) had lost their tinge of sunset; the tranquil atmosphere grew leaden coloured as the golden stars appeared in the firmament; no wind ruffled the shrunk-up river which crawled lazily through the deepest channel of its wide and empty bed; the chimes of the Ave Maria had ceased, and the bell hung moveless in the open belfry: beauty invested a reposing world, and awe was inspired by beauty only. I walked through the rooms filled with sensations of the most poignant grief. He had been there; his living frame had been caged by those walls, his breath had mingled with that atmosphere, his step had been on those stones, I thought:—the earth is a tomb, the gaudy sky a vault, we but walking corpses. The wind rising in the east rushed through the open casements, making them shake;—methought, I heard, I felt—I know not what—but I trembled. To have seen him but for a moment, I would have knelt until the stones had been worn by the impress, so I told myself, and so I knew a moment after, but then I trembled, awe-struck and fearful. Wherefore? There is something beyond us of which we are ignorant. The sun drawing up the vaporous air makes a void, and the wind rushes in to fill it,—thus beyond our soul's ken there is an empty space; and our hopes and fears, in gentle gales or terrific whirlwinds, occupy the vacuum; and if it does no more, it bestows on the feeling heart a belief that influences do exist to watch and guard us, though they be impalpable to the coarser faculties.

I have heard that when Coleridge was asked if he believed in ghosts,—he replied that he had seen too many to put any trust in their reality; and the person of the most lively imagination that I ever knew echoed this reply. But these were not real ghosts (pardon, unbelievers, my mode of speech) that they saw; they were shadows, phantoms unreal; that while they appalled the senses, yet carried no other feeling to the mind of others than delusion, and were viewed as we might view an optical deception which we see to be true with our eyes, and know to be false with our understandings. I speak of other shapes. The returning bride, who claims the fidelity of her betrothed; the murdered man who shakes to remorse the murderer's heart; ghosts that lift the curtains at the foot of your bed as the clock chimes one; who rise all pale and ghastly from the church-yard and haunt their ancient abodes; who, spoken to, reply; and whose cold unearthly touch makes the hair stand stark upon the head; the true old-fashioned, foretelling, flitting, gliding ghost,—who has seen such a one?

I have known two persons who at broad daylight have owned that they believed in ghosts, for that they had seen one. One of these was an Englishman, and the other an Italian. The former had lost a friend he dearly loved, who for awhile appeared to him nightly, gently stroking his cheek and spreading a serene calm over his

mind. He did not fear the appearance, although he was somewhat awe-stricken as each night it glided into his chamber, and,

Ponsi del letto in su la sponda manca.

This visitation continued for several weeks, when by some accident he altered his residence, and then he saw it no more. Such a tale may easily be explained away;—but several years had passed, and he, a man of strong and virile intellect, said that "he had seen a ghost."

The Italian was a noble, a soldier, and by no means addicted to superstition: he had served in Napoleon's armies from early youth, and had been to Russia, had fought and bled, and been rewarded, and he unhesitatingly, and with deep belief, recounted his story.

This Chevalier, a young, and (somewhat a miraculous incident) a gallant Italian, was engaged in a duel with a brother officer, and wounded him in the arm. The subject of the duel was frivolous; and distressed therefore at its consequences he attended on his youthful adversary during his consequent illness, so that when the latter recovered they became firm and dear friends. They were quartered together at Milan, where the youth fell desperately in love with the wife of a musician, who disdained his passion, so that it preyed on his spirits and his health; he absented himself from all amusements, avoided all his brother officers, and his only consolation was to pour his love-sick plaints into the ear of the Chevalier, who strove in vain to inspire him either with indifference towards the fair disdainer, or to inculcate lessons of fortitude and heroism. As a last resource he urged him to ask leave of absence; and to seek, either in change of scene, or the amusement of hunting, some diversion to his passion. One evening the youth came to the Chevalier, and said, "Well, I have asked leave of absence, and am to have it early to-morrow morning, so lend me your fowling-piece and cartridges, for I shall go to hunt for a fortnight." The Chevalier gave him what he asked; among the shot there were a few bullets. "I will take these also," said the youth, "to secure myself against the attack of any wolf, for I mean to bury myself in the woods."

Although he had obtained that for which he came, the youth still lingered. He talked of the cruelty of his lady, lamented that she would not even permit him a hopeless attendance, but that she inexorably banished him from her sight, "so that," said he, "I have no hope but in oblivion." At length he rose to depart. He took the Chevalier's hand and said, "You will see her to-morrow, you will speak to her, and hear her speak; tell her, I entreat you, that our conversation to-night has been concerning her, and that her name was the last that I spoke." "Yes, yes," cried the Chevalier, "I will say any thing you please; but you must not talk of her any more, you must forget her." The youth embraced his friend with warmth, but the latter saw nothing more in it than the effects of his affection, combined with his melancholy at absenting himself from his mistress, whose name, joined to a tender farewell, was the last sound that he uttered.

When the Chevalier was on guard that night, he heard the report of a gun. He was at first troubled and agitated by it, but afterwards thought no more of it, and when relieved from guard went to bed, although he passed a restless, sleepless night. Early in the morning some one knocked at his door. It was a soldier, who said that he had got the young officer's leave of absence, and had taken it to his house; a servant had admitted him, and he had gone up stairs, but the room door of the officer was locked, and no one answered to his knocking, but something oozed through from under the door that looked like blood. The Chevalier, agitated and frightened at this account, hurried to his friend's house, burst open the door, and found him stretched on the ground—he had blown out his brains, and the body lay a headless trunk, cold, and stiff.

The shock and grief which the Chevalier experienced in consequence of this catastrophe produced a fever which lasted for some days. When he got well, he obtained leave of absence, and went into the country to try to divert his mind. One evening at moonlight, he was returning home from a walk, and passed through a

lane with a hedge on both sides, so high that he could not see over them. The night was balmy; the bushes gleamed with fireflies, brighter than the stars which the moon had veiled with her silver light. Suddenly he heard a rustling near him, and the figure of his friend issued from the hedge and stood before him, mutilated as he had seen him after his death. This figure he saw several times, always in the same place. It was impalpable to the touch, motionless, except in its advance, and made no sign when it was addressed. Once the Chevalier took a friend with him to the spot. The same rustling was heard, the same shadow stept forth, his companion fled in horror, but the Chevalier staid, vainly endeavouring to discover what called his friend from his quiet tomb, and if any act of his might give repose to the restless shade.

Such are my two stories, and I record them the more willingly, since they occurred to men, and to individuals distinguished the one for courage and the other for sagacity. I will conclude my "modern instances," with a story told by M. G. Lewis, not probably so authentic as these, but perhaps more amusing. I relate it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"A gentleman journeying towards the house of a friend, who lived on the skirts of an extensive forest, in the east of Germany, lost his way. He wandered for some time among the trees, when he saw a light at a distance. On approaching it he was surprised to observe that it proceeded from the interior of a ruined monastery. Before he knocked at the gate he thought it proper to look through the window. He saw a number of cats assembled round a small grave, four of whom were at that moment letting down a coffin with a crown upon it. The gentleman startled at this unusual sight, and, imagining that he had arrived at the retreats of fiends or witches, mounted his horse and rode away with the utmost precipitation. He arrived at his friend's house at a late hour, who sate up waiting for him. On his arrival his friend questioned him as to the cause of the traces of agitation visible in his face. He began to recount his adventures after much hesitation, knowing that it was scarcely possible that his friend should give faith to his relation. No sooner had he mentioned the coffin with the crown upon it, than his friend's cat, who seemed to have been lying asleep before the fire, leaped up, crying out, 'Then I am king of the cats;' and then scrambled up the chimney, and was never seen more."

Σς.

HISTORICO-CRITICAL INQUIRY
INTO THE ORIGIN
OF THE
ROSICRUCIANS AND THE FREE-MASONS.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER V.

Of the Origin of Free-masonry in England.

Thus I have traced the history of Rosicrucianism from its birth in Germany; and have ended with showing that, from the energetic opposition and ridicule which it latterly incurred, no college or lodge of Rosicrucian brethren, professing occult knowledge and comunicating it under solemn forms and vows of secrecy, can be shown from historical records to have been ever established in Germany. I shall now undertake to prove that Rosicrucianism was transplanted to England, where it flourished under a new name, under which name it has been since re-exported to us in common with the other countries of Christendom. For I affirm, as the main thesis of my concluding labours, THAT FREE-MASONRY IS NEITHER MORE NOR LESS THAN ROSICRUCIANISM AS MODIFIED BY THOSE WHO TRANSPLANTED IT INTO ENGLAND.

At the beginning of the 17th century many learned heads in England were occupied with Theosophy, Cabbalism, and Alchemy: amongst the proofs of this (for many of which see the *Athenæ Oxonienses*) may be cited the works of John Pordage, of Norbert, of Thomas and Samuel Norton, but above all (in reference to our present inquiry) of Robert Fludd. Fludd it was, or whosoever was the author of the *Summum Bonum* 1629, that must be considered as the immediate father of Free-masonry, as Andreä was its remote father. What was the particular occasion of his own first acquaintance with Rosicrucianism, is not recorded: all the books of Alchemy or other occult knowledge, published in Germany, were at that time immediately carried over to England — provided they were written in Latin; and, if written in German, were soon translated for the benefit of English students. He may therefore have gained his knowledge immediately from the three Rosicrucian books. But it is more probable that he acquired his knowledge on this head from his friend Maier (mentioned in the preceding chapter) who was intimate with Fludd during his stay in England, and corresponded with him after he left it. At all events he must have been initiated into Rosicrucianism at an early period, having published his *apology* * for it in the year 1617. This indeed is denied to be his work, though ascribed to him in the title page: but, be that as it may, it was at any rate the work of the same author who wrote the † *Summum bonum*, being expressly claimed by him at p. 39. If not Fludd's, it was the work of a friend of Fludd's: and, as the name is of no importance, I shall continue to refer to it as Fludd's—having once apprised my reader that I mean by Fludd the author, be he who he may, of those two works. Now the first question which arises is this: for what reason did Fludd drop the name of Rosicrucians? The reason was briefly this: his apology for the Rosicrucians was attacked by the celebrated Father Mersenne. To this Fludd replied, under the name of Joachim Fritz, in two witty but coarse books entitled *Summum Bonum*, and *Sophiæ cum Moriâ certamen*; in the first of which to the question—"where the Rosicrucians resided?" he replied thus—"In the houses of God, where Christ is the corner stone;" and he explained the symbols of the Rose and Cross in a new sense as meaning "the Cross sprinkled with the rosy blood of Christ." Mersenne being obviously no match for Fludd either in learning or in polemic wit, Gassendi stepped forward into his place and published (in 1630) an excellent rejoinder to Fludd in his *Exercitatio Epistolica* which analyzed and ridiculed the principles of Fludd in general, and in particular reproached him with his belief in the romantic legend of the Rosicrucians. Upon this Fludd, finding himself hard pressed under his conscious inability to assign their place of abode, evades the question in his answer to Gassendi (published in 1633) by formally withdrawing the name *Rosicrucians*: for, having occasion to speak of them, he calls them "Fratres R. C. *olim sic dicti*, quos nos hodie Sapientes (Sophos) vocamus; *omisso illo nomine* (tanquam odioso miseris mortalibus velo ignorantiæ obductis) *et in oblivione hominum jam fere sepulto*." Here then we have the negative question answered—why and when they ceased to be called Rosicrucians. But now comes a second, or affirmative question—why and when they began to be called Free-masons. In 1633 we have seen that the old name was abolished: but as yet no new name was substituted; in default of such a name, they were styled *ad interim* by the general term *wise men*. This however being too vague an appellation for men who wished to form themselves into a separate and exclusive society, a new one was to be

* Tractatus apologeticus—integritatem Societatis de Roseâ Cruce defendens. Authore Roberto De Fluctibus, Anglo, M. D. L. Lugd. Bat. 1617.

† This work was disavowed by Fludd. But as the principles, the style, the animosity towards Mersenne, the publisher, and the year, were severally the same in this as in the *Sophiæ cum Moriâ certamen* which Fludd acknowledged, there cannot be much reason to doubt that it was his. Consult the "Catalogue of some rare books" by G. Serpilius, No. II. p. 238.

devised bearing a more special allusion to their characteristic objects. Now the immediate hint for the name Masons was derived from the legend, contained in the *Fama Fraternitatis*, of the 'House of the Holy Ghost.' Where and what was that house? This had been a subject of much speculation in Germany; and many had been simple enough to understand the expression of a literal house, and had inquired after it up and down the empire. But Andreä had himself made it impossible to understand it in any other than an allegoric sense by describing it as a building that would remain "invisible to the godless world for ever." Theophilus Schweighart also had spoken of it thus: "It is a building," says he, "a great building, *carens fenestris et foribus*, a princely nay an imperial palace, every where visible and yet not seen by the eyes of man." This building in fact represented the purpose or object of the Rosicrucians. And what was that? It was the secret wisdom, or in their language *magic* (viz. 1. Philosophy of nature or occult knowledge of the works of God; 2. Theology, or the occult knowledge of God himself; 3. Religion, or God's occult intercourse with the spirit of man), which they imagined to have been transmitted from Adam through the cabbalists to themselves. But they distinguished between a carnal and a spiritual knowledge of this magic. The spiritual knowledge is the business of Christianity, and is symbolized by Christ himself as a rock, and as a building of which he is the head and the foundation. What rock, and what building? says Fludd. A spiritual rock, and a building of human nature, in which men are the stones and Christ the * corner stone. But how shall stones move and arrange themselves into a building? They must become living stones: "Transmutemini, transmutemini," says Fludd, "de lapidibus mortuis in lapides vivos philosophicos." But what is a living stone? A living stone is a *mason* who builds himself up into the wall as a part of the temple of human nature: "Viam hujusmodi transmutationis nos docet Apostolus, dum ait—Eadem mens sit in vobis quæ est in Jesu." In these passages we see the rise of the allegoric name *masons* upon the extinction of the former name. But Fludd expresses this allegory still more plainly elsewhere: "Denique," says he, "qualiter debent operari Fratres ad gemmæ istiusmodi (meaning *magic*) inquisitionem, nos docet pagina sacra:" how, then? "Nos docet Apostolus ad mysterii perfectionem vel sub Agricolæ, vel *Architecti*, typo pertingere;"—either under the image of a husbandman who cultivates a field, or of an architect who builds a house: and, had the former type been adopted, we should have had *Free-husbandmen*, instead of Free-masons. Again in another place he says, "Atque sub istiusmodi *Architecti* typo nos monet propheta ut ædificemus domum Sapientiæ." The society was therefore to be a *masonic* society, in order to represent typically that temple of the Holy Spirit which it was their business to erect in the spirit of man. This temple was the abstract of the doctrine of Christ, who was the Grand-master: hence the light from the *East*, of which so much is said in Rosicrucian and Masonic books. St. John was the beloved disciple of Christ: hence the solemn celebration of his festival. Having moreover once adopted the attributes of masonry as the figurative expression of their objects, they were led to attend more minutely to the legends and history of that art; and in these again they found an occult analogy with their own relations to the Christian wisdom. The first great event in the art of Masonry was the building of the Tower of Babel: this expressed figuratively the attempt of some unknown Mason to build up the temple of the Holy Ghost in anticipation of

* Summum Bonum, p. 37. Concludimus igitur quod Jesus sit templi humani lapis angularis; atque ita, ex mortuis, lapides vivi facti sunt homines pii; idque transmutatione reali ab Adami lapsi statu in statum suæ innocentiæ et perfectionis—i. e. à vili et leprosâ plumbi conditione in auri purissimi perfectionem" Masonic readers will remember a ceremony used on the introduction of a new member which turns upon this distinction between lead and gold as the symbol of transition from the lost state of Adam to the original condition of innocence and perfection.

Christianity, which attempt however had been confounded by the vanity of the builders. The building of Solomon's Temple, the second great incident in the art, had an obvious meaning as a prefiguration of Christianity. Hiram,* simply the architect of this temple to the real professors of the art of building, was to the English Rosicrucians a type of Christ: and the legend of Masons, which represented this Hiram as having been murdered by his fellow-workmen, made the type still more striking. The two pillars also, Jachin and Boaz † (strength and power), which are amongst the memorable singularities in Solomon's temple, have an occult meaning to the Free-masons, which however I shall not undertake publicly to explain. This symbolic interest to the English Rosicrucians in the attributes, incidents, and legends of the art exercised by the literal Masons of real life naturally brought the two orders into some connexion with each other. They were thus enabled to realize to their eyes the symbols of their own allegories; and the same building which accommodated the guild of builders in their professional meetings offered a desirable means of secret assemblies to the early Free-masons. An apparatus of implements and utensils, such as were presented in the fabulous sepulchre of Father Rosycross, were here actually brought together. And accordingly it is upon record that the first formal and solemn lodge of Free-masons, on occasion of which the very name of Free-masons was first publicly made known, was held in Mason's Hall, Mason's Alley, Basinghall Street, London, in the year 1646. Into this lodge it was that Ashmole the Antiquary was admitted. Private meetings there may doubtless have been before; and one at Warrington (half way between Liverpool and Manchester) is expressly mentioned in the life of Ashmole; but the name of a Free-mason's Lodge, with all the insignia, attributes, and circumstances of a lodge, first came forward in the page of history on the occasion I have mentioned. It is perhaps in requital of the services at that time rendered in the loan of their hall, &c.—that the guild of Masons as a body, and where they are not individually objectionable, enjoy a precedency of all orders of men in the right to admission, and pay only half-fees. Ashmole, by the way, whom I have just mentioned as one of the earliest Free-masons, appears from his writings to have been a zealous Rosicrucian. ‡ Other members of the lodge were Thomas Wharton, a physician, George Wharton, Oughtred the mathematician, Dr. Hewitt, Dr. Pearson the divine, and William Lilly the principal astrologer of the day. All the members, it must be observed, had annually assembled to hold a festival of astrologers *before* they were connected into a lodge bearing the title of Free-masons. This previous connexion had no doubt paved the way for the latter.

I shall now sum up the results of my inquiry into the origin and nature of Free-masonry, and shall then conclude with a brief notice of one or two collateral questions growing out of popular errors on the main one.

I. The original Free-masons were a society that arose out of the Rosicrucian mania, certainly within the

* The name of Hiram was understood by the elder Free-masons as an anagram: H. I. R. A. M. meant Homo Jesus Redemptor AnimaruM. Others explained the name Homo Jesus Rex Altissimus Mundi. Others added a C to the Hiram, in order to make it CHristus Jesus, &c.

† See the account of these pillars in the 1st Book of Kings, vii. 14, where it is said—"And there stood upon the pillars as it were *Roses*." Compare 2d Book of Chron. iii. 17.

‡ When Ashmole speaks of the antiquity of Free-masonry, he is to be understood either as confounding the order of philosophic masons with that of the handicraft masons (as many have done), or simply as speaking the language of Rosicrucians, who (as we have shown) carry up their traditional pretensions to Adam as the first professor of the secret wisdom. In Florence about the year 1512, there were two societies, (the *Compagnia della Cazzuola* and the *Compagnia del Pajuolo*) who assumed the mason's hammer as their sign; but these were merely convivial clubs. See the life of J. F. Rustici in Vasari—*Vite dei Pittori*, &c. Roma: 1760, p 76.

thirteen years from 1633 to 1646, and probably between 1633 and 1640. Their object was *magic* in the cabbalistic sense—i. e. the *occult wisdom* transmitted from the beginning of the world, and matured by Christ; to communicate this when they had it, to search for it when they had it not; and both under an oath of secrecy.

II. This object of Free-masonry was represented under the form of Solomon's Temple—as a type of the true church, whose corner stone is Christ. This Temple is to be built of men, or living stones: and the true method and art of building with men it is the province of *magic* to teach. Hence it is that all the masonic symbols either refer to Solomon's Temple, or are figurative modes of expressing the ideas and doctrines of *magic* in the sense of the Rosicrucians and their mystical predecessors in general.

III. The Free-masons having once adopted symbols, &c. from the art of masonry, to which they were led by the language of Scripture, went on to connect themselves in a certain degree with the order itself of handicraft masons, and adopted their distribution of members into apprentices, journeymen, and masters.—Christ is the Grand-Master; and was put to death whilst laying the foundation of the temple of human nature.

IV. The Jews were particularly excluded from the original lodges of Free-masons as being the great enemies of the Grand-Master. For the same reason in a less degree were excluded Mahometans and Pagans.—The reasons for excluding Roman Catholics were these: first, the original Free-masons were Protestants in an age when Protestants were in the liveliest hostility to Papists, and in a country which had suffered deeply from Popish cruelty. They could not therefore be expected to view popery with the languid eyes of modern indifference. Secondly, the Papists were excluded prudentially on account of their intolerance: for it was a distinguishing feature of the Rosicrucians and Free-masons that *they* first* conceived the idea of a society which should act on the principle of religious toleration, wishing that nothing should interfere with the most extensive co-operation in their plans except such differences about the essentials of religion as must make all sincere co-operation impossible. This fact is so little known, and is so eminently honourable to the spirit of Free-masonry, that I shall trouble the reader with a longer quotation in proof of it than I should otherwise have allowed myself: Fludd, in his Summum Bonum (Epilog. p. 53,) says:

Quod, si quæratur cujus sint religionis—qui mysticâ istâ Scripturarum interpretatione pollent, viz. an Romanæ, Lutheranæ, Calvinianæ, &c. vel habeantne ipsi religionem aliquam sibi ipsis peculiarem et ab aliis divisam? Facillimum erit ipsis respondere: Nam, cum omnes Christiani, cujuscunque religionis, tendant ad unam

* It is well known that until the latter end of the seventeenth century, all churches and the best men discountenanced the doctrine of religious toleration: in fact they rejected it with horror as a deliberate act of compromise with error: they were intolerant on principle, and persecuted on conscientious grounds. It is among the glories of Jeremy Taylor and Milton—that, in so intolerant an age, they fearlessly advocated the necessity of mutual toleration as a Christian duty. Jeremy Taylor in particular is generally supposed to have been the very earliest champion of toleration in his "Liberty of Prophecying," first published in 1647: and the present Bishop of Calcutta has lately asserted in his life of that great man (prefixed to the collected edition of his works: 1822) that "*The Liberty of Prophecying*" is "the *first* attempt on record to conciliate the minds of Christians to the reception of a doctrine which was then by every sect alike regarded as a perilous and portentous novelty" (p. xxvii): and again (at p. ccxi) his lordship calls it "the *first* work perhaps, since the earliest days of Christianity, to teach the art of differing harmlessly." Now, in the place where this assertion is made,—i. e. in the life of Jeremy Taylor,—perhaps it is virtually a just assertion: for it cannot affect the claims of Jeremy Taylor that he was anticipated by authors whom in all probability he never read: no doubt he owed the doctrine to his own comprehensive intellect and the Christian magnanimity of his nature. Yet, in a history of the doctrine itself, it should not be overlooked that the *Summum Bonum* preceded the *Liberty of Prophecying* by eighteen years.

eandem metam (viz. ipsum Christum, qui est sola veritas), in hoc quidem unanimi consensu illæ omnes religiones conveniunt. —At verò, quatenus religiones istæ in ceremoniis Ecclesiæ externis, humanis nempe inventionibus (cujusmodi sunt habitus varii Monachorum et Pontificum, crucis adoratio, imaginum approbatio vel abnegatio, luminum de nocte accensio, et infinita alia) discrepare videntur,—hæ quidem disceptationes sunt *præter* essentiales veræ sapientiæ mysticæ leges.

V. Free-masonry, as it honoured all forms of Christianity, deeming them approximations more or less remote to the ideal truth, so it abstracted from all forms of civil polity as alien from its own objects—which, according to their briefest expressions, are 1. The glory of God; 2. The service of men.

VI. There is nothing in the imagery, mythi, ritual, or purposes of the elder Free-masonry—which may not be traced to the romances of Father Rosycross as given in the *Fama Fraternitatis.*

THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

After many months of anxious and painful expectancy, I at length succeeded in obtaining my appointment to the situation I had so ardently wished for. Despairing at my apparent want of success, I had given up all hopes, and had engaged to go surgeon in the Clydesdale to the East Indies, when the favourable result of my friend's exertions changed the aspect of my affairs. My instructions set forth the necessity of my being at Surinam by a certain day, otherwise I should be too late to join the corps to which I was appointed, which, on the ceding up of the place to the Dutch, was to proceed to Canada. As it wanted only two months of that period, it became necessary to inquire for some vessel without loss of time. Giving up my engagement with the Clydesdale, I proceeded to the harbour, and after a toilsome search, succeeded in discovering a ship chartered by a Glasgow company lying ready at the west quay, and to sail with that evening's tide. While I stood examining the vessel from the pier, two sailors, who seemed to be roaming idly about, stopped, and began to converse by my side.

"Has the old Dart got all her hands, Tom!" said the one, "that she has her ensign up for sailing? They say she is sold to the lubberly Dutchmen now—what cheer to lend her a hand out, and get our sailing-penny for a glass of grog?" "No, no; bad cheer!" replied the other; "mayhap I didn't tell you that I made a trip in her four years ago; and a cleaner or livelier thing is not on the water! But there is a limb of the big devil in her that is enough to cause her to sink to the bottom. It was in our voyage out that he did for Bill Burnet with the pump sounding-rod, because the little fellow snivelled a bit, and was not handy to jump when he was ordered aloft to set the fore-royal. It was his first voyage, and the boy was mortal afraid to venture; but the Captain swore he would make him, and in his passion took him a rap with the iron-rod, and killed him. When he saw what he had done, he lifted, and hove him over the side; and many a long day the men wondered what had become of little Bill, for they were all below at dinner, and none but myself saw the transaction. It was needless for me to complain, and get him overhauled, as there were no witnesses; but I left the ship, and births would be scarce before I would sail with him again."

Knowing what tyrants shipmasters are in general, and how much their passengers' comfort depends on them, I was somewhat startled by this piece of information respecting the temper of the man I purposed to sail with. But necessity has no law! The circumstance probably was much misrepresented, and, from a simple act of discipline, exaggerated to an act of wanton cruelty. But be that as it might—my affairs were urgent. There was no other vessel for the same port—I must either take my passage, or run the risk of being superseded. The thing was not to be

thought of; so I went and secured my birth. As my preparations were few and trifling, I had every thing arranged, and on board, just as the vessel was unmooring from the quay. During the night we got down to the Clock light-house, and stood off and on, waiting for the Captain, who had remained behind to get the ship cleared out at the Custom House. Soon afterwards he joined us, and the pilot leaving us in the return-boat, we stood down the Forth under all our canvass.

For four weeks we had a quick and pleasant passage. The Dart did not belie her name; for, being American-built, and originally a privateer, she sailed uncommonly fast, generally running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

As I had expected, Captain Mahone proved to be, in point of acquirements, not at all above the common run of shipmasters. He was haughty and overbearing, and domineered over the crew with a high hand; in return for which, he was evidently feared and detested by them all. He had been many years in the West Indies; part of which time he had ranged as commander of a privateer, and had, between the fervid suns of such high latitudes and the copious use of grog, become of a rich mahogany colour, or something between vermilion and the tint of a sheet of new copper. He was a middle-sized man; square built, with a powerful and muscular frame. His aspect, naturally harsh and forbidding, was rendered more so by the sinister expression of his left eye, which had been nearly forced out by some accident—and the lineaments of his countenance expressed plainly that he was passionate and furious in the extreme. In consequence of this, I kept rather distant and aloof; and, except at meals, we seldom exchanged more than ordinary civilities.

By our reckoning, our ship had now got into the latitude of the Bermudas, when one evening, at sun-set, the wind, which had hitherto been favourable, fell at once into a dead calm. The day had been clear and bright; but now, huge masses of dark and conical-shaped clouds began to tower over each other in the western horizon, which, being tinged with the rays of the sun, displayed that lurid and deep brassy tint so well known to mariners as the token of an approaching storm. All the sailors were of opinion that we should have a coarse night; and every precaution that good seamanship could suggest was taken to make the vessel snug before the gale came on. The oldest boys were sent up to hand and send down the royal and top-gallant sails, and strike the masts, while the top-sails and stays were close-reefed. These preparations were hardly accomplished, when the wind shifted, and took us a-back with such violence as nearly to capsize the vessel. The ship was put round as soon as possible, and brought-to till the gale should fall: while all hands remained on deck in case of any emergency. About ten, in the interval of a squall, we heard a gun fired as a signal of distress. The night was as black as pitch; but the flash showed us that the stranger was not far to leeward: so, to avoid drifting on the wreck during the darkness, the main-top-sail was braced round, and filled, and the ship hauled to windward. In this manner we kept alternately beating and heaving-to as the gale rose or fell till the morning broke, when, through the haze, we perceived a small vessel with her masts carried away. As the wind had taken off, the Captain had gone to bed: so it was the mate's watch on deck. The steersman, an old grey-headed seaman, named James Gemmel, proposed to bear down and save the people, saying he had been twice wrecked himself, and knew what it was to be in such a situation. As the Captain was below, the mate was irresolute what to do; being aware that the success of the speculation depended on their getting to Surinam before it was given up: however, he was at length persuaded—the helm was put up, and the ship bore away.

As we neared the wreck, and were standing by the mizen shrouds with our glasses, the Captain came up from the cabin. He looked up with astonishment to the sails, and the direction of the vessel's head, and, in a voice of suppressed passion, said, as he turned to the mate, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Wyllie? Who has dared to alter the ship's

course without my leave—when you know very well that we shall hardly be in time for the market, use what expedition we may?" The young man was confused by this unexpected challenge, and stammered out something about Gemmel having persuaded him. "It was me, Sir!" respectfully interfered the old sailor, wishing to avert the storm from the mate; "I thought you wouldn't have the heart to leave the wreck and these people to perish, without lending a hand to save them! We should be neither Christians nor true seamen to desert her, and ——" "Damn you and the wreck, you old canting rascal! do you pretend to stand there and preach to me?" thundered the Captain, his fury breaking out, "I'll teach you to disobey my orders!—I'll give you something to think of!" and seizing a capstan-bar which lay near him, he hurled it at the steersman with all his might. The blow was effectual—one end of it struck him across the head with such force as to sweep him in an instant from his station at the wheel, and to dash him with violence against the lee-bulwarks, where he lay bleeding, and motionless. "Take that, and be damned!" exclaimed the wretch, as he took the helm, and sang out to the men,—"Stand by sheets, and braces — hard a-lee—let go!" In a twinkling the yards were braced round, and the Dart, laid within six points of the wind, was flying through the water.

Meanwhile Gemmel was lying without any one daring to assist him; for the crew were so confounded that they seemed quite undetermined how to act. I stepped to him, therefore, and the mate following my example, we lifted him up. As there was no appearance of respiration, I placed my hand on his heart—but pulsation had entirely ceased—the old man was dead. The bar had struck him directly on the temporal bone, and had completely fractured that part of his scull.

"He is a murdered man, Captain Mahone!" said I, laying down the body, "murdered without cause or provocation."—"None of your remarks, Sir!" he retorted; "what the devil have *you* to do with it? Do you mean to stir up my men to mutiny? Or do you call disobeying my orders no provocation? I'll answer it to those who have a right to ask; but till then, let me see the man who dare open his mouth to me in this ship." "I promise you," returned I, "that though you rule and tyrannise here at present, your power shall have a termination, and you shall be called to account for your conduct in this day's work—rest assured that *this* blood shall be required at your hands, though you have hitherto escaped punishment for what has stained them already." This allusion to the murder of little Bill Burnet seemed to stagger him considerably—he stopped short before me, and, while his face grew black with suppressed wrath and fury, whispered, "I warn you again, young man! to busy yourself with your own matters—meddle not with what does not concern you; and belay your slack jaw, or, by ——! Rink Mahone will find a way to make it fast for you!" He then turned round, and walked forward to the forecastle.

During this affray no attention had been paid to the wreck, though the crew had set up a yell of despair on seeing us leave them. Signals and shouts were still repeated, and a voice, louder in agony than the rest, implored our help for the love of the blessed Virgin; and offered riches and absolution to the whole ship's company if they would but come back. The Captain was pacing fore and aft without appearing to mind them, when, as if struck with some sudden thought, he lifted his glass to his eye—seemed to hesitate—walked on—and then, all at once changing his mind, he ordered the vessel again before the wind.

On speaking the wreck, she proved to be a Spanish felucca from the island of Cuba, bound for Curaçoa, on the coast of the Caraccas. As they had lost their boats in the storm, and could not leave their vessel, our Captain lowered and manned our jolly-boat, and went off to them.

After an absence of some hours he returned with the passengers, consisting of an elderly person in the garb of a catholic priest, a sick gentleman, a young lady, apparently daughter of the latter, and a female black slave. With the utmost difficulty, and writhing under some excruciating pain, the invalid was got on board,

and caried down to the cabin, where he was laid on a bed on the floor. To the tender of my professional services the invalid returned his thanks, and would have declined them, expressing his conviction of being past human aid, but the young lady, eagerly catching at even a remote hope of success, implored him with tears to accept my offer. On examination I found his fears were but too well grounded. In his endeavours to assist the crew during the gale he had been standing near the mast, part of which, or the rigging, having fallen on him, had dislocated several of his ribs, and injured his spine beyond remedy. All that could now be done was to afford a little temporary relief from pain, which I did; and, leaving him to the care of the young lady and the priest, I left the cabin.

On deck I found all bustle and confusion. The ship was still lying-to, and the boats employed in bringing the goods out of the felucca, both of which were the property of the wounded gentleman. The body of the old man, Gemmel, had been removed somewhere out of sight; no trace of blood was visible, and Captain Mahone seemed desirous to banish all recollections both of our quarrel and its origin.

As the invalid was lying in the cabin, and my state-room occupied by the lady and her female attendant, I got a temporary birth in the steerage made up for myself for the night. I had not long thrown myself down on my cot, which was only divided from the main-cabin by a bulk-head, when I was awakened by the deep groans of the Spaniard. The violence of his pain had again returned, and between the spasms I heard the weeping and gentle voice of the lady soothing his agony, and trying to impart hopes, prospects to him, which her own hysterical sobs told plainly she did not herself feel. The priest also frequently joined, and urged him to confess. To this advice he remained silent for awhile; but at length he addressed the lady: "The Padre says true, Isabella! Time wears apace, and I feel that I shall soon be beyond its limits, and above its concerns! But ere I go, I would say that which it would impart peace to my mind to disclose —I would seek to leave you at least one human being to befriend and protect you in your utter helplessness. Alas! that Diego di Montaldo's daughter should ever be thus destitute! Go, my love! I would be alone a little while with the father." An agony of tears and sobs was the only return made by the poor girl, while the priest with gentle violence led her into the state-room.

"Now," continued the dying man, "listen to me while I have strength. You have only known me as a merchant in Cuba; but such I have not been always. Mine is an ancient and noble family in Catalonia; though I unhappily disgraced it, and have been estranged from it long. I had the misfortune to have weak and indulgent parents, who idolized me as the heir of their house, and did not possess resolution enough to thwart me in any of my wishes or desires, however unreasonable. My boyhood being thus spoiled, it is no matter of wonder that my youth should have proved wild and dissolute. My companions were as dissipated as myself, and much of our time was spent in gambling and other extravagances. One evening at play I quarreled with a young nobleman of high rank and influence; we were both of us hot and passionate, so we drew on the spot and fought, and I had the misfortune to run him through the heart and leave him dead. Not daring to remain longer at home, I fled in disguise to Barcelona, where I procured a passage in a vessel for the Spanish Main. On our voyage, we were taken by buccaneers; and, the roving and venturous mode of life of these bold and daring men suiting both my inclinations and finances, I agreed to make one of their number. For many months we were successful in our enterprises: we ranged the whole of these seas, and made a number of prizes, some of which were rich ships of our own colonies. In course of time we amassed such a quantity of specie as to make us unwilling to venture it in one bottom; so we agreed to hide it ashore, and divide it on our return from our next expedition. But our good fortune forsook us this time. During a calm the boats of the Guarda-costa came on us, overpowered the ship, and made all the

crew, except myself and two others, prisoners. We escaped with our boat, and succeeded in gaining the island of Cuba, where both of my comrades died of their wounds. Subsequent events induced me to settle at St. Juan de Buenavista, where I married, and as a merchant prospered and became a rich man. But my happiness lasted not! My wife caught the yellow fever and died, leaving me only this one child. I now loathed the scene of my departed happiness, and felt all the longings of an exile to revisit my native country. For this purpose I converted all my effects into money; and am thus far on my way to the hidden treasure, with which I intended to return to Spain. But the green hills of Catalonia will never more gladden mine eyes! My hopes and wishes were only for my poor girl. Holy father! you know not a parent's feelings—its anxieties and its fears! The thoughts of leaving my child to the mercy of strangers; or, it may be, to their barbarities, in this lawless country, is far more dreadful than the anguish of my personal sufferings. With you rests my only hope.—Promise me your protection towards her, and the half of all my wealth is yours."

"Earthly treasures," replied the priest, "avail not with one whose desires are fixed beyond the little handful of dust which perisheth—my life is devoted to the service of my Creator; and the conversion of ignorant men, men who have never heard of his salvation. On an errand of mercy came I to this land; and if the heathen receive it, how much more a daughter of our most holy church? I, therefore, in behalf of our community, accept of your offer, and swear on this blessed emblem to fulfil all your wishes to the best of my poor abilities."

"Enough, enough!" said Montaldo, "I am satisfied! Among that archipelago of desert islands, known by the name of the Roccas, situated on the coast of the province of Venezuela, in New Granada, there is one called the Wolf-rock: it is the longest and most northern of the group, and lies the most to seaward. At the eastern point, which runs a little way into the sea, there stands an old vanilla, blasted and withered, and retaining but a single solitary branch. On the eve of the festival of St. Jago the moon will be at her full in the west. At twenty minutes past midnight she will attain to her highest altitude in the heavens, and then the shadow of the tree will be thrown due east. Watch till the branch and stem unite and form only one line of shade—mark its extremity—for there, ten feet below the surface, the cask containing the gold is buried. That gold, father, was sinfully got; but fasts and penances have been done, masses without number have been said, and I trust that the blessed Virgin has interceded for the forgiveness of that great wickedness! I have now confessed all, and confide in your promise; and as you perform your oath, so will the blessing or curse of a dying man abide with you. I feel faint, dying.—Oh! let me clasp my child once more to my heart before I——"

Here the rest of the sentence became indistinct from the death-rattle in his throat. I leaped off my cot, and sprang up the hatchway, and had my foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when a piercing shriek from below making me quicken my steps, I missed my hold, and fell on some person stationed on the outside of the cabin door. The person, without uttering a single word, rose and ascended the steps; but as he emerged into the faint light which still lingered in the horizon, I fancied that I could distinguish him to be the Captain. On my entering, I found the Spaniard dead, and his daughter lying in a state of insensibility by his side; while the female slave was howling and tearing her hair like one in a phrenzy. The priest was entirely absorbed in his devotions; so, without disturbing him, I lifted the lady and bore her into the state-room. The greater part of the night was passed in trying to restore her to sensation. Fit after fit followed each other in such quick succession that I began to apprehend the result; but at length the hysterical paroxism subsided, and tears coming to her relief, she became somewhat composed, when I left her in charge of her attendant.

The next day was spent in taking out the remainder of the felucca's cargo. There seemed now no anxie-

ty on the Captain's part to proceed on his voyage—he appeared to have forgot the necessity, expressed on a former occasion, of being in port within a limited time. He was often in a state of inebriety; for the wine and spirits of the Spaniards were lavishly served out to the whole ship's company, with whom he also mixed more; and banished that haughtiness of bearing which had marked his conduct hitherto.

In the evening the body of Don Diego was brought upon deck, where his crew, under the superintendence of the priest, prepared it for its commitment to the deep. The corpse was, as is usual in such cases, wrapped up in the blankets and sheets in which it had lain, and a white napkin was tied over the face and head. In its right hand, which was crossed over the breast, was placed a gold doubloon. Its left held a small bag containing a book, a hammer, and a candle, while on the bosom was laid the little crucifix worn by the deceased. It was next enveloped in a hammock, with a couple of eight-pound shots, and a bag of ballast at the feet to sink it—the hammock was then carefully and closely sewed up, and the whole operation finished by leaving the sail-needle thrust transversely through the nose. At midnight the vessel was hove-to, and all the ship's company assembled at the lee-gangway. The Spaniards and negroes bore each a burning torch in his hand; the blaze of which, as they held them elevated above their heads, cast a strange and fearful light through the deep darkness, and illumined the ocean far and wide with a supernatural refulgency. When all was ready, the priest, accompanied by Isabella, came up from the cabin, and the Spaniards lifting up the body, carried it forward to the waist, where one of the ship's gratings had been put projecting over the side, and on this the corpse was laid, with its feet to the water. Around this the torch-bearers formed a circle, and the priest, standing at the head, began the funeral service for the dead at sea. The wind had now subsided into a gentle breeze; and nothing disturbed the profound silence of the crew during mass, save the slight splashing of the waves against the windward side of the ship, and the deep-drawn, convulsive sobs of the young lady as she stood, enveloped in her mantillo, in the obscurity of the main-rigging. Mass being concluded, the priest solemnly chaunted the funeral anthem:—"May the angels conduct thee into Paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming; and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was formerly poor!" He then sprinkled the body with holy water, and continued:—"As it hath pleased God to take the soul of our dear brother here departed unto himself, we, therefore, commit his body to the deep, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection on that day when the sea shall give up its dead. Let him rest in peace!" The Spaniards responded "Amen!" and the priest repeating, "May his soul, and the soul of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace—Amen!" made the sign of the cross; and the bow-chaser, which had been loaded and made ready for the occasion, firing, the end of the grating was gently elevated, and the corpse heavily plunged into the water. The waves parted, heaving and foaming round the body as it disappeared,—when to our horror and astonishment we beheld it, the next minute, slowly return to the surface, deprived of the canvass covering in which it had been sewed. The dead man came up as he had gone down, in an upright position, and floated a little time with his back to the vessel; but the motion of the water turned him round by degrees till we distinctly saw his face. The head was thrown back, and the eyes wide open; and under the strong stream of light poured on them from the torches, they seemed to glare ghastly and fearfully upwards. His gray hairs, long and dishevelled, floated about his face, at times partially obscuring it; and one arm, stretched forth, and agitated by the action of the waves, appeared as if in the act of threatening us. When the first burst of horror had subsided, I caught hold of Isabella to prevent her seeing the body, and was leading her off, when some of the men, lowering their torches from the main-chains, whispered that it was the murdered man, old James Gemmel. The Captain had been hitherto looking on with the rest with-

out having apparently recognized him; but when the name struck his ear, he shrunk back and involuntarily exclaimed, "It's a lie—it's an infamous lie! Who dares to say he was murdered? He went overboard two days ago? But don't let him on board: for God's sake keep him down, or he'll take us all with him to the bottom. Will nobody keep him down? Will nobody shove him off? Helm a-lee!" he bawled out, waving to the steersman; but the man had deserted his post, eager to see what was going on; he, therefore, ran to the wheel himself, and again issued his commands, "Let go the main top-sail weather-braces, and bring round the yard! Let them go, I say!" His orders were speedily executed. The vessel gathered way, and we quickly shot past the body of the old man.

For several days after this, we pursued our course with a favourable wind, which drove us swiftly forward on our voyage. The Captain now kept himself constantly intoxicated, seldom made his appearance in the cabin, but left us altogether to the care of the steward. All subordination was now at an end—his whole time was spent among the seamen, with whom he mixed familiarly, and was addressed by them without the slightest portion of that respect or deference commonly paid to the Captain of the vessel. The appearance of the men, also, was much altered. From the careless mirth and gaiety, and the characteristic good-humour of sailors, there was now a sullenness and gloom only visible. A constant whispering—a constant caballing was going on—a perpetual discussion, as if some design of moment was in agitation, or some step of deep importance was about to be taken. All sociality and confidence towards each other were banished. In place of conversing together in a body, as formerly, they now walked about in detached parties, and among them the boatswain and carpenter seemed to take an active lead. Yet, in the midst of all this disorder, a few of our own crew kept themselves separate, taking no share in the general consultation; but from the anxiety expressed in their countenances, as well as in that of the mate, I foresaw some storm was brooding, and about to burst on our heads.

Since Montaldo's death, Isabella had been in the habit of leaving her cabin after sun-set, to enjoy the coolness of the evening-breeze; and in this she was sometimes joined by the priest, but more frequently was only attended by her slave. One evening she came up as usual, and after walking back and forward on deck till the dews began to fall, she turned to go below: but just as we approached the companion-way, one of the negroes, who now, in the absence of all discipline, lounged about the quarter-deck without rebuke, shut down the head, and throwing himself on it, declared that none should make him rise without the reward of a kiss. This piece of insolence was received with an encouraging laugh by his fellows, and several slang expressions of wit were uttered, which were loudly applauded by those around. Without a word of remonstrance, Isabella timidly stooped, and would have attempted getting down the ladder without disturbing the slave; when, burning with indignation, I seized the rascal by the collar, and pitched him head foremost along the deck. In an instant he got on his legs, and pulling a long clasp-knife out of his pocket, with a loud imprecation he made towards me. All the other negroes likewise made a motion to assist him, and I expected to be assailed on all hands, when the mate interfered, and laying hold of the marlin-spike, which I had caught up to defend myself, pushed me back, as he whispered, "Are you mad, that you interfere? For heaven's sake, keep quiet, for I have no authority over the crew now!" And he spoke the truth; for the negro, brandishing his knife, and supported by his comrades, was again advancing, when the hoarse voice of the boatswain, as he ran to the scene of action, arrested his progress.

"Hallo! you there, what's the squall for? Avast, avast, Mingo! off hands is fair play—ship that blade of yours, or I'll send my fist through your ribs, and make day-light shine through them in a minute." I related the behaviour of the negro, and was requesting him to order the slaves forward, when I was cut short with—"There are no slaves here, young man! we are all alike free in a British ship. But damn his eyes

for an insolent son of a ——; *he* pretend to kiss the pretty girl! I'll let him know she belongs to his betters! The black wench is good enough for him any day. Come, my dear!" he continued, turning to Isabella, "give me the same hire, and I'll undertake to clear the way for you myself." He made as if he meant to approach her, when, careless of what the consequences might be to myself, I hastily stepped forward, and lifting up the head of the companion, Isabella in an instant darted below. "This lady is no fit subject for either wit or insolence," said I, shutting the doors, "and he is less than man who would insult an unprotected female." For a little while he stood eyeing me as if hesitating whether he should resent my interference, or remain passive; at length he turned slowly and doggedly away as he uttered—"You ruffle big, and crow with a brisk note, my lad! But I've seen me do as wonderful a thing as twist your windpipe and send you over the side to cool yourself a bit; and so I would serve you in the turning of a wave, if it wasn't that we may have use for you yet! I see in what quarter the wind sets; but mind your eye! for sink me if I don't keep a sharp look out a-head over you."

I now saw that things had come to a crisis—that the crew meant to turn pirates; and I was to be detained among them for the sake of my professional services. I could not, without a shudder, reflect on what must be the fate of Isabella among such a gang of reckless villains: but I firmly resolved that, come what might, my protection and care over her should cease but with my life.

To be prepared for the worst, I immediately went below, loaded my pistols, and concealed them in my breast, securing at the same time all my money and papers about my person. While thus employed, one of the cabin-boys came down for a spyglass, saying that a sail had hove in sight to windward. Upon this I followed him up, and found the crew collected together in clamorous consultation as to the course they should follow. Some were for laying-to till she came down, and taking her, if a merchantman; and if not, they could easily sheer off—but this motion was overruled by the majority, who judged it best to keep clear for fear of accidents: accordingly all the spare canvass was set, and we were soon gaining large before the wind. But the Dart, though reckoned the first sailer out of Clyde when close hauled on a wind, was by no means so fleet when squared away and going free: she had now met with her match, for the stranger was evidently gaining rapidly on us, and in two hours we saw it was impossible for us to escape. The priest and I were ordered down with a threat of instant death if we offered to come on deck, or make any attempt to attract observation.

I now communicated to Isabella my apprehensions with respect to the crew, along with my resolution to leave the vessel if the other proved a man of war, and earnestly advised both her and the priest to take advantage of it also. She thanked me with a look and smile that told me how sensible she was of the interest I felt in her welfare, and expressed her willingness to be guided by me in whatever way I thought best.

Shortly after this we heard a gun fired to bring us to, and the Dart hailed and questioned as to her port and destination. The answers, it appeared, were thought evasive and unsatisfactory, for we were ordered to come close under the lee-quarter of his Majesty's sloop of war Tartar, while they sent to examine our papers. This was now our only chance, and I resolved, that if the officer should not come below, I would force the companion-door, and claim his protection. But I was not put to this alternative. As soon as he arrived, I heard him desire the hatches to be taken off, and order his men to examine the hold. The inspection did not satisfy him; for he hailed the sloop, and reported that there were Spanish goods on board which did not appear in the manifest:—"Then remain on board, and keep your stern lights burning all night, and take charge of the ship!" was the reply. In a state of irksome suspense we remained nearly two hours, expecting every minute to hear the officer descending. At length, to our relief, the companion-doors were unlocked, and a young man, attended by our Captain, entered the cabin. He looked surprised on seeing us, and bowing to Isabella, apologized for intruding

at such an unseasonable hour. "But I was not given to understand," he added, "that there were passengers in the ship—prisoners I should rather pronounce it, Mr. Mahone, for you seem to have had them under lock and key, which is rather an unusual mode of treating ladies at least. No wine, Sir!" he continued, motioning away the bottles which the Captain was hastily placing on the table—"no wine, but be pleased to show me your register and bill of lading."

He had not been long seated to inspect them when a shuffling and hurried sound of feet was heard overhead, and a voice calling on Mr. Duff for assistance showed that some scuffle had taken place above. Instantaneously we all started to our feet, and the lieutenant was in the act of drawing his sword, when, accidentally looking round, I observed Mahone presenting a pistol behind. With a cry of warning, I threw myself forward, and had just time to strike the weapon slightly aside, when it went off. The ball narrowly missed the head of Duff, for whom it had been aimed, but struck the priest immediately over the right eye, who, making one desperate and convulsive leap as high as the ceiling, sunk down dead, and before the Captain could pull out another, I discharged the contents of mine into his breast. We then rushed upon deck; but it was only to find the boat's crew had been mastered, and to behold the last of the men tumbled overboard. The pirates then dispersed, and exerted themselves to get the ship speedily under-way; while the boatswain sang out to extinguish the lanterns, that the Tartar might not be guided by the lights.

"It's all over with us!" exclaimed my companion; "but follow me—we have one chance for our lives yet. Our boat is still towing astern; do you throw yourself over, and swim till I slide down the painter, and cut her adrift. Come, bear a hand, and jump! don't you see them hastening aft?" and in an instant he pitched himself off the taffrel, slid down the rope which held the boat, and cast her loose. But this advice, however judicious, it was impossible for me to follow—for, at that moment, repeated shrieks from Isabella put to flight all thoughts for my own individual safety; I, therefore, hurried back to the cabin, determined, that if I could not rescue her along with myself, to remain, and protect her with my life. And in a happy time I arrived! The candles were still burning on the table; and through the smoke of the pistols, which still filled the cabin, I beheld her struggling in the arms of a negro—the identical slave who had displayed such insolence in the early part of the evening. With one stroke of the butt end of my pistol I fractured the cursed villain's scull—caught up Isabella in my arms—ran up the ladder, and had nearly gained the side, when the boatswain, attracted by her white garments, left the helm to intercept me—and I saw the gleam of his uplifted cutlass on the point of descending, when he was suddenly struck down by some person from behind. I did not stop to discover who had done me this good office, but hailing Duff, and clasping Isabella firmly to my heart, I plunged into the water, followed by my unknown ally. With the aid of my companion, whom I now found to be John Wyllie, the mate, we easily managed to support our charge till the boat reached us; when we found that the greater part of the men had been rescued in a similar manner.

When the morning dawned, we perceived the Dart, like a speck in the horizon, and the sloop of war in close chase. Our attention was next turned to our own situation, which was by no means enviable: we had escaped, it is true, with our lives, for the present; but without a morsel of food, or a single drop of fresh water, with us in the boat; we could, at best, only expect to protract existence for a few days longer, and then yield them up ultimately in horror and misery. By an observation taken the day before, on board of the Tartar, Mr. Duff informed us we were to the north-east of the Bahamas; and distant about one hundred and seventy miles from Walling's Island, which was the nearest land. This was a long distance; but, as despair never enters the breast of a British sailor, even in situations of the utmost extremity, we cheered up each

other; and, as no other resource was left us, we manned our oars, and pulled away with life, trusting to the chance of meeting with some vessel, of which there was a strong probability, as this was the common course of the leeward traders. And our hopes were not disappointed! for next day we fortunately fell in with a brig from the Azores, bound for Porto Rico, on board of which we were received with much kindness; and, in five days, we found ourselves safely moored in Porto-real harbour.

My first step on landing was to inquire for a boarding-house for Isabella, and I had the good luck to be directed to one kept by a respectable Scotch family, in Orange Terrace, and to this I conducted her. My next transaction was to charter a small cutter; and to communicate to Duff the secret of the hidden treasure; at the same time, asking him to adventure himself and his men on its recovery. I also gave him to understand the probability of a rencontre with the pirates, in the event of their having escaped the sloop, for I was aware that Mahone had overheard the whole confession, from my finding him listening at the cabin door. Without hesitation, the lieutenant at once agreed to accompany me, and engaging some hands out of a vessel newly arrived, we soon mustered a party of fourteen men. As it wanted only six days of the festival of St. Jago, and the distance across the Caribbean sea was great enough to require all our exertions to be there in time, we embarked and sailed that very night.

Our cutter proved a prime sailer—and though the winds were light and variable, by the help of our sweeps we made the Roccas on the evening of the sixth day. As the Spaniard had foretold, the moon was climbing the western sky, and pouring the fulness of her splendour with a mild and beautiful effulgence on the untroubled deep, as we slowly drifted with the current between the Wolf-rock and the adjacent isle. All was silent and calm over the whole desart archipelago and the vast surrounding waters, save now and then the sudden flight of a sea-fowl awakening from its slumbers as we passed; or the occasional roar of the jaguar faintly wafted from the main land. We ran the cutter into a deep and narrow creek; moored her safe, and proceeded, well armed, to the eastern extremity. There we found the projecting point of land, and the old vanilla tree exactly in the situation described—its huge, twisted trunk was still entire; and from the end of its solitary branch, which was graced by a few scattered leaves, the body of a man in the garb of a sailor hung suspended in irons. The clothes had preserved the body from the birds of prey, but the head was picked clean and bare, leaving the eyeless and bleached scull to glitter white in the moonlight. In perfect silence, and with something of awe on our spirits impressed by the solitude, and dreariness of the scene, we seated ourselves on the rocks, and, with my time-piece in my hand, I began to mark the progress of the shadow. For nearly three hours we watched in this manner, listening attentively for the slightest sound from seaward; but every thing continued hushed and still, except the creaking of the chain as the dead man swang to and fro in the breeze. Midnight was now drawing near—the moon, radiant and full, was careering high through the deep blue of heaven, and the shadows of the branch and stem were approaching each other, and towards the desired point. At length the hand of my time-piece pointed to within one minute of the time. It passed over. The branch and stem now merged into one, and threw their shadow due east: and the first spadeful of earth had been thrown out, when the man who had been stationed to keep a look out came running to inform us that a boat was rapidly approaching from the east. We immediately concluded that they must be part of the Dart's crew; and their long and vigorous strokes, as they stretched out to the full extent of their oars, showed that they knew the importance of every minute that elapsed. Our implements for digging were hastily laid aside, and we concealed ourselves among the rocks till they should come within reach. In a short time the boat was seen ashore, and eight armed men came forward, partly Spaniards and partly the ship's

crew; among whom I recognized the boatswain, and, to my surprise, Mahone, whom I had shot and left for dead in the cabin. Without giving them time to prepare for the assault, we quitted our shelter, and sprung among them at once, laying about with our cutlasses. For a little space the skirmish was toughly and hotly contested; for the pirates were resolute and reckless, and fought with the desperation of men who knew that the only chance for their lives lay in their own exertions. In the confusion of the fray I had lost sight of Duff, and was closely engaged with one of the Spaniards, when the voice of the boatswain shouting forth a horrible imprecation sounded immediately behind me. I turned round, and sprung aside from the sweep of his cutlass, and, as my pistols were both empty, retreated, acting on the defensive; when he pulled out his, fired, and hurled the weapon at my head. The shot passed without injuring me—but the pistol, aimed with better effect, struck me full on the forehead. A thousand sparks of light flashed from my eyes—I felt myself reeling, and on the point of falling, when a cut across the shoulder stretched me at once on the ground. When I recovered from my stupor, and opened my eyes, the morning was far advanced—the sun was shining bright overhead; and I found myself at sea, lying on the deck of the cutter; and Duff busily engaged in examining my wounds. From him I learned that the pirates had been mastered after a severe conflict—in which four had been slain, and left on the island; two had escaped unobserved during the fight, and made off with their boat; and two had been wounded, and were prisoners on board, one of whom was Mahone. On our arrival at Porto Rico, we delivered them over to the civil power; and, soon afterwards, Mahone was tried for the murder of the priest, when he was convicted on our evidence, condemned, and executed.

Under good nursing, and care, I gradually recovered; and, by the fall of the season, without any farther adventures, I once more landed safe in Scotland.

Isabella is not now that destitute and unprotected orphan whom I first saw on the middle of the western ocean—but the happy mistress of a happy home, diffusing life and gladness on all around her. My friend Duff has lately been placed on the list of post captains, and is anxiously waiting for more bustling times, when there will be more knocking about, and more hard blows got, than what our present peace establishment admits of. John Wyllie, too, has had advancement in his line, being now master of one of the finest ships from Clyde: and I had the additional satisfaction of knowing that none of the crew had reason to regret their having jeopardized their lives in fighting for the "Pirate's Treasure." H.

SONNET TO M. F. M.

Ere day is dead, on many a various spray
  The bird inconstant rests a while, and sings,
And scarce on one is finish'd its brief lay,
  Ere to another turn its fitful wings.
But when the sweeter evening hour is come,
  The hour for peace, and constancy, and rest,
The little warbler hastens to its home,
  And sings itself to slumber in its nest.
So, though sometimes in others I may see
  Some rosy charms, and tune an idle song
For them, my fancy aye returns to thee,
  Nor is she truant to thy graces long.
Thy beauties, still my memory's treasured theme,
Make sweet my thoughts by day, by night my dream.

ON THE AUTHOR OF THE "CONNUBIA FLORUM."

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR, *Chesterfield, December* 2, 1823.

Your Correspondent at p. 93 of Vol. VII. will find the poem De Connubiis Florum, at p. iii. of the Prolegomena to the Botanicon Parisiense of Vaillant, published in 1727, by his friend Boerhaave, signed "Mac-encroe Hibernus medicinae doctor," written immediately after the death of Vaillant, and at p. viii. laudatory verses, evidently written previous to the death of Vaillant, signed Demetrius de la Croix.

Omnibus in terris quaesitum ad Florea regna,
 Et nemo in terris inveniebat iter;
At nunc si patuit, si flos hic masculus, ille
 Foemineus, vel mas foemineusque simul;
Arma viri melius si stamina credimus esse,
 Pistillum melius conjugis esse tubam,
Audiat elysiis haec Turnefortus in arvis,
 Inventum decus est hoc Valiante tuum.

That he was a follower of the Stuarts appears from the following lines:

Hic longos habuit magni Fagonis amores,
Regum qui medicos tantum supereminent omnes,
Laurigero quantum Lodoicus vertice reges.

It is probable that he was naturalized, if he did not graduate under, I presume, the translated name of De la Croix, or perhaps only a poetical licence of a young poet. If the professor is desirous of making out his history, he will consult the collections of theses of Leyden and Montpelier, and the medical records of Paris, prior to 1722, and if he would give to the public through the channel of your magazine, his Letters to Jenkins, he would confer an obligation on the admirers of the founder of the sexual system.

I wish you could obtain permission to reprint the remarks which your Correspondent X. Y. Z. at p. 556, Vol. VII. speaks of having published in a provincial paper on the Danish Origin of the Dialects of Cumberland and Westmorland. I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JONATHAN STOKES.

A LETTER

FROM ONE OF THE "DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY,"

To John Lacy, Esquire.

SIR,—You are somewhat hard upon us, the unhappy "Dramatists of the Day." You knock us all down with a breath, and then buffet us singly. What man or men do you suppose can stand this? By Apollo, we will not bear your gibes. Here are at least twenty of us, all immortal (though you know it not) puffing out our spleen against you. Mr. Lacy, you have given us much pithy language, some abuse, and a little advice. Your letter smacks of the critic, rather than of the author. You have now only one thing more to do, to crown your good work:—*Set us an Example!*

Do I say this in envy?—in anger? —No. On the contrary—if you be the man I guess at—you are, I think, as likely to produce a good comedy of the *old* school as any one who has lived since the days of Elizabeth. Yet,—take heed of *one* of the faults that you charge upon us; and God be wi' you! With this *valedic.* I turn from you to your letters.

You divide our dramatists into three schools,—the dramatic, the rhetoric, and the poetical; and you

place *us*, your cotemporaries, on the lowest bench. The faults which you ascribe to us may be reduced to two —1. Want of incident or action; and 2. Want of passion; and you support these accusations by quoting bad passages from our works. This, I believe, is the state of your case.

In the first place, and in answer to your charge of our being the worst of the three schools,—*I deny it.*

There are two props by which tragedy (I do not mean what is insinuatingly called "*domestic*" tragedy, such as "George Barnwell" and the "Gamester," but tragedy *proper*) is supported: the one is action, and the other poetry. The writers of the age of Elizabeth, I will allow for a moment, had *both*, the writers of the next age action* without poetry, and *we* poetry without action. In reply to this, you may assert that action is the more material of the two, and that we may have a tragedy without poetry, but not without action. I answer—yes; you may have a "domestic" tragedy, a thing with creeping thoughts and bouncing exits, with pistols, and ropes, and the gallows; but tragedy, crowned and built up, as it should be, to the stars, demands *poetry* of the very highest order. In fact, its breath is poetry, and if it exhales only prose it dies. Shakspeare arrived at the height of his reputation by means of his poetry (his passion of poetry) at least as much as by his dramatic skill. I grant you that he is supereminent in the last, but he is unapproached in the former. The fire of his imagination was so strong that it *fused* the dull words of common life into passion, and animated with a fresh and impetuous principle the creeping sentences of prose. His superiority did not exist more in the dramatic turn of his dialogue, in his distinction of character, or the rapid changes of events, than in his *poetry*, which gave *life* and strength to all.

Am I maintaining then, that as we possess poetry of a certain kind, we have sufficient for the purposes of the drama?—By no means. I do *not* write to controvert all you say, but a part only. I think with you in most things. We *do* want incident. Our tragedies (except "Virginius,"—which, as far as incident is concerned, but *not* otherwise, is the best tragedy, i. e. the best *constructed* tragedy of the day) are miserably deficient in events. We want passion also, but in a less degree; and as a matter of course, action; for passion is almost necessarily the language of action. We want, in short, animal spirit and a change of scene. We inundate our pages with description (the bane of tragedy) when we should stick to the business of the story, and thrill the hearts of our hearers. This must always happen until we draw upon our invention, and sketch out a good and *full* plot before we begin upon our dialogue. You will have observed that half of our scenes want a *purpose*. They are often unfolded and swept away, and nothing is done for the story. Two or three persons come forward, and talk for ten minutes, and then vanish. This is not the way to proceed, as you know. Every scene should show *a progress* made in the story; and nothing should be *told* which can be *acted*. A play should be the march of passion from its cradle to its grave. It should have both a change of events, and a growth of passion; and this it is (involving, as it does, a power over character) in which we fail. Occasionally we transport our hero from Rome to Naples—from Thebes to Athens; and thus far some little progress is made; but, after all, such things are the mere spectral appearances—the phantasmagoria of the drama. The body and soul—the action and change of passion—the "*deeper and deeper still*" are wanting; and without these, the florid power of the poet, his pathos, even his "noise" (I quote Mr. Lacy) will avail but little.

One of the great sins of our dramatists is owing to their egotism, i. e. they will thrust *themselves* and *their* opinions into every mask, from king to beggar. They will not let each character do its best; but *they* (the authors) come forward and play the prompter, from a fear lest the beggar

* You will perceive that I here admit *too much*; for many of them had as little action as ourselves (see the Hills, Rowes, Johnsons, Addisons, Murphys, &c.) and *no poetry whatever.*

should prove beggarly, and the miser be meagre of his words. This is bad and impertinent. Again, the success of some of our actors, seduces writers into a *trickery* of speech. They stifle a furious sentence in its birth. They throw in a "Ha!" or a "'Sdeath!" They begin with "By heavens!" &c. and, when you think that they are about to pull Jove from his stool, or dash their words in the teeth of Mars, they fall down suddenly, from alto to basso, quick as a sounding plummet, and end in a "Well, well!" or a moral caution, which draws down the thunder—of the galleries. This is also impertinent and bad. Besides these, we have other faults, which you have enlarged upon; and if *I*, who am what is called a "successful" dramatist, admit your charges, it is surely some argument in their favour. I *do* admit them, almost in their extent. We *do* want incident and passion. Our tragedies are sleepy in their progress, and *thin* in their construction. Our dramatists seem as though they wrote under the influence of soda-water and the hyp. Their little bursts are like mere water bubbles, while their dose of languor is potent indeed. Their dialogue is *indolent*, and their passion feverish and unnatural. The pitch is not enough above ordinary talk, and does not consequently stimulate the attention. I am not sorry, I confess—that you have applied a cataplasm to the body *dramatique*, although *I* am a sufferer under it. But I never piqued myself upon *my* drama ("The —— of——, or, The fatal ——"*)—I despised it from the moment I heard it upon the stage, and should have done so before, had my *furor* had time to cool.

Having admitted thus much, I must now be permitted to say that I disagree with you, in your comparative estimate of the three schools of the drama. You have put forth your opinion, Mr. Lacy; permit me to state mine:—it is this. I think that tragedy was highest and best in the time of Elizabeth and her successors, previous to the commonwealth. I think that it became diseased after the Restoration, bloated, mad, and unnatural; and finally, if I may say so, sank into a trance. After the revival of poetry, which I should date from Cowper and Bishop Percy's ballads, &c. and the impulse given to men's minds by certain great political events, I consider the drama as having awaked, languid and inert indeed, but *sane*, and stripped of its bombastic diseases and hideous deformities, and presenting altogether a sounder aspect and more hopeful character than at any period since the death of Shirley. You will have observed the declension of the drama—from Shakspeare, to Fletcher, to Ford, to Shirley,—then its throes and agonies in Dryden and Lee, Congreve and Otway (I shall speak hereafter of "Venice Preserved,") Addison, Rowe (who committed grand larceny upon Massinger), Aaron Hill, Murphy, Thomson, and a world of others, till at last was born the "*Douglas*" of Mr. Home, free indeed from many of the vices of its predecessors, but the feeblest and frailest infant of the stage, nourished in a period of barrenness, by artificial means, and now kept alive (or perhaps only embalmed) in the sunset reputation of Mrs. Siddons.

I have admitted that we are below the dramatists of Elizabeth; but I mean this chiefly with reference to our comparative powers in poetry, and in the delineation of character. In other respects we are surely but little inferior. One test of a play being (or being *not*) dramatic, is its fortune at the theatre. Now, I will undertake to say, that few of the old plays, and scarcely one of the second era, would keep up the attention of an audience in the way that is effected by several of our modern dramas. With the exception of "A New Way to pay Old Debts,"—"Every Man in his Humour," and "Rule a Wife and have a Wife,"—(all of which may be considered *comedies*) there is not one of the old dramas which can keep its footing upon the stage. Did you see "The Jew of Malta," or "The humorous Lieutenant,"

* I could, perhaps, call up the late *Mr. Astley*, a great encourager of rising genius, to say a word or two as to the merits of my drama: but I shall reserve his testimony, in case it shall be necessary to add the weight of my reputation (which is not trifling, in St. George's-fields) to the force of my argument or assertions.

(strongly cast too) or even "The Duke of Milan," represented? If so, you can judge for yourself. As to the dramas of the second era, there are absolutely *none*, except "Venice Preserved," which can contest the palm. You yourself have convicted "Oroonoko," (one of the best) by being unable to extract more than *three* lines (and those not good and far from original) out of a whole scene. "Venice Preserved," is upheld by the character of Pierre, which is undoubtedly a strong and dashing sketch. Were it not for him, Belvidera and Jaffier would overwhelm us with their tediousness. The "Revenge," a heavy dull play, is in like manner supported by Zanga alone, and he is a copy: the rest is "leather and prunella." How "Isabella" keeps her widowed eminence at the theatre, I am unable to say. It is a puzzle, altogether; for, certainly, if there ever was a weak play, barren of incident, and tame in diction, it is "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage." In fact, *all* the dramas of the second era are mightily deficient in incident (I omit Venice Preserved) and are utterly void of poetry. Dryden is mad and prosaic: Lee is mad and —— but no, I must except parts of Lee, for he is often poetical: Congreve is tumid and tame: Rowe's "*golden* lines" turn out to be partly forged and entirely copper: Addison's ten feet are frost-stricken: Thomson's are swollen: Doctor Johnson's are—all that is weak and bad. His muse indeed (if he had a muse) lies absolutely prostrate, and Demetrius and his fellows trample upon her and drawl out their heavy sentences over her, till she dies of "excess of prose."

With all our faults (and we have plenty) we at least have something of the characteristic and familiar mixed with something of the poetic; and I maintain that these qualities properly amalgamated form the essence of dramatic dialogue. Give us time, Mr. Lacy, instead of treading upon us; give us encouragement, as well as abuse. The present state is the *collapse* of the drama. She is weak after sickness, inert after a long repose, but she has much of what is sane and healthful about her, and wants but time to recruit her strength, and your good word (and the good word of others) to tempt her to higher and better flights.

You are not a common-place man. Do not fall into the common-place, of under-rating your cotemporaries, while comparing them with people whose renown is more secure, though not more deserved than theirs.

You will observe that I avoid Shakspeare altogether.* He is above all "schools" and all "times:" and you treat us, I think, not quite fairly, Mr. Lacy, when you try us by *his* standard, instead of by that of his cotemporaries, or by the general cast of the subsequent dramatists. We do not affect to approach him. We never shall—if I may venture on a prophecy—produce any thing like him. He is an enormous and splendid star thrown out of the regular system; or he is, if you prefer it, a sun, around which we, like twinkling planets, move and do homage. Try us by the ordinary run of dramatists, and then give us our place. You should not select Shakspeare, singly; nor even Otway (though I hope we shall, after a little time, face *him* without fear), but give us our chance with the crowd.—Do I ask any thing but what is fair?

And now to descend from generals, to particulars. You are, I believe, right upon the whole there, also: yet you are (shall I say) unjust upon one point, viz. Lord Byron.

First, however, as to MIRANDOLA. I am assured by a friend that your opinion of this tragedy cannot equal the *contempt of the author himself*. He says that it was scribbled in a hurry, in the languor subsequent upon illness, and he desires not to be judged by it. The structure of the verse he allows to be often bad, the scenes

* Yet even in Shakspeare (and in his *best* plays), I could point out to you many instances of what you complain of in us. What do you think of the 3d scene in the 4th act of Macbeth? It is heavy and to no purpose. Neither do I see much use in the Doctor coming forward to speak of the king curing the evil. And with regard to the structure of dramatic verse (observe, I *agree* with you on this point) you will find as many errors in Shakspeare—look at the Midsummer Night's Dream, &c.—as in almost any other author. I admit that he is not often prosaic, except where it is for the best; and occasionally (though seldom) it *is* for the best.

often weak, and the incidents too few. After this you should not, perhaps, censure him without putting his exculpatory statement upon record. I have every reason to believe that the account which I now give up of this author's play is true; but I cannot be understood, of course, to *vouch* for the fact. Nevertheless, even with regard to this tragedy, the dialogue is, I should say, generally dramatic; and the structure of the plot (though too meagre) is in some respects new; for the interest is single, and is cast for two acts upon one character, and then shifted, and devolves upon another. This you will observe escapes the tedium of too long a sympathy with one person; without frittering away the interest, as is often done, by dividing it between the principal and secondary groups. I do not know that this has been done elsewhere.

In regard to Lord Byron: you have, I think, treated him somewhat harshly. You speak of the *injury* which he has done to our poetry. But, *what poetry was there* in existence (of this age) at the time Lord Byron arose?—absolutely none, except the poems of Mr. Wordsworth, and a few, a very few others. Lord Byron has been the cause of bad rhyme undoubtedly; but this is because he has given a sudden impulse to the public mind, and thrown it headlong (if I may so speak) into poetry. I certainly do not think him the most *poetical* writer of the day. Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Shelley, and Mr. Keats, were perhaps more so. But he has an impetuous strength that well becomes the garb of verse, and strikes often harder at our sympathies than the more regular and truer efforts of the muse. Lord Byron is not very dramatic, and he allows this; but he has done good to the generation by so much as he has probed men's hearts to their depths, and awakened the spirit of poetry within them. With all *his* faults also—and I allow the structure of his blank verse to be far from good—he has done the poetical state some service; and you should, I think, grant this. You will observe that Lord Byron has said that his tragedies were *not* written for the stage. Why then do you try him by its rules?

I agree with you, that there are beautiful passages in Mr. Haynes's play, great merit in Miss Baillie (though her verse is generally much too artificial), and above all *very* great power and beauty in the drama of Mr. Beddoes. If this last author does not do something extraordinary I shall be deceived. With respect to Mr. Milman, I cannot think that he has much *dramatic* power, whatever *poetical* claims he may possess. Lord Byron is decidedly in my opinion more dramatic than he, to say nothing of his comparative strength.

One or two more observations, and I have done—for the present. You say the rhetorical school at least kept us awake by *their noise!* To my thinking, their noise, though great, is too monotonous: it lures *me* into slumber. Noise is an "accident" of the drama; but it depends, for its effect, upon its intervals of calm.

Then,—you say that poetry is the *accident* and not the *essence* of dramatic language! Yet, it is the grand distinction between Shakspeare and Lillo. It is, in my opinion, as much the essence of *tragic* dialogue as action: for it is the great principle of *elevation*, without which, as you justly hint, Tragedy would "*walk the stage on her belly*,"—that is to say, it would *not* walk, but would creep; and the end would be that it would die. It is, therefore, I submit to you, *essential*.

Upon the whole, Mr. Lacy, I must allow that you have spoken well and justly to us. A little more kindness, perhaps—but let that pass. I write to acknowledge the good service which you have done; generally agreeing with you, but sometimes differing, as you will see. I had intended to have retorted more in your own pithy vein, and to have argued the matter more completely and at length; but sickness and some annoyances (which I will not obtrude upon you) have discomposed me, and rendered me less efficient for my task than when I originally designed it. — For the present, therefore, farewell! and believe me to be (although a dramatist) your admirer and humble servant,

Terentius Secundus.

RECENT POETICAL PLAGIARISMS AND IMITATIONS.

(*Continued.*)

Taking up this subject where we left it in our December Number, we are about to proceed with the imitations in Scott's remaining poems, and with such as have occurred to us in Southey, Montgomery, Moore, &c. and lastly in Byron.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

" Oh ! stranger, in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here ? "
" An evil hap how can it be
That bids me look again on thee ? "
The Gathering.

Fremerne posso, ove tu a me lo annunzi ?
Alfieri, Filipo.

A lock from Blanch's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair ;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet side.
" By him whose word is truth ! I swear,
No other favour will I wear,
Till this sad token I imbue
In the best blood of Roderic Dhu ! "
iv. 28.

With which he cut a lock of all their hair,
Which meddling with their blood and earth he threw ;
...... and gan devoutly swear
Such and such evil God on Guyon rear
......if I due vengeance do forbear,
Till guilty blood her guerdon do obtain.
Fairy Queen.

The chase is up, but they shall know
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe. C. 4.

The hunt is up ! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek
A timid prey : and lo ! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch !
Coleridge. Remorse, A. iii. ad fin.

Or if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone. C. 5.

Non tam præmiis periculorum, quam ipsis periculis lætus. *Tac. Hist.* ii. 86.

From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are *bristling* into axe and brand. C. 5.

....των δε ϛιχες ειατο πυκναι
Ασπισι καὶ κορυθεσσι, καὶ εγχεσι πεφρικυῖα.
Ιλ.

" And Saxon—I am Roderic Dhu ! "

These words (forming the coup de Theatre) will remind our readers of a long passage, in which Fitz James has been vilifying and threatening Roderic, not aware that it was to him he was talking. The scene proceeds.

Fitz James was brave :—though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before, &c.
C. 5.

Quel Paladin, di che ti vai vantando
Son io ! ... .
Ferran non perdè per ciò il coraggio
Trasse la spada, e in atto si raccolse, &c.
Il Fur. xii. 25.

The rest of the passage (the merit of which is wholly in the πυκνωσις εκλελεγμενων, for which Longinus praises Sappho,) is gathered from Lucan and Claudian.

His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before.
" Come one, come all ; this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."—
Sir Roderic marked, and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprize,
And the *stern joy* which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel. C. 5.

Stetit aggere fultus
Cespitis intrepidus vultu, meruitque timeri
Non metuens, atque hæc, ira dictante, profatur. *Pharsal.* v. 316.

Radiat quam *torva voluptas*....frontis.
Bell. Getic.

Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
The firmer he roots him the ruder it blow,
&c. C. 2.

Rather like the mountain oak,
Tempest shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast.
Montgomery.

Cowper observed the fact, and hinted the application. (Task, b. 1.)

ROKEBY.

Conscience, anticipating time,
Already rues the unacted crime ;
And calls her furies forth, to shake
The sounding scourge and hissing snake.
C. i. 2.

Quæ tamen etsi absunt, et mens sibi conscia facti
Præmetuens adhibet stimulos, torretque flagellis. *Lucret.* l. 3, 1031.

Not then by Wycliffe might be shown
How his pride startled at the tone
In which his' complice, fierce and free,
Asserted guilt's equality. C. i. 20.

Facinus quos inquinat æquat.
Lucan. v. 290.

'Twas then—like tiger close beset
At every pass with toil and net,
Countered where'er he turns his glare
By clashing arms and torches' flare,
Who meditates with furious bound,
To burst on hunter, horse, and hound,—
'Twas then that Bertram's soul arose,
Prompting to rush upon his foes:
But as that crouching tiger cowed
By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd
Retreats beneath his jungle's shroud,
Bertram suspends his purpose stern,
And couches in the break and fern,
Hiding his face, lest foemen spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye. C. iii. 4.

Qual per le selve Nomadi o Massilê
Cacciata va la generosa belva
Che ancor fuggendo mostra il cor gentile
E minacciosa e lenta si rinselva
Tal Rodomonte, in nessun atto vile
Da strano circondato e fiera selva
D'aste, e di spade, e di volanti dardi,
Si tira al fiume a passi lunghi e tardi.

E si trè volta e più l'ira il sospinse
Ch'essendone gia fuor vi tornò in mezzo,
Ma la ragione al fin la rabbia vinse
E dal ripa per miglior consiglio
Si getto al acque, e uscì di gran periglio.
Il Fur. c. 18.

Ceu sævum turba leonem, &c.

We need not transcribe the passage in the Æneid.

Moonless the sky, the hour was late,
When a loud summons shook the gate, &c.

The passage so beginning (C. iv. 7, 8, and 9,) is a very daring robbery, as the papers express it, attended with murder, of a description in Gertrude of Wyoming, part iii. 10, beginning,

Night came,—and in their lighted bower, full late,
The joy of converse had endured—when hark!
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate, &c.

But both passages being long we can only refer to them.

As was his wont ere battle glowed,
Along the marshalled ranks he rode;
I saw his melancholy smile
When full opposed in front he knew
Where Rokeby's kindred banner flew.
C. i. 16.

I saw him ere the bloody fight began
Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up;
His eye was wrathful to an enemy,
But for his countrymen it had a smile
Would win all hearts. *Joan of Arc*, b. 2.

SOUTHEY.

It has been Mr. Southey's general practice to indicate his classical imitations in his notes—the few which follow are either fancies of ours or omissions of his.

——Within that house of death
The clash of arms was heard, as though below
The shrouded warrior shook his mailed limbs. *Joan of Arc.*

Compositis plenæ gemuerunt ossibus urnæ;
Tunc fragor armorum. *Lucan.* i. 563.

Sudden through every fibre a deep fear
Crept shivering, and to their expecting minds
Silence itself was dreadful.
Joan of Arc, ix. 138.

Which (though attributed by Mr. Southey to Chapelain,

Une haleine, un sospir, et *mesme le silence*
Aux chefs, comme aux soldats, font perdre l'assurance)

belongs to Virgil.

Horror ubique animos simul *ipsa silentia terrent.* *Æn.* ii. 755.

KEHAMA.

The 15th and 16th sections describe the descent of Ladurlad to the ancient sepulchres at the bottom of the ocean, where "intacti latè subit hospita ponti" (Theb. v. 336) by virtue of that portion of his curse which forbids the water to touch him,

——δε χθονα καὶ κατα ποντον
Αβροχος αισσεις. (Μοσχ. Ειδυλλ. β.)

he goes:

——ενθα δε οι κλυθα δωματα βενθεσι λιμνης.
Χρυσεα μαρμαιροντα τετευχαται αφθιτα αιει.
Ιλ.

Those streets which never, since the days of yore,
By human footstep had been visited;
Those streets which never more
A human foot shall tread,
Ladurlad trod. In sun-light and sea-green
The thousand palaces were seen
Of that proud city, whose superb abodes
Seemed reared by giants for the immortal Gods.
How silent and how beautiful they stand,
Like things of Nature! the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer.

We will give the account of the gardens which had been ages ago overwhelmed by the ocean, as the strangest specimen of fanciful description we ever read;—though we have nothing to compare with it except in one particular.

It was a garden still beyond all price,
Even yet it was a place of paradise;
For where the mighty ocean could not spare
There had he, with his own creation,
Sought to repair his work of devastation.
And here were coral bowers,
And grots of madrepores,
And banks of spunge as soft and fair to eye
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie
Their languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.
Here, too, were living flowers
Which, like a bud compacted,
Their purple cups contracted,
And now in open blossom spread,
Stretched like green anthers many a seeking head.
And arborets of jointed stone were there,
And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's thread;
Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair
Upon the waves dispread:
Others that, like the broad banana growing,
Raised their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,
Like streamers wide outflowing, &c.

The golden fountains had not ceased to flow,
And, where they mingled with the briny sea,
There was a sight of wonder and delight,
To see the fish, like birds in air,
Above Ladurlad flying. 16.

Guizzano i pesci agli olmi in su la cima
Ove solean volar gli a ugelli in prima.
Il Fur. 40.

Baly's annual visit to earth is like the "sæpe pater Divum," &c. of Catullus, Nupt. Pel. et Thet.

The name of Glendoveers, Mr. Southey says, is altered from the Grindouveers of Sonnerat, and he knows not whether they are the Ghandharvas of the English orientalists. The wings (he adds) are borrowed from a neglected work of great genius, by Wilkins. May not Wilkins have had them from Aulus Gellius? "Illi scriptores gentem esse aiunt apud extrema Indiæ, corporibus hirtis, et Avium ritu plumantibus, nullo cibatu vescentem, sed spiritu florum naribus hausto victitantem."—*Noct. Att.* ix. 4.

Her face was as a damsel's face,
And yet her hair was gray.
Thalaba, viii. 127.

Argentum capitis præter anile nihil.
Vinc. Bourne. Denneri Anus.

RODERIC.

Here sate one
Who told of fair possessions lost, and babes
To goodly fortunes born of all bereft.
Another for a virgin daughter mourned,
The lewd barbarian's spoil; a fourth had seen
His only child forsake him in his age,
And for a Moor renounce her hope in Christ. v. 63.

perdi hijos y muger
las cosas que mas amaba;
perdi una hija doncella,
que era la flor de Granada;
el que la tiene cautiva....
cien doblas le doi por ella
no me las estima in nada:
la respuesta que me han dado
es que mi hija es Christiana.
*Romance del sitio y toma de Alhama.**

Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake,
As if they wondered whose the tongue might be,
Familiar thus with chiefs and thoughts of state. 4.

Sic fatur: quanquam plebeio tectus amictu
Indocilis privata loqui. *Lucan.* v. 538.

* This is the "very mournful ballad on the siege and conquest of Alhama," which Lord Byron translated with much spirit certainly, but from a very imperfect copy of the original, and with an obviously imperfect knowledge of the language, in proof of which I refer the Spanish reader to his translation of verses 13 and 17. The circumstance related in the last lines quoted above, so characteristic of the times and the country, and so affecting to the individual, is omitted in Lord Byron's copy; and so much more is omitted, that the whole drift of the poem must be misapprehended. The true history of it is this. The Moorish king receives the news of the loss of Alhama, and, convoking his people, imparts it to them. An old Moor speaks up, and upbraids him for his ill deeds, whereby he has deserved this misfortune; (Lord Byron's copy makes *this* the person afterwards beheaded, but in fact the ballad here breaks off, as usual with such compositions, and passes to the arrest by the king's officer of the *Alcayde of Alhama*, who had been absent from his post when it was lost; and his energetic de-

——— My good horse,
Off with this recreant burden!..and with that
He raised his hand, and reared, and backed the steed,
To that remembered voice and arm of power
Obedient. Down the helpless traitor fell
Violently thrown, and Roderic over him
Thrice led, with just and unrelenting hand
The trampling hoofs. 45.

Agnovit sonipes, arrectisque auribus acrem
Hinnitum effundens, sternit tellure Bagesum,
Quem tunc captivo portabit in agmina dorso. *Sil. Italic.* x. 458.

———

——— With accordant song
And dip and dash of oar in harmony.
Madoc, p. 62.

This had been a practice of the ancients:

——— Oriturque frementum
Remorum sonus, et lætæ concordia vocis.
Valerius Flaccus. Argon. 3.

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fence is partly omitted by Lord Byron, and partly made unintelligible by being put into the mouth of the contumacious Moor. The officer, in arresting him, announces his doom, and the reason of it, which we translate in Lord Byron's metre (freely, of course, having to make a verse out of two lines).

In all the land no fairer town,
Or richer, saw the sun go down;
Than this the king gave thee to keep;
Than this whose loss the king doth weep.
Woe is me, Alhama!

pues perdiste la tenencia
de una ciudad tan preciada.

And then the speech which follows his arrest is intelligible and affecting, though Lord Byron is determined to make the worst of it, and omits the two first verses, which form the Alcayde's defence of himself: they run thus:

At my sister's spousals I
Was absent, I will not deny;
(On her spousals, and on all
Who bade me to them, Hell-fire fall!)
Woe is me, Alhama!

Yo me estaba en Antequera
en bodas de una hermana,
(mal fuego quemen las bodas
y quien a ellos mi llamara.)
ay de mi Alhama!

But I had license ere I went
For longer time than there I spent;
Whereof me more the monarch gave
By six days than I cared to crave.
Woe is me, Alhama!

El rey mi dio la licencia
que yo no me la tomara:
pedila por quince dias,
diamela por tres semanas.
ay de mi Alhama!

Lord Byron includes the captivity of the Moor's daughter:

I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day.
Woe is me, Alhama!

But he omits the peculiar circumstance we mentioned before—the maiden's apostacy from her father's faith.

A hundred doblas down I told,
And they spurn'd the proffered gold,
I them besought for Fatima,
And they made answer—thus said they.—
Woe is me, Alhama!

cien doblas le doi por ella,
no me las estima en nada
la respuesta que mi han dado
es que mi hija es Christiana.
ay de mi Alhama!

The damsel whom thou com'st to claim,
Doña Maria is her name;
Purged from Islam's foul offence
By holy water—get thee hence.
Woe is me, Alhama!

y por nombre la avian puesto
Doña Maria de Alhama;
el nombre que ella tenia
Mora Fatima se llama.
ay de mi Alhama!

So much for Lord Byron's version from the Spanish;

"Translating tongues he knows not e'en by letter,*
And sweating plays so middling bad were better."

"O nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ!" Thus it is that our day goes down, the chickens come home to roost, (*καταραι, ως καὶ τα αλεκτρυονονεοττα, οικον αει, οψε κεν πανηξαν ενκαθισομεναι.*) and we become the objects of our own satires!

* See his mistake of ñ for n.

With impudence cloathed as a garment.
Vision of Judgment, 5.

αναιδειην επιειμενε. *Il.*

MONTGOMERY.

For while thine absence they deplore,
'Tis for themselves they weep,
Though they behold thy face no more,
In peace thine ashes sleep.
Minor Poems.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well.
Childe Har. c. 4.

Probably a hundred might be quoted to the same purpose; the earliest, simplest, and therefore most beautiful expression of the sentiment which we know, is in a funeral song by one of the Jewish Rabbis, and quoted in Mr. Lyndsay's notes to his very solemn and beautiful compositions, the Dramas of the Ancient World. It stands thus:

"Mourn for the mourners, and not for the dead; for he is at rest, and we in tears."

Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight,
With swifter onset than he led that flight.
World before the Flood.

Fugientibus se ducem præbuit.
Justin. Epit. Trog. Pomp.

Blest with freedom, unconfined,
Dungeons cannot hold the soul:
Who can chain the immortal mind?
None but he who spans the pole. P. 280.

The one half of man, his mind,
Is "sui juris" unconfined,
And cannot be laid by the heels
Whate'er the other moiety feels. *Butler.*

There are, gloomy Ocean, a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into slaves!
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
They are dragg'd on the hoary abyss;
The shark hears their shrieks, and ascending to day,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey. *Ocean.*

——— The direful shark....
.... From the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey.
Thomson. Summer.

For Britannia is wielding her trident to-day,
Consuming her foes in her ire,
And hurling her thunder with absolute sway,
From her wave-ruling chariots of fire.
Ocean.

——— ceu sceptra tenere,
Ceu te flammiferas Phœbi transcendere currus.
Lucan. i. 47.

Oh Britain! dear Britain! the land of my birth,
Oh isle most enchantingly fair,
Thou pearl of the ocean, thou gem of the earth,
Oh my mother, my mother, beware:
For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare;
Oh let not thy birthright be sold
For reprobate glory and gold!
Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,
They weigh down thy trunk,—they will tear up thy root.
Ocean.

By all means, it is to be procured that the trunk of Nebuchadnezzar's tree of monarchy be great enough to bear the branches and the boughs; that is, that the natural subjects of the crown or state bear a sufficient proportion to the stranger subjects that they govern.... The Spartans were a nice people in point of naturalization; whereby, while they kept their compass, they stood firm; but when they did spread, and their boughs were become too great for their stem, *they became a windfall upon the sudden.*

Bacon. True Greatness of Kingdoms.

Observe the peculiar Baconian force of that last metaphor which the poet has not compassed.

It shines through my heart like a hope-beaming star,
Alone in the desert of night.
Bolehill Trees.

Weit in nebelgrauer Ferne,
Liegt mir das vergang'ne Glück,
Nur an einem schönen Sterne,
Weilt mit Liebe noch der Blick,
Aber wie des Sternes Pracht
Ist es nur ein Schein der Nacht.*
Schiller An Emma.

Deep in the gloom of Fate afar
I see my former bliss remove,
But still on memory beams one star,
Attracting still my looks of love:
But ah! too like the starry light,
It shines a lustre now in night!—*Schiller. Verses to Emma.*

CRABBE, GRAHAME, MILLMAN.

Is it not strange that man should health
....
For joys which come when he is dead to
joy? *Crabbe.*

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.
Pope.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maid's song. *Grahame. Sabbath.*

Luce sacra requiescit humus, requiescit arator,
Et grave suspenso vomere cessit opus;
Solvite vincla jugis. *Tibullus*, l. ii. 1.

How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
And thy shrouded eye resembleth
Violets when the dews of eve
A moist and tremulous glitter leave
On the bashful sealed lid!
Fall of Jerusalem.

I saw thee weep,—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue,
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew.
Hebrew Melodies.

When I beheld thy blue eyes shine
Through the bright drop that pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine,
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.
Ebn Alrumi tr. by Carlyle.

MOORE.

———your dear little lips to their destiny true
Seemed to know they were born for the use of another;
And, to put me in mind of what I ought to do,
Were eternally biting and kissing each other. *Fanny of Timmol.*

Her lips most happy each in other's kisses.
Britain's Ida.

But let them have their will, no Hell were worse. *Lallah Rookh.*

Nullo martirio fuor che la tua rabbia
Sarebbe al tuo furor dolor compito.
Inferno, c. 14.

But Thou can'st heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
Sacred Melodies.

Se lieto esser vuoi, soffrir conviene....
Non stilla in altra guisa
Il balsamo odorato
Che da una pianta incisa
Dal Arabo pastor. *Metast. Adriano*, iii. 2.

This was sure to be borrowed; for no poet of equal name was so incapable of originality as Metastasio. "In bona ☙ur quisquam tertius ista venit?" Let us observe Bacon working out the metaphor.

Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed (he uses the word in an obsolete sense—igne coactum) or crushed.—*Essays.*

The compassionate mind is like that noble tree that is itself wounded when it gives the balm.—*Ditto.*

Mr. Bettenham said that virtuous men were like some herbs and spices that give not out their sweet smell till they be broken and crushed.—*Apothegms.*

That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true,
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led.
Loves of the Angels.

Facili feminarum credulitate ad gaudia.
Tacitus.

The tremble of my wings all o'er,
For through each plume I felt the thrill, &c.
Loves of the Angels.

And shiver every feather with desire.
Thomson.

Before whose feet the expiring waves
Flung their last tribute with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift and die.
Loves of the Angels.

La mer de Crissa et la mer Saronique viennent expirer à ses pieds comme pour reconnoître sa puissance.
Barthelemi, c. 37.

Still worse the illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas,
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.
Loves of the Angels.

But as to the unbelievers, their works are like the vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing. *Al Koran*, c. 24, *by Sale.*

Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill,
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance into ill.
Loves of the Angels.

And the slight bias of untoward chance
Makes his best virtues from the even line,
With fatal declination swerve aside.
Roderic, b. 10

LORD BYRON.

A prior publication, which we shall avoid repeating, saves us the trouble of transcribing some of the most commonly known of Lord Byron's plagiarisms.

Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be:
What we have seen our sons shall see;
Remnants of things which have past away,
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay! *Siege of Corinth*, p. 28.

The thing that hath been it is that that shall be......there is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come, with those that shall come after. *Eccles.* c. 1.

Hark to the trump and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners that flit as they're borne, &c.
Siege of Corinth, p. 26.

And the air resounded with the harsh and mournful music of the barbarian trumpet. *Gibbon.*

Who adds the rest of Byron's original in a note from Ammianus.—

"Vexillis de more sublatis, auditisque triste sonantibus classicis."—These are the "rauca cornua" of Claudian, (in Ruffin. ii. 57.) the large horns of the uri, or wild bull.

The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless. *Darkness.*

——— Orbo senza luce
Che non sa ove si vada, e pur si parte.
Petrarch, son. 10.

A thing of eyes, that all survey.
Heb. Mel.

He speaks of the soul, as likewise Henry More,

Whate'er in her horizon doth appear,
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear. *Song of the Soul.*

And Milton,

——— All head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense.

And lastly Pliny,

Totus est visus, totus auditus. *De Deo.*

——— On his brow
The thunder-scars are graven. *Manfred.*

——— His face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched.
Milton.

The Devil............very often waits,
And leaves old sinners to be young one's baits. *Beppo.*

An old dram-drinker's the devil's decoy.
Bacon.

But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword.
Giaour, p. 33.

Effecitque ne hostis maxime timendus militi esset. *Liv.* v. 19.

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.
Bride of Abydos.

Faciunt solitudinem, atque pacem appellant. *Tacitus.*

Love's image upon earth without his wings.
Childe Har. c. 1.

Sans ailes comme la Constance,—
Tel fut l'amour dans les siecles d'or;
On ne le trouve plus, quoiqu'on le cherche encore.
From an inscription on the pedestal of a Cupid in the garden of Chantilly.

—To such resign the strife for fading bays;
Ill may such contest now the spirit move,
Which heeds nor keen reproof, nor partial praise;
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
And none are left to please, when none are left to love. *Childe Har.* c. 2.

I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds: I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.
Pref. to Johnson's Dict.

Life's fitful fever. { *Byron.* / *Shakspeare.* }

——Her dark eyes flashing thro' their tears,
Like skies that rain and lighten.
Don Juan, c. 1.

——Le feu de ses yeux dans ses pleurs allumé
Parut comme l'eclair à la pluye enflamé.
P. Le Moyne.—S. Louis, l. 2.

Man's love is of man's life a thing a part;
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.
Don Juan, c. 1.

Ed se per quegli alcuna malinconia mossa da focoso disio sopraviene nelle lor menti, in quelle conviene che con grave noia si dimori......Ilche de gl'innamorati huomini non aviene, si come noi possiamo apertamente vedere. Essi, se alcuna malinconia o gravezza di pensieri gli affligge, hanno molti modi da alleggiare, o da passar quelle, perciò che allor, volendo essi, non manca l'andar atorno, udire ed vedere molte cose, uccellare, cacciare, pescare, cavalcare, giucare, o mercatare. De quali modi ciascuno ha forza di trarre, o in tutta o in parte, l'animo a se, e dal noioso pensiero rimuoverlo almeno per alcuno spatio di tempo, appresso il quale, con un modo o con altro, o consolation sopraviene, o diventa la noia minore.
Boccacio, prohem. al. Dec.

Sorrow is knowledge. *Manfred.*

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. *Eccles.* c. 1.

To fly from, need not be to hate mankind, &c.
Childe Har. c. 3.

The original of this is unpublished; but *Lord Byron knows where he got it.*

They hate thee not who love in wilds to dwell,
And often commune with their inward mind;
Ever their pensive breasts with pity swell;
They hate the crimes of man, but love mankind:
Love them, and if they from the world remove,
'Tis to forget their faults, and still to love.

The happy contrast of the two brothers of the prisoner of Chillon, is taken from that of Cloridan and Medoro.—Il Fur. c. 18.

But now a bride and mother,—and now there! *Childe Har.* c. 4.

My lord! my liege! but now a king—now thus! *Shakspeare.*

——— To be
My own soul's sepulchre. *Manfred.*

Look who comes here! a grave unto a soul.
K. John.

But France got drunk with blood.
Childe Har.

Mad thro' mirth,
And drunk with blood of men.
Fairy Queen, iii. 7.

The mind, the music breathing from her face.

This description Lord Byron tells us was drawn, not from imagination, but memory, &c.; which we shall see is perfectly true; imagination having merely transferred it from a painted to a real face.

Celui de tous les peintres qui s'eloigne le plus dans ses tableaux du genre de la sculpture, et dont le clair obscur rappelle les vagues et delicieuses impressions de la melodie. *Corinne*, 32.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared. *Childe Har.* c. 2.

It is cruel to think that Alaric and Mahomet the 2d. respected the Parthenon; and that it was demolished by Morosini and Lord Elgin. *Chateaubriand*, i. p. 38.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle, &c.

The spirit of this striking opening of the Bride of Abydos was contributed by Goethe;—not that we accuse Lord Byron of reading the German, for he had Madame de Stäel's translation of the first line, which, to his quick apprehension of the beautiful, would be quite sufficient to suggest the spirit of the whole. She is giving an account of the character of Mignon in Wilhelm Meister:

Elle exprime ses regrets pour l'Italie dans des vers ravissants que tout le monde sait par cœur en Allemagne:

"Connois-tu cette terre où les citronniers fleurissent," &c.
L'Allemagne, c. 28.

We take the opportunity of translating this song for the sake of its beauty, though it has little further relation to the business of our article, which we here close. We may say that our translation is *not* a free one.

Know'st thou the land where the citron-trees grow,
And like gold in the dark leaves the oranges glow,
Where softer winds faint from the blue heavens breathe,
And the laurel and myrtle stand stirless beneath—
Know'st thou that land—so transcendantly fair?—
Oh would, my beloved, that we could go there!

Know'st thou the mansion, with column propped roof?
Its saloons are resplendent, and towering aloof
The marble-form'd images look in my face—
Where art thou, poor child of an ill-fated race?
Know'st thou that mansion?—Oh might I but be
Back, back in its shelter, and live there with thee!

Know'st thou the mountain,—its cloud-path sky-kissed,
Where the mule seeks his road through the deep-rolling mist,
Where the dragon's brood dwell in the caverns that bore them,
And the vast rocks dash down, and the torrents dash o'er them,—
Know'st thou the mountain—and dost thou not know
That *our* way lies there?—my beloved, let us go!

Kennst du das Land? wo die Citronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht;
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin, Dahin,
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter ziehn!

Kennst du das Haus? auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn, und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind gethan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin, Dahin,
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn!

Kennst du den Berg, und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maulthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg,
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,
Es stürzt der Fels, und über ihn die Fluth.
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin, Dahin,
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, last uns ziehn!

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

In the year 1785, appeared a singular pamphlet entitled "*A Guide to Health, Beauty, Riches, and Honour.*" London, Printed for S. Hooper, &c. 8vo. This was a collection of popular advertisements selected from the Newspapers of the day by Francis Grose, Esq. a gentleman well known to the literary world as the author of several works on English antiquities, many of which (although now in some measure superseded by publications of greater accuracy as well as more elegant embellishment) retain a certain degree of celebrity at the present moment.

Captain Grose has prefixed to his collection of advertisements a preface written with much humour, in which he endeavours to prove the superiority of our national taste and acquirements over those of our neighbours, and triumphs in the comparison: at the same time, he extols the laudable benevolence of those amiable individuals, who, regardless of time or trouble, expence or inconvenience, devote the fruits of their labour to the benefit of their fellow creatures, and promise them long life, robust constitutions, and continual enjoyment; nay every thing the world holds dear, as health, beauty, riches, and honour, in some instances (if you may believe the advertisers themselves) for the mere pleasure of doing good, or, at least, for a consideration very inadequate to the proposed advantage.

It is to be hoped, indeed, that some few of the advertisements alluded to are the productions of Captain Grose's own fertile imagination; for, licentious as we are always told the public press is and has been, we can hardly fancy that two or three, of those given as authentic extracts from the

daily journals, ever could have obtained insertion in a public newspaper. These, however, are few in comparison with the general contents of the pamphlet in question, from which we now proceed to extract some half dozen, as most calculated to afford amusement to our readers. We may add, that such is the rarity of Grose's Guide, although a tract of modern date, that we have never met with more than half a dozen copies of it, in a long and pretty extensive acquaintance with the book rarities of this description.

One of the most extraordinary advertisers in the year 1776, was Patence the dentist, who assured the public, through the Morning Chronicle, that he constantly took his medicines *to preserve his own health*, and that they bring those afflicted, *or not afflicted*, to perfect health, colour, and complexion.

Was mankind (he cries) to be made perfectly acquainted with its compositions, and process of making, which is so easy that the most stupid may prepare them, men, many of them, would not have such spindle-shank legs to walk upon, scarce able to carry their bodies; children would not be half destroyed before they are born, neither would you be plagued with dogmatical Latin, as *Pul. Rad. Rhoi.* or *Pome; solve in aqua font*, or *Hord. m. f.* a little fountain or sugar-apple-water, mixed with rhubarb; or destroyed with medical poison, or corrosive sublimate mercury: therefore as my scheme and motive is to relieve all mankind, and never add cruelty to affliction, so neither do I care who is angry or displeased.

Of Mr. Patence's proficiency in, and command of, the English language, the following is no mean specimen; and to this superiority we are perhaps to ascribe his contempt of the more ancient tongues.

Mr. Patence, Surgeon and Dentist to many thousand persons of all ranks and ages, having had twelve years practice on the teeth and gums, and practised anatomy and physic from his youth; whose superlative artificial and natural teeth, single ones, and whole sets are universally acknowledged throughout all Europe, to be not equalled for their formation, geniculation, longinquity of colour, never turning black, use in manducation, commonly called chewing and eating; perfectly perfecting pronunciation, impressing honour on themselves, felicitating exultation on the wearers; for even his upper sets alone, he secures to the gums without springs, and when neither tooth nor root left, he being mechanically and anatomigraphically acquainted with the whole structure (*probatum est*). Likewise his convail anococretal annexation in astringing the gums, or to cause them to grow firm, and unite to the teeth, by which he preserves them for life; instantaneously by an obstrusive method cleanses them, and eradicates from the mouth and parts appertaining all inflammatory and morbulent matter, without the use of an iron or steel instrument, curing pains, fractures of the jaws and bones, and every exuperable acrimoniated affliction incident to the whole machine, of which the public have had multitudes of instances: therefore for the good of mankind only he publishes this advertisement: by your humble servant to command, Patence, No. 403, Strand, near Southampton-street. His universal medicine, 3*s*.

Our old friend Martin Van Butchell, whom many of our readers must remember mounted on a variegated poney, and taking the air on most Sundays in Hyde Park, was a formidable rival of Mr. Patence. Mr. Van Butchell lived in 1776 in the identical house, in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, in which, somewhere about 1815, he departed this life; and at the period of which we now speak, he not only advertised his own incomparable merits as a cautious curer of all diseases, but pronounced to the world that he had restored the ancient and useful process of embalming. As a proof of this, he embalmed his own wife, an equal testimony of his skill and affection, and as an additional instance of liberality, exhibited the remains of his deceased consort to the admiring world. Such was the curiosity excited by this singular exhibition that Mr. Van Butchell found it necessary to limit the admissions, and in the St. James's Chronicle of Oct. 19, 1776, the following advertisement appeared:

Van Butchell (not willing to be unpleasantly circumstanced, and wishing to convince some good minds they have been misinformed) acquaints the curious, no stranger can see his embalmed wife, unless (by a friend personally) introduced to himself, any day between nine and one, Sundays excepted.

Whether Mr. Van Butchell the younger, who, we perceive, practises for the good of his fellow creatures to

the present moment, still retains the invaluable remains of his beloved mother, we know not; but if such a treasure is yet in his possession, we trust he will lose no time in forwarding the old lady to the British Museum, in order that upon a careful comparison between the merits of the oriental and English mode of human pickling, that patriotic body the Society of Arts may have an opportunity of honouring the memory of his illustrious father by adjudging the gold medal to his no less celebrated successor.

Among the numerous advertisements for facilitating a happy union between the two sexes, no plan could be devised more likely to attract the notice of gentlemen on 'Change, than that offered by the proprietors of a house in Dover-street, who very gravely propose to such gentlemen as have their time and their thoughts solely engrossed by the magnitude of their concerns, "to carry on all courtships *by proxy*," at the moderate charge of five guineas entrance, and such a compensation, on the final termination of the affair, as may be reasonably expected, "where persons of condition and liberal sentiments are concerned." This plan is peculiarly adapted for such gentlemen as have neither time nor temper for the tedious forms of courtship, and to ladies whose personal charms appear to greater advantage in description than reality. Surely the members of the Outinian Society would do well to deliberate whether some such office might not once again be established, under the superintendence of their own president and committee; seeing that they could afford to do the business without the fee, and that the plan is quite as likely to bring about *the great end of all their endeavours*, as the learned and elaborate lecture they are so kind to deliver (gratis) to their admiring and fashionable audience.

In the Public Advertiser, April 16, 1776, appeared a matrimonial advertisement which exceeds, we suppose, any thing ever before or since made public:

A gentleman who hath filled two succeeding seats in Parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry any widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and five, six, seven, or eight months gone in her pregnancy. Letters addressed to —— Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, facing the Admiralty, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every possible mark of respect.

The supposed author of this singular advertisement was Edward Wortley Montague, Esq. son of the well-known Lady Mary; and although the intelligent editor of the last Biographical Dictionary considers the story improbable, we confess we are not at all inclined to doubt its authenticity. Mr. Wortley's father by his will not only empowered his son to make a settlement on any woman he might marry, of 800*l.* a-year, but devised a very large estate in Yorkshire to any son of such marriage. In 1747, he sat in Parliament for the county of Huntingdon, and in 1754 for Bossiney, so that thus far the facts and the advertisement tally; nor will any conduct, however strange, appear improbable in a person who first abjured the Protestant, for the Roman Catholic, religion, and lastly, the latter for Mahometanism. Surely the odd stories told of Lady Mary and the seraglio could not be entirely fabrications, when her offspring savoured so strongly of the Mussulman?

We cannot quit this interesting subject, without inserting an invitation to the fair sex from some very honest fellow, who has contrived to indite the only matrimonial advertisement we ever yet saw that was not absolutely ridiculous:

Is there a girl of moderate fortune, who hath the good sense and generosity to prefer a good husband to a rich one, and whose delicacy is not so very refined as to prevent her answering this address? There is a young man of a liberal education, whose age is twenty-six, possessed of a sound constitution, a clear head and a kind heart, who would be happy in her acquaintance. Direct P. Q. at the Coffee-house in Castle-street, Leicester Fields.—*Morning Post, July 5, 1777.*

Perhaps, however, one of the most amusing in all Captain Grose's collection is an advertisement for a subscription for the purchase of a fire-engine, which he declares was written by the mayor of a celebrated University:

Whereas a multiplicity of dangers are often occurred, by damage of outrageous accidents by fire, we whose names are undersigned, have thought proper, that the benefit of an engine bought by us, for the better extinguishing of which by the accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen, to make a rate, to gather benevolence for the better propagating such useful instruments.

Can any thing be more perfect than the confusion of intellect displayed in this ingenious composition?

But it is not for their amusing qualities alone that such a selection of advertisements is to be regarded, since nothing affords us more authentic information on the pursuits, pleasures, tastes, traffic, and employments of the times gone by than these perishable memorials. We have very lately fallen in with a considerable portion of The Spectator in its original folio numbers, and have enjoyed those admirable papers with higher zest, from the column of advertisements which accompanies the shorter articles. These almost persuade a person that he is living in the days of Addison and Steele, for the new plays, new publications, old wines, and older pictures, together with milk of roses for the ladies, and famous blacking for the gentlemen, meet him in every corner, with very little variation (price excepted), from similar announcements in the Morning Post of yesterday.

Among the various temptations held forth, we confess that our mouths somewhat watered at the delicious wines, "neat as they came from the grape, of the best growth in Portugal. To be sold by the importer in a vault in Brabant-court, Philpot-lane; viz. Red and White Port at 5s. per gallon. Red and White Lisbon at 5s. 6d." This appears in No. 221, Nov. 13, 1710, and the same paper tells us that "The merchant, at his house in Mincing-lane, next to Tho. Palmer, Esq. has on sale a fresh parcel of new French wines, viz. Obryan Claret at 3s. the bottle, or 3s. 9d. the flask; Hermitage and Burgundy at 5s. the flask."—"Messrs. Smith and Company under Thavies Inn, offer their new natural red and white Oporto wine, now arrived and just landed, at 16d. per quart *without* doors and 18d. *within*: new Viana red at the same: new Sherries at 20d. per quart: Palm Canary at 2s. per quart without, and 2s. 4d. within: and Barcelona, deep, bright, strong, at 12d. per quart without doors and 14d. within." The last paragraph in the advertisement gives us a reason for the two prices; namely, "there are good rooms and accommodations for gentlemen," so that the charge for room, fire, and accommodation was proportioned to the quantity of wine drunken, and a bonus was held out to those who would partake of their indulgences at home and with their families.

But perhaps the strongest temptation was offered in No. 235, in a notice which we copy entire:

The richest Palm Canary Wine that ever was drank, for 28s. the Dozen, Bottles and all, of a noble racy Flavour, never touch'd since it came over, if one man may believe another, but purely neat from the Grape, bottled off from the Lees; no Sack in England so good: All that taste it like it, Quality and Gentry send for it over and over, which they would not do, were it not a choice Flower. The longer 'tis kept the richer it grows. Sold only at the Golden Key in Hoyden Yard in the Minories. None less than three Bottles. Also the remainder of about 50 dozen of curious French Claret (in Bottles) which a Gentleman (deceas'd) reserved for his own drinking. Sold at 33s. a dozen, Bottles and all, none less than 4 Bottles. It is entire and neat Wine, so choice good, that none that understand true French Claret can dislike it, a certain Person of Quality had a considerable number of dozens of it.

In the latter end of 1711, Estcourt the player, took the Bumper tavern, in James-street, Covent-garden, which he opened on the first day of the new year, with a new supply of wines, bought of Brookes and Hellier, the Smiths and Chalier of the day. In No. 264, of the Spectator, is a puff of Estcourt's house, written, no doubt, by Steele, who probably had good reasons for the indulgence; and in an advertisement at the end of the paper for Dec. 28,* the fraternity of wine-bibbers are assured,

* By the way, the Editor of any new edition of the Spectator would do well to print Estcourt's advertisement, as a note to Steele's paper, 264, as without it the drift of Sir Roger's supposed Letter is not very easily understood.

that they cannot fail of having the very best of wines there, because "honest Anthony the vender is a person altogether unknowing in the wine trade." This, perhaps, is the only instance on record of a man being calculated to make a better tradesman than his neighbours, *because he does not understand his business;* although it is obvious that the inference intended to be drawn is, that he was ignorant only of the tricks of the trade, and would not mar his master's wine by mixing. It would be well for us if we had a few such unpractised vintners in these days, when bottles are blown twenty-two to the dozen, and more Port-wine is sold in London in six months than comes to all England in twenty-four.

Lest the ladies should suppose they were forgotten, the advertising columns of the SPECTATOR teem with "The chrystal cosmetick, *which cures all red faces* (No. 386)," as well as

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:
Which *gives such a delightful blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale,* that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubb'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be discover'd by the nearest Friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World. Is sold only at Mr. Payn's Toyshop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, near Cheapside, at 3*s.* 6*d.* a Bottle, with Directions (No. 234).

Then there is "Angelic Snuff, the most noble composition in the world, certainly curing all manner of disorders, and being good for all sorts of persons" (No. 386), as well as "a small quantity of double distilled waters, made by Troteme Ribequi, principal distiller to the Duke of Savoy," at the trifling price of three guineas a chest (No. 394), and above all,

At the Lace Chamber on Ludgate-hill, kept by Mary Parsons, is lately come over great Quantities of Flanders-Lace, with variety of new fashion Patterns: She bought them there herself, so will sell great Pennyworths by Wholesale or Retail (No. 415).

The species of advertisement in which the SPECTATORS are most deficient, when compared with the papers of the present day, are those which promise rapid conveyances from one part of the kingdom to another. We have only discovered one that at all relates to this subject.

A Coach and six able Horses will be at the one Bell in the Strand to Morrow being Tuesday the 10th of this Instant June, bound for Exon, Plymouth, or Falmouth, where all Persons shall be kindly used. (No. 400.)

Now as the six able horses aforesaid were to perform the whole journey, we suppose that the happy passengers might be some six or seven days before they arrived at their destination, so that the promise of kind usage on the road was not altogether superfluous. It is well known, that at the period in which the coach and six able horses started for Falmouth, no person thought of taking a journey from York to London without first making his will, and then taking a solemn farewell of his family and friends. Even in so short a distance as from London to Oxford, so late as 1730, the coaches performed the fifty-six miles in *two days*, during winter, and in one day, reckoning it from twelve to fourteen hours, during the summer months; a distance now easily accomplished in six, or, at most, seven hours. We must, however, leave Mr. Freeling to enjoy the credit of these improvements, since we are entirely indebted to the Post-office and his good management there for the change that has taken place; a change (notwithstanding its long and daily enjoyment makes us insensible of the advantage) as remarkable as any, even the most important, invention of these latter days, and which has rendered us, in this particular, the envy and admiration of the world.

A SABBATH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.*

Of this little, sweet, and enthusiastic poem, we have no wish to give a regular account; indeed no very regular account can be rendered of a work recording the various feelings, and duties, and meditations of a single day, and which aspires after no particular regularity of narrative, or strict continuity of action. To a lover of silent or animated nature—to one to whom the sabbath comes, not alone as a release from the dust and sweat of weekly toil, but as a time for purer aspirations and chastened thought, and the meek and mild austerities of devotion, these verses will be very welcome. We know not that they display great originality of thought, or contain much of that rapt and inspired fervour which sheds such a charm over the contemplative poetry of Wordsworth. The following passage affords a good specimen of the mannered beauty which distinguishes our author's style:

There is an isle by balmy breezes blest,
A green gem in the ocean of the west,
Where first the spring unfolds the mountain flower,
And summer lingers longest in the bower;
Bright ocean-lakes the favour'd shores surround,
Waving in sun-light like a zone unbound;
Stretching afar among romantic hills,
Till to the charmed eye they seem like rills;
Groves of unsullied verdure fringe the land,
Whose branches cast their shadows on the strand,
Or are within the liquid mirror seen,
In forms more lovely and a softer green.
Smooth as the summer sea the valley lies,
The little hills like summer billows rise,
Succeeding still in gentle interchange,
Amid the garden, or the woodland range;
Till nature seems the work of matchless art,
And art like nature steals upon the heart.
(P. 10.)

This writer's lines have more of the gentleness and meekness of James Grahame, than of any other of the worthies of sacred verse. There is more softness than strength,—more to move the heart to sober and staid gladness, than to warm and elevate it. The outward and inward man of a presbyterian assembly is reflected with great truth, and with no inconsiderable share of the grace and charms of poesy.

To say that the poem is the image of a Scottish sabbath day, will present a complete idea of it to many of our readers; these lines are characteristic:

That morn the Isle with expectation bright,
Its people pours from valley and from height.
The tartan'd maidens, link'd in rosy wreath,
Glitter like sunbeams from the mountain heath.
There the fair infant group, a mother's pride,
Collect the wild flowers by the pathway side;
Or gathering round her, arm in arm entwine,
By her attracted, in her radiance shine.
In straggling bands the aged men appear,
Like venerable Patriarchs in the rear,
And, to the customs of their country true,
Robed in the mountain plaid, and bonnet blue,
Strong in the Scriptures, though in humble guise,
Unletter'd Sages—by the evangile wise;
Men who, by toil, a scanty pittance earn,
Yet mitred heads from their discourse might learn.
The little barges on the billows ride,
A navy of fair spirits on the tide;
Like milk-white doves, on outstretch'd wings they sail
With a smooth motion, in the gentle gale;
Peace with her olive in the canvass beams,
Hope leads the way, and in a rainbow gleams,
While glistening through the trees the sunny spire,
Is the bright beacon of each bark's desire.
(P. 15, 16.)

To those of a strict contemplative mind, who prefer the matter to the manner, and to whom religion alone, without any external accompaniments, is ever dearest, we perhaps are not enhancing the beauty of the poem by saying, that its scene is laid in a region of romantic beauty,—in one of the little lovely lake isles of Scotland. But the peasantry of the north will like it not the less. Much as they are averse to the intrusion of sculptural or architectural beauty upon their devotions, they are lovers

* A Sabbath among the Mountains, a Poem in two Parts, 2d Edition. Edinb. 1823.

of the works of God's hand, and fond of worshipping him among their own green mountains and amid the open air. They are a thoughtful and poetical people, and lovers of Milton, and Thomson, and Jeremy Taylor, and Burns; and though they call not in the aid of instruments of music to assist them in their devotions, and are content to spend the sabbath in a very humble tabernacle, yet when they dream of paradise, they dream of a green hill and a spreading vale, a waving wood and a running stream—a dream of their native land. They may recognise its features (and also the poetical ones of a certain illustrious Scotch Minstrel) in our author's concluding lines:

Dear to my spirit, Scotland, hast thou been,
Since infant years in all thy glens of green;
Land of my love, where every sound and sight
Comes in soft melody, or melts in light;
Land of the green wood by the silver rill,
The heather and the daisy of the hill,
The guardian thistle to thy foemen stern,
The wild-rose, hawthorn, and the lady-fern;
Land of the lark, that like a seraph sings,
Beyond the rainbow, upon quivering wings;
Land of wild beauty and romantic shapes,
Of shelter'd valleys and of stormy capes;
Of the bright garden and the tangled brake,
Of the dark mountain and the sun-light lake;
Land of my birth and of my father's grave,
The eagle's home, the eyrie of the brave;
Land of affection, and of native worth;
Land where my bones shall mingle with the earth;
The foot of slave thy heather never stain'd,
Nor rocks that battlement thy sons profaned;
Unrivall'd land of science and of arts,
Land of fair faces and of faithful hearts;
Land where Religion paves her heavenward road,
Land of the temple of the living God!
Yet dear to feeling, Scotland, as thou art,
Should thou that glorious temple e'er desert,
I would disclaim thee, seek the distant shore
Of Christian isle, and thence return no more.—(P. 44, 45.)

To them, therefore, the Sabbath among the Mountains will be welcome: we wish we could be as certain of its being acceptable to the peasantry of England.

THE RHAPSODIST.

MORNING.

Do I yet press ye, O rushes?—though the light
From yonder orient point bursts in full dawn?
Daughter of mists! fair morning, thou dost blush
To find me yet unrisen. Lift up thy veil,
Lift up thy dewy veil, Goddess of Prime!
And smile with all thy luxury of light.
Breathe me a kiss, an earthly lover's kiss,
Such as thou gavest the hunter-boy; and pour
The perfume of thy sighs around my bed.
This is the hour for Rhapsody. Arise!
Thou slumbering son of Song, and mount the hill.
A light thin mist hangs o'er the tumbling sea,
Hiding some grand commotion. Look! oh, look!
The reddening, foaming, thundering ocean swells,
With its up-springing birth. Wind, burst the cloud,
That the dread King of Glory may look forth!
He comes! he comes! the purple-flowing waves
Spread him a gorgeous carpet. Hail, O Sun!
Thou who dost shower thy golden benefits,
More liberal than all earth's mightiest kings!
Thou who dost fling exuberant wealth around,
And of thy rich profusion prodigal,
Scatterest superfluous bounty o'er the world!
O, thou ascending wonder! thou great type
Of thy still greater cause! thou symbol-star
Of intellectual brightness infinite!

How does the eye of rapture flow with joy
As the hills brighten, and the valleys dim
Tinge their dark verdure with thy matin ray!
My soul expands, like thy magnificence,
As I behold thee rise. This is the time,
When the heart pants with over-teeming life,
To range the blooming lawns. The dewy glade,
The tender-vested slope, the mossy bank,
The rushy-bosom'd dell, are now the haunt
Of the fond Rhapsodist. The foot of ecstasy,
The light, wing'd foot of ecstasy, springs o'er,
Nor crushes the half-waken'd flowers; they think
It but the passing sigh of morn that bows them,
Sweeping the woodland with its soft sweet wing.
Gems of my meek ambition! let me catch
The lustre of your radiance fresh with dew.
Waken, O rose! O fragrant-breasted rose!
Thou ever-blushing maiden of the field!
Are thy love dreams so sweet, thou fear'st to wake?
Ah! thou young shrewd one! thou dost keep thy breast
Close for yon travelling bee, whose sylvan hum
Taketh thine amorous ear. Thou smilest—ay—
But blush still deeper as you smile. Farewell!
O, thou lone blue-bell! sleeping in thy nook
Under the cliff, sleeping the morn away!
Look from thine eyrie, darling of the rock!
Look at thy sister-bud, the mountain-queen,
Turning her little treasure to the sun,
Glistening and gay with dew: Hast thou no charms
In that sweet breast, that pale-blue breast of thine?—
Ope thee, fine floweret. Delicate girl of the bank!
Pale primrose, where art thou? Just wakening!
Thine eye half-closed, and thy all-beauteous head
Still drooping on thy bosom: O, look up!
The waning moon her crystal light retires,
And the red blazonry of morn begins.
The laughing plains, the yellow-coated hills,
The flashing torrent, and the sun-bright lake,
The plumy forest fluttering all in sheen,
Lie like a landscape wash'd with swimming gold.
Thou that believest, unprofitably wise,
This but the waking vision of my soul,
This but the Rhapsodist's bewilder'd dream,
View thou the morning-dawn,—and doubt no more.

SONNET.

Life has its wintry time ere sullen Age
Has scatter'd o'er our heads his cheerless snows,
And man begins to wish for calm repose,
And sighs to end his weary pilgrimage,
Long—long before his spring-time years have fled;
With spirits broken—prospects wither'd—left
Like some green valley of its verdure reft
By sudden blight, in desolation—dead.
For sorrow's cloud will dim youth's brightest ray,
And change its summer hopes to bleak despair,
And strip the tree of young ambition bare,
And coldly waste the bloom of heart away.
Tempests scowl round where quiet late has been
And joy, the swallow, flies life's wintry scene. V. D.

LETTERS TO THE COUNTRY.

No. II.

Reason for writing to a lady—Disavowal of politeness—The misogynist answered—The two little milliners—A specimen of family conversation—Difference between the mental powers of the sexes stated and demonstrated—Argument interrupted by Miss Kitty Rivers—Beauty in a rage—Richard's character—Argument resumed and concluded.

Why is my second letter addressed to Mrs. instead of, to Mr. Rivers? Am I about to turn tail (if I had one), and flee communication with my own contemplative sex? Wherefore do I not lay my epistle at the feet of him who reigns over the Riversdale family,—one of the "lords of the creation?"—For the best of good reasons: because I love the *ladies of the creation* better. And, by my beard! they deserve that title more truly than we do ours. We may be the tyrants of the creation, if you will; but the temperate dignity of mind, which almost echoes in the monosyllable "lord," is seldom an inmate of our bosoms: we have, then, no right to usurp the appellation, with so little pretence to the attribute. But in the word "lady," what is implied?—Sweet sway and gentle majesty. And how often do we meet those of your sex, who are justly entitled to this name, by the mildness and grace with which they exert that little influence which custom and illiberal philosophy have left them?

La! what a gallant man Mr. Chatterton is!—No, I am not. I despise and detest a gallant man. I would as soon see my great-grandfather's ghost enter the room, as a gallant man. I had rather be a downright monkey at once, than a gallant man; with his bows, and his smiles, and his grimaces; his compliments and his courtesies; his perpetual handing of chairs, and picking up of gloves, handkerchiefs, and pincushions; his incessant exertions in plying you with bread and butter, watching your cup that he may snatch it away before it is comfortably exhausted, his inevitable—"you are perfectly right, madam," his pert commonplaces, and smirking poetry,—I hate him. I had rather, any time, be half an hour in Hades (if you know it by that tender and poetical name), than have one of these philandering fellows billetted on my society through the length of an entertainment. He disorders the whole economy of the room by his indefatigable attentions to propriety and decorum. Out upon him!

You, and all who know my heart, will exonerate me from the imputation of being a gallant man. (That we will, says Kate, looking slyly through her long lashes at a certain person whom she would tease a little, and the laugh that she endeavours to repress on her lips swimming out at her eyes,—that we will, indeed; especially when you get into chat with sweet Miss Sigh-away there of an evening, and leave me to poke the fire, snuff the candles, ring the bell, &c. &c.) But although there is a good deal of incivility, nay, asperity, in my manner towards women,—I had rather (to my shame I confess it) spend an hour in the society of an amiable sensible woman, than an age in the company of Plato himself. I had rather correspond with one of your sex, than with *all* of my own put together. Now do not say, that this proceeds from the ungenerous pleasure of exulting in my own sexile superiority of mind, and that I prefer the conversation of a woman only that I may enjoy my intellectual pre-eminence without fear of rivalry. To say this, would be unjust not only to our sex, but to your own. For though I candidly avow my opinion, that in the extremes of intellect, genius, wisdom, energy of mind, profundity of thought, and sublimity of imagination, women have never reached, and never can, by the very nature of their frames, habits, and constitution, reach the heights to which men frequently soar,—yet I think that in all the qualities of mind less than these, and which we may denominate conversational qualities, the balance, upon the whole, inclines equally towards your side. On an average, I think there is as much intellectual power dispersed through the general female mind, as through the general

male,—but being more equally diffused, is inconsiderable in each individual. This, to be sure, looks too like an hypothesis; perhaps it would be better to say, that the general mental power of your sex is inferior in kind, but equal in the degree of its kind, to ours,—both kinds being supposed to be evenly distributed over their respective sex, and such a comparison instituted between them as two dissimilar powers of mind will bear. Away with your metaphysics and mystifications! says the Misogynist, answer me to this: where do you meet a woman, who can utter any thing beyond a stream of silly prattle, sweet enough, I grant you, but withal insipid?—And where do you meet a man, say I, who can utter any thing *at all*, silly or solid, sweet or sour, insipid or sapid? Behold two boobies salute in the street! "Haw diddoo, Tom?" "Haw diddoo, Jack?" make up the sum of their conversation. The tail-less monkies—No: to call them so, would be a libel on the Ape, for they cannot even *chatter*.—The boobies, I say, are not only senseless, but speechless; it is not that they have ideas, but no words or words, but no ideas, they have neither ideas nor words. And if what some philosophers assert be true, namely, that it is the use of speech which puts the difference between men and brutes, I wonder how far removed these dumb young gentlemen are from the condition of upright quadrupeds, and whether they may not be considered as the veritable Monboddo men, who have just gotten rid of their dorsal appendages. Now cast your eyes over to the other side of the street, and look at those two little milliners, propped each upon a couple of clattering pattens, holding in one hand a bonnet or a band-box, and with the other keeping their scanty trains out of the gutter.—Only look at them, where they stand; I wish you could only see them, standing with invincible patience in the very middle of the pathway, elbowed, joggled, and jostled, by the careless herd of passengers, now driven two yards asunder, now pushed into each other's bosom—there they stand, whilst the mizzle falls thick and fast upon their tippets, and the gusts, every now and then, from an adjacent alley, blow back curls, caps, and bonnets, in beautiful confusion—there they stand, I say, and neither rain, wind, jostlings, nor impudent salutations; nor the uproar of the middle of the street, the thunder of the heavy rolling vans and drays, drawn by a team of black elephants with their ponderous tread and splatter, nor the braying rattle of the stage-coach, nor the wild whoop of the *Jarvies*,* nor the swift flash of the landau, grinding the curb-stones as it flies along; no, nor the mingled din and clamour of coachmen, coal-heavers, criers, ballad-singers, barrel-organs, and blackguard boys,—Punch with his peculiar squeak down one lane, the Pandeans swelled with a rope-strung violoncello up another,—not all this broil and brattle, this worse than Babel in the best of its days, can hinder the two little milliners from talking. From hearing, it does undoubtedly; but from talking, is beyond its efficacy, or that of any sublunary preventive short of cutting out their tongues, or sewing up their lips. "Though hell itself should gape, and bid them hold their peace."—

Why, Richard! why my dear boy, I thought you were speaking in *defence* of women?

Why, so I am, Ma'am, as hard as I can.

What! by saying that we would speak in spite of—

In spite of the d——; yes, Ma'am.

Upon my word, we are much obliged to you for your advocacy. Mary, love, in your next letter to Richard, be sure you *cross* it in blue ink, as usual, and then diamond-cross it in red, that you may not seem to degenerate from the volubility of speech, which this *Defender* of the Sex so particularly admires.

Ah! mamma, I'm sure he is not so bad as he seems (my protecting angel replies).

Odious, odious Richard! (says Kitty).

He says what I am afraid is but too true of our sex in general (says grave Susan).

Mamma, I remember (says Cherry)

* Extra-sedent bipeds, who transfer intra-sedent bipeds, from place to place, through the instrumentality of rotatory vehicles, each solicited by a pair of ambling quadrupeds: they were formerly known by the generic appellation of—hackney-coachmen.

—don't *you*, Mary? don't you remember Richard saying you had a *silver tongue*?

So I did, Cherry; a tongue that could discourse most eloquent music, a voice

As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's harp, strung with his hair—

(This is too bad; this is downright love-making; no more of it!) But I do love to hear a woman's sweet voice; and methinks, were I to die now, it would be a sweeter death than mortal ever met, to die whilst Mary sung me to eternal slumber in one of those low-breathed melancholy ditties of her's, which seems to be made up of little more than a succession of musical sighs.

'Pon my honour, he's making love again! says that wicked girl (whom I cannot often enough wish—over head and ears in love, herself), and then goes on—

Distracted with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Poor Damon her lover—

trembling with secret laughter all the time, whilst poor Mary is drowned in a flood of blushes.

But where, in the name of all the planets, have I wandered? Let me regress to the point from whence I have travelled so far and so wide.

I was saying, and I now say, that, taking the intellectual advantages which masculine education confers upon us, and the disadvantages which feminine education entails upon women, taking these things into account, I say that the mean mental height is pretty nearly the same for both sexes; in other words, that women, in general, are equally gifted, in point of mind, with men in general, that they are as pleasing companions, and not a whit inferior in powers of conversation. So that you are unjust to yourselves, and to men also, when you impute our preference of female society to a feeling or an idea that we shall find ourselves superior: at least, speaking for myself, I can truly say, that I never sought a woman's conversation for the purpose of finding my own strength in her weakness; but for the positive cause, that her conversation has charms in which that of my own sex is deficient..

The mind of man, like his body, is cast in a grander mould than that of his more delicate companion, and is composed of a firmer material. Not that I mean to institute any hypothetical analogy between body and mind, or to argue from the weight of a man's fist to the solidity of his understanding; persons great in mind are frequently very diminutive in stature. Ta ing another and more philosophical view of it, however, the form and frame of the stronger sex furnish, in my opinion, an indisputable proof, that the same sex is also endowed with a more vigorous and energetic power of mind; for, unless we admit this, Providence would contravene itself, and break down its own general law, whereby the faculties of its creatures are proportioned to the circumstances in which they are placed. The frame and figure of man show him to be destined to fulfil the active, perilous, external duties of life, as opposed to the inactive, peaceful, and domestic offices, adapted to the softer and more delicate sex. It is he who must build the house, cultivate the field, barter the commodities, defend his property and his family; or, to speak of him in a more advanced state of human affairs, it is to him that the difficult and important duties of life are committed,—women are physically incapable of executing them. Man, therefore, must be endowed with the faculties which the due performance of these offices require; that is, he must be endowed with superior vigour, strength, boldness, and sagacity of mind. For, if not, there would be no congruity between the creature and its circumstances; and he would be in the same unphilosophical situation as an eagle with the soul of a dove, or a lion with the spirit of a mouse. The frame of woman fits her for duties of an opposite kind, which therefore demand opposite faculties. It is superfluous to confirm what I have above, I think, demonstrated, by an appeal to general biography and experience: if any one, recurring to that test, should affirm that our superiority of genius or understanding is wholly owing to education, I would ask, how it happens that, in a period of six thousand years, there should have been no instance of a Burns, or a Bloomfield, a John

Bunyan, or a John Clare, in petticoats? We find many such illiterate geniuses amongst men, and very few geniuses, literate or illiterate, amongst women. Even Sappho and Semiramis, or at least, their deeds, are apocryphal. Catherine of Russia, and Elizabeth of England, Madame de Staël, and Miss Edgeworth, with a few others, are some proof that genius does not always wear a beard and a pair of breeches—but the value at which these gems are esteemed amongst you indicate their scarcity. Moreover, to make assurance treble sure, I may as well add, —that you are avowedly inimical to the exhibition of the greater passions, to their delineation, and to their fictitious exercise, by the poet, the orator, or the imaginator; whilst it is in the developement of these greater passions, and the transient assumption of them by the poet, or imaginator; that genius ascends to its highest point of sublimity. In fact, you *dare not* be great imaginators, you are *afraid* to be creatures of genius. Are the dagger and the bowl dear to your thoughts? Are the demons of jealousy, hatred, anger, revenge, scorn, and impious ambition, the companions of your meditative hours? No: —then pretend not to genius. A powerful imagination and a soaring fancy delight in pictures of horror, agony, madness, guilt, and transcendent woe; these inspire you with fear and aversion. Genius is ever dipt in visionary blood: the groans of midnight murder, the supplication, the shriek of perishing mortality, are music upon which the ear of a true poet, in his waking dreams, feeds with horrid pleasure: the imaginary bowl from which he drinks his most potent draughts of inspiration is stained with gore, and is mingled of death-sweat and bitter-scalding tears. He revels, he riots, in scenes of anguish, cruelty, darkness, death, and despair: Hell is the poet's heaven: tragedy, deep and dreadful, is the gloomy amusement of his soul. *You* turn away in sickness and affright from such contemplations; you tremble at the voice of the mightier Muse, after having invoked her, and the spirit which she would breathe into your feebly-ambitious bosoms suffocates you whilst you inhale it. How then can you pretend to equal energy, vigour, power, or (as I may call it) ferocity of mind, with us, when you disclaim and deprecate all intercourse with those passions, in the delineation of which alone energy, vigour, and power of mind are supremely displayed? You shut your eyes upon the play of the deadly passions, exhibited by the poets of our sex, and yet you pretend to those qualities of mind which are most congenial to such passions, which taught us to delineate them, and which would teach you (did you possess them) to enjoy the delineation!

I take it then, as completely established:—1st, by the necessary economy of Providence, which adapts the faculties of its creatures to their circumstances, giving to men the more strenuous powers of mind, as, by the structure of their bodies, they are engaged in the more arduous offices of life: *—2d, by the evidence of general biography and experience, which not only afford no instance of a female Homer or Milton, whose superiority may be attributed to education, but which cannot adduce one woman who has raised herself above the common standard of the world, for every hundred thousand men who have sprung up from the lowest and most ignorant classes of society, by the mere force of natural abilities:—3d, by the peculiar disposition of the female mind (a peculiarity, manifest to observation, and evinced, theoretically, from such peculiar disposition of mind being necessarily congruous to such a peculiar form of body), a disposition which abjures even the poetic assumption or display of the greater passions, the fruit of the grander energies of the soul, and withdraws for relief from the terrible and sublime to

* Even on the supposition of mental equality between the two sexes, at first setting out from infancy, it is plain, that the stronger-bodied sex, being therefore engaged in the more important line of actions, must eventually acquire stronger powers of mind; and that our intellectual superiority over the weaker-bodied sex is as firmly established, from the same premise of corporeal structure, as it was before, on the hypothesis of faculties being the immediate gift of Providence itself.

themes more congenial, a love-tale, a narrative of domestic sorrow, a pathetic story, or a scene of gentle woe: I say, I take it as completely established by any one of these arguments, and *à fortiori* by all three, that women, as intellectual creatures, are inferior to men, in power of thought and energy of mind. Nay, even where we cannot use these terms with propriety, even in the "common cry" of society, I think those qualities of mind in which energy or vigour make a part, such as judgment, penetration, subtilty, are chiefly visible in our sex: or to come more nearly to the subject I set out with, I think, the conversation, even of ordinary men, superior to that of women, in sense and solidity.

See what a passion Kitty is in! O, she could *bite* me, she could! See how the blood dashes over her cheeks, and fires her red lip with a double portion of vermilion! See how her glossy-black curls swell on her forehead, like the leaves of a young pine-tree preparing to blow! Now the rack begins!—

Why, you odious fellow, didn't you say this instant, that our conversational powers were not a "whit" inferior to yours?

No.

No? O what a ——! Mary, didn't he say *that*?

What?

"What!" Do you hear her, now? You know as well as I do, only you won't speak against him. Didn't he say, I say, what I said he said, just this instant, about conversation?

I—I—I don't exactly remember; I believe—I believe—

You *belee-ee-ve!* No, but you know as well as your name's Mary, that he said not a moment ago—

I did not.

You did not! Now, Richard, upon your honour—Now, have you the face—

The same I've had, man and boy, any day these eight and twenty years.

So you say you didn't say, that in powers of conversation we were not inferior to you, just this moment?

I do, for it was—*a full half hour ago*.

Well, did you ever know such a provoking fellow! Put me into such a passion, *all about nothing*. Look how I've tumbled all *my things!* Bless me! where's my *needle?* Mary dear, that's a good girl, lend me a needle. Run, Cherry, and bring me the *ball of cotton* that fell off my lap while I was talking; there it is under the sofa. Heigh-ho! I'm all in a flutter.

I thought he would end with some such piece of foolery, drily observes Mr. R. When nature was about putting the finishing touch to Richard's composition, she was called away in a hurry to some more important business,—the formation of a beau, or a butterfly, perhaps,—and left poor Dick quite in doubt whether she had intended him for a fool or a philosopher. Thus he is perpetually oscillating between sense and nonsense; one time you would take him for a grave sexagenarian, and another time for a witless child.

Sir, I do not dissent one tittle from the opinion you have just passed upon me; though I give you no credit for your penetration, inasmuch as you only repeat what I have often pronounced of myself. Sometimes I do and say things, which a *Cretin* would condemn; sometimes those which a rational man might fairly allow. Despondency has, sometimes, no depth to which I do not sink, under the consciousness of my own weakness and folly; I sometimes indulge in aspirations which I should be ashamed to declare. Incessantly replacing the rational by the absurd, the only question is, whether the star of stupidity does not generally predominate over my words and actions.

But, as to Women *versus* Men: if Miss Kitty would have let me explain myself out, I would have said,—that sense and solidity characterise (not the general conversation of our sex, for these qualities are seldom to be met with any where, but) the conversation of our sex as opposed to that of yours. Yet I say also, that your general conversation is not inferior to ours. How is this apparent contradiction to be reconciled? Why, by the production of other qualities, which counterbalance in your conversation the weight of ours. And what are these?—delicacy and feeling. Now mark!—for I will not sacrifice one particle of truth (at least, of what I conceive to be the truth,) to false gallantry; I will not, for the sake of

being installed the Champion of the Fair Sex, surrender one atom of our just prerogative. Mark, then: when I attribute to your sex a greater share of delicacy of thought and feeling, I am to be understood as speaking merely of society in general, of men and women as they come before us promiscuously in our long walk through the world. For even in these qualities, you are surpassed by the master-spirits of our sex. The elegant soul of Virgil and the exquisite sensibility of Shakspeare, have left you models, which the very best poets of your sex (who are all soul and sensibility) cannot even copy. And this, because it requires the highest degree of intellectual strength to be supremely refined, the most exalted imagination to be acutely sensitive; enthusiasm that can enter passionately and deeply into the intensities of feeling, judgment which can exactly determine the limit between delicacy and effeminacy, so as not to overpass it. But in judgment and enthusiastic ardour of mind, the best of your sex are not on a par with the best of ours; therefore neither in delicacy nor feeling. Ay, let the Flower of Riversdale look as she will; let her endeavour to contract her Madonna brows into something like a frown, and draw up her tucker till she looks as starch and as stern as Queen Bess, if she can; still I assert this opinion: even though she were to offer me the sweetest favour which the lips of a woman have to bestow, as the price of my apostacy, I should—(that is, I belee-ee-ve I should)—persevere in my ungallantry, in spite of a temptation to which Adam might yield, though it cost him a second Paradise.

But your constitutional delicacy of mind, the fineness of the strings which vibrate in woman's heart, endue your conversation, generally, with a grace, a sweetness, and a sensibility, which our coarser nature and fiercer disposition are unacquainted withal. The very gracility of the female figure bespeaks correspondent delicacy of mind; for it would be absurd to endue a being with rugged tastes, or vehement inclinations, whose bodily structure prohibited their indulgence and exercise. A woman's form is the metaphor of her mind; weak, elegant, beautiful, but not sublime. Thus, inversely, of men. And now do you understand my creed? and are you still infidels therein? Is it not reasonable and liberal? Is it not borne out on the back of experience, and supported on the shoulders of argument and demonstration? Right or wrong, however; flimsy or firm; pregnable or impregnable; in a word, true or untrue,—it is *true to me*.

This, then, is the reason why I had rather spend an hour in the proximity of a petticoat, than an eternity confronted in bearded dialogue with Plato himself. Not if the lady were old or ugly, somebody will say. To which I reply: that if I entered upon a roomful of ladies, I certainly should not scramble for a double chin or a nut-cracker nose; I most unquestionably should not pitch, with malice prepense, on a preserved virgin, nor make a dead set at a dowager, as bulky and gray, as tressy and tottersome, as the tower of Riversdale Abbey: my excursions over the carpet would converge, I suppose, unconsciously to myself, towards some "Cynosure," some young-eyed, fresh-breathing nymph, who sifted her words through a double gate of pearls, and transfused her ideas into my mind through my eyes as well as my ears. This I am not Stoic (i. e. hypocrite) enough to deny. Beauty bespeaks a favourable audience, though discretion and good sense can alone command our applause. It costs even the most palpable fool, male or female, some trouble of the tongue, to undo the prepossession in his or her favour, which a noble or beautiful presence may have created in our bosoms. But, independent of all such considerations, to me there is a softness, a purity, and a tenderness of feeling, in the general converse of women, which equalizes it fully with the general converse of my own sex. Thoughts and expressions moulded by the understanding and lips of your sex, if less profound, less strenuous, than those we use, are, on a general review of both species, proportionately more refined, more elegant. And in respect of feeling, there is a lyre still strung in every woman's breast, whose chords are ever ready to tremble at every breath of woe. Let but the voice of sorrow strike upon her ear, and im-

mediately the little air-drawn lyre re-echoes in murmurs of pity from her heart.

To sum up my opinions on this point, and to give a general estimate of what I conceive to be the conversational characteristics of both sexes: In the first place, you frequently meet with men who really do not possess mental energy sufficient, to enable them to propagate articulative motion from the spirits to the organ of loquacity; their tongues lie in their mouths, because they may as well lie there as out of them, and except for the purposes of deglutition, seem to enjoy a complete sinecure in their bodily system. Now you seldom meet with a woman, who cannot *talk*, at all events. She is seldom in such a state of mental stupor, seldom so immersed in thoughtless abstraction, but that she can at least exercise that act of mind which consists in adapting the motions of the tongue to the formation of audible, though perhaps unintelligible sounds and sentences. When you speak to a woman, she seldom looks you full in the face, with a glazed eye and an open mouth, as if wondering what a-vengeance you were grimacing at. I myself am acquainted with a Fellow of College who has to stop and recollect himself, brush up his wits and shake his ears for a minute or two, before he can set the machinery of his clapper a-going, so as to answer the plain question, How d'ye do, by the simple reply, Very well, I thank ye. So that, with regard to ordinary every-day society, that class which comprises all human creatures who enjoy various degrees of reason, from absolute simplicity up to common sense, in a word, with respect to the great bulk of the rational world, I think your sex is decidedly superior to ours. Every lady can speak upon general topics, with a sufficient degree of quickness and propriety; men of the same class of the community, are, for the most part, altogether disagreeable, despicable, and insufferable. Women are very often silly, but they are seldom utter fools; men are very often idiots, and very seldom better than silly. Secondly: if we ascend one step higher, to what may be called the middle rank of intelligent beings, here I think the sexes are about on an equality; if sense and solidity be for the most part on our side, delicacy and feeling are to be met with chiefly in you. Perhaps, in conversation, the latter qualities are more effective than the former; they produce more instantaneous pleasure, and communicate more electric gratification, they are in themselves more pleasurable and grateful qualities, than their antagonists, if not so exalted in kind. Hence it is, from these positive charms of mind, and not from the absence of faculties that might rival ours, from these intellectual beauties in your conversation, independent of the physical beauties of your outward form,—hence it is, I say, that your society is preferable to that of men in general. But when we ascend, lastly, into the sphere of genius, into the society of transcendant wit, imagination, the sublime, and the greatly wise—we quit, that moment, the society of women.

These are my opinions, on the comparative pretensions of your sex, with respect to mind. I do not know how your friend Miss Harley will be satisfied with them. She and I had a fierce argument upon the subject, a few days before I quitted Riversdale, and my fair foe most strenuously contended that her sex was by no means inferior to ours in power, vigour, and energy of mind. She would not be satisfied with the concession of mere fortitude, that patient, passive quality, whose strength consists in *suffering*; nothing less than positive energy, the active qualification whose strength consists in *doing*, would fill up the measure of her ambition. The former and less obtrusive species of mental strength, I should have granted with the most liberal indulgence to her sex, for I think they possess it without my investiture; but the latter, the vigour which overleaps the common limits of thought, makes inroads upon the realms of genius, and returns with the glorious fruits of its transgressions, the fearless spirit which plunges at once into the obscure profound, the deepmost abyss of hidden knowledge, and brings up Truth by the locks,—this species of mental strength, whether imaginative or ratiocinative, I think is incompatible with the constitution of your frame, the disposition of your mind, the duties of your station, and the habits of your life.

Richard Chatterton.

BATAVIAN ANTHOLOGY.*

A Dutch ambassador entertaining the king of Siam with an account of Holland, after which his majesty was very inquisitive, amongst other things told him, that water in his country would sometimes get so hard, that men walked upon it; and that it would bear an elephant with the utmost ease. To which the king replied,—Hitherto I have believed the strange things you have told me, because I looked upon you as a sober fair man, but now *I am sure you lie.* We have little doubt but that if six months ago Baron Fagel had told (not the king of Siam, God save his majesty!) but the king of England, that in his country there was such a thing as poetry,—poetry which would bear criticism,—we have little doubt but that the king of England would have returned, in the most delicate and soothing terms which the "finest gentleman in Europe" could think of, the identical answer which his Siamese cousin gave in plain English. Not that we impute any want of information upon subjects of general literature, to our Sovereign; on the contrary, we believe him to be a man of very elegant acquirements, and of a refined and cultivated understanding:—but to an English ear, Dutch poetry sounds like a contradiction in terms. For ourselves, to our shame we confess it, we should as soon have expected moonlight to burst forth from green cheese, as eloquence from the mouth of Mynheer; and we dare say most of our readers would have thought, with us, that the two miracles were about on a par of impossibility. In the little volume before us, we have, however, a complete refutation of this our ancient opinion, the offspring of ignorance and prejudice; there is some poetry here which would not discredit any nation, some which would do honour to the most poetical nations that ever flourished—Greece and England. We should like to know whether our readers do not freshly recognize the Grecian model in the following chorus from the Palamedes of Vondel:

The thinly-sprinkled stars surrender
To early dawn their dying splendour;
The shades of night are dim and far,
And now before the morning-star
The heavenly legions disappear:
The constellation's† charioteer
No longer in the darkness burns,
But backward his bright courser turns.
Now golden Titan, from the sea,
With azure steeds comes gloriously,
And shines o'er woods and dells and downs,
And soaring Ida's leafy crowns.
O sweetly-welcome break of morn!
Thou dost with happiness adorn
The heart of him who cheerily—
Contentedly—unwearily—
Surveys whatever nature gives,
What beauty in her presence lives,
And wanders oft the banks along
Of some sweet stream with murmuring song.
Oh! more than regal is his lot,
Who, in some blest secluded spot,
Remote from crowded cares and fears,
His loved—his cherish'd dwelling rears!
For empty praises never pining,
His wishes to his cot confining,
And listening to each cheerful bird
Whose animating song is heard:
When morning dews, which zephyr's sigh
Has wafted, on the roses lie,
Whose leaves beneath the pearl-drops bend;
When thousand rich perfumes ascend,
And thousand hues adorn the bowers,
And form a rainbow of sweet flowers,
Or bridal robe for Iris made
From every bud in sun or shade.
Contented there to plant or set,
Or snare the birds with crafty net;
To grasp his bending rod, and wander
Beside the banks where waves meander,
And thence their fluttering tenants take;
Or, rising ere the sun's awake,
Prepare his steed, and scour the grounds
And chase the hare with swift-paced hounds;
Or ride beneath the noon-tide rays
Through peaceful glens and silent ways,
Which wind like Cretan labyrinth:
Or where the purple hyacinth
Is glowing on its bed; or where
The meads red-speckled daisies bear.
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,
And peasants toil behind the plough,
Or reap the crops beneath their feet,
Or sow luxuriant flax or wheat.
Here flourishes the waving corn,
Encircled by the wounding thorn:
There glides a bark by meadows green,
And there the village smoke is seen:
And there a castle meets the view,
Half-fading in the distance blue.
How hard, how wretched is his doom

* Batavian Anthology; or, Specimens of the Dutch Poets. By John Bowring, and Harry S. Van Dyk. London, 1824.

† Ursa Major.

Whom sorrows follow to the tomb,
And whom, from morn till quiet eve,
Distresses pain, and troubles grieve,
And cares oppress;—for these await
The slave who in a restless state
Would bid the form of concord flee,
And call his object—liberty.
He finds his actions all pursued
By envy or ingratitude:—
The robe is honouring I confess,
The cushion has its stateliness;—
But, oh! they are a burthen too!
And pains spring up, for ever new,
Beneath the roof which errors stain,
And where the strife is—who shall reign.
(P. 142.)

This is Grecian, even to the imperfections of that school of poetry: the practice of uttering *moral tautologies* so frequent with Sophocles, Euripides, &c. is imitated in these lines—

How hard, how wretched is his doom, &c.

with marvellous felicity. This practice among the Greeks may have arisen from their proverbial loquacity, but how are we to account for it (or even for its imitation) in the phlegmatic Dutchman?

The higher beauties of the English school of poetry are emulated with some success in several of the shorter poems; that to the Nightingale (quoted in our last number) is perhaps the most beautiful in the volume,—the subject almost makes it so. We have carefully used the word "emulated" with respect to English poetry, as however near in point of local situation the two countries may be, there has not as yet been sufficient connexion between them, in literary respects, to render *imitation* of either by the other a probable circumstance. Yet we were particularly struck by a remarkable coincidence, both in point of idea and expression, between a line in the last-mentioned poem, and one from a lately-published English tragedy, which we have somewhere met with: in the first, the nightingale is thus described—

A singing feather he—a winged and wandering sound:

in the latter, we find these words—

When that winged song, the restless nightingale
Turns her sad heart to music:

Both the above passages are eminently beautiful; the ideas, and even the words, are the same in both; but which writer (as Puff says) thought of them first? Had the Dutch poet's dragoman, when he wrote his line, a singing in his head, the burthen of which was the English lay? The original, if produced, would answer this question.

When a person is cured of one misapprehension, the first thing he naturally does, is to fall into another:—In conformity with this general practice, upon our prejudice against the possibility of Dutch poetry existing having been put to flight by the publication of the Batavian Anthology, our next step was to indulge a prepossession, that although it might be Dutch poetry, it was not real poetry. It had sufficiently the air of a prodigy that a native of the modern Bœotia should put together such a combination of images and words as might convey to his dull ear and capacity, what *he* called poetic sensations, or should feel within himself any appetite for pleasures other than the indigenous ones of smoking, sailing, canalling, and money-making; but when in direct contradiction of opinions, formed, as we thought, on a philosophical estimate of the Batavian disposition, a volume of Dutch poetry was announced as forth-coming,—we consoled our wounded infallibity with the hope, that beyond the immediate purlieus of the Zuyder-Zee, these images and words aforesaid, would excite sensations, equally intense perhaps, but more akin to laughter than sympathy. We had figured to ourselves the Dutch Venus,—a lady of about half a ton avoirdupois, with a face like the full moon and a boddice-full of heavenly alabaster, enveloped in a dozen petticoats, and leading in her hand the national Cupid, as fat and immoveable as a flying cherub on a monument;—when lo! the Medicean herself in all her bending beauty and graceful diminutiveness of person, salutes us with a well-known smile, and the immortal Urchin who floats round her shoulders, is as volatile, as classically proportioned, and as mischievously alive as ever. Are not these the very deities with whom we have been so long and so intimately acquainted?—

Cupid once in peevish pet
Cried to Venus—"They are wet—

He has drench'd my strings in tears:
All my quiver have I shot—
Wasted all—they pierce him not,
And his heart of stone appears."

"Listen, silly boy!" she said:
"Steal a lock from Doris' head;
When thy arrows miss—refrain!
Waste not, trifling rogue, thy strength—
Wait and watch! Be sure at length
Cupid shall his victory gain."

So he runs where Doris dresses,
But he dared not steal her tresses;—
For a straggling hair or two
Softly he implores the fair:
Bends his bow—"The shaft is here—
He has pierced me through and through."
(P. 58.)

The following verses are from Hooft, the Dryden, it may be said, of Dutch poetry: it was he who refined the versification of his age, without divesting it of its vigour; and by the study of Grecian, Latin, and Italian authors, he was taught to impart that melody to his own language of which it had not hitherto been deemed susceptible:

On my brow a new sun is arisen,
And bright is its glance o'er my prison;
Gaily and grandly it sparkles about me,
Flowingly shines it within and without me:
Why, why should dejection disarm me—
My fears or my fancies alarm me?

Laughing light, lovely life, in the heaven
Of thy forehead is virtue engraven;
Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an assenting,
To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting.
Thy eyes drive the gloom with their sparkling.
Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes—then the beauties have bound them,
And scatter'd their shadows around them;
Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and graces,
Sweetness and meekness all hold their high places:
But the brightest of stars is but twilight
Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth—All the flow'rs spring is wreathing
Are dull to the sweets thou art breathing:
The charms of thy song might summon the spirit
To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it:
What marvel then if in its kisses
My soul is overwhelm'd with sweet blisses?

O how blest, how divine the employment,
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment!
Delicate lips and soft amorous glances,
Kindling and quenching and fanning sweet fancies,
Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,
And now through my veins they are gushing.

Dazzling eyes—that but laugh at our ruin,
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing;
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye:—
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle?
O no! all resistance is idle.

Ah! my soul! ah! my soul is submitted;
Thy lips—thy sweet lips—they are fitted
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection
The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection,
And sure never triumph was purer,
And sure never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,
I am fetter'd and fasten'd so sweetly;
And bless'd are the tones and the looks and the mind too
Which my senses control and my heart is inclined to:
While virtue, the holiest and brighest,
Has fasten'd love's fetters the tightest.
(P. 59—61.)

Hear how this luxurious Dutchman talks of "coral lips," "fragrant mouths," "dazzling eyes," "kisses," "delicate lips and soft amorous glances!" And in right lovers' language too! from which no one can gather above half a meaning, or such a proportion of common sense as gleams from this plentifully-worded passage, for instance:

Lovely eyes—then the beauties have bound them,
And scatter'd their shadows around them—

The "beauties" (wherever they are) must have scattered their shadows around our poet's head, we conceive, in order to reproduce such beauties as we are here presented with.

Under the very unpromising name of Huig de Groot, the reader is compelled to recognize an old acquaintance, the classical Grotius; he will perhaps find it still more difficult to acknowledge the handy-work of a great moralist and profound thinker in these vapid lines:

Receive not with disdain this product from my hand,
O mart of all the world! O flower of Netherland!
Fair Holland! Let this live, though I may not, with thee;
My bosom's queen! I show e'en now how fervently
I've loved thee through all change—thy good and evil days—
And love, and still will love, till life itself decays.
If here be aught on which thou mayst a thought bestow,
Thank Him without whose aid no good from man can flow.
If errors meet thy view, remember kindly then
What gathering clouds obscure the feeble eyes of men;
And rather spare than blame this humble work of mine,
And think "Alas! 'twas made—'twas made at Louvesteijn." (P. 112.)

They are valuable, however, as a proof that Huig de Groot, out of a philosopher's wig and gown, was as great a fool as any of us.

Heinsius, or in homely phrase, Daniel Heins, the cotemporary of the last-mentioned very bad poet and great philosopher, affords another comfortable proof of how nearly the wisest, in some moments of their life, approach to the weakest among us: we are told in the brief memoir affixed to his name, that "there is more of elegance than of energy in his writings;" we confess our inability to discover either the one or the other quality in the subjoined Hymn:

Where'er the free clouds rove, or heaven extends,
Our dwellings shall be blest,—while on our friends
No slavery-fetters hang,—that land 's our own
Where freedom reigns and fetters are unknown.
The bird may cleave with joyous wing the air,
The steed o'er moor and plain his rider bear,
The mule beneath his charge may patient be;
But man was born,—was born for liberty.
(P. 103, 104.)

We have now given specimens sufficient in number to enable our readers to judge of the Batavian Muse and her offspring. With respect to the merits of the volume before us, as a translation, it is hard to decide: we have no means of bringing its faithfulness to the test, and can therefore only speak to its abstract poetical beauties. Some of the versions were executed, we suspect, with but a slight view to posthumous fame on the part of the translator; such for instance as the "Hunter from Greece," a specimen from which we beg leave to quote in support of our hypothesis:

She seized his arms and grasped his horse's reins, and hied
Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side.
The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low,—
Two sucklings dead, one on the spit he *saw.*

We should have had some difficulty in perceiving that these verses were intended for poetry, had not the latter rhymes brought it home to our ear. It is but fair to state, however, that the Hunter from Greece is a translation of a Dutch Provençal poem (if the epithet is allowable), where exact harmony of verse was a matter of but secondary moment, and the translators appear to have followed the metre of their originals with scrupulous accuracy. This upon the whole was a judicious proceeding, for the reader is thus made acquainted not only with the matter but the manner of the Dutch poets (as far as this can be exhibited in another tongue): it is not always, however, equally successful, some metres adapting themselves more readily than others to the genius of our language. Thus for example we cannot away with such a protracted hitch as this:

Adieu thou proud but lovely one, whose all-surpassing charms,
Allured me on to hope for rest and bliss within thine arms—

Whilst the chief beauty of the song at page 197, or the following, consists in the lightness and fantastic grace of its measure:

What sweeter brighter bliss
Can charm a world like this,
Than sympathy's communion;
Two spirits mingling in their purest glow,
And bound in firmest union
In love, joy, woe!

The heart-encircling bond,
Which binds the mother fond
To the sweet child, that sleepeth
Upon the bosom whence he drinks his food:
So close around that heart his spirit creepeth—
It binds the blood.
&c. &c. (P. 128.

Many of the poems are turned with admirable felicity of expression and the most perfect ease of manner; nay, there are some in which it is pretty evident that the whole merit belongs to the translator, inasmuch as the original thoughts are of little value:

Maiden! sweet maiden! when thou art near,
Though the stars on the face of the sky appear,
It is light around as the day can be.
But, maiden! sweet maiden! when thou'rt away,
Though the sun be emitting his loveliest ray,
All is darkness, and gloom, and night to me.
Then of what avail is the sun or the shade,
Since my day and my night by *thee* are made? (P. 45.)

Upon the whole, if the Translators, as they profess, wished merely to give the British public some proof that poetry was not incompatible with the Dutch manners, mind, and language, they have more than accomplished their purpose; their book is not only an interesting document of this kind, but a pleasing collection of elegant little poems.

We wish the editors had been somewhat more diffuse in their memoirs of the several writers; the Introductory Essay might have been exchanged for the same quantity of biographical information, with no greater trouble to the writer, perhaps, and certainly with more benefit to the reader.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

Madame Catalani is at length advertised to appear at the King's Theatre in a comic opera, called *Il Nuovo Fanatico per la Musica*, on the 28th of February. Verily the proprietors must have bid high for the lady's services, since she positively refuses to accept any sum in the way of stipend, contending absolutely for a share in the profits of any thing in which she appears, and *it is reported*, that she is to be paid one entire half of the receipts at the above theatre nightly! That such was the offer made her we have the best reason to believe, but by what subsequent terms it has been modelled even more to her satisfaction, we have not learned. Nor is it yet known whether she extends her services to the *Concerts Spirituels*, six of which are now positively announced to be given on the Fridays in Lent at the Opera House. This is rather an unexpected blow upon Mr. Bochsa, the proprietor of the Oratorios, who in order to secure himself against competition, had engaged both Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane theatres. It will probably reduce both speculations to a loss. Such a termination will scarcely be a subject of regret, except in as far as the individuals who hazard their property and time for the general amusement are concerned. We say this much, because, as we have in previous reports asserted, the demands of principal singers are arrived at a most scandalous pitch of shameless extortion. Our English females of the first class get from fifteen to twenty-five guineas a-night for singing at a great public concert or a theatre, and subsequently extract fifteen more for a private party from the persons who are so weak as to indulge the passion (fashion) for first rates, of whose performance three-fourths of the company neither hear, nor care to hear, a single note. The sums paid at provincial concerts and meetings are of course proportionally increased, because, say the performers, we are to be recompensed for travelling, and for lost time in town. And worst of all, are the demands of the Italians, who insist upon as much for three concerts, as they could earn upon the continent in six months. What marvellous fools do they make of the English nation! And why are we thus gulled?

In spite however of these facts, the success of the Birmingham, York, and Liverpool festivals, has infused an increasing spirit for the enjoyment of music throughout the country. We mentioned in our last report Madame Catalani's tour through the north. She has since been at Hull. Sub-

scription Concerts at York are going on, and Miss D. Travis has sung. She also appeared at Dr. Camidge's Benefit Concert, and is a great favourite, from the purity, delicacy, and taste of her manner. This young lady is notwithstanding very little known in the metropolis beyond the walls of the Hanover Square Rooms, where she constantly assists in the Ancient Concerts, being or having been the musical apprentice of the Archbishop of York and the Royal and Noble Directors of the Ancient Concert! Mr. Greatorex is her master, and she is a polished English singer, with perhaps the purest and the best knowledge of the true school of Handel of any female now in London. There seems indeed to be a noble rage for music in Yorkshire. A grand festival it is agreed shall be held in the autumn of the present year at Wakefield, in the fine gothic cathedral there. The Archbishop is at the head of a numerous list of patrons. Edinburgh, it is rumoured, takes Madame Catalani as the virtual conductor for a great meeting; and it is even asserted, that this lady meditates a round of Festivals, taking with her the principal singers and instrumentalists. The series of concerts at Bath is going on very successfully. The aim of the conductors is to vary the principal vocal performers nightly. Mrs. Salmon was there on the fifth night; and Mr. Moscheles should have attended, but he is not yet returned from Germany, in which country, by the way, he has been received with the marked admiration his great talents every where excite. Mr. Kalkbrenner has enjoyed similar honours, particularly at Vienna. At the sixth Bath concert, Miss Travis sung. Mr. Phillips seems gradually to be rising to considerable repute as an orchestra singer, since his successful *debût* in the Bath Italian Operas.

A novel mode for the promotion of musical science, and diffusing a love of the art, has been adopted at Bristol. A plan of a society to be called "The Bristol Harmonic Institution," has been put into circulation. The objects are—

1. The regular performance of classical compositions principally by members of the society.

2. Lectures upon different branches of the science, or periodical readings and conversations relating thereto.

3. The formation of a musical library, not only of the works of the great composers, but also standard treatises, histories, &c. connected with the subject.

4. The direct encouragement of musical talent and ingenuity by the distribution of rewards or prizes for composition, essays, &c. A concert room, library, and apartment, it is proposed, are to be built by shares of 25*l.* each, and let to the future society at a rent. The holders are also to be invested with other privileges. The subscription for the power of attendance and access to the library, &c. is fixed at two guineas per annum. Non-residents may be honorary members; and professors, associates. Meetings are to be held weekly, and public concerts given monthly.

At a society called *The Enquirers*, established in that city, Mr. Cummins, the gentleman who received the donation of a snuff-box from the professors at the York festival, has delivered two most interesting lectures on music. Illustrative copies of ancient musical manuscripts of great beauty and rarity were exhibited. Mr. Cummins embraced a vast field of musical history, and treated the subject not only in a most masterly but in a most entertaining manner.

The grand performance on the 30th of January at Drury Lane was very fully attended. A part of *the Messiah*, — *the Day of Judgment*, an oratorio, by Schneider, a German, composer to the King of Prussia's chapel—and a motley selection of ballads and Italian songs, made up the selection. A performance in worse taste than that of *the Messiah* could hardly be found; with the exception of the air, *But thou didst not leave*, which was very chastely sung by Miss Goodall, there was not a single piece that had the slightest pretension to legitimate style: alas! alas! what woeful havoc have the Catalanis, the Brahams, and the Rossinis made with the simplicity and grandeur of fine expression! It is to be regretted that those of the vocal tribe who do know better, as well as those who do not, have not received a public lesson upon the necessity of distinguishing betwixt the

mannerism of the opera and the style of the church—between what delights the galleries, and the sober-minded sound judge. A good deal of hissing (a little would not suffice) would tend greatly to the restoration of Mr. Braham to his senses, and to the bettering of Mrs. Salmon's taste. *The Day of Judgment* was a miserable business—at once too light and too heavy; mechanically good, but in every other sense bad; besides, the singers did not know their songs, and gave them as if they were reading at sight. *The Day of Judgment* will never be heard of again, it is to be hoped, at Covent-Garden; we speak musically however, not morally, be it known. It appears a very ill-chosen subject for music. An unlucky professor in the band said in the green-room, with all the *bonhommie* imaginable, that if he was Mr. B. he would *cut* the Day of Judgment.

The subscription to the Nine Concerts at the Argyll Rooms fills slowly. The Philharmonic commences on Monday, the 23d of February, and there is to be a Morning Concert by the pupils of the Royal Academy at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday the 25th. They probably, like swans, will sing just before they expire, if we may trust the symptom of exhaustion we stated in our last report.

Our space permitted us only to allude briefly to the posthumous publication of Dr. Callcott's Glees, &c. by his friend, and son-in-law, W. Horsley, Esq. Mus. Bac. Oxon. If the musical writers of our own country have been particularly distinguished during the last half century for any species of composition, their title to strength, beauty, and originality, stands mainly upon glees. We have a long list, and many eminent names are upon it, but none that stand before Callcott, except it be Samuel Webbe; and, if Webbe is pre-eminent for the beauty and delicacy of his melodies, Callcott is scarcely less excellent in the grandeur of his designs, and the splendour of their execution. Mr. Horsley has given sufficient proofs of this in the remarks he has appended to his Biographical Sketch of Dr. Callcott, prefixed to the publication, which is written with a clearness, simplicity, and truth, well worthy the end of the writer, for Mr. Horsley shows at once his love both for the art and for the man. Attainments such as those made by such a musician, under such circumstances, well deserve to be recorded, and to be held out to young professors. The Life is, indeed, distinguished by none of those amusing particulars which often diversify relations, but it presents to us a good man and a man of genius, labouring honourably and successfully, to advance himself and his art; and it attaches our sympathy still more strongly, by the melancholy termination of such a career of effort and ability—the failure of such an intellect, under the too incessant exercise of its best and noblest faculties. Of such a man it is due to art to record some particulars here.

Dr. Callcott was the son of a bricklayer and builder, at Kensington, and was born on the 20th of November, 1766. Even during infancy, he gave indications of his love of literature, and thirst for knowledge. He took no pleasure in the common pastimes of children. Books were his chief delight; and when he quitted them, it was for some pursuit which had science for its object, and in which he engaged with great energy. At the school of a Mr. Young he made some classical acquirements. His attention seems first to have been attracted to music by attending his father to Kensington church, which was undergoing some reparation. The organ excited, indeed, so much of his observation, that he endeavoured to construct one. He subsequently obtained an introduction to the organist, and attended the organ-loft on Sundays, where he acquired some insight into the first rudiments of music. His destination was surgery; but the shock he received on witnessing an operation determined him to abandon all thoughts of medicine as a profession. He then studied music ardently, but at the same time, more than one language; French, Italian, Hebrew, and Syriac, by turns employed his mind, and he also gave his attention to mathematics. He became acquainted with Drs. Cook and Arnold, who were strongly attached to him on account of the simplicity of his character, his enthusiasm for art, and his industry in its

pursuit. In 1783 he was made assistant organist at St. George's, Queen Square, and obtained some other musical appointments. Till this period his writings were serious, but he afterwards directed his thoughts almost solely to the production of glees. From the Catch Club, he received *three* medals in one year (1785); and in 1787 he sent in nearly *one hundred compositions* for the prizes, of which he obtained two. In 1789 he presented only twelve, but he carried off all the five medals. He did not, it seems, so well understand writing for an orchestra; and having asked Stephen Storace to look over a composition of this kind, and strike his pencil through such parts as did not please him, Storace struck out the whole, and returned it with the monosyllable "THERE!"

In 1789, a severe contest took place between Mr. Callcott and Mr. Evans, for the place of the organist of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, which ended in a division of the duty and emoluments. Mr. Callcott had risen to great eminence, and was continually employed in teaching, when Haydn arrived, and he anxiously sought some instruction from that master of orchestral effects. During their friendly intercourse, he wrote the beautiful bass song, *These as they change*, which perhaps exhibits the most complete knowledge of accompaniment of any thing he has ever written. Subsequently, it was observed, he wrote his glees in fewer parts. From 1789 to 1793, when the Catch Club discontinued their annual prizes, he was a successful candidate. He now began to study the theatrical writers on his art, intensely, a disposition which was greatly increased by his intimacy with Overend, the organist of Isleworth, a man of very deep musical research. He now formed plans of various musical publications, and, at last, of a Dictionary of Music. His energy in collecting materials was astonishing. In 1800, he took his doctor's degree (Mr. Horsley proceeded MB. at the same time) at Oxford, and he occupied himself in learning German, and reading the works of the German musicians, with a view to his dictionary. He also engaged in some elementary works on language, one of which he published with success (The Way to speak well made easy for Youth). In 1804 and 1805, he wrote that most excellent treatise, his Musical Grammar, and he shortly after succeeded Dr. Crotch, as Lecturer at the Royal Institution, but "the fatal injuries which his constitution had received from excessive exertion, now showed themselves, and he was all at once rendered incapable of fulfilling any of his engagements." A long indisposition followed, and it was not till after an absence of five years that he recovered. He resumed his teaching, and carefully avoided all subjects of irritation, but his health again sunk, and, on the 5th of May, 1821, he died, giving exemplary proofs in the end of his life, of the piety and resignation to the will of Providence, which had marked the whole term of his existence. Such was this excellent man, and eminent musician. Mr. Horsley has spoken (and no one is better qualified to speak) of Dr. Callcott's writings, justly and honourably. They present, indeed, many specimens of beautiful expression, and fine composition. The work is published in a manner worthy of the subjects, and cannot but be considered as a noble addition to the musical collections of all who have a true taste for vocal harmony.

NEW MUSIC.

A collection of new German Waltzes, composed for the pianoforte, by T. Moscheles. The legitimate style of the German waltz is very rarely to be met with amongst the immense number of melodies which daily assume that title. Mozart's three waltzes afford the most classic specimen of this species of air, while they at the same time display as much character as any of the greater compositions of the master. The author of the Memoir of Rossini, in speaking of the music of Mozart, remarks, that "its distinguishing characteristic is that of touching the soul, by awakening melancholy images, by bidding us dwell upon the sorrows of the most tender, though frequently the most unhappy of the passions." This observation applies exactly to his waltzes, and to our minds describes the real character of the German waltz. Mr. Moscheles' collection approaches more nearly to this definition than any we recollect in sentiment and expression, and they are decidedly of the German school. We prefer the first, third, and seventh amongst the waltzes, and the trios at pages 3, 5, and 7; but they are all beautiful.

The Euterpe, or a choice collection of Polonaises and Waltzes for the pianoforte by foreign composers, books 1 and 2. We know many amateurs whose pianoforte playing hardly extends beyond the performance of a waltz, quadrille, or any national air, and yet their execution has a delicacy and expression that might put to shame the professed lesson player. To such persons we recommend the Euterpe, it contains much that is beautiful and new. The Polonaise by Ognisky, is an exquisite bit, as well as the waltz from the Freyschutz in the first number. In the second, the quick movements of Di piacer, and Ah se puoi così lasciarmi, are ingeniously turned into waltzes, and there are others by Weber, from the Freyschutz.

Harp players will reap the same degree of pleasure from the collection of the like kind, called Amusement pour les Dames. We have already spoken of the first number; the second is, perhaps, a little inferior to it in the elegance and novelty of the selection, but it suffers only by comparison.

Variations on a favourite German air by Joseph Mayseder. The subject is very sweet, and the variations light and brilliant. The fifth and the last (a Polonaise) are particularly happy.

Grand Variations on the national air of Rule Britannia, for the pianoforte, by Ferd. Ries. The extreme difficulty of this piece places it beyond the reach of any but first-rate players; indeed it should seem to have been intended as a vehicle for the display of the great attainments of the composer himself; for we can imagine that he alone who could conceive, could execute. For although it is not more difficult than the finest compositions of the great masters of the present day, yet each has its particular excellencies, and these are as distinct as they are peculiar. The piece, therefore, must be appreciated according to the powers it calls forth and confirms, rather than according to its merits as a composition.

Mr. Bochsa has added new variations to Rode's air, as sung by Madame Catalani, for the harp. They are of an easy and agreeable description, but have no other qualities to entitle them to distinction.

Mr. Knapton's Arrangement of an Air from Nina, with variations, is executed with taste and elegance. The theme is well preserved; and the piece, without making any pretensions to originality or difficulty, avoids the usual common place of airs with variations.

Mr. Kiallmark has also been more successful than usual in his second Fanfare. It has much to recommend it as a lesson for players of moderate acquirement.

Two pieces for the harp, by S. Dussek. The one, The White Cockade, with variations; the other, Charmant Ruisseau, are judicious, and not inelegant *petites pieces*, calculated to give the learner neatness and rapidity of execution in the most prevailing passages of harp music, while they are not unworthy of the attention of the more advanced performer. British and foreign popular airs arranged as familiar rondos and variations for the pianoforte, by Joseph de Pinna. This work consists of twenty-four numbers, which may be purchased either separately or in a handsome volume. It is intended for beginners, and contains airs of every character, adapted in a light and agreeable style, and to each of them is prefixed a prelude. Many of the pieces are little more than an easy arrangement of an Italian song or duet, such as *Non più andrai; Giovinette che fate all' amore*, &c. while others are favourite English airs from operas, catches, &c. with variations.

The arrangements are the second book of the airs in the ballet of Alfred le Grand, by Mr. Latour. The second book of selections from Il Barbiere di Seviglia, and La donna del lago, by Mr. Bochsa. Book I. of Mr. Bruguier's arrangement of airs, from Zelmira, and the first number of popular melodies, selected from English operas, and arranged in a familiar style for the pianoforte, also by Mr. Bruguier.

THE SERVICES OF MR. RICARDO

SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY,

BRIEFLY AND PLAINLY STATED.

I DO not remember that any public event of our own times has touched me so nearly, or so much with the feelings belonging to a private affliction, as the death of Mr. Ricardo. To me in some sense it *was* a private affliction—and no doubt to all others who knew and honoured his extraordinary talents. For great intellectual merit, wherever it has been steadily contemplated, cannot but conciliate some personal regard: and for my own part I acknowledge that, abstracting altogether from the use to which a man of splendid endowments may apply

them—or even supposing the case that he should deliberately apply them to a bad one, I could no more on that account withhold my good wishes and affection from his person —than, under any consideration of their terrific attributes, I could forbear to admire the power and the beauty of the serpent or the panther. Simply on its own account, and without further question, a great intellect challenges, as of right, not merely an interest of admiration—in common with all other exhibitions of power and magnificence—but also an interest of human love, and (where that is necessary) a spirit of tenderness to its aberrations. Mr. Ricardo however stood in no need of a partial or indulgent privilege: his privilege of intellect had a comprehensive sanction from all the purposes to which he applied it in the course of his public life: in or out of parliament, as a senator—or as an author, he was known and honoured as a public benefactor. Though connected myself by private friendship with persons of the political party hostile to his, I heard amongst them all but one language of respect for his public conduct. Those, who stood neutral to all parties, remarked that Mr. Ricardo's voice —though heard too seldom for the wishes of the enlightened part of the nation—was never raised with emphasis upon any question lying out of the province in which he reigned as the paramount authority, except upon such as seemed to affect some great interest of liberty or religious toleration. And, wherever a discussion arose which transcended the level of temporary and local politics (as that for example upon corporal punishments), the weight of authority—which mere blank ability had obtained for him in the House of Commons—was sure to be thrown into that view of the case which upheld the dignity of human nature. Participating most cordially in these feelings of reverence for Mr. Ricardo's political character, I had besides a sorrow not unmixed with self-reproach arising out of some considerations more immediately relating to myself. In August and September 1821 I wrote *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater:* and in the course of this little work I took occasion to express my obligations, as a student of Political Economy, to Mr. Ricardo's "Principles" of that science. For this as for some other passages I was justly* attacked by an able and liberal critic in the New Edinburgh Review—as for so many absurd irrelevancies: in that situation no doubt they were so; and of this, in spite of the haste in which I had written the greater part of the book, I was fully aware. However, as they said no more than was true, I was glad to take that or any occasion which I could invent for offering my public testimony of gratitude to Mr. Ricardo. The truth is—I thought that something might occur to intercept any more appropriate mode of conveying my homage to Mr. Ricardo's ear, which should else more naturally have been expressed in a direct work on Political Economy. This fear was at length realized—not in the way I had apprehended, viz. by my own death—but by Mr. Ricardo's. And now therefore I felt happy that, at whatever price of good taste, I had in some imperfect way made known my sense of his high pretensions—although unfortunately I had given him no means of judging whether my applause were of any value. For during the interval between Sept. 1821 and Mr. Ricardo's death in Sept. 1823, I had found no leisure for completing my work on Political Economy: on that account I had forborne to use the means of introduction to Mr. Ricardo which

* Not so however, let me say in passing, for three supposed instances of affected doubt; in all of which my doubts were, and are at this moment, very sincere and unaffected; and, in one of them at least, I am assured by those of whom I have since inquired that my reviewer is undoubtedly mistaken. As another point which, if left unnoticed, might affect something more important to myself than the credit of my taste or judgment,—let me inform my reviewer that, when he traces an incident which I have recorded most faithfully about a Malay—to a tale of Mr. Hogg's, he makes me indebted to a book which I never saw. In saying this I mean no disrespect to Mr. Hogg; on the contrary, I am sorry that I have never seen it: for I have a great admiration of Mr. Hogg's genius; and have had the honour of his personal acquaintance for the last ten years.

I commanded through my private connexions or simply as a man of letters: and in some measure therefore I owed it to my own neglect—that I had for ever lost the opportunity of benefiting by Mr. Ricardo's conversation or bringing under his review such new speculations of mine in Political Economy as in any point modified his own doctrines—whether as corrections of supposed oversights, as derivations of the same truth from a higher principle, as further illustrations or proofs of any thing which he might have insufficiently developed, or simply in the way of supplement to his known and voluntary omissions. All this I should have done with the utmost fearlessness of giving offence, and not for a moment believing that Mr. Ricardo would have regarded any thing in the light of an undue liberty, which in the remotest degree might seem to affect the interests of a science so eminently indebted to himself. In reality candour may be presumed in a man of first-rate understanding—not merely as a moral quality—but almost as a part of his intellectual constitution *per se;* a spacious and commanding intellect being magnanimous in a manner *suo jure,* even though it should have the misfortune to be allied with a perverse or irritable temper. On this consideration I would gladly have submitted to the review of Mr. Ricardo, as indisputably the first of critics in this department, rather than to any other person, my own review of himself. That I have forfeited the opportunity of doing this—is a source of some self-reproach to myself. I regret also that I have forfeited the opportunity of perhaps giving pleasure to Mr. Ricardo by liberating him from a few misrepresentations, and placing his vindication upon a firmer basis even than that which he has chosen. In one respect I enjoy an advantage for such a service, and in general for the polemic part of Political Economy, which Mr. Ricardo did not. The course of my studies has led me to cultivate the scholastic logic. Mr. Ricardo has obviously neglected it. Confiding in his own consciousness strength, and no doubt participating in the common error of modern times as to the value of artificial logic, he has taken for granted that the Aristotelian forms and the exquisite science of distinctions matured by the subtilty of the schoolmen can achieve nothing in substance which is beyond the power of mere sound good sense and robust faculties of reasoning; or at most can only attain the same end with a little more speed and adroitness. But this is a great error: and it was an ill day for the human understanding when Lord Bacon gave his countenance to a notion, which his own exclusive study of one department in philosophy could alone have suggested. Distinctions previously examined—probed—and accurately bounded, together with a terminology previously established, are the crutches on which all minds—the weakest and the strongest—must alike depend in many cases of perplexity: from pure neglect of such aids, which are to the unassisted understanding what weapons are to the unarmed human strength or tools and machinery to the naked hand of art, do many branches of knowledge at this day languish amongst those which are independent of experiment.

As the best consolation to myself for the lost opportunities with which I have here reproached myself,—and as the best means of doing honour to the memory of Mr. Ricardo,—I shall now endeavour to spread the knowledge of what he has performed in Political Economy. To do this in the plainest and most effectual manner, I shall abstain from introducing any opinions peculiar to myself, excepting only when they may be necessary for the defence of Mr. Ricardo against objections which have obtained currency from the celebrity of their authors—or in the few cases where they may be called for by the errors (as I suppose them to be) even of Mr. Ricardo.—In using this language, I do not fear to be taxed with arrogance: we of this day stand upon the shoulders of our predecessors; and that I am able to detect any errors in Mr. Ricardo—I owe, in most instances, to Mr. Ricardo himself.

X. Y. Z

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Native Land.

A very agreeable and spirited opera has at length been produced at this theatre; and, as if success were a thing to be shunned or dreaded, the name of the author has been carefully shrouded within the innermost recesses of the theatre, safe at once from the curious and the critical. Whether it has been thought that an anonymous opera would become more popular than those whose papas "are registered where every day we turn the leaf to read them;" or whether it has been apprehended that the author's cognomen would give a plumper against the piece's celebrity, we have no direct means of judging. But since the publication of the Scotch novels, perhaps the most profitable "deed without a name" on record, every masquerade trick is practised in literature, and the Argyll Rooms must quail in domino-folly to the Row. A very eminent lover has asked "What's in a name?" Might it not have been more to the purpose to have inquired "What's in the withholding of a name?"—The public love to guess at little penny mysteries: it matters very little whether it be a novel or a murder, so as the perpetrator of either be not easy of discovery. In the instance of the present opera, which has undoubtedly caught more eyes and ears than any musical piece for the last season or two, the author stands aloof; and every person connected with the theatre, endeavours to put a different name into your hand: you are pestered with variety, quite as much as at an election for Ale-conner at Guildhall. Mr. Dimond is suggested in a whisper by one; but then another has seen Mr. Morton in town, and he can have been in town for no good. With this person Mr. Reynolds is accused, but then he is dethroned at Covent-garden; and Mr. Peake has been linked in with the Poachers, so as to be compelled to prove an *alibi* to get out of that scrape. Mr. Planché has not altogether escaped suspicion, as he has been observed lurking about the premises; and Mr. Soane, also, has been pointed to as the author. —However, let the opera belong to whom it may: to Mr. Morton, Mr. Peake, Mr. Dimond, Mr. Planché, or Mr. Soane, we can say it is an extremely lively and pleasant production, and likely, we think, to benefit actor, author, and treasurer.

The plot of the opera is simple, yet interesting:—Aurelio, a noble of Genoa, betrothed to Clymante, having been seized as prisoner by the corsairs, is expected to return to his native land with other liberated captives. All his letters and commissions have been intercepted by Giuseppo, a villainous guardian, who wishes to secure his estates. At the opening of the piece the return of the prisoners is very spiritedly and affectingly managed; and Aurelio is actually amongst them, though, to satisfy his suspicions of his mistress's faith, he has prevailed upon his liberator, Captain Tancredi, to pass him off, browned and robed, as an Abyssinian. During his absence from home, the father of Clymante has died, leaving all his wealth to his daughter, on condition of her marrying by a certain day: and Clymante, in the hope of her lover being yet "in the wheel," induces her cousin Biondina to put on the disguise of a young gallant, to save the property by a pretended marriage. The return of the prisoners is on the very eve of this innocent fiction of a wedding, and of course the Abyssinian is in high phrenzy. He is invited, with Tancredi, to join the festival, and much good jealousy attends him. The discovery of the lady's unaltered feelings, the guardian's roguish conduct, and the mock marriage, is all brought about by the contrivances of Aurelio's servant, Peregrino, who, to prove his wife's love, comes home with an imaginary loss of an arm, a leg, and an eye. The opera ends in a marriage and a chorus.

The piece is admirably acted throughout. Mr. Sinclair, though tame in speech, is fiery in song, and produces his jealousy of a very colourable kind—perhaps it is scarcely *green* enough in the eyes. Farren has little to do, but he makes the most of

it. Mr. Cooper plays a foreign sea captain with English sea terms, with a good deal of spirit; but the character is not exactly what we are accustomed to in *our* native land. Fawcett as Peregrino is all ease, impudence, and pleasantry; but he never fails to be amusing in the half-lover and half-servant.

The ladies, however, *lord* it over the gentlemen bravely in this opera, and make the heads of the creation to look a very inferior race. Miss Paton performs with great gaiety and discretion, keeping several little affectations of which she is proprietress in the back-ground: she executes her songs too with great determination, and sings as though she were wrestling with music. The talents, however, for singing and dancing do not meet in this young lady—but we must not expect "better bread than's made from corn." Miss Love is becoming shrewder and shrewder ever hour; she will anon be able to throw an *arch* over the Thames: in Zarlina she is mightily agreeable, but once or twice we trembled at seeing her on a precipice—one step more would have carried her ladyship fifty fathoms deep. She *cries* too much—and, pray *has* that yellow petticoat a tuck? —a *leetle* lower would not be injurious to her—it is not every person that can afford to exhibit an acre of ankle!

—— But oh! Miss Tree! How shall we ever do justice to her inimitable archness, delicacy, vivacity, and feeling!—She is grace itself. Not only does she act up to the spirit of all that is to be desired, but she sings in her own deep nightingale tones enough "to conjure three souls out of one weaver:" and then she dresses, and carries that fair form of hers so beautifully; and dances so modestly and well,—and looks so innocently throughout—that, if we were not critics, thrice removed from all the softer affections, we should inevitably be lost! The Spanish dance in itself makes the opera worth seeing—that is, as far as Miss Tree is concerned.

The dialogue of the opera is not "London particular," but it is better than any we have lately heard. The songs, alack! are absolute nonsense, and in spite of the praises of every newspaper save one (the Evening Chronicle), we protest that the writers of the Della Cruscan poetry were Miltons and Shakspeares compared with the poet of Native Land.—And yet feeble as are the songs, and simple as is the plot, we are compelled, either from the ease of the dialogue or the excellence of the acting, to confess we have not been so well pleased for many a day.

The Poachers.

A dull and indelicate piece under this title has been supplanting the pantomime for a few nights, and ruining the morals of Mr. Blanchard and Miss Love. We are surprised at two things relative to this piece; the first is, that innocent pun-loving Mr. Peake should have been accused of its dirty dulness; and the next is, that the audience do not hoot it from the stage. When a father dare not take his daughter to the theatre, which is really the case when this dramaticle is played, some purifying may be indulged in.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The pantomime is gone. The Flying Chest is broken up for old firewood, and Elliston has returned to the Cataract, which he has placarded all about the streets, as if it was a new water-work. Lodoiska has been revived; and its overture and guns go off well together. Elliston still keeps his foot in his stirrup—himself in the saddle.—Pray, sir, when do the troop go to the country fairs?

The Merry Wives of Windsor, no very dull comedy as originally written by that prince of poachers, Warwickshire Will, has been got up at some cost, with a profusion of actors, dresses, scenes, and songs; and, strange to say, it drags on tediously and unsatisfactorily, in spite of Dowton, Miss Stephens, Harley, Miss Povey, and Braham. The music meddles with the wit; and for the sake of "their most sweet voices," Braham and Miss Stephens are pressed into the KING's service, without being very well qualified to bear his arms. Shakspeare and Braham seem to keep different shops. To be sure Master Fenton is no very mad wag, but he is one of Shakspeare's creatures for all that, and not a pupil of Mr. Leoni only! — "This opera" (opera forsooth!) has evidently been got up hastily—Herne's oak is hardly dry. Where was Madame Vestris

for one of the ladies? Had she not learned her part?—Indeed it was so whispered. Some of the songs were beautiful, and they were all beautifully sung; but the selection might, we think, have been more judiciously made. Dowton, as Falstaff, is a buck of the first order; indeed, where Shakspeare was allowed a chance, we were highly amused—but the attempt "to put John upon the gentleman" failed, as it invariably does.

George Colman, the younger, has been appointed the Reader of Plays in the Licencer's Office; and his "first step has been on Henry's head." Poor Mr. Shee, the portrait painter and poet, having concocted a Tragedy, and what is more, having succeeded with the Manager in procuring it to be accepted, has had his little bud nipped by George Colman the younger. The Poet has addressed the following letter to the public:

Mr. Editor—The new tragedy of Alasco, which has been for some time in rehearsal at Covent-Garden theatre, has, I find, been withdrawn by the Manager of that establishment, under the censure of the Lord Chamberlain's office. As the infliction of such a censure can be called for, or justified, only by some religious, moral, or political objection to its public appearance on the stage, and as the discredit of producing a work to which any of these objections can be honestly made, might, by conjecture, attach to some writer whose interests or feelings may suffer by the imputation, I think myself bound thus publicly to avow, that I am the author of the production in question, and solely responsible for whatever poetical or *political* delinquencies it may be found to contain.

In hitherto withholding my name, and submitting my work entirely to the disposal of Mr. Kemble, I was influenced only by literary diffidence; for I should consider myself as dishonoured indeed if I had ever written a line, which, in any circumstances, I should be either ashamed or afraid to avow.

Those persons to whom I am known, will not readily believe me capable of composing a work, which could be justly charged as being in any respect inimical to the religious, moral, or political interests of my country.

The immediate publication of the play in question, will enable the public at large to decide, whether the unusual severity with which it has been visited, be the result of sound discretion, and laudable vigilance in the official guardians of dramatic purity, or a harsh, unnecessary, and injurious exercise of authority, not more injurious to the interests and feelings of the author, than fatal in its principle to the character and independence of dramatic literature in this country.

I remain, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

Cavendish-square, Feb. 18.

Alas!—To be accepted by the Theatre, and then damned in little at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, is hard;—"To be discarded thence!"—Death in battle a man of spirit may bear, but death in this quiet stifling manner is not to be borne. First, "*Shee* wept in silence, and was Di. Do. Dum!"—but then, as if the lion came over him, he (qu. *Shee?*) rushed to his inkstand, drew an angry pen (remember he is a painter-militant, reader, and can *draw* a sword as ably as any man), and indited the above haughty and exculpatory epistle. The play will soon be printed, and then we shall see whether Shee has been wrong, or the younger Colman right; whether Shee's lines are white as purity, or the conduct of George in refusing a licence, a liberty!—*Broad Grins* ought to be particular!

Since the insertion in the newspapers of the letter we have extracted, Mr. Shee has vented his anger a second time, incusting a curious little specimen of his Grace of Montrose's penmanship in the *amber* of his own clear style. Really we think Mr. Shee has been hardly dealt with; and, perhaps it would become a licenser to give some reason for putting his terrible *veto* upon a dramatic production, instead of silently crushing it in the egg. The *serpent* parts should be pointed out. This matter will cause as much bustle, in a short time, as the two parsons about their one shirt, of which Mr. Colman has given so *correct* an account. The following is letter the second:

Cavendish-square, Friday, Feb. 20, 1824.

Sir,—As I understand an impression has been excited in the minds of some persons, that the new tragedy of Alasco has been interdicted on religious as well as political grounds, and as it is of some importance to me that those who interest themselves in its fate should not, for a moment, be left to suppose that the most vigilant malevolence could discover in any work of mine, even a pretext for such an imputation, I am obliged, reluctantly, to trespass

again on your attention, with a request that you will have the goodness to insert in your paper the following letter from the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household. When I tell you, Sir, that I have received this letter in answer to an appeal, in which I assert, in the face of those authorities that have thought fit to inflict on my character and interest so severe an injury, that my work contains "not one sentiment moral, religious, or political, of which an honest subject of this empire can justly disapprove, or which any honourable man, of any party, should be ashamed to avow," you will know how to appreciate the admissions in his Grace's letter; to which, in my own justification, I beg to direct the public attention:—

(Copy.)

Grosvenor-square, Feb. 19.

Sir,—Thinking Mr. Colman a very sufficient judge of his duty, and as I agree in his conclusion (from the account he has given me of the tragedy called Alasco), I do conclude, that at this time, without considerable omissions, the tragedy should not be acted; and whilst I am persuaded that your intentions are upright, I conceive that it is precisely for this reason (though it may not strike authors) that it has been the wisdom of the Legislature to have an examiner appointed, and power given to the Chamberlain of the Household to judge whether certain plays should be acted at all, or not acted at particular times.

I do not mean to enter into an argument with you, Sir, on the subject, but think that your letter, conceived in polite terms to me, calls upon me to return an answer, showing that your tragedy has been well considered.

I remain, Sir, with esteem,
Your obedient servant,
MONTROSE.

To Martin Archer Shee, Esq. &c. &c.

From the above official letter, Sir, you will observe, that the Lord Chamberlain acknowledges the uprightness of my intentions. You will perceive also that his Grace neither asserts nor insinuates that my work contains one sentiment or expression, in itself morally, religiously, or politically objectionable, but expressly alleges the present time as the cause of its exclusion from the stage. But, Sir, the letter of the Lord Chamberlain excites reflections far more important than any which concern the interests of so humble an individual as I am. We find from that letter, that the *fiat* of the newly-appointed examiner is irrevocable—that he rules lord paramount of the British drama, and that, in a question of appeal against the manner in which he exercises the duties of his office, the Lord Chamberlain thinks himself justified in taking the report of the officer accused as the foundation of the judgment which he is called upon to pronounce.

It now only remains for me, Sir, by the publication of my play with all the expedition of which its passage through the press admits, to show what the particular sentiments are which the new dramatic censor thinks unfit to be addressed to the ears of Englishmen in a public theatre,—to offer my humble production to the future candidate for tragic fame, as an example of the delicacy and consideration which he may expect from the judicious zeal of this vigilant guardian of the morality and decorum of the stage. I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

COUNTRY CRITICISM.

We have been tempted, as we have been this month indulging in theatrical curiosities, to make extracts from some very learned opinions which have lately fallen from the Judicial Bench in the West Countrée. Mr. Young appears to have been declaiming before the good people of Exeter to some purpose, if we may judge by the effect of his acting upon the great prose writers of that city. If this be the usual style in which the dramatic critics in Mr. Woolmer's Paper write, we should advise him to keep them in strait waistcoats during the time the Theatre is closed. Mr. Young, we believe, doth not disrelish commendatory prose; but, if he has swallowed the following, he is a bolder man than we took him for.

The Drama.—Exeter Theatre.

The theme of our remarks this week, must be the performances of Mr. Young, assuredly one of the first tragedians of the age, a man, "take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." There is a chasteness and vigour of intellect, a gracefulness in this great actor, in which he blazes forth a (theatrical) star, "veluti Georgium sidus inter ignes minores." "His voice is most musical in passages of continous melancholy—most potent in energetic declamation; it flows along in a full, deep, rapid, stream, or winds plaintively on through all the course of philosophic thought. In a part of mournful beauty he is perfectly delicious—the very personification of a melodious sigh; again in a proud, soldierly character, where there is one firm purpose, he plays in a fiery spirit entirely his own; and, in a piece where the declamation abounds in images of pomp and luxury, he displays a rich Oriental manner, which no one can rival. His

mode of treading the stage, is firm, intelligent, and decisive; his action noble." —Mr. Young commenced his engagement with the character of Hamlet. His scene with the Queen Mother was a piece of brilliant invective; when the Ghost tells him "Speak to her, Hamlet," the subdued tones of his voice as, with his eye fixed on the spectre, and horror depicted on his countenance, he addressed her, "how is it with you, lady," was a moving sight. The soliloquy where Hamlet reprobates his own tardiness of action, was a fine specimen of passionate self-rebuke, and the speech on man, a piece of eloquence worthy the poet's thought. We could select a thousand beauties, but it would amplify our subject too much, as we should have to record so many more on each night. The persons who represented the other characters in this tragedy, were the same as performed with Mr. Macready, a few weeks since; Jones was King!! and the Mother Queen—the youthful and interesting Miss Huddart.—Of Age-to-morrow followed—one of the most lively and effective farces we know; an indisputable proof of which is that it has amused for years, and will continue to do so for *seasons*.

* * * * *

Last evening Mr. Young played *Lear;* and this evening takes for his benefit the character of *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, in *The Man of the World*, which will conclude his engagement; the box circle, as well as the upper, is taken for this great performer's benefit; in what circle is not Mr. Young sought after—whether the box, the social, or the court?

There's a compliment for you!—Enough to knock down a bullock!

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED, A DRAMA;

BY LORD BYRON.

A TASTE has lately sprung up in these countries, from the due cultivation of which we may hope to derive great advantages, moral as well as literary; we mean—a taste for the *monstrous*. An importation, which took place some years ago, of the larger race of Hanoverian "small deer," has been frequently the theme of lamentation and seditious outcry with some of our gravest politicians, whose very seats at the council-board these nefarious quadrupeds have undermined; yet there are animals of another sort, much more enormous in size and far more terrific in aspect, proceeding also from the same fruitful fatherland of every thing hideous and unsightly,—Germany to wit,—whose migration into Great Britain has rather been encouraged than deprecated. The son of a British peer has lately turned *monster-monger*, having translated one of those strange animals from the wilds of Saxe Weimar to Albemarle-street; it was bred up at the table of the poet Goethe with his other children (*more Alemannorum*), has become very tame and docile under its present master, wears a collar inscribed with the letters F, A, U, S, T, and goes willingly to any stranger who has the least curiosity to examine it. Another of these monsters was introduced to the notice of the public, a short time since, under the auspices of an Irish Clergyman; it answered (we think) to the name of MELMOTH, stood for sale some months at the house of an eminent bookseller in this city, and was finally knocked on the head after having *bitten* two or three persons who were foolish enough to handle it. A third of the same brood was exhibited last season at the Lyceum in the Strand, where it performed several outlandish tricks to the great amusement of the spectators. The aforesaid Irish Clergyman had shown up an elder-brother of the monster above, at Drury Lane theatre, some time before; this fellow, whom his keeper used to call BERTRAM, drew great crowds to see

* The Deformed Transformed, a Drama, by the Right Hon. Lord Byron. London 1824.

his performances, but a report coming to the Bishop of ——'s ears, that he had mauled and otherwise maltreated (without any occasion) a beautiful young lady, the wife of one Count St. Aldobrand, his lordship refused to prefer his master to a living, judiciously observing that a keeper of wild beasts had no pretensions to be a rector over men. A certain illustrious Scottish Novelist is also suspected of concealing several monsters (though of another family) in his library; and it is even said that there is a design on foot among some of the fair sex, blues, authoresses, &c. in the present scarcity of lap-dogs, to take a number of these pretty little German shock-monsters, as companions, in their stead. Upon the whole, we have observed that ever since the first print of Schiller's MOOR (a monster of great note and celebrity) appeared in our shop-windows, the imaginations of the English people have run mightily upon this sort of animal.

It is easy to perceive that this taste for the monstrous will be of infinite use in morality as well as in literature: 1°. In morality; because having once accustomed our minds to the beauty of the horrid, the unnatural, the grotesque-great, and our ears to the euphony of the blasphemous, the extravagant, the outrageous,--having familiarised ourselves to the company and conversation of felons, highwaymen, pirates, debauchees, witches, ghosts, dead-men, demons, devils, and to all their diabolical hyperbolical practices, we shall shortly grow so cunning in iniquity, that Satan himself, though he came in person as he did to Monk Lewis and Monk Ambrosio, will not be able to cajole us out of our sweet souls, or even of our little "pickers and stealers" to keep up the fire of purgatory; he will entrap none hereafter, but those who are not awake to his arts and chicanery, viz.—fools and little children (God pity them!): 2°. In literature; because, having once imbibed a taste for what is *out of nature*, the sphere of intellectual exertion will be thereby enlarged; and, having overstepped the narrow limits of truth and reality, we may expatiate at will in the boundless realms of extravagance and mental libertinism,—for it is much easier to write contrary to all rules of propriety, than according to one.

Lord Byron is a man peculiarly gifted to succeed in the monstrous; his insatiable thirst of freshness and extraordinariness, his ravenous appetite for all that is outrè, eccentric, præter-human, and unique, his *liberal* principles moreover, whose essence consists in setting at nought all laws but the law of lawlessness, all rules but the rule of irregularity, all canons whatever, theological, moral, political, or poetical, by which we, poor-spirited common-place creatures, are content to regulate our lives, conduct, and writings,—these qualifications admirably fit out his lordship for an adept in the serious monstrous, the strange sublime. Besides, his long residence in a foreign land, at the *wrong side of the Alps* for every thing pure or chastely noble, where our English sense and sobriety are altogether tramontane, ridiculous, and unintelligible, together with his lately-imbibed idolatry for German genius,—are highly favourable to the improvement of a taste for the falsetto fine and burlesque terrific. But if there were any doubt of his lordship's abilities in this line, the Deformed Transformed would dispel it in their favour; we will attempt a brief outline of this fresh monstrosity.

The reader has no doubt often read or heard of the Devil and Dr. Faustus; this is but a new birth of the same unrighteous couple, who are christened, however, by the noble hierophant who presides over the infernal ceremony,—Julius Cæsar and Count Arnold. The drama opens with a scene between the latter, who is to all appearance a well-disposed young man, of a very deformed person, and his mother; this good lady, with somewhat less maternal piety about her than adorns the mother-ape in the fable,—turns her dutiful incubus of a son, head and shoulders out of doors, to gather wood, and leave a clear house for his fair-faced brothers and their mamma. Arnold, upon this, proceeds incontinent to kill himself, by falling, after the manner of Brutus, on his wood-knife: he is however piously dissuaded from this guilty act, by—Whom does the reader think? A monk, perhaps, or a me-

thodist-preacher; no,—but by the Devil himself in the shape of a *tall black man*, who rises, like an African water-god, out of a fountain. To this stranger, after the exchange of a few sinister compliments, Arnold, without more ado, sells his soul, for the privilege of wearing the beautiful form of Achilles. In the midst of all this childishness and absurdity, we still however recognize the master-mind of our noble but vagabond poet; his bold and beautiful spirit flashes at intervals through the surrounding horrors, into which he has chosen to plunge after Goethe, his *magnus Apollo*,—the sun of darkness, as he might in his own magnificent jargon be styled. Whilst the Stranger mingles some of Arnold's blood with the water of the fountain, he repeats this incantation:

Stranger. Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Rise to your duty—
This is the hour!
Walk lovely and pliant
From the depth of this fountain,
As the cloud-shapen giant
Bestrides the Hartz mountain.
Come as ye were,
That our eyes may behold
The model in air
Of the form I will mould,
Bright as the Iris
When ether is spanned;—
Such *his* desire is,
(*Pointing to* ARNOLD.
Such my command!
Demons heroic—
Demons who wore
The form of the Stoic
Or Sophist of yore—
Or the shape of each Victor,
From Macedon's boy
To each high Roman's picture,
Who breathed to destroy—
Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Up to your duty—
This is the hour!
(*Various phantoms arise from the waters, and pass in succession before the Stranger and* ARNOLD. (P. 17.)

Amongst these phantoms are Julius Cæsar, Alcibiades, Socrates, Mark Anthony, Demetrius Poliorcetes, and lastly Achilles—

The god-like son of the sea-goddess,
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus rolled o'er sands of gold,
Softened by intervening chrystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vowed to Sperchius as they were—behold them!
And *him*—as he stood by Polixena,
With sanctioned and with softened love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand
Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as
Greece looked her last upon her best, the instant
Ere Paris' arrow flew. (P. 23.)

With all our anger against this perversely-spirited man, how the heart melts in kindness and pity towards him, when we find him still so alive to every thing that is beautiful, sweet, and pathetic! We have often seen the group, to which he alludes in the above passage, displayed with the highest powers of the pencil on canvass; but in the one word "trembled" he adds a feature to the picture worth all the rest, and awakens a feeling in our bosoms which no pencil but that of a poet could excite,—of a poet great and glorious as himself.

The following extracts may continue the thread of our epitome:—

Stranger. I too love a change.
Arnold. Your aspect is
Dusky, but not uncomely.
Stranger. If I chose
I might be whiter; but I have a penchant
For black—it is so honest, and besides
Can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear:
But I have worn it long enough of late,
And now I'll take your figure.
Arnold. Mine!
Stranger. Yes. You
Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha
Your mother's offspring. People have their tastes;
You have yours—I mine.
Arnold. Dispatch! dispatch!
Stranger. Even so.
(*The Stranger takes some earth and moulds it along the turf. And then addresses the Phantom of Achilles.*
Beautiful shadow
Of Thetis's boy!
Who sleeps in the meadow
Whose grass grows o'er Troy:
From the red earth, like Adam,
Thy likeness I shape,

As the Being who made him,
 Whose actions I ape.
Thou clay, be all glowing,
 Till the rose in his cheek
Be as fair as, when blowing,
 It wears its first streak!
Ye violets! I scatter,
 Now turn into eyes!
And thou, sunshiny water,
 Of blood take the guise!
Let these hyacinth boughs
 Be his long flowing hair,
And wave o'er his brows,
 As thou wavest in air!
Let his heart be this marble
 I tear from the rock!
But his voice as the warble
 Of birds on yon oak!
Let his flesh be the purest
 Of mould, in which grew
The lily-root surest,
 And drank the best dew!
Let his limbs be the lightest
 Which clay can compound!
And his aspect the brightest
 On earth to be found!
Elements, near me,
 Be mingled and stirred,
Know me, and hear me,
 And leap to my word!
Sunbeams, awaken
 This earth's animation!
'Tis done! He hath taken
 His stand in Creation!

(ARNOLD *falls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground; while the Phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.* (P. 28.)

Arnold's deserted body lies on the ground, all *a-mort*, but after another bout at incantation, the soul of the Stranger (or an Ignis-fatuus, we are in doubt which) takes up its habitation there with Pythagorean dexterity of locomotion: then enter "four coal-black horses," led by a couple of goblin-pages whom Arnold nicknames:

Arnold. I'll call him
Who bears the golden horn, and wears such bright
And blooming aspect, *Huon*; for he looks
Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest
And never found till now. And for the other
And darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles not,
But looks as serious though serene as Night,
He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king
Whose statue turns a harper once a day.
And you? (P. 37.)

And the holy quartett being thus appointed with cavalry and travelling names (Arnold taking that of *Count* Arnold, and the Devil that of *Cæsar*) set off for the Eternal City, at that time besieged by Charles of Bourbon, the traitor Constable of France. Beëlzebub, by the way, turns songster as well as Cæsar, trolling a merry roundelay as they go off:—

Cæsar sings. To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed
 Paws the ground and snuffs the air!
There's not a foal of Arab's breed
 More knows whom he must bear!
On the hill he will not tire,
Swifter as it waxes higher;
In the marsh he will not slacken,
On the plain be overtaken;
In the wave he will not sink,
Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;
In the race he will not pant,
In the combat he'll not faint;
On the stones he will not stumble,
Time nor toil shall make him humble;
In the stall he will not stiffen,
But be winged as a Griffin,
Only flying with his feet:
And will not such a voyage be sweet?
Merrily! merrily! never unsound,
Shall our bonny black horses skim over the ground!
From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly!
For we'll leave them behind in the glance of an eye.

(*They mount their horses, and disappear.* (P. 38.)

The next scene (which concludes the first Part) is a "camp before the walls of Rome," where there is nothing done, though a good deal is said, by Arnold, Cæsar, Bourbon, and Philibert his lieutenant. The noble writer has, as is pretty well known, a great turn for the diabolical; and in the person of Cæsar, who is a kind of humourist devil, or infernal snap-dragon, he has a noble opportunity for giving vent to much Satanic wit and hellish jocularity:—

Arnold. What! are there
New Worlds?
 Cæsar. To *you*. You'll find there are such shortly,
By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;
From one *half* of the world named a *whole* new one,
Because you know no better than the dull
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.
 Arnold. I'll trust them.
 Cæsar. Do! They will deceive you sweetly,
And that is better than the bitter truth.

Arnold. Dog!
Cæsar. Man!
Arnold. Devil!
Cæsar. Your obedient, humble servant.
(P. 40.)

And again:—

Bourbon. The Bourbon's breast
Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced
In danger's face as yours, were you the Devil.
Cæsar. And if I were, I might have saved myself
The toil of coming here.
Philibert. Why so?
Cæsar. One half
Of your brave bands of their own bold accord
Will go to him, the other half be sent,
More swiftly, not less surely.
Bourbon. Arnold, your
Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his words
As in his deeds.
Cæsar. Your Highness much mistakes me.
The first snake was a flatterer—I am none;
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.
Bourbon. You are brave, and that's enough for me; and quick
In speech as sharp in action—and that's more.
I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'
Comrade.
Cæsar. They are but bad company, your Highness;
And worse even for their friends than foes, as being
More permanent acquaintance.
Philibert. How now, fellow!
Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege
Of a buffoon.
Cæsar. You mean, I speak the truth.
I'll lie—it is as easy: then you'll praise me
For calling you a hero. (P. 51.)

Again too:

Bourbon. Civilized, Barbarian,
Or Saintly, still the walls of Romulus
Have been the Circus of an Empire. Well!
'Twas *their* turn—now 'tis ours; and let us hope
That we will fight as well, and rule much better.
Cæsar. No doubt, the camp's the school of civic rights;
What would you make of Rome?
Bourbon. That which it was.
Cæsar. In Alaric's time?
Bourbon. No, slave! In the first Cæsar's,
Whose name you bear like other curs.
Cæsar. And kings.
'Tis a great name for bloodhounds.
Bourbon. There's a demon
In that fierce rattle-snake thy tongue. Wilt never
Be serious? (P. 54.)

Here is a fine passage from the same scene, in the author's best *human* manner: Bourbon speaking of the impiety of his assaulting the City of God, the majestic Mistress of the Ancient World, exclaims—

Those walls have girded in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
And present Phantom of imperious Rome
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks
They flit along the eternal city's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
And beckon me away!
Philibert. So let them! Wilt thou
Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?
Bourbon. They do not menace me. I could have faced,
Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp,
And raise, and wring their dim and death-like hands,
And with their thin aspen faces and fixed eyes
Fascinate mine. Look there!
(P. 49.)

Part the Second begins with a very fine Chorus, before the Walls of Rome, at the moment of the assault: we quote one or two stanzas:

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy:
But without there is a din
Should arouse the Saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armour's clank!
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.
(P. 58.)

"Regular as rolling water!"—What a line! How musical, how

expressive, how grand in idea, and how just in metaphor!

The fifth stanza also is eloquent and powerful.

Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall, with Hate and Hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity!
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou eternal City!
Rouse thee! Rather give the torch
With thy own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.
(P. 60.)

In the second scene, Bourbon is killed just as he is mounting the wall; while he is expiring, Cæsar sardonically asks him,

Cæsar. Would not your Highness choose to kiss the cross?
We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword
May serve instead:—it did the same for Bayard.
Bourbon. Thou bitter slave! to name *him* at this time!
But I deserve it. (P. 64.)

Bourbon, it will be recollected, for some private injury, was in arms against his country, whilst Bayard, his celebrated cotemporary and countryman, died fighting in its defence at the battle of the Valley of Aost. A single combat between Arnold and *Benvenuto Cellini*, the person it is said who shot Bourbon, ends this scene.

In the third and last scene of this Part, the Pope is preserved from the fury of a Lutheran soldier, by the interposition of his Holiness's very good friend and patron-saint (as we protestants have it)—the Devil. The Old Lady of Babylon escapes through a private door of the Sanctuary, where her infallibility was put to such a dangerous test; but her place is supplied by Olimpia, a young lady of beauty and fashion, who, being pursued by certain soldiers for some maiden treasure which she was suspected of concealing,—leaps like a feathered Mercury upon the altar, exhibiting her agility, if not her delicacy, to the white-eyed mortals beneath, and knocks down a soldier with a massy crucifix, the first time, we conjecture, that this implement was devoted to such active service. In the moment of danger, Arnold comes to the lady's rescue, but she scouts his proffered assistance, precipitates herself from the canonical Tarpeian, splits her excellent white skull on the Mosaic, and is carried off half-dead by the Devil and the Deformed Transformed into the Colonna Palace:

Cæsar. Come then! raise her up!
Arnold. Softly!
Cæsar. As softly as they bear the dead,
Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting. (P. 83.)

The present publication (as is said in a short preface) contains the two first parts only of the entire drama, and the opening Chorus of the third; the rest is to appear ("perhaps") hereafter. From the Chorus, which is laid amidst the Apennines, we beg leave to select the following beautiful—lament for the violet:

The spring is come; the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter's flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.
And when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their Herald out of dim December—
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of day-light's lengthened hours;
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget
The virgin, virgin Violet. (P. 85.)

and the chaunt which concludes the volume:

Chorus. The Hound bayeth loudly,
The Boar's in the wood,
And the Falcon longs proudly
To spring from her hood:
On the wrist of the Noble
She sits like a crest,
And the air is in trouble
With birds from their nest.
Cæsar. Oh! Shadow of glory!
Dim image of war!
But the chace hath no story,
Her hero no star,
Since Nimrod, the Founder
Of empire and chace,
Who made the woods wonder
And quake for their race.
When the Lion was young,
In the pride of his might,
Then 'twas sport for the strong

To embrace him in fight;
To go forth, with a pine
For a spear, 'gainst the Mammoth,
Or strike through the ravine
At the foaming Behemoth;
While man was in stature
As towers in our time,
The first born of nature,
And, like her, sublime! (P. 86.)

The versification of the poem, as is usual with our author's later works, is shamefully incorrect; if it be regulated by any principle, which we very much doubt, the principle is a false one,—at least the practice of ending heroic lines in the midst of an uninterruptible flow of words, whereby all metrical distinction between verse and prose is annihilated, can never be successful in the English, whatever it may be in the Italian, school of poetry. Will it be believed that the harmonious soul which poured forth the eloquent numbers above, could be guilty of such metreless measure as this:

Cæsar. I tell thee, be not rash; a golden bridge
Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee
A form of beauty, and an
Exemption from some maladies of body,
But not of mind, which is not mine to give. (P. 68.)

or this:

Arnold. Had no Power presented me
The possibility of change, I would
Have done the best which Spirit may, to make
Its way, with all Deformity's dull, deadly,
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders—
An hateful and unsightly molehill to
The eyes of happier man. (P. 26.)

A writer in the London Magazine stigmatizes this new species of versification, under the name of "prose-poetry," and we certainly are much inclined to aid him in preventing, as far as we can, the dissemination of such an erroneous method of composition, which we perceive has been of late years ardently cultivated, even by our best writers. We cannot but say that this hobbling uneasy measure, half verse half prose, is as far from the Miltonian standard, as it is from that of true melody, and that it merits the utmost discouragement and reprobation from the critics and the public in general.

As may appear from the preceding observations, the Deformed Transformed is, for what we have seen, a work, in our opinion, totally unworthy of the illustrious author; monstrous in design, flimsy in composition, meagre in imagery, wretched in versification,—a hasty, crude, and extravagant thing. But no one can read it, without acknowledging that it is the effusion of a great and extraordinary mind, an audacious fancy, and a splendid genius. Lord Byron may write below himself, but he never can write below *us*. Alas! that he does not write a page, where he writes a poem!

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Our foreign summary for this month is very meagre indeed. From Spain we learn little, and even that little is not interesting. The Beloved has gone on ever since his restoration promising an amnesty, and pretending to deliberate on its extent. In the mean time, however, he is punishing as fast as possible (sparing neither age nor sex) every person whose conduct in the recent contest has in any way exasperated him. He has hit latterly on an ingenious device for raising money, namely, punishing with severity the wives and daughters of the wealthy Constitutionalists, but adding a saving clause to the sentence, by which their imprisonment may be remitted in consideration of a stipulated fine. One of his decrees upon this subject is a curiosity, and as such we record it: it will afford to future ages a precious specimen of the humanity and gallantry of a Spanish Legitimate of the nineteenth century. After the surrender of Pampeluna a number of illustrious females were arrested under pretence of Constitutionalism, and the following are some of the sentences passed upon them by Ferdinand since his restoration;—one would think his embroidery passion might have created some feeling in favour of the

sex, but he appears to have all the frivolity of woman unredeemed by any of the virtues of man.

Donna Francisca de Camarasa, to be exiled to Zamora, accompanied by an officer of justice, *whom she is ordered to support on the journey by a daily allowance of about two dollars !*

The mother of the preceding, a lady of very advanced age, fined 20 ounces of gold.

Donna Josepha Deudariena, two years imprisonment in the royal gaol ; *but on payment of ten ounces of gold annually she is set at liberty.*

Donna Eloya Harrequin, four years imprisonment in the royal gaol ; *but free on an annual payment of* 100 *dollars.*

Donna Martina de Yriarte, four years imprisonment ; *or to pay* 20 *ounces of gold annually.*

Donna Joaquima Echarri, to be exiled from the kingdom of Navarre for six years, and not allowed to go near the royal residence ; *sentence redeemable for five hundred dollars.*

La Senora de Echevevria (63 years old) exiled from Navarre for four years : *remitted for* 20 *ounces of gold.*

Our readers must see from the mere perusal of these sentences, that they are in fact nothing more than so many devices for extorting money ; every lady named, with one exception, is a lady of title, and of course Ferdinand knows very well, that the sentence will be "remitted," or, in other words, that the cash will be remitted ; it is a coarse and cowardly expedient. The sister of the gallant Mina, accused of no crime but the glory of her consanguinity to him, was in prison, in daily expectation of a nominal trial, and her anticipated sentence was, confinement in the hulks at Malaga ! This unfortunate lady had already lost her husband at one of the recent sieges. The prisons, at Pampeluna particularly, were crowded with females of rank. These are things which need only to be stated ; a comment would enfeeble their effect.

The next decree put forth by Spain is almost ludicrous when contrasted with the cruelty and avarice of that which we have just recorded. Will our readers believe, that this extortioner from women—this galley-condemning embroiderer, has actually had the audacity to put forth a manifesto, affecting to open the trade of South America to the European States, and to resign his own royal monopoly ! The Holy Allies have now, it seems, Ferdinand's *permission* to trade with Mexico, Columbia, Buenos Ayres, and Peru ! The countries with whom the United States have made common cause, and to whom England, with all her caution, and all her not very creditable temporising on this subject, has sent commercial consuls ! He might just as well issue a proclamation permitting the sun of heaven to shine, or its dew to fall upon their plains. Whatever profit may have been acquired by her frauds and murders in South America—Spain has received already; it has been enjoyed and squandered—the crime remains, and perhaps the retribution. Another decree has been issued by the cabinet of Madrid, and which has reached us through the French papers ; this creates a *caisse d'amortissement*, as a means of redeeming the shattered credit of the country. Its provisions are too minute for us to weary our readers with their details ; their sum and substance is, that an annual sum of eighty millions of reals shall be assigned to the sinking fund to be created. This assignment is to answer for the payment of any *new obligations*, which the treasury may think it necessary to contract, in order to meet the current wants of the government. The object of this is too plain to be for a moment misunderstood ; it is in other words a bait held out to capitalists to lend their money on a newly created security, by which the payment of the Constitutional loans may be evaded. We do not think the capitalists, in this country at least, are quite gullible enough to bite—the waters are too troubled and the gilding of the bait is mere tinsel. So far from having an overplus to create a sinking fund, Spain cannot at present levy one half of her current expenditure ; besides, capitalists know too well how to appreciate the faith of Ferdinand's guarantees—the Constitutional loans equally guaranteed, have been already erased by a dash of his pen ; and the man who once contracts the habit of denying a debt is very apt to grow perfect in the science—it is much easier to borrow than to pay. France indeed, thanks to her army of occupation, has contrived to reimburse herself ; but she knows Ferdinand too well to rest

contented with his mere royal security; he has signed an act, by which he acknowledges a debt to her of 34,000,000 francs, and assigns as a security the salt factories of Arragon and the customs of Miranda—the most certain revenues in Spain. Another new project in contemplation is the recruiting twelve thousand Irish soldiers to form, it is said, Ferdinand's body guards! The Madrid ministerial papers, however, pretend that this measure is not a new one, but intended merely to fill up the old established foreign legions, which had lately been suffered to fall into decay. The truth, however, is too obvious; Ferdinand endures the fate of most tyrants; he cannot trust his own subjects, and is compelled to resort to foreign mercenaries. Even the Swiss, it seems, notwithstanding a flaming letter from Louis to the Cantons, praising the conduct of the stipendiaries during the late campaign, have fallen into disfavour. Ferdinand, no doubt, calculates upon two things in his selection of the Irish, namely, their disfranchisement at home, on account of their religion, and the additional importance which their very bigotry in that religion would acquire for them in Spain. The proposal is broadly stated in the Spanish journals. What reception, should it be officially made, it will meet with from our ministry remains to be seen. After all, perhaps, even if acceded to, Ferdinand may not find himself a gainer—in order to give it efficiency the foreign enlistment bill must be repealed; and, fallen as Ireland is, we hope and trust that in case of an emergency the cause of Mina and freedom will find in her soil as many recruits as that of Ferdinand and slavery. The very idea, however, speaks a volume as to the state in which Spain is, and the confidence which Old Embroidery has in the allegiance of "the Faithful."

The intelligence from Greece and of Greece is as cheering as the friends of that sacred cause could wish. The patriot troops to the number of 4,000 had landed on the isle of Scio, routed the Turks who opposed them, and driven them to take refuge in the Castle, where they were besieged by sea and land. We trust that beautiful island, which was the first scene of the barbarian brutalities, will also become the scene of their retribution. Mr. Leicester Stanhope, the son of Lord Harrington, has joined Lord Byron, who is honourably distinguishing himself in this cause, and has at length succeeded in forming a corps of artillery which, it is said, is abundantly sufficient to reduce all the fortresses in the hands of the Turks. The primates of Missolonghi have elected Lord Byron a member of their council, and his Lordship has sold an estate in England, the produce of which he has contributed to the expenses of the war. The Porte, they say, has threatened the decapitation of the noble poet, should he fall into their hands; he has certainly earned their hostility by the double provocation of chivalry and genius. The best news however upon this subject is that they are now at last likely to be supplied with that which they most want—money. A loan for their service has been brought forward in the city of London sanctioned by two commissioners, Messrs. Jonnes Orlandus and Audreas Luriottis. The loan is for 800,000*l.* and is contracted for by a most respectable house; the experiment has been so successful that it is said the scrip will come out at a high premium. While on this subject, we think we ought to mention the death of Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor of the Ionian Islands; he was not, we believe, considered a very warm partizan of the Greek cause. His Lordship's appointments are to be divided, it is said, between the Marquis of Hastings and Sir Frederick Adam.

Accounts from Portugal speak of the preparations for a descent on South America with 12,000 Portuguese troops, commanded by Lord Beresford. It is not very easy to reconcile the conflicting statements made with respect to the Brazils, some of which represent the late conduct of the new Emperor as extremely popular, while others say that his government had been overthrown and a new one installed which had evinced a very republican spirit. To such an extent indeed was this carried, that they are represented as having declared that if Don Pedro showed any symptom of wishing to become absolute, or even of withholding a fair and liberal constitution, guaranteeing the rights of the people, they would at

once relinquish their allegiance to him. These are very opposite rumours; but they are still only rumours: perhaps truth may lie between. There is a long account in the Colombian Gazette of the entrance of Bolivar into Lima: he was of course every where received with the greatest euthusiasm, installed by the Peruvian Congress with supreme political and military power, and honoured with the title of Liberator. He was also offered 50,000 dollars a year, which he nobly declined, alleging that the people of Colombia had already anticipated all his wants. This man seems to want no single requisite essential to the character of a hero; we are glad to say that every account confirms the probability that he will receive his best reward in the liberation of his country; the Viceroy and Royalist commanders have been defeated in all directions. It would appear however as if the Holy Allies had not yet quite given up their designs on the rising freedom of this country. The American House of Representatives lately requested of the President to inform them whether he was apprized of the intention of any European potentate to aid or resist Spain in her South American projects, to which he replied, that he "possessed no information on the subject not known to Congress which could be disclosed *without injury to the public good.*"

We had very little idea, when we were condensing our pacific summary for last month, that we should have to announce in this the declaration of a war by England against any part of the world. These are times, however, when war may arise with any one, and at any moment. The Gazette has actually announced the commencement of hostilities with Algiers. (A good opportunity, by the bye, for Mr. Croker to renew his application for the war salary.) A dispatch has been received from Captain Spencer of the Naiad, who had been ordered to Algiers to remonstrate against some late proceedings of the Dey; stating the entire failure of his mission, and that, in consequence, the British Consul was obliged to strike his flag and embark. Captain Spencer also states the capture, by the Camelion, of an Algerine corvette, so that the first blow has been actually struck. It is gratifying to think that by this capture seventeen unfortunate Spaniards were released from slavery. A notice from the Admiralty promises the immediate appointment of convoys for the protection of our Mediterranean trade. The Dey is said also to have quarrelled with the American Consul, so that he is likely to have a hot summer in the warlike city. It might not be amiss to propose to him another visit from Lord Exmouth—the last we hope which this legitimate will ever receive in a sovereign capacity. The existence of these pirates is a disgrace to Europe.

Our domestic details are almost entirely limited to our parliamentary digest. Even these, however, are unusually scanty, considering the late period at which the session commenced, and the necessity therefore of crowding into a short space the business which had heretofore required so much longer an interval. A sudden fit of the gout rendered it unadviseable, according to the opinion of the physicians, for His Majesty to open the session in person; it was therefore done by commission. The following is a copy of the speech delivered on the occasion.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

We are commanded by his Majesty to express to you his Majesty's deep regret, that, in consequence of indisposition, he is prevented from meeting you in Parliament upon the present occasion.—It would have been a peculiar satisfaction to his Majesty, to be enabled in person to congratulate you on the prosperous condition of the country.—Trade and commerce are extending themselves both at home and abroad.—An increasing activity pervades almost every branch of manufacture.—The growth of the revenue is such as not only to sustain public credit, and to prove the unimpaired productiveness of our resources, but (what is yet more gratifying to his Majesty's feelings) to evince a diffusion of comfort among the great body of his people.—Agriculture is recovering from the depression under which it laboured; and, by the steady operation of natural causes, is gradually re-assuming the station to which its importance entitles it among the great interests of the nation.—At no former period has there prevailed throughout all classes of the community in this island, a more cheerful spirit of order, or a more just sense of the advantages which, under the blessing of Providence, they enjoy.—In Ireland, which has for some time past been

the subject of his Majesty's particular solicitude, there are many indications of amendment, and his Majesty relies upon your continued endeavours to secure the welfare and happiness of that part of the United Kingdom.—His Majesty has commanded us further to inform you, that he has every reason to believe that the progress of our internal prosperity and improvement will not be disturbed by any interruption of tranquillity abroad.—His Majesty continues to receive from the Powers his Allies, and generally from all Princes and States, assurances of their earnest desire to maintain and cultivate the relations of friendship with his Majesty; and nothing is omitted on his Majesty's part, as well to preserve general peace as to remove any causes of disagreement, and to draw closer the bonds of amity between other nations and Great Britain.—The negotiations which have been so long carried on through his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople for the arrangement of differences between Russia and the Ottoman Porte are, as his Majesty flatters himself, drawing near to a favourable termination.—A convention has been concluded between his Majesty and the Emperor of Austria, for the settlement of the pecuniary claims of this country upon the Court of Vienna.—His Majesty has directed that a copy of this convention shall be laid before you, and he relies on your assistance for the execution of some of its provisions.—Anxiously as his Majesty deprecated the commencement of the war in Spain, he is every day more satisfied that in the strict neutrality which he determined to observe in that contest (and which you so cordially approved) he best consulted the true interests of his people.—With respect to the provinces of America which have declared their separation from Spain, his Majesty's conduct has been open and consistent, and his opinions have been at all times frankly avowed to Spain and to other Powers.—His Majesty has appointed Consuls to reside at the principal ports and places of those provinces, for the protection of the trade of his subjects.—As to any further measures, his Majesty has reserved to himself an unfettered discretion, to be exercised as the circumstances of those countries, and the interests of his own people, may appear to his Majesty to require.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

His Majesty has directed us to inform you, that the estimates for the year are prepared, and shall be forthwith laid before you.—The numerous points at which, under present circumstances, his Majesty's naval force is necessarily distributed, and the occasion which has arisen for strengthening his garrisons in the West Indies, have rendered unavoidable some augmentation of his establishments by sea and land.—His Majesty has, however, the gratification of believing, that notwithstanding the increase of expense incident to these augmentations, it will still be in your power, after providing for the services of the year, to make arrangements, in some parts of our system of taxation, which may afford relief to certain important branches of the national industry.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

His Majesty has commanded us to acquaint you, that he has not been inattentive to the desire expressed by the House of Commons in the last Session of Parliament, that means should be devised for ameliorating the condition of the Negro slaves in the West Indies.—His Majesty has directed the necessary information relating to this subject to be laid before you.—His Majesty is confident that you will afford your best attention and assistance to any proposition which may be submitted to you, for promoting the moral improvement of the Negroes, by an extended plan of religious instruction, and by such other measures as may gradually conduce to the same end.—But his Majesty earnestly recommends to you to treat this whole subject with the calmness and discretion which it demands.—It is a subject perplexed with difficulties, which no sudden effort can disentangle.—To excite exaggerated expectations in those who are the objects of your benevolence, would be as fatal to their welfare as to that of their employers.—And his Majesty assures himself you will bear in mind, that in the correction of a long standing and complicated system, in which the fortunes and the safety of large classes of his Majesty's subjects are involved, that course of proceeding is alone likely to attain practical good, and to avoid aggravation of evil, in which due regard shall be paid to considerations of justice, and in which caution shall temper zeal.

There was no amendment moved either in the Lords or Commons; and the first night went off as dully as we ever remember at any preceding period. In pursuance of the promise held out in the speech, a copy of the Convention between the Emperor of Austria and the King of England, concluded at Vienna last November, has been laid before Parliament. By this document, it appears that the Emperor was to pay to this country two millions and a half sterling in discharge of the Austrian loan, amounting to twenty millions, being about two-and-sixpence in the pound!—Perhaps, considering every thing, we are fortunate in obtaining so much, but we do not wonder that such a circumstance should draw from Mr.

James the remark that in justice to other bankrupts the name of the Emperor should appear in *the Gazette!* The dividend is certainly a small one.

Notice, has, we are glad to see, been taken in both houses, of a very scandalous practice which had crept into some prisons, of sending prisoners before trial to the treadmill; in the House of Lords, Lord Liverpool, and in the House of Commons, Mr. Peel, both decidedly reprobated the practice. It is doubted by some persons whether the treadmill is judicious even in the way of punishment after conviction; but there can be no question as to its impolicy, if not its illegality, when extended to those whom the law presumes to be innocent.

Mr. Hume commenced his labours for the session, by a motion for a select committee to inquire into the state of the laws of the United Kingdom, and their consequences, respecting artizans leaving the country and carrying their skill and industry abroad; into the state of the laws respecting the exportation of tools and machinery; and also into the state of the laws and their consequences respecting the combination of workmen to raise their wages and to regulate their hours of work." This motion was intended, as the mover premised, to do away with some of the existing restrictions. The motion was met by Mr. Huskinsson in a spirit of liberality which did him great honour. Its effect, he said, would be to produce a report which would enable the house to retain what was useful in the laws, to clear from the statute book such of them as were useless, and to substitute in their stead such amendments as would best promote the commercial interest and glory of the country. He also cordially thanked Mr. Hume for having undertaken so arduous a task, and highly complimented him on his zeal and industry. A committee was accordingly appointed.

We are most happy to observe that the Vagrant Act (very properly so called,) is likely to undergo some modification. Mr. Peel, whose official situation must have called his attention more especially to its abuses, declared that there were certain parts of it on which, when it came before the House, he meant to submit amendments, and particularly on the clause respecting indecent exposure. There can be no doubt that it would be better to set about making a new law altogether, than endeavouring to amend one so full of deformity.

Lord Nugent made a motion for papers relative to Spain, and particularly for the instructions given to Sir William A'Court, together with all documents relative to the proposed mediation of England in the outset of the contest with Spain. This was met by an amendment proposed by Mr. Sturges Bourne, approving of the neutrality of this country, and lauding the prudence and inviolability with which it had been maintained. The House divided, when there appeared, for the amendment, 171—for the original motion, 30.—Majority, 141. The debate was confined to these two speakers, and presented no feature of interest.

Lord Althorpe has obtained leave to bring in a bill for the more easy recovery of debts under 10*l.* This measure promises to prove one of great utility; but as it is to undergo some modifications, we must postpone for the present a more detailed account of it.

In the committee of supply Lord Palmerston proposed an increase of our military establishment, assigning as a principal reason the commotions in our West India Islands. The addition submitted was of six new regiments upon the existing establishment, besides 200 men added to each of the three Veteran Battalions: this would increase our land forces by 4,560 troops, and our expences by 103,464*l.* The sum total of our military establishment then would be, exclusive of our Indian establishment, 73,341 regular troops, and 3,354 men in Veteran Battalions in Ireland. This was opposed by Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Hume. The latter gentleman moved an amendment against the principle of increasing a standing army, but it was negatived by a majority of 102 to 10.

The most important parliamentary business of the month, however, has been the opening of the budget by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A state of peace enables the minister to produce it thus early; our readers may remember that during the war

it was necessarily, from the fluctuation of affairs, postponed to a late period of the session. The exposition of the state of the finances was ably and eloquently brought forward, as indeed all the finance statements of Mr. Robinson have been. He laid before the House the revenue and expenditure of the year 1823, and followed it up by a statement of the revenue, expenditure, and surplus of the year 1824. One of his propositions was the reduction of the old 4 per cent. stock; the outstanding account to be estimated at 75 millions. Under this proposition the present holders were to have six weeks time to assent to or dissent from a transfer into the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents.; and those who within that period dissented were to be paid off. The bonus he proposed was in time rather than money: it was that the holders of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock should be secured against any reduction for five years from October next. The reductions which he proposed were, first, in the cessation of bounties to the following extent:—

On the whale fishery......	£50,000
On the herring fishery......	70,000
On Irish Linens...........	100,000

The result, he calculated, would cause a surplus of income to the following amount:—

1823..................	£1,710,955
1824..................	1,052,106
1825..................	372,346
1826..................	477,346
1827..................	522,346

leaving a total surplus at the end of the year 1827, amounting to 4,135,099*l.*

The annual duties on which he proposed a repeal were as follow:

On rum................	£150,000
On London coals.........	100,000
On wool................	350,000
On silk................	462,000

making a total further reduction of 1,062,000*l.*—The reduction on rum was to be at the rate of 1*s.* $1\frac{1}{2}$*d.* per gallon. On London coals, 3*s.* 4*d.* per chaldron; and inland coal permitted to be brought in any quantity by the canal, at 1*s.* 3*d.* per chaldron. On wool, the reduction is to be from 6*d.* to 1*d.* per pound, and a free exportation of British wool allowed, on payment of 1*d.* duty. On silk, the present restrictions were to be taken off, and French silks and gloves, to be freely imported, on paying an ad valorem duty. A considerable reduction was also proposed of the duty on foreign raw silk. The statement of the right hon. gentleman met with unqualified approbation, with the exception of a proposal to expend 500,000*l.* of the surplus in the erection of new churches. We must not omit mentioning a vote of 60,000*l.* being proposed for the erection of a national gallery, and a communication that government had already laid the foundation of a collection by purchasing, at the price of 57,000*l.* the pictures of the late Mr. Angerstein. The minister mentioned, that, when the nucleus was thus formed, he had no doubt that His Majesty's liberality would considerably increase it, and that the royal example would be extensively followed.

The business in the House of Lords has been unusually barren. The late Attorney General has been created Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and called up to the House of Peers, with the title of Baron Gifford. He is also appointed Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, for the purpose of relieving the Lord Chancellor in the hearing of Scotch Appeals.

Feb. 25.

AGRICULTURE.

February 24, 1824.

The weather has been so mild that the winter ploughing has been long finished, and the farmers are now busily occupied in preparing for their spring corn. The short frost in the beginning of this month enabled the farmers to avail themselves of this brief space to carry a considerable quantity of manure upon the land, but yet nothing like the usual quantity has been removed. The crops of winter tares and seeds are generally looking very healthy, and the wheat appears equally promising, except where the slug has committed its depredations. The turnips have begun to run to top, but have turned out much better than was expected in the early part of the winter. Hay and straw have consequently become much cheaper.

The corn market, with the exception of one week, has still continued advancing. This rise is to be attributed to very many causes operating at one and the same moment.—The general feeling of the deficiency of the crop has prevailed since the harvest, and, when it was known that much of the corn has been housed in a damp state, caused an almost universal eagernes among the merchants to buy. The farmers, on the contrary, acted upon by the sam

causes, were unwilling to sell, at least such as could hold their stock. The supplies were at first, of course, short of the usual arrivals: the merchants were anxious to purchase what came to market in a good state, and corn rose rapidly. The abundance of money in the market was another cause of its advance, for the holders of cash seeing corn rising progressively, and in all probability likely to advance still higher, became speculators in grain. The farmers, on the other hand, were enabled to retain their crops, by the facilities afforded on the part of the country bankers—a willingness arising from the proved stability of those who still survived the shock which the distress of late years had occasioned, and from the appearance of rising markets.

The prices fell for about a week after the opening of Parliament, owing, as it is supposed by some, to the prosperous state which the country is allowed to be at present enjoying. But the real cause of this sudden fall was the fact, and one that daily became more apparent, that the ports would open for the importation of oats. It was well known by the most experienced that, should this take place, the price of wheat must and would fall. The consumption of corn has been immensely increased by the late depression. All those who were accustomed, during the high price of the late war, to eat oat bread, have become, since the peace, large consumers of wheaten. The present price of oats being much greater in proportion than the present price of wheat, the natural effect has been that wheaten bread has been the cheapest food; but if the price of oats were to become much lowered, which it must necessarily be, by an importation of oats, those in the north and in the midland counties who now consume wheat would eat oaten bread, and the price of wheat would consequently fall. It is generally believed that if there should be no importation for oats, wheat will still keep up its price, since it is understood that the deficiency is so great in the western part of England, in Ireland, and Scotland, as to require constant and large supplies until next harvest from Norfolk, Essex, and Lincolnshire, the counties allowed to have by far the best crops. In confirmation of this opinion, it is an undoubted fact that on the 16th of this month, February, the wheat bought off Mark-lane was principally for country orders, and such was the general belief that wheat immediately rose full or nearly half what it had fallen in the course of the previous week, and on the following market it again assumed a more favourable appearance.

The average importation during the last four weeks has been:—

Wheat..	9326 qrs.	Oats....	10125 qrs.
Barley..	8528 qrs.	Flour .	11666 sks.

The average price:—Wheat, 63*s*. 11*d*.; Barley, 33*s*. 3*d*.; Oats, 23*s*. 4*d*.; Peas, 38*s*.; Flour is 60*s*. to 65*s*. per sack.

The Beef trade in Smithfield Market is very heavy, and fetched from 3*s*. 2*d*. to 4*s*. 4*d*. per stone. Mutton is brisker; for Downs and other light weights from 4*s*. to 4*s*. 8*d*. is obtained.

In the Hop trade there is but little business. It is found that the bines are much injured by the late blight. The Goldings are by far the most injured, as upon digging one-fifth have been discovered either dead or cancered, and those alive are very weak. A Mr. J. Walker, of Westington, has addressed a letter to the Hop Planters, calling upon them to memorialize the Lords of the Treasury for a repeal of the Hop Duty of 1822. He says, "he is bold enough to say *that they will have relief*." The letter is dated January 8, but was not published until after our last report.

COMMERCE.

February 22, 1824.

Though there have been no remarkable fluctuations or very important occurrences in the commercial world, it seems certain that trade on the whole is improving, and the positive assurances of the continuance of peace given in his Majesty's Speech, at the opening of the present Session of Parliament, give reason to expect that this improvement will proceed in that steady course which is, on the whole, the most beneficial to the interests of the merchant; which will doubtless be farther promoted by the perseverance of the government, in gradually introducing a liberal freedom of trade, and abandoning a system of restrictions now no longer tenable. With regard to foreign nations, we hardly know whether it is worth while to dwell on the decree of the King of Spain, published at Madrid on the 9th of this month, and granting to all nations a free trade with Spanish America, to all nations without exception, on the plan of reciprocity of duties. It remains to be seen what effect this may have on the former subjects of Spain; it does not appear to us why they should receive as a boon from Spain a liberty, which they already possess without any of those restrictions with which it would undoubtedly be accompanied, (the decree speaks of the privileges and preferences to which the Spaniards are justly entitled) and of which Spain cannot deprive them. The hostilities commenced with Algiers will hardly have any effect on commerce, unless it be to raise for a time the rate of insurance to the Mediterranean, for which, however, the Admiralty will provide convoys.

Cotton.—The market, which had been without interest after the third week in January, improved at the close of the month, and in the last week about 1250 bales were sold at fair prices, and more would have

been done had the holders been disposed to meet the demand freely. On the 6th, was the great sale of 11,600 bales at the India-house, to which the exporters were looking forward to complete their orders for the continent. The buyers were not numerous, and the sale went off without briskness; the Bengal and Madras at the previous current prices, but Surats, ⅛d. to ¼d. lower: and the Bourbons, 1d. to 1⅛d. lower than in the sale last August. 3556 Bengals belonging to the company, were bought in at 5⅛d. also the whole of the privilege and 1350 Surats. The Surats were soon afterwards disposed of at the sale prices, and in some instances at an advance of ⅛d. per lb. The demand for cotton has since been good, and within ten days after the sale an advance of ⅛d. per lb. was fully established. At Liverpool, in four weeks, ending Feb. 14, the sales were 56,570 bags, the arrivals 31,260 bags.

Coffee.—For nearly three weeks after our last publication, the market remained nearly in a state of stagnation. The public sales were inconsiderable, and though there was some demand after the first week of this month, it was at too low prices; for the limits from the continent being lower by every succeeding mail in even a greater degree than the market prices here had fallen. According to the annexed market report of the 17th instant, however, it appears, that a considerable improvement had taken place:—

There were several considerable public sales of coffee brought forward last week: 2511 bags pale Cheribon, fair quality, 65s. to 65s. 6d.; 360 bags St. Domingo, fair quality, 68s. to 69s. 6d.; Havannah, 67s. to 69s. 6d.; the Jamaica and Demarara coffee nearly supported the previous prices.

There were three public sales of coffee brought forward, consisting of 219 casks 204 bags British plantation, 1076 bags Foreign; the former consisted of Jamaica and Demerara descriptions; the latter sold freely at fair prices; good ordinary Demarara, 72s. fine ordinary, 84s. to 84s. 6d. low middling, 89s. to 93s.; the few lots Jamaica were taken in, but full prices were offered; for good ordinary, 76s. The Foreign consisted chiefly of Brazil descriptions; good ordinary pale 65s. to 69s. fine ordinary colouty, 70s. to 74s.; 168 bags slightly damaged St. Domingo sold 67s. to 68s.

Sugar.—The market, which had been rather heavy, received an impulse from the unfavourable news from Jamaica, which induced the holders to demand an advance of 1s. per cwt. which was not however immediately acceded to by the buyers. Though the great interest excited by the news from Jamaica subsided, the market has become more firm, and a general advance of 1s. was obtained; the sales were, it is true, rather limited. The refiners, too, were confident of higher prices, and were very firm, which caused the business done to be inconsiderable, as the buyers were unwilling to accede to their terms.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The Rum market has been very interesting this month. At the end of January it began to improve, and about 4000 puncheons were sold in the last week; the demand was increased towards the end of the week by the declaration of a government contract of 100,000 gallons of ordinary strong, and 80,000 gallons of very strong quality, supposed to be for Captain Parry's northern expedition; the great cause of the advance was probably the rise in the price of Corn. Brandies also rose 1d. to 2d. per gallon. The contract being taken at 1s. 6⅞d. for the ordinary, and 2s. 8d. and a fraction for the very strong, caused the market to be more heavy, but the prices have remained unchanged. Brandy, to arrive, about 3s. free on board. The West India Committee, in answer to their application to the Government, have been informed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that no alteration will be made in the duty on sugar —a small part of that on Rum will be taken off, and the duty on deficiencies abandoned.

Spices.—The Company's sale was on the 9th instant, since which the market has in general been heavy.

Indigo.—The result of the sale at the India House coincides with the statement in our last month of the commencement of it; an advance of 3d. to 4d. per lb. has since been obtained.

Tallow, Hemp, and Flax.—The tallow market has been very depressed, and the prices are about 34s. 3d. In Hemp and Flax no alteration can be stated.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

The Drama.—The theatres, at one time so fertile in novelties, have lately brought forward not only nothing remarkable, but hardly any thing new; the Scandinavians, a tragedy, brought out at the second theatre, was not indeed damned at the first representation; but this forbearance of the public is ascribed to the regard of the public for Victor, the actor, who performed the principal character, and was known to be the author of the piece. On the second representation, it appeared to have been much improved by judicious curtailments and corrections, and was much applauded.

Poetry.—Numerous single poems on the late Campaign in Spain have been published; some of them are not destitute of

poetical merit. *La Vendée*, a poem, in ten cantos, by the Viscount Prevost d'Iray, deserves mention. The author has wisely refrained from attempting any thing in the usual style of lyric poetry, he has felt the force of the sentiment,

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri

and has, by this self-denial, certainly given a better idea of those extraordinary events, the simple narrative of which imparts such an irresistible charm to the Memoirs of Madame de la Rochejaquelin. Viscount Arlincourt has published a third edition, corrected, of *La Caroleide*. The Countess of Redern, who published four years ago an allegorical novel, *Zelie, Reine des Braves*, and a collection of poems which were much admired, has been since engaged in a larger poem, from which she has detached two episodes, and published them separately. The first is on the death of the Duke de Berry; the second celebrates the heroic filial piety of a Mademoiselle Chaussande, whose mother being condemned to death by one of the sanguinary tribunals that desolated France during the revolution, accompanied him to prison, and died with him on the scaffold.

Natural History and Geology.—Experimental researches into the properties and functions of the nervous system in animals with Vertebræ, 8vo. by M. Flourens. A geological memoir, in the Lower Boulonnais, by M. F. Garnier, 4to. is a work of great merit. An Essay on the Geognostic construction of the Pyrenees, by J. de Charpentier, 8vo. The author, a man of profound knowledge of the subject, passed four years in the Pyrenees as director of a mine, and therefore had an opportunity of observing accurately. This work has been crowned by the French Institute.

Jurisprudence.—The History of the Roman Laws, by Gustavus Hugo, 2 vols. 8vo. This learned work is a translation from the German, the author being Professor in the University of Gottingen. It is divided into four periods; 1, from the foundation of Rome to the promulgation of the law of the Twelve Tables; 2, to the time of Cicero; 3, to Alexander Severus; and 4, to Justinian. A Collection of the Ancient French Laws, from the year 420 to the revolution in 1789, is the most extensive of the kind that has hitherto appeared in French. It promises a good history of French legislation, being entirely drawn up from the best authorities. Vol. V. and VI. now published, contain the monuments of the reigns of John, Charles V. and Charles VI. to the year 1400, inclusive. The great bookseller, Panckoucke, is publishing The English Bar, 3 vols. 8vo. The second volume now published is entirely taken up with the Speeches of Lord Erskine. A new translation of Blackstone's Commentaries has now been published, in six vols. 8vo. The French Journals speak in very high terms of the following work: De l'Etat Civil, et des Ameliorations dont il est susceptible, par M. Hutteau d'Origny, Mayor of the 5th Arrondissement of Paris, one vol. 8vo. The intention of the French Government to render the Chamber of Deputies septennial has given rise to numerous pamphlets, both for and against the proposed change; among these are two giving an account of the debates on the septennial bill in both houses of parliament, in 1716.

History, Memoirs, and Biography.—The Essai de Memoires de Ducis, by M. de Campenon, is read with great interest; the account of his intercourse with Buonaparte is remarkable: he seems to have had a kind of instinctive aversion to Buonaparte, from whom he never would accept any honorary distinctions.

Mr. Capefigue's account of the operation of the army in Spain, under the command of the Duke of Angoulême, is very apropos; at least, as the official account will be necessarily delayed for a long time; for it seems that the Government intends to publish a very particular account with maps, plans, and engravings, to be executed by the first artists.—An Essay on the maritime invasions of the Normans in the Gauls, followed by a view of the effect of those invasions, on the literature, manners, national institutions and political system of Europe, by M. B. Capefigue, which was honourably noticed by the Institute, is now published. The same author intends shortly to publish his Memoir (crowned by the Institute) on the political, civil, commercial, and literary situation of the Jews, in the middle ages. We mentioned on a former occasion, the edition of Froissart's Chronicles, prepared by M. Dacier; the first volume is now published. It will make 15 vols. 8vo. The editor M. Buchon will publish Monstrelet, in 15 vols., and other Chronicles, from the 13th to the 16th Century; the whole collection will form 60 vols. in four division of 15 vols. each of which may be had separately. Dulaure's moral, and political history of Paris, 27 and 28 *livraisons*, contain part of the reign of Lewis XV.

Fine Arts.—Mr. Charles Nodier and Mr. Taylor will shortly complete their picturesque Tour in Normandy: they are now in that province, collecting the materials for the last numbers of their work. The second edition of the great work on Egypt, proceeds in its regular course. The numbers just published are 115 to 125 of the plates, in vol. 12 and 13 of the text. The Picturesque Tour in Spain by M. de la Borde has reached the 14th number. Vicount Senonnes had produced the 4th and 5th numbers of his Picturesque Views in Italy, which we have mentioned before. The 4th number is dedicated to Rome, the 5th to the Campagna Romana. The work

will extend to 30 numbers, each containing 6 plates.

Military Art.—An Essay on the general history of the Art of War, its origin, its progress, and its revolutions, from the first formation of European societies to our time, 2 large vols. 8vo., by Colonel Carrion Nisas. This work has appeared under auspices that give a favourable opinion of its merit. The minister of war, learning that the author was engaged on it, proposed to him to communicate the MS. to General Guilleminot. The author gladly took the opportunity of having the opinion of so good a judge. The report was so favourable that the minister himself wished to see the MS., and was so pleased with it, that he not only expressed his opinion in a letter to the author in the most flattering terms, but considering the work worthy of the protection of Government, His Excellency took measures to hasten the publication. From what we have been able to peruse of this work, it seems fully worthy of the high patronage it has obtained.

Divinity.—Thesaurus Patrum, Floresque Doctorum, &c. A selection of thoughts and passages from the Fathers of the church, in alphabetical order. This collection is to form eight volumes, of which three are published.

Novels.—Madame de Montoleiu has augmented by a new work the numerous collection of her novels. It is called Dudley and Claudy, or the Island of Teneriff. 6 vols. 12mo.—This is the only novel of which we have any thing more than the title. It is well spoken of by the Moniteur. Among the works announced for immediate publication, is the third part of Mr. Charles Dupin's Tour in Great Britain. Under the title of *Force Commerciale* the author treats of the canals, aqueducts, roads, iron and stone bridges, hanging bridges, &c. On the subject of the hanging bridges we ought to mention a highly interesting work on the subject, by Mr. Navier, an engineer of great merit, who was sent to England by the French Government to collect information on this subject, and has published the result of his mission, under the form of a report, in one vol. 4to. with numerous plates.

GERMANY.

A work of small compass, but of extreme importance to the whole Christian world, *Biblische Kritische Reise*, &c. i. e. a Critico-biblical Tour in France, Switzerland, Italy, Palestine, and the Archipelago, in the years 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, accompanied by a history of the text of the New Testament, by Dr. I. M. A. Scholz, Professor of Divinity (Roman Catholic), in the University of Bonn. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 209 (with a *fac-simile* of ten Manuscripts of the Royal Library). Dr. Scholz is already advantageously known to the learned world by his biblical labours, and by the Journal of his Travels in the Levant, published in 1822, soon after his return. He promises a collection of plates, and observations on the Egyptian and Phenician antiquities which he had an opportunity to examine. He is at present busily engaged on a great critical and exegetical edition of the New Testament, an immense undertaking, which is the object, as it will be the result, of all his labours. This collection of researches and writings may be considered as an important event in the history of sacred criticism, and the work we are now speaking of must attract in a particular manner the attention of the friends of that branch of study. Though short, it embraces many things: it contains the elements of an entirely new theory; it tends to overturn, or at the least, greatly to modify ideas pretty generally received, and in a word, it is calculated to have a powerful influence on the criticism of the New Testament. It is therefore highly requisite that the learned should examine the assertions of the author to adopt his solution of the problem of families, if they judge these assertions well founded; and if they should consider them as inaccurate or too general, to gather at least the new facts, the useful principles, and the certain consequences, which they cannot fail to recognise in it.

We have dwelt more than usual on this small work on account of its paramount importance; and though it is wholly out of the plan of our articles to go into a critique on the works we mention, we will on this occasion add an extract from the opinion (which we have before us) of an eminent Protestant writer:—"If," says he, "the principle of Scholz respecting versions were rejected (Scholz is not inclined to allow their authority), some essential modifications of the author's system would doubtless result from it; but the principal inference which he deduces from it would not be shaken. I mean the great pre-eminence of the Asiatic text over the African, and consequently the real merit of our received text. Scholz would still have the glory of having been the first to establish on a solid foundation this important fact, the results of which rise above criticism, and almost occupy a place among the guarantees of religion."

So strong a recommendation cannot fail to draw the attention of our learned readers to this work, and we shall be happy if it should induce some person competent to the task to undertake a translation of it, which we doubt not would be acceptable.

Among the later productions of the German Press we have not met with any thing worthy of particular notice.

THE FIGHTING GLADIATOR.

"Ha! it hath reach'd him!"—on his rugged brow
The flash of triumph plays still doubtingly
One moment's dread suspense—his aching eye
Gluts on the life-blood of his fainting foe—
His hand still quivers to repeat the blow—
His outstretch'd arm still bears the shield on high,
As, gazing on the last death-agony,
He views in death his mighty rival bow.
Hark the loud shout of the applauding crowd!
He starts to terrible consciousness of all,
And his heart sickens—would those plaudits loud
Upon the "dull cold ear of Death" might fall!
He thinks upon his comrade's dying groan
And his brain burns beneath the laurel crown.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Poems, &c. by Thomas Wilkinson, of Yanwath, Westmoreland.

Scenery of the River Exe, consisting of Thirty Views of the most interesting Scenes, from its Source in the Exmoor to its Confluence with the Sea at Exmouth. Drawn and etched by F. C. Lewis, Engraver to his Royal Highness the Prince Leopold. Imperial 4to.

Topography, illustrative of the Actual State of Olympia, and the Ruins of the City of Elis. By John Spencer Stanhope, Esq. FRS. in imperial folio, containing numerous Plates, Engraved by G. Cooke, John Pye, E. Finden, &c. &c. from Drawings by Mr. Dewint.

Flora Historica, or the Three Seasons of the British Parterre, Historically Treated, with Observations on Planting, to secure a regular succession of Flowers, from the Commencement of Spring to the End of Autumn. By Mr. Henry Phillips.

Biographia Poetica, or Lives of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, in 4 vols. 8vo. including every Poet in the Collection of Chalmers, Campbell, &c. and in those of the Early Bibliographers, whose writings, or whose names retain sufficient interest to be comprised in an Historical Collection.

Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, in the Year 1823, and Researches among the Vaudois, with Illustrations of the very interesting History of these Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps, with an Appendix, containing important Documents from Ancient MSS. By the Rev. W. S. Gilly. In 4to.

The Principles of Medical Science and Practice, deduced from the Phenomena, observed in Health and in Disease. By Hardwicke Shute, MD.

A new Edition of Globes, three feet in diameter, being the largest which have ever appearedin England, will be shortly published by Messrs. Addison, of Regent-street, Globe Makers to his Majesty.

Imryagina Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The Old English Drama, a Selection of Plays from the Early English Dramatists, including the whole of Dodsley's Collection, and every Play of any excellence. In small 8vo. in Monthly Parts.

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Liver, and on some of the Affections usually denominated Bilious; comprising an impartial Estimate of the Merits of the Nitro-Muriatic Acid Bath. By George Darling, MD. Member of the Royal College of Physicians.

In a small Volume, Notes, Biographical, Critical, and Poetical, on the Portraits of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper.

A Volume, in Prose and Verse, to be intitled, "The Climbing Boy's Album," containing Contributions from some of the most eminent writers of the day, illustrated with Engravings from Designs by Mr. Cruikshank. The object of this work will be to draw public attention more earnestly than heretofore to the Practicability and the Necessity of Discontinuing one of the most cruel, unjust, and flagitious usages in existence, the Practice employing Children to sweep Chimneys.

Mountain Rambles, and other Poems. By G. H. Storie, Esq. of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

A second Part of George Cruikshank's Etchings, entitled "Points of Humour." containing several Scenes from Smollett, Pigault and Le Brun.

The Birds of Aristophanes, Translated

into English Verse, with Notes. By the Rev. H. F. Cary, AM. Author of the Translation of Dante, 8vo.

A Translation of the Travels in Brazil, in the Years 1817, 18, 19, and 20, undertaken by the Command of the King of Bavaria. By Dr. John Von Spix, and Dr. Charles Von Martins.

Narrative of a Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, in the Year 1821-2, including a Description of the Rhine Voyage in the middle of Autumn, and the stupendous Scenery of the Alps in the depth of Winter. By Charles Tennant, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Scripture Topography, an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Names of Places mentioned in the Old and New Testament; accompanied with Historical and descriptive Information derived from Ancient Writers and Modern Travellers, and particularly useful in the Illustration of the Prophecies.

Memoirs of India, comprising a Brief Geographical Account of the East Indies; a Succinct History of Hindostan, from the early Ages, to the End of Marquis Hastings' Administration in 1823, designed for the Use of Young Men going out to India. By Captain Wallace, Author of "Fifteen Years in India."

Memoirs of the Life of J. P. Kemble, Esq. including a History of the Stage, from the Time of Garrick to the Present Period. By M. J. Bowden.

Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs. Collected by Lætitia Matilda Hawkins. Vol. II. 8vo.

Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain, selected and translated, with Critical and Historical Remarks. By John Bowring, Esq.

Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some Account of his Ancestors. Written by Himself.

Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy. By the Author of "Recollections of the Peninsula," &c.

The New London Dispensatory, containing a Translation of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis of 1824, with a concise History of the Articles of the Materia Medica, their Class and Order, Natural Order of the Plants, &c. the rationale of the different Chemical Processes, &c. &c. By Thomas Cox, MD.

A Third Course of Practical Sermons. By the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon.

Narrative of a Short Residence in Norwegian Lapland, with an Account of a Winter's Journey, performed with rein-deer, through Norwegian, and Swedish Lapland, with numerous Plates, and various particulars relating to the Laplanders. By Captain Brooke.

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WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

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Edinburgh Annual Register for 1822. 8vo. 21*s*.

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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. C. Bradley, of High Wycombe, to the rectory of Glasbury, Breconshire: Patron, the Bishop of Gloucester.—The Rev. George Cuming Rashleigh, Fellow of New College, Oxford, to the rectory of Sheviock, Cornwall, vacant by the death of the Rev. Duke Yonge, on the presentation of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew.—The Rev. — Manley, to the vicarages of Westwell, Godmersham, and Shallock, Kent, vacant by the death of the Rev. G. Sherer.—Dr. Smith, Dean of Christ Church, to the deanery of Durham, vacant by the death of Earl Cornwallis.—Dr. Ryder, Bishop of Gloucester, to the see of Lichfield and Coventry—Dr. Smyth, to the see of Gloucester, by which the deanery of Chichester is become vacant.

CAMBRIDGE.—Members' Prizes for the present year, Senior Bachelors: "An recentium ingenii vim insitam veterum poetarum exemplaria promovent?"—Middle Bachelors: "Quænam potissimum causæ Tragicæ Camenæ apud Latinos offecerint?"

Porson Prize: Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1, beginning, "Of a strange nature is the suit you follow, &c.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 22, 1824.—In Baker-street, the lady of Wm. James, Esq. MP. a daughter.

29. At the Rangers Lodge, Oxford, the lady of Sir Henry Lambert, Bart. a son.

Feb. 1. The lady of Major Deare, of the Eighth Hussars, a daughter.

— At Ickwell Bury, near Biggleswade, Lady Johnstone, a son.

3. At Greenstead Hall, Essex, the lady of Major Robt. H. Ord, KGO. a son.

6. At Woolterton Hall, Norfolk, the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Orford, a daughter.

— Mrs. Jackson, of Brunswick Square, a daughter.

8. At the Principal's Lodge, at the East India College, Herts, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Batten, a daughter.

9. In Grosvenor Square, the Rt. Hon. Lady Petre, a daughter.

— The lady of Wm. Stuart, Esq. MP. for Armagh, a daughter.

10. At Belton Hall, Lincolnshire, the Countess of Brownlow, a daughter.

— In Hill-street, Berkeley Square, the lady of W. Lucas, Esq. MP. a daughter.

— In Stratton street, the lady of George Carr Glyn, Esq. a son.

— At Cheddington, Kent, the lady of the Rev. R. P. Wish, a son.

— At Powis Castle, Shropshire, the Rt. Hon. Lady Lucy Clive, a daughter.

14 In Lower Brook-street, the lady of the Hon. Wm. Barrington, a son.

— The lady of C. M. T. Western, Esq. a son.

17. At Whitehall Place, the Rt. Hon. Lady James Stuart, a son.

ABROAD.

At Paris, the Rt. Hon. the Marchioness of Worcester, a son and heir.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, the Countess of Bective, a daughter.

At Ballinrobe, the lady of Lieut. Col. Arthur H. Gordon, of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Aberdeen, the lady of Capt. Arrow, RN. Commanding the Coast Guard of that District, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 22. At Eye, Herefordshire, by the Hon. and Rev. S. Rodney, Edm. Pollexfen Bastard, Esq. of Ketley, Devonshire, and MP. for that county, to the Hon. Anne Jane Rodney, daughter of the late and sister to the present Lord Rodney.

— Major James Henry Phelps, of the 80th Regt. to Mary, youngest daughter of Robert Grant, Esq. of Druminnor, Aberdeenshire.

24. Daniel Wakefield, Esq. to Selina, second daughter of J. G. De Burgh, Esq. of Chewton House, Old Down.

26. Rose Price, Esq. eldest son of Sir Rose Price, Bart. to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Desart.

28. By Special License, at Hepburn Hall, Wm. Henry Lambton, Esq. brother to John George Lambton, MP. for the county of Durham, to Henrietta, second daughter of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq. MP. for Newcastle on Tyne.

29. At St. James' Church, John Ruggles, Esq. of Spains Hall, in the county of Essex, and of Clare, Suffolk, to Catherine, daughter of John Haynes Harrison, Esq. of Copford Hall, Essex.

Feb. 3. At Mary-le-bone Church, the Rev. W. Heberden, eldest son of Dr. Heberden, to Elvira Rainier, second daughter of John Underwood, Esq. of Gloucester Place.

3. At Kensington, John Hurnall, Esq. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to Mary, only daughter of Charles Badham, MD. FRS.

4. Captain H. Jenkinson, RN. to Miss Acland, sister to Sir Thos. D. Acland, Bart.

10. At St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Dean of Carlisle, Thos. Hoskins, Esq. of North Perrot, Somersetshire, and late of the Royal Dragoons, to Charlotte, daughter of the late James Adams, Esq. of Berkeley Square.

11. At Grasmere, Westmoreland, Thos. Carr, Esq. of Compton Lodge, to Miss Dowling, of Ambleside.

16. At Wilmington, Kent, John Walter Hulme, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Eliza, eldest daughter—and William Parr Isaacson, Esq. of Newmarket, to Sarah, second daughter—of J. Chitty, Esq. Barrister-at-law.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, John Hazen, Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James King, Esq. of Coleraine-street, and niece to Sir Abraham Bradley King, Bart.

ABROAD.

At Madeira, at the Consul General's house, Lieut. George Anson, 11th Dragoons, eldest son of the late Gen. Sir George Anson, KCB. MP. to Barbara Park, niece to Henry Veitch, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul General for that Island.

DEATHS.

Jan. 18. At Glyndbourne, Sussex, in his 95th year, the Rev. Francis Tutte, MA. one of the Prebendaries of Peterborough.

19. At his house, York Place, Clifton, aged 71, the Rev. Thomas Grinfield, brother of the late Gen. Grinfield.

20. In the Edgeware Road, aged 86, Mrs. Thicknesse, relict of the late Governor Thicknesse, (father to the late Lord Audley) whom she married in 1762, after the death of his first wife, Lady Betty Thicknesse; Mrs. Thicknesse was the author of Sketches of the Lives and Writings of the Principal Literary Ladies in France, 3 vols. 8vo. and some other publications.
22. At Castle Donnington, Leicestershire, in his 71st year, the Rev. Thos. Bosville, AM. of Magdalen College, Oxford, and of Ravenfield Park, in the county of York.
23. At Binfield, Berks, aged 49, Lieut. Gen. Sir Fras. Wilder.
25. At Camberwell, aged 48, Vincent Wanostrocht, LLD.
— In Upper Seymour-street, Judith, relict of the late Gen. Sir Robt. Laurie, Bart. of Maxwelton, in the county of Dumfries.
27. At Chiswick, in his 86th year, the Rev. Dr. Horne.
— At Castle Howard, Yorkshire, in her 71st year, the Right Hon. Margaret Caroline, Countess of Carlisle. Her ladyship was the second daughter of Grenville Leveson Gower, first Marquis of Stafford.
29. At her house, in Hill-street, Berkeley Square, Mrs. Tynte, relict of the late John Kemeys Tynte, Esq.
31. In his 34th year, Mr. G. Fordyce Mavor, of Finsbury Square, of the Firm of Harding, Mavor, and Co.
Feb. 1. At the house of Robt. Clark, Esq. of Trinity Square, Captain Stephen Rains, RN. in his 59th year.
— At Woolwich, aged 73, Mrs. Hartley, the once celebrated actress, and the contemporary of Garrick. This lady, when in her zenith, was possessed of extraordinary beauty of person, and frequently sat as a model, to Sir Joshua Reynolds; and Mason is said to have written his Elfrida, that she might represent the heroine, which character she sustained for sometime with great popularity.
— At Cheltenham, in his 78th year, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart. Prebendary of Ely, Chancellor of the diocese of Ferns, &c. This gentleman who had been for nearly half a century a distinguished character both in the literary and political world, first established the Morning Post, and the Herald, the latter in 1780, the former a few years previously; he also commenced the Courier de l'Europe, and the English Chronicle. Of the Herald he was for many years the sole proprietor, and supported that paper by his wit and talents. He contributed largely to the celebrated "Probationary Odes," and the "Rolliad," and was author of a satirical work entitled "Vortigern and Rowena," and of several popular operas and other dramatic pieces. Sir Henry was the patron of Gainsborough, De Lolme, Lavoisier, and other individuals of talent; and the friend and associate of Garrick, the elder Colman, Bonnel Thornton, Cumberland, and other contemporary wits. At one period he obtained much notoriet[illegible] his quarrels and duels with Mr. Bowes, the husband of the Countess of Strathmore, Messrs. Miles and Fitzgerald, &c. one of which was about Mrs. Hartley, the lady whose decease has been just noticed.
3. At the King's Palace, the Countess of Harrington. Her remains were interred on the 12th, in Westminster-abbey.
— At Lymington, aged 49, James Green Livett, Esq.
4. Sir John Simeon, one of the Masters in Chancery.
— At Birmingham, aged 29, Mr. George Mills, medalist, one of the first artists in England in this branch of the Fine Arts. His medals of Watt, West, Admiral Duckworth, &c. are sufficient proofs of his ability and talent.
— At Fleet House, near Weymouth, Abigail, relict of the late George Gould, Esq. of Upway House, in the county of Dorset, and last surviving sister of Robt. Goodden, Esq. of Compton House, in the same county.
6. In Belgrave-place, Pimlico, John Henderson, Esq. in his 92d year.
— Lately, Sir Frederick Flood, Bart. late MP. for Wexford.
7. In his 85th year, Wm. Henry Majendie, eldest son of the Lord Bishop of Bengor.
8. In Dover-street, in her 90th year, Margaret, relict of the late Hon. Gen. Thos. Gage.
9. In Great George-street, Westminster, in his 74th year, John Fane, Esq. MP. of Warmesley, Oxfordshire.
10. In Piccadilly, in his 80th year, Sir W. Paxton, of Middleton Hall, Carmarthenshire.
11. At Walton, Lady Harriet Bennet, youngest daughter of the Earl of Tankerville.
— In Queen square, Richard Cheslyn Creswell, Proctor of Doctors' Commons, and one of the Deputy Registers of the Prerogative Court, Canterbury.
— At Cavendish Hall, Suffolk, Georgiana Lucy, youngest daughter of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.
14. In Regent's Park, Jane, relict of the late Thos. Greenough, Esq. of Bedford-square.
— Lately, at Bayswater, in his 85th year, Mr. Charles Frederick Baumgarten, formerly leader of the band at Covent Garden Theatre.
19. At his house, in Gloucester-place, in his 73d year, Sir John Orde, Bart. Admiral of the Red.
— In his 75th year, Ralph Walker, Esq. Civil Engineer.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, James Bissett, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the Red.
At Dumfries, Robert Jackson, Comptroller of the Customs, and for many years proprietor of the Dumfries Weekly Journal.
At Sunbury, near Edinburgh, James Haig, jun. Esq.
At Brodie-house, in the county of Moray, James Brodie, Esq. of Brodie.
At Seawick, Kirkcudbright, Lady Gordon, of Earlston.

IN IRELAND.

At Rochfort, Gustavus Hume Rochfort, Esq. MP. for the county of Westmeath.
At Collen, in the county of Louth, the seat of Lord Oriel, in her 87th year, the Rt. Hon. Margaret, Viscountess Ferrard, and Baroness Oriel, his Lordship's wife. Her Ladyship was a Peeress in her own right, and is succeeded in her titles by her only son, the Rt. Hon. T. H. Skeffington, one of the Representatives for the county of Louth, now Lord Ferrard.

ABROAD.

At Boulogne, in his 80th year, Sir Brook Boothby, Bart. of Ashbourne Hall, Derbyshire: he is succeeded by his only brother, Wm. Boothby, Esq. of Edwinston, Notts. Sir Brook was of literary habits, and published Britannicus, a Tragedy, and Tales and Fables, 2 vols.
At Paris, the Rev. Rich. Hayes, of the Order of St. Francis, who rendered himself conspicuous in the Catholic discussion on the Veto.
At Eichstell, aged 84, Count Joseph Von Stubenberg, Archbishop of Bombay, and Prince Bishop of Eichstell.
At Paris, of a complaint in the chest, M. Gericault, painter; whose picture of the "Wreck of the Medusa Frigate," was exhibited in London three years since.
At Versailles, aged 54, George Francis Lynn, Esq. of Southwick Hall, Oundle, Northamptonshire.
At Paris, (Jan. 28,) Louis Matthieu Langlès, the celebrated Orientalist, who was born at Montdidier in 1764. The whole life of this indefatigable scholar was devoted to the study of Oriental literature, with which his numerous translations and other works exhibit his intimate acquaintance. His "Ancient and Modern Monuments of Hindostan," alone, sufficiently attest the profundity, extent, and variety of his researches in this field of literature.
At Malta, of Apoplexy, Sir Thos. Maitland, GCB. and GC. Col. of the 18th Regt. Foot, Governor of Malta, Commander of the Forces in the Mediterranean, and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. Sir Thomas was brother to the Earl of Lauderdale.
At Florence, in her 72d year, Aloisia de Stollberg, relict of Prince James Stuart, and the friend of Alfieri.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1824.

CONTENTS

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

We are happy to find that the question asked by a Reviewer in our last Number is satisfactorily answered in the subjoined Letter.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Dear Sir,

In the Review of the *Batavian Anthology* in your last Number was the following sentence: "We were particularly struck by a remarkable coincidence, both in point of idea and expression, between a line in the last-mentioned poem (The Nightingale,) and one from a lately-published English Tragedy, which we have somewhere met with: in the first, the Nightingale is thus described—

> A singing feather he—a wing'd and wandering sound:

in the latter, we find these words—

> When that wing'd song, the restless Nightingale
> Turns her sad heart to music:

Both the above passages are eminently beautiful; the ideas, and even the words are the same in both; but which writer (as Puff says) thought of them first? Had the Dutch Poet's Dragoman, when he wrote his line, a singing in his head, the burthen of which was the English lay? The original, if produced, would answer this question."

To satisfy the Reviewer, and to prove that the resemblance alluded to must have been accidental, I subjoin the original:

> Een zingend veedertje en een gewieckt geluijt—

literally:

> A singing feather and a winged sound.

Whilst I am on this subject, I cannot refrain from hazarding an opinion, that the learned, but perhaps too critical, writer of "Recent Poetical Plagiarisms and Imitations," would be much nearer the truth, were he to alter the title to "Recent Poetical Plagiarisms, Imitations, and Coincidences;" thus allowing that men may sometimes hit upon the same ideas without being imitators, and possess the same powers of imagination, elicit the same bursts of passion, and be governed by the same intense feelings, without having "envied their neighbour's goods," or descended to the almost non-entity of copyists. The subjoined passages will explain my meaning:—

> J'aime Britannicus; je lui fus destinée,
> Quand l'empire devoit suivre son hyménée.
> Mais ces même malheurs qui l'en ont écarté,
> Ses honneurs abolis, son palais déserté,
> La fuite d'une cour que sa chûte a bannie,
> Sont autant de liens que retiennent Junie.

Racine's Britannicus, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Javan! I know that all men hate my father;
Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.
* * * * * *
Then let men rain their curses, let the storm
Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,
I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs
Of men upon my scatter'd bones with him.

Milman's Fall of Jerusalem.

The ideas of the English and French authors strongly resemble each other, yet why are we to suppose that Milman has borrowed from Racine? Nature is not such a niggard of her favours as to apportion to every individual one particular sphere of thought or action from which he may not swerve. If men often think alike, (which few I suspect will doubt) why should we conclude that the resemblance must cease when their thoughts are committed to paper, or what should prevent two persons, who, unknown to each other, are dramatizing the same story, from being betrayed by the nature of similar situations into a similar expression of their feelings, although those feelings, generally speaking, may have little in common?

I am, &c. &c. V. D.

John Lacy's "Epistola Amicabilis" to Terentius Secundus in our next. It is hard to convey unpalatable truths in grateful terms, but we hope they will "infuse a new portion of vigor into the *Dramatic* Constitution."

The "Excursion" is the product of an amiable and contemplative mind, awake to the beauties of nature: the style, however, wants power, and the story incident.

Our Carlisle correspondent will, perhaps, on a re-perusal, acknowledge our prudence in declining his "Young Friend's" oblation. It preserves an inauspicious mediocrity throughout: the "golden mean" may be kept with advantage anywhere but in works of genius.

"The Hunting Parson" is not among the *elect.*

An Essay on the Character of Ophelia, by Mr. William Farren, will appear in our next.

We should have answered Philocant's two Letters much earlier, could we have answered them favourably; or rather, could we have answered them favourably we should not have answered them at all.

"Sketches of American Population" might have been more interesting, but could scarcely be less so.

Many other communications, to which we cannot give particular answers, are left with our publishers.

THE

London Magazine.

APRIL, 1824.

DIALOGUES OF THREE TEMPLARS

ON POLITICAL ECONOMY,

CHIEFLY IN RELATION TO THE

PRINCIPLES OF MR. RICARDO.

ADVERTISEMENT.—I have resolved to fling my analysis of Mr. Ricardo's system into the form of Dialogues. A few words will suffice to determine the principles of criticism which can fairly be applied to such a form of composition on such a subject. It cannot reasonably be expected that dialogues on Political Economy should pretend to the appropriate beauty of dialogues *as* dialogues—by throwing any dramatic interest into the parts sustained by the different speakers, or any characteristic distinctions into their style. Elegance of this sort, if my time had allowed of it—or I had been otherwise capable of producing it, would have been here misplaced. Not that I would say even of Political Economy, in the words commonly applied to such subjects, that "*Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri:*" for all things have their peculiar beauty and sources of ornament—determined by their ultimate ends, and by the process of the mind in pursuing them. Here, as in the processes of nature and in mathematical demonstrations, the appropriate elegance is derived from the simplicity of the means employed, as expressed in the *Lex Parcimoniæ* ("Frustra fit per plura, quod fieri fas erat per pauciora"), and other maxims of that sort. This simplicity however must be looked for in the order and relation of the thoughts, and in the way in which they are made to lead into each other, rather than in any anxious conciseness as to words; which on the contrary I have rather sought to avoid in the earlier Dialogues—in order that I might keep those distinctions longer before the reader from which all the rest were to be derived. For he, who is fully master of the subject of Value, is already a good political economist.—Now, if any man should object that in the following Dialogues I have uniformly given the victory to myself, he will make a pleasant logical blunder: for the true logic of the case is this—Not that it is myself to whom I give the victory; but

that he, to whom I give the victory (let me call him by what name I will), is of necessity myself; since I cannot be supposed to have put triumphant arguments into any speaker's mouth, unless they had previously convinced my own understanding.—Finally let me entreat the reader not to be impatient under the disproportionate length (as he may fancy it) of the opening discussions on Value: even for its own sake, the subject is a matter of curious speculation: but in relation to Political Economy it is all in all: for most of the errors (and, what is much worse than errors, most of the perplexity) prevailing in this science take their rise from this source. Mr. Ricardo is the first writer who has thrown light on the subject: and even he, in the last edition of his book, still found it a "difficult" one (see the Advertisement to the third edition.) What a Ricardo has found difficult cannot be adequately discussed in few words: but, if the reader will once thoroughly master this part of the science, all the rest will cost him hardly any effort at all.

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

(*Speakers throughout the Dialogues are Phædrus, Philebus, and X. Y. Z.*)

Phædrus.—This, Philebus, is my friend *X. Y. Z.* whom I have long wished to introduce to you: he has some business which calls him into this quarter of the town for the next fortnight: and during that time he has promised to dine with me; and we are to discuss together the modern doctrines of Political Economy; most of which, he tells me, are due to Mr. Ricardo. Or rather I should say that I am to become his pupil: for I pretend to no regular knowledge of Political Economy, having picked up what little I possess in a desultory way amongst the writers of the old school; and of that little, *X.* obligingly tells me that three-fourths are pure error. I am glad therefore that you are in town at this time, and can come and help me to contradict him. Meantime *X.* has some right to play the tutor amongst us; for he has been a regular student of the science: another of his merits is—that he is a Templar as well as ourselves, and a good deal senior to either of us.

Philebus. And for which of his merits is it that you would have me contradict him?

Phæd. Oh for all of them, and as a point of hospitality. For I am of the same opinion as M——— a very able friend of mine in Liverpool, who looks upon it as criminal in a high degree to assent to anything a man says: the nefarious habit of assenting (as he justly says) being the pest of conversation by causing it to stagnate. On this account he often calls aside the talking men of the party before dinner, and conjures them with a pathetic earnestness not to agree with him in anything he may advance during the evening: and at his own table, when it has happened that strangers were present who indulged too much in the habit of politely assenting to anything which seemed to demand no particular opposition, I have seen him suddenly pause with the air of the worst used man in the world and exclaim—"Good heavens! is there to be no end to this? Am I *never* to be contradicted? I suppose matters will soon come to that pass that my nearest relations will be perfidiously agreeing with me, and I shall not have a friend left on whom I can depend for the consolations of opposition."

Phil. Well, Phædrus, if *X. Y. Z.* is so much devoted as you represent to the doctrines of Mr. Ricardo, I shall perhaps find myself obliged to indulge your wishes in this point more than my own taste in conversation would lead me to desire.

X. And what, may I ask, is the particular ground of your opposition to Mr. Ricardo?

Phæd. I suppose that, like the man, who gave his vote against Aristides, because it wearied him to hear any man surnamed *the just,* Philebus is annoyed by finding that so many people look up to Mr. Ricardo as an oracle.

Phil. No: for the very opposite reason; it is because I hear him generally complained of as obscure and as ambitiously paradoxical; two faults which I cannot tolerate: and the extracts from his writings which I have seen satisfy me that this judgment is a reasonable one.

Phæd. In addition to which, Philebus, I now recollect something which perhaps weighs with you still more, though you have chosen to suppress it; and *that* is—that you are a disciple of Mr. Malthus, every part of whose writings since the year 1816 (I am assured) have had one origin — jealousy of Mr. Ricardo, "quem si non aliquà nocuisset, mortuus esset."

X. No, no, Phædrus: we must not go so far as *that;* though undoubtedly it is true that Mr. Malthus has often conducted his opposition in a most vexatious and disingenuous manner.

Phil. In what instance? In what instance?

X. In this for one. Mr. Malthus in his Political Economy (1820) repeatedly charged Mr. Ricardo with having confounded the two notions of "cost" and "value:" I smile when I repeat such a charge, as if it were the office of a Ricardo to confound, or of a Malthus to distinguish: but

> Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
> Longus summa dies, ut non—si voce Metelli
> Serventur leges—malint a Cæsare tolli.

Phil. "Imis!" Why, I hope, if Mr. Ricardo may do for the Cæsar of the case, Mr. Malthus is not therefore to be thought the Metellus. "Imis" indeed!

X. As to *this,* he is: his general merits of good sense and ingenuity we all acknowledge: but for the office of a distinguisher, or any other which demands logic in the first place, it is impossible to conceive any person below him.—To go on however with my instance:—this objection of Mr. Malthus's about "cost" and "value" was founded purely on a very great blunder of his own—*so* great, that (as I shall show in its proper place) even Mr. Ricardo did not see the whole extent of his misconception: thus much however was plain, that the meaning of Mr. Malthus was—that the new doctrine of value allowed for wages, but did *not* allow for profits; and thus, according to the Malthusian terminology, expressed the cost but not the value of a thing. What was Mr. Ricardo's answer? In the third edition of his book (p. 46) he told Mr. Malthus that, if the word "cost" were understood in any sense which *excluded* profits, then he did not assert the thing attributed to him: on the other hand if it were understood in a sense which *included* profits, then of course he did assert it: but then in that sense Mr. Malthus himself did not deny it.—This plain answer was published in 1821. Will it be believed that two years after, viz. in the spring of 1823, Mr. Malthus published a pamphlet in which he repeats the same objection over and over again, without a hint that it had ever met with a conclusive explanation which it was impossible to misunderstand? Neither must it be alleged that Mr. Malthus might not have seen this third edition; for it is the very edition which he constantly quotes in that pamphlet.

Phæd. What say you to this, my dear Philebus? You seem to be *ἐν ἀποριαις.*

X. But an instance of far greater disingenuousness is this: Mr. Ricardo, after laying down the general law of value, goes on to state three cases in which that law will be modified: and the extraordinary sagacity with which he has detected and stated these modifications, and the startling consequences to which they lead, have combined to make this one of the most remarkable chapters in his books. Now it is a fact, gentlemen, that these very restrictions of his own law—so openly stated as restrictions by Mr. Ricardo—are brought forward by Mr. Malthus as so many objections of his own to upset that law. The logic, as usual, is worthy of notice: for it is as if, in a question about the force of any projectile, a man should urge the resist-

ance of the air not as a limitation of that force—but as a capital objection to it. What I here insist on however is its extreme disingenuousness.—But this is a subject which it is unpleasant to pursue: and the course of our subject will of itself bring us but too often across the blunders and misstatements of Mr. Malthus. To recur therefore to what you objected about Mr. Ricardo—that he was said to be paradoxical and obscure—I presume that you use the word "paradoxical" in the common and improper sense as denoting what has a specious air of truth and subtlety but is in fact false; whereas I need not tell *you* that a paradox is the very opposite of this—meaning in effect what has a specious air of falsehood, though possibly very true: for a paradox, you know, is simply that which contradicts the popular opinion—which in too many cases is the false opinion; and in none more inevitably than in cases as remote from the popular understanding as all questions of severe science. However, use the word in what sense you please, Mr. Ricardo is no ways interested in the charge: Are my doctrines true, are they demonstrable? is the question for him: if not, let them be overthrown: if *that* is beyond any man's power, what matters it to him that the slumbering intellect of the multitude regards them as strange? As to obscurity, in general it is of two kinds—one arising out of the writer's own perplexity of thought; which is a vicious obscurity: and in this sense the opponents of Mr. Ricardo are the obscurest of all economists. Another kind——

Phæd. Aye, now let us hear what is a virtuous obscurity.

X. I do not say, Phædrus, that in any case it can be meritorious to be obscure: but I say that in many cases it is very natural to be so, and pardonable in profound thinkers, and in some cases inevitable. For the other kind of obscurity which I was going to notice is that which I would denominate elliptical obscurity; arising, I mean, out of the frequent ellipsis or suppression of some of the links in a long chain of thought: these are often involuntarily suppressed by profound thinkers, from the disgust which they naturally feel at overlaying a subject with superfluous explanations. So far from seeing too dimly, as in the case of perplexed obscurity, their defect is the very reverse; they see too clearly; and fancy that others see as clearly as themselves.—Such, without any tincture of confusion, was the obscurity of Kant (though in him there was also a singular defect of the art of communicating knowledge, as he was himself aware): such was the obscurity of Leibnitz (who otherwise was remarkable for his felicity in explaining himself): such, if any, is the obscurity of Ricardo; though for my own part I must acknowledge that I could never find any; to me he seems a model of perspicuity. But I believe that the very ground of his perspicuity to me is the ground of his apparent obscurity to some others, and *that* is—his inexorable consistency in the use of words: and this is one of the cases which I alluded to in speaking of an "inevitable" obscurity: for wherever men have been accustomed to use a word in two senses, and have yet supposed themselves to use it but in one,—a writer, who corrects this lax usage and forces them to maintain the unity of the meaning, will always appear obscure; because he will oblige them to deny or to affirm consequences from which they were hitherto accustomed to escape under a constant though unconscious equivocation between the two senses. Thus for example Mr. Ricardo sternly insists on the *true* sense of the word Value, and (what is still more unusual to most men) insists on using it but in *one* sense: and hence arise consequences which naturally appear at once obscure and paradoxical to M. Say——to Mr. Malthus—to the author of an Essay on Value*—and to all other lax thinkers, who easily bend their understandings to the infirmity of the popular usage. Hence it is not surprising to find Mr. Malthus complaining (Polit. Econ. p. 214) of "the *unusual* application of common terms" as having made Mr. Ricardo's work "difficult to be understood by many people:" though

* I forget the exact title: but it was printed for Hunter, St. Paul's Church Yard.

in fact there is nothing at all unusual in his application of any term whatever, but only in the steadiness with which he keeps to the same application of it.

Phil. These distinctions of yours on the subject of obscurity I am disposed to think reasonable: and, unless the contrary should appear in the course of our conversations, I will concede them to be applicable to the case of Mr. Ricardo: his obscurity may be venial, or it may be inevitable, or even none at all (if you will have it so). But I cannot allow of the cases of Kant and Leibnitz as at all relevant to that before us. For the obscurity complained of in metaphysics, &c. is inherent in the very *objects* contemplated, and is independent of the particular mind contemplating, and exists in defiance of the utmost talents for diffusing light: whereas the objects about which Political Economy is concerned, are acknowledged by all persons to be clear and simple enough, so that any obscurity which hangs over them must arise from imperfections in the art of arranging and conveying ideas on the part of him who undertakes to teach it.

X. This I admit: any obscurity which clouds Political Economy, unless where it arises from want of sufficient facts, must be subjective: whereas the main obscurity which besets metaphysics is objective: and such an obscurity is in the fullest sense inevitable. But this I did not overlook: for an objective obscurity it is in the power of any writer to aggravate by his own perplexities; and I alleged the cases of Kant and Leibnitz no further than as they were said to have done so; contending that, if Mr. Ricardo were at all liable to the same charge, he was entitled to the same apology—viz. that he is never obscure from any confusion of thought, but on the contrary from too keen a perception of the truth which may have seduced him at times into too elliptic a developement of his opinions—and made him impatient of the tardy and continuous steps which are best adapted to the purposes of the teacher. For the fact is—that the *laborers of the Mine* (as I am accustomed to call them), or those who dig up the metal of truth, are seldom fitted to be also *laborers of the Mint*, i. e. to work up the metal for current use. Besides which, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Ricardo did not propose to deliver an entire system of Political Economy, but only an investigation of such doctrines as had happened to be imperfectly or erroneously stated. On this account, much of his work is polemic; and presumes therefore in the reader an acquaintance with the writers whom he is opposing. Indeed in every chapter there is an under reference not to this or that author only but to the whole current of modern opinions on the subject, which demands a learned reader who is already master of what is generally received for truth in Political Economy.

Phil. Upon this statement it appears at any rate that Mr. Ricardo's must be a most improper book as an elementary one. But after all you will admit that even amongst Mr. Ricardo's friends there is a prevailing opinion that he is too subtle (or, as it is usually expressed, too theoretic) a writer to be safely relied on for the practical uses of legislation. For instance I myself heard Mr. Brougham say in the House of Commons that a particular case had been made out to all understandings, whether they were of that order who relied on the testimony of facts and practical men, or on the "subtle theories" of his Hon. friend (meaning Mr. Ricardo): words, as we all know, of very dubious praise in an English Parliament, and very suspiciously connected in the way of antithesis.

X. I remember the circumstance myself: but Mr. Brougham was very sincere in his praise, and certainly meant nothing sarcastic. The truth is that Mr. Brougham on his first entrance into public life himself labored under the reproach of being too speculative a politician; a reproach which is sometimes willingly accepted and worn as a feather in the cap of a young man, but which becomes distressing to a man as he advances in life—especially when he suffers substantial ill consequences from it, as perhaps may have happened to Mr. Brougham. Hence it has arisen, as you may have remarked, that of

late years Mr. Brougham has affected to rank himself among "plain practical men," and to speak doubtfully and with distrust of theories and untried hypotheses: and thus far only, and on this prudential principle, could Mr. Brougham ever mean to oppose himself to Mr. Ricardo or to theorists generally on such ground as Political Economy; sagaciously judging that this was the best course for winning the ear of an English House of Commons. And indeed we are all so deeply indebted to English wisdom on matters where theories really *are* dangerous, that we ought not to wonder or to complain if the jealousy of all which goes under that name be sometimes extended to cases in which it is idle to suppose any opposition possible between the *true* theory and the practice.—However on the whole question which has been moved in regard to Mr. Ricardo's obscurity or tendency to paradox or to over refinement and false subtlety, I am satisfied if I have won you to any abatement of your prejudices; and will now press it no further—willingly leaving the matter to be settled by the result of our discussions.

Phæd. Do so, *X.*; and especially because my watch informs me that dinner—an event too awfully practical to allow of any violation from mere sublunary disputes—will be announced in six minutes; within which space of time I will trouble you to produce the utmost possible amount of truth with the least possible proportion of obscurity whether "subjective" or "objective" that may be convenient.

X. As the time which you allow us is so short, I think that I cannot better employ it than in reading a short paper which I have drawn up on the most general distribution of Mr. Ricardo's book; because this may serve to guide us in the course of our future discussions.

"Mr. Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy consisted in the second edition of 31 chapters, to which, in the third edition, was added another, making 32. These 32 chapters fall into the following classification. Fourteen are on the subject of *Taxation;* viz. the 8th to the 18th* inclusively—the 22d—23d and 29th; and these may be entirely omitted by the student, and ought at any rate to be omitted on his first examination of the work. For, though Mr. Ricardo has really been not the chief so much as the sole author of any important truths on the subject of Taxation—and though his 14 chapters on that head are so many inestimable corollaries from his general doctrines, and could never have been obtained without them,—yet these general doctrines have no sort of reciprocal dependency upon what concerns Taxation. Consequently it will greatly lighten the burthen to a student, if these 14 chapters are sequestered from the rest of the work and reserved for a separate and after investigation which may furnish a commentary on the first. The chapters on Taxation deducted therefore, there remain 17 in the second edition —or 18 in the third. These contain the general principles, but also something more—which may furnish matter for a second subtraction. For in most speculations of this nature it usually happens—that, over and above the direct positive communication of new truths, a writer finds it expedient (or perhaps necessary in some cases in order to clear the ground for himself) to address part of his efforts to the task of meeting the existing errors: hence arises a division of his work into the doctrinal or *affirmative* part, and the polemic or *negative* part. In Mr. Ricardo's writings, all parts (as I have already observed) have a latent polemic reference; but some however are more directly and formally polemic than the rest; and these may be

* The 11th is on *Tithes;* and the 18th on *Poor Rates:* but these of course belong to the subject of Taxation properly defined. The present Lord Chancellor said on some cause which came before him about a year ago, that Tithes were unjustly called a Tax; meaning only that Tithes were not any arbitrary imposition of the government, but claimed by as good a tenure as any other sort of property. In this doctrine no doubt the Chancellor was perfectly right; and only wrong in supposing that any denial of that doctrine is implied by the Political Economists in calling Tithes a Tax; which, on the true definition of a Tax (as I shall show hereafter), they certainly are.

the more readily detached from the main body of the work, because (like the chapters on Taxation) they are all corollaries from the general laws and in no case introductory to them. Divided on this principle, the 18 chapters fall into the following arrangement:

Chap.	*Affirmative Chapters.*	Chap.	*Negative (or Polemic) Chapters.*
1. 4. 30.	on Value;	20.	on Value and Riches: against Adam Smith, Lord Lauderdale, M. Say;
2. 3.	on Rent;	24.	Rent of Land: against Adam Smith;
5.	on Wages;	26.	Gross and Net Revenue: against Adam Smith;
6.	on Profits;	28.	Relations of Gold, Corn, and Labor, under certain circumstances: against A. Smith;
7.	on Foreign Trade;	32.	Rent: against Mr. Malthus.
19.	on Sudden Changes in Trade;		
21.	on Accumulation;		
25.	on Colonial Trade;		
27.	on Currency and Banks;		
31.	on Machinery.		

Deducting the polemic chapters, there remain 13 affirmative or doctrinal chapters: of which one, the 27th, on Currency, &c., ought always to be insulated from all other parts of Political Economy. And thus out of the whole 32 chapters, 12 only are important to the student on his first examination; and to these I propose to limit our discussions.

Phæd. Be it so, and now let us adjourn to more solemn duties.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

On the Elementary Principle of Political Economy.

Phæd. To cut the matter short, *X. Y. Z.*,—and to begin as near as possible to the end,—is there any one principle in Political Economy, from which all the rest can be deduced? A principle, I mean, which all others presuppose—but which itself presupposes none.

X. There is, Phædrus: such a principle exists in the doctrine of Value—truly explained. The question from which all Political Economy will be found to move,—the question to which all its difficulties will be found reducible,—is this: *What is the ground of exchangeable value?* My hat, for example, bears the same value as your umbrella; double the value of my shoes; four times the value of my gloves; one twentieth of the value of this watch. Of these several relations of value—what is the sufficient cause? If they were capricious, no such science as that of Political Economy could exist: not being capricious they must have an assignable cause: this cause—what is it?

Phæd. Aye, what is it?

X. It is this, Phædrus: and the entire merit of the discovery belongs to Mr. Ricardo. It is this;—and listen with your whole understanding: *the ground of the value of all things lies in the quantity of labor which produces them.* Here is that great principle which is the corner-stone of all tenable Political Economy; which granted or denied, all Political Economy stands or falls. Grant me this one principle, with a few square feet of the sea-shore to draw my diagrams upon, and I will undertake to demonstrate every other truth in the science.

Phæd. Take it and welcome, my dear friend: I grant it you with all my heart. The principle is, I dare say, a very worthy and respectable principle, and not at all the worse perhaps for being as old as my great grandfather.

X. Pardon me, Phædrus: the principle is no older than the first edition of Mr. Ricardo's book: and when you make me this concession so readily under the notion that you are conceding nothing more than has

long been established, I fear that you will retract it as soon as you are aware of its real import and consequences.

Phæd. In most cases, *X.*, I should hesitate to contradict you peremptorily upon a subject which you have studied so much more closely than myself: but here I cannot hesitate: for I happen to remember the very words of Adam Smith which are—

X. Substantially the same in many passages as those which I have employed in expressing the great principle of Mr. Ricardo: this is what you would say, Phædrus: and excuse me for interrupting you; I am anxious to lose no time: and therefore let me remind you as soon as possible that "the words" of Adam Smith cannot prove any agreement with Mr. Ricardo, if it appears that those words are used as equivalent and convertible at pleasure with certain other words which are not only irreconcileable with Mr. Ricardo's principle, but which express the very doctrine which Mr. Ricardo does and must in consistency set himself to oppose. Mr. Ricardo's doctrine is—that A and B are to each other in value as the *quantity* of labor is which produces A to the quantity which produces B: or, to express it in the very shortest formula by substituting the term *base* as synonymous with the term *producing labor*, *All things are to each other in value as their bases are in quantity.* This is the Ricardian law: you allege that it was already the law of Adam Smith: and in some sense you are right: for such a law is certainly to be found in the "Wealth of Nations." But, if it is explicitly affirmed in that work, it is also implicitly denied. For Adam Smith everywhere uses, as an equivalent formula,—that A and B are to each other in value as the *value* of the labor which produces A to the *value* of the labor which produces B.

Phæd. And the formula for Mr. Ricardo's law is, if I understand you, that A and B are to each other in value as the *quantity* of the labor which produces A to the *quantity* which produces B.

X. It is.

Phæd. And is it possible that any such mighty magic can lurk in the simple substitution of *quantity* for *value*? Surely, *X.*, you are hair-splitting a little in this instance, and mean to amuse yourself with my simplicity by playing off some logical leger-de-main upon me from the "seraphic" or "angelic" doctors.

X. The earnestness and good faith of my whole mode of disputing will soon be a pledge for me that I am incapable of what you call hair-splitting: and in this particular instance I might appeal to Philebus, who will tell you that Mr. Malthus has grounded his whole opposition to Mr. Ricardo on the very distinction which I am here insisting on. But the fact is, you do not yet perceive to what extent this distinction goes: You suppose me to be contending for some minute and subtle shades of difference: so far from *that*, I mean to affirm that the one law is the direct, formal, and diametrical negation of the other: I assert in the most peremptory manner that he, who says—"The value of A is to the value of B as the *quantity* of labor producing A is to the *quantity* of labor producing B," does of necessity deny by implication that the relations of value between A and B are governed by the *value* of the labor which severally produces them.

Phil. *X.* is perfectly right in his distinction: you know, Phædrus, or you soon will know, that I differ from *X.* altogether on the choice between the two laws: he contends that the value of all things is determined by the *quantity* of the producing labor: I on the other hand contend that the value of all things is determined by the *value* of the producing labor. Thus far you will find us irreconcileable in our difference: but this very difference implies that we are agreed on the distinction which *X.* is now urging. In fact so far are the two formulæ from presenting merely two different expressions of the same law, that the very best way of expressing negatively Mr. Ricardo's law (viz. A is to B in value as the *quantities* of the producing labor) would be to say—A is *not* to B in value as the *values* of the producing labor.

Phæd. Well, gentlemen, I suppose you must be right: I am sure you are by the logic of kings and "according to the flesh;" for you are two to one. Yet to my poor glimmering understanding, which is all I

have to guide me in such cases, I must acknowledge that the whole question seems to be a mere dispute about words.

X. For once, Phædrus, I am not sorry to hear you using a phrase which in general is hateful to my ears. "A mere dispute about words" is a phrase which we hear daily: and why? Is it a case of such daily occurrence to hear men disputing about mere verbal differences? So far from it, I can truly say that I never happened to witness such a dispute in my life—either in books or in conversation: and indeed, considering the small number of absolute synonymes which any language contains, it is scarcely possible that a dispute on words should arise which would not also be a dispute about ideas (i. e. about realities). Why then is the phrase in every man's mouth, when the actual occurrence must be so very uncommon? The reason is this, Phædrus: such a plea is a "sophisma pigri intellectûs," which seeks to escape from the effort of mind necessary for the comprehending and solving of any difficulty under the colorable pretext that it is a question about shadows and not about substances, and one therefore which it is creditable to a man's good sense to decline: a pleasant sophism this, which at the same time flatters a man's indolence and his vanity! For once, however, I repeat that I am not sorry to hear such a phrase in your mouth, Phædrus: I have heard it from you before; and I will frankly tell you that you ought to be ashamed of such a plea, which is becoming to a slothful intellect—but very unbecoming to yours. On this account, it gives me pleasure that you have at length urged it in a case where you will be obliged to abandon it. If that should happen, remember what I have said: and resolve never more to shrink effeminately from the toil of an intellectual discussion under any pretence that it is a verbal dispute. In the present case, I shall drive you out of that conceit in less time than it cost you to bring it forward.—For now, Phædrus, answer me to one or two little questions which I shall put. You fancy that between the expressions "*quantity* of producing labor" and "*value* of producing labor" there is none but a verbal difference. It follows therefore that the same effect ought to take place whether the value of the producing labor be altered or its quantity.

Phæd. It does.

X. For instance, the production of a hat such as mine has hitherto cost (we will suppose) four days' labor at 3*s.* a day: Now, without any change whatsoever in the *quantity* of labor required for its production, let this labor suddenly increase in value by 25 per cent.: in this case four days' labor will produce a hat as heretofore; but the value of the producing labor being now raised from 3*s.* a day to 3*s.* 9*d.*—the value of the total labor necessary for the production of a hat will now be raised from 12*s.* to 15*s.* Thus far you can have nothing to object?

Phæd. Nothing at all, *X.* But what next?

X. Next let us suppose a case in which the labor of producing hats shall increase not in value (as in the preceding case) but in quantity. Labor is still at its old value of 3*s.* a day: but from increased difficulty in any part of the process, five days' labor are now spent on the production of a hat instead of four. In this second case, Phædrus, how much will be paid to the laborer?

Phæd. Precisely as much as in the first case: that is, 15*s.*

X. True: the laborer on hats receives 15*s.* in the second case as well as in the first; but in the first case for four days' labor, in the second for five: consequently in the second case wages (or the value of labor) have not risen at all, whereas in the first case wages have risen by 25 per cent.

Phæd. Doubtless: but what is your inference?

X. My inference is as follows: according to yourself and Adam Smith and all those who overlook the momentous difference between the quantity and the value of labor—fancying that they are mere varieties of expression for the same thing, the price of hats ought in the two cases stated to be equally raised—viz. 3*s.* in each case. If then it be utterly untrue that the price of hats would be equally raised in the two cases, it will follow that an alteration in the value of the producing labor and an alteration in its quantity must termi-

nate in a very different result,—and consequently the one alteration cannot be the same as the other, as you insisted.

Phæd. Doubtless.

X. Now then let me tell you, Phædrus, that the price of hats would *not* be equally raised in the two cases: in the second case the price of a hat will rise by 3*s.*, in the first case it will not rise at all.

Phæd. How so, *X.*? How so? Your own statement supposes that the laborer receives 15*s.* for four days instead 12*s.*, that is, 3*s.* more. Now, if the price does not rise to meet this rise of labor, I demand to know whence the laborer is to obtain this additional 3*s.* If the buyers of hats do not pay him in the price of hats, I presume that the buyers of shoes will not pay him. The poor devil must be paid by somebody.

X. You are facetious, my friend. The man must be paid, as you say; but not by the buyers of hats any more than by the buyers of shoes: for the price of hats cannot possibly rise in such a case, as I have said before. And, that I may demonstrate this, let us assume that when the labor spent on a hat cost 12 shillings, the rate of profits was 50 per cent.: it is of no consequence what rate be fixed on: assuming this rate therefore, the price of a hat would at that time be 18*s.* Now, when the *quantity* of labor rose from four to five days, this fifth day would add three shillings to the amount of wages; and the price of a hat would rise in consequence from 18*s.* to a guinea. On the other hand, when the *value* of labor rose from 12*s.* to 15*s.*, the price of a hat would not rise by one farthing—but would still continue at 18*s.*

Phæd. Again I ask then, who is to pay the 3*s.*?

X. The 3*s.* will be paid out of profits.

Phæd. What, without reimbursement?

X. Assuredly without a farthing of reimbursement: it is Mr. Ricardo's doctrine that no variation in either profits or wages can ever affect price: if wages rise or fall, the only consequence is that profits must fall or rise by the same sum: so again if profits rise or fall, wages must fall or rise accordingly.

Phæd. You mean then to assert that, when the value of the labor rises (as in the first of your two cases) by 3*s.*, this rise must be paid out of the 6*s.* which had previously gone to profits.

X. I do; and your reason for questioning this opinion is, I am sure, because you think that no capitalist would consent to have his profits thus diminished, but would liberate himself from this increased expence by charging it upon the price. Now, if I prove that he cannot liberate himself in this way,—and that it is a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the price rises or not, because in either case he must lose the 3*s.*,—I suppose that I shall have removed the sole ground you have for opposing me.

Phæd. You are right:—prove this, *X.* "et eris mihi magnus Apollo."

X. Tell me then, Phædrus,—when the value of labor rises, in other words when wages rise, what is it that causes them to rise?

Phæd. Aye, what is it that causes them—as you say? I should be glad to hear your opinion on that subject.

X. My opinion is that there are only two * great cases in which wages rise or seem to rise:

1. When money sinks in value: for then of course the laborer must have more wages nominally, in order to have the same virtually. But this is obviously nothing more than an apparent rise.

2. When those commodities rise, upon which wages are spent. A rise in port wine, in jewels, or in horses, will not affect wages, because these commodities are not consumed by the laborer: but a rise in manufactured goods of certain kinds, upon which perhaps two-fifths of his wages are spent, will tend to raise wages: and a rise in certain kinds of food, upon which perhaps the other three-

* There is another case in which wages have a constant tendency to rise—viz. when the population increases more slowly than the demand for labor. But this case it is not necessary to introduce into the dialogue; first, because it is gradual and insensible in its operation; secondly, because if it were otherwise, it would not disturb any part of the argument.

fifths are spent, will raise them still more. Now, the first case being only an apparent rise, this is the only case in which wages can be said really to rise.

Phæd. You are wrong, *X.*: I can tell you of a third case which occurs to me whilst you are speaking. Suppose that there were a great deficiency of laborers in any trade, as in the hatter's trade for instance, that would be a reason why wages should rise in the hatter's trade.

X. Doubtless, until the deficiency were supplied—which it soon would be by the stimulus of higher wages. But this is a case of *market* value, when the supply happens not to be on a level with the demand: now throughout the present conversation I wish studiously to keep clear of any reference to market value, and to consider exclusively that mode of exchangeable value which is usually called natural value, i. e. where value is wholly uninfluenced by any redundancy or deficiency of the quantity. Waiving this third case therefore as not belonging to the present discussion, there remains only the second; and I am entitled to say that no cause can really and permanently raise wages but a rise in the price of those articles on which wages are spent. In the instance above stated where the hatter's wages rose from 3*s.* to 3*s.* 9*d.* a day, some commodity must previously have risen on which the hatter spent his wages. Let this be corn: and let corn constitute one-half of the hatter's expenditure: on which supposition, as his wages rose by 25 per cent., it follows that corn must have risen by 50 per cent.—Now tell me, Phædrus, will this rise in the value of corn affect the hatter's wages only; or will it affect wages in general?

Phæd. Wages in general of course: there can be no reason why hatters should eat more corn than other men.

X. Wages in general therefore will rise by 25 per cent.—Now, when the wages of the hatter rose in that proportion, you contended that this rise must be charged upon the price of hats: and the price of a hat having been previously 18*s.* you insisted that it must now be 21*s.*; in which case a rise in wages of 25 per cent. would have raised the price of hats about 16⅔ per cent. And, if this were possible, two great doctrines of Mr. Ricardo would have been overthrown at one blow: 1st. That which maintains that no article can increase in price except from a previous increase in the quantity of labor necessary to its production: for here is no increase in the quantity of the labor but simply in its value: 2d. That no rise in the value of labor can ever settle upon price; but that all increase of wages will be paid out of profits—and all increase of profits out of wages. I shall now however extort a sufficient defence of Mr. Ricardo from your own concessions. For you acknowledge that the same cause, which raises the wages of the hatter, will raise wages universally, and in the same ratio—i. e. by 25 per cent. And, if such a rise in wages could raise the price of hats by 16⅔ per cent., it must raise all other commodities whatsoever by 16⅔ per cent. Now tell me, Phædrus, when all commodities without exception are raised by 16⅔ per cent., in what proportion will the power of money be diminished under every possible application of it?

Phæd. Manifestly by 16⅔ per cent.

X. If so, Phædrus, you must now acknowledge that it is a matter of perfect indifference to the hatter whether the price of hats rise or not, since he cannot under any circumstances escape the payment of the 3*s.* If the price should *not* rise (as assuredly it will not), he pays the 3*s* directly: if the price were to rise by 3*s.* this implies of necessity that prices rise universally (for it would answer no purpose of your argument to suppose that hatters escaped an evil which affected all other trades): now, if prices rise universally, the hatter undoubtedly escapes the direct payment of the 3*s.* but he pays it indirectly—inasmuch as 116*l.* 10*s.* is now become necessary to give him the same command of labor and commodities which was previously given by 100*l.**—Have you any answer to these deductions?

* Pretty much the same error, which is here exposed, is involved in a certain hypothesis on Taxes which has been brought forward at different periods by ingenious men who have not regularly studied the subject: the hypothesis I mean is this—That all

Phæd. I must confess I have none.

X. If so, and no answer is possible, then I have here given you a demonstration of Mr. Ricardo's great law—That no product of labor whatsoever can be affected in value by any variations in the value of the producing labor. But, if not by variations in its value, then of necessity by variations in its quantity; for no other variations are possible.

Phæd. But at first sight, you know variations in the *value* of labor appear to affect the value of its product: yet you have shown that the effect of such variations is defeated and rendered nugatory in the end. Now is it not possible that some such mode of argument may be applied to the case of variations in the *quantity* of labor.

X. By no means: the reason why all variations in the *value* of labor are incapable of transferring themselves to the value of its product—is this: that these variations extend to all kinds of labor, and therefore to all commodities alike: now that, which raises or depresses all things equally, leaves their relations to each other undisturbed. In order to disturb the relations of value between A, B, and C,—I must raise one at the same time that I do *not* raise another; depress one, and *not* depress another; raise, or depress them unequally. This is necessarily done by any variations in the *quantity* of labor. For example, when more or less labor became requisite for the production of hats—that variation could not fail to affect the value of hats: for the variation was confined exclusively to hats, and arose out of some circumstance peculiar to hats; and no more labor was on that account requisite for the production of gloves, or wine, or carriages. Consequently these and all other articles remaining unaffected, whilst hats required 25 per cent. more labor, the previous relation between hats and all other commodities was disturbed: i. e. a *real* effect was produced on the value of hats. Whereas, when hats without requiring a greater quantity of labor were simply produced by labor at a higher value, this change could not possibly disturb the relation between hats and any other commodities, because they were all equally affected by it.—If by some application of any mechanic or chemical discovery to the process of making candles, the labor of that process were diminished by one third, the value of candles would fall; for the relation of candles to all other articles, in which no such abridgment of labor had been effected, would be immediately altered: two days' labor would now produce the same quantity of candles as three days' labor before the discovery. But if, on the other hand, the wages of three days had simply fallen in value to the wages of two days,—that is, if the laborer received only 6*s.* for three days instead of 9*s.*—this could not affect the value of candles: for the fall of wages, extending to all other things whatsoever, would leave the relations between them all undisturbed; every thing else, which had required 9*s.* worth of labor, would now require 6*s.* worth; and a pound of candles would exchange for the same quantity of every thing as before. Hence it appears that no cause can possibly affect the value of anything, i. e. its exchangeable relation to other things, but an increase or diminution of the quantity of labor required for its production: and the prices of all things whatsoever represent the quantity of labor by

tradesmen may escape paying taxes by charging them on the price of the articles which they sell. The monstrosity of this hypothesis may be exposed in a moment. For suppose 10 tradesmen all charged with equal taxes; of these 10 let one, a shoemaker, send out an article loaded with x or the 500th part of his annual taxes: this article goes, we will suppose, to another of the 10—a butcher, who is on the point of sending out an article also loaded with x to a grocer; but, because the butcher must be indemnified for that part of the shoemaker's taxes which by the supposition he has just paid, he must add a second x to that which he had charged on account of his own taxes upon the article he sends to the grocer: the grocer receives this article loaded with two x; and for the same reason he must load his own articles of equal value with three x: and so on ad infinitum.—So falls to the ground more than one ingenious speculation in Political Economy which I have seen of late years. To a regular student of this science it must be self-evident that no tradesman can get back a shilling of any taxes except those which of necessity he will get back—viz. the taxes charged upon the article which he sells.

which they are severally produced: and the value of A is to the value of B universally as the quantity of labor which produces A to the quantity of labor which produces B.

Here then is the great law of value as first explained by Mr. Ricardo. Adam Smith uniformly takes it for granted that an alteration in the quantity of labor, and an alteration in wages (i. e. the value of labour) are the same thing and will produce the same effects: and hence he never distinguishes the two cases, but every where uses the two expressions as synonymous. If A, which had hitherto required 16*s.* worth of labor for its production, should to-morrow require only 12*s.* worth,—Adam Smith would have treated it as a matter of no importance whether this change had arisen from some discovery in the art of manufacturing A which reduced the quantity of labor required from four days to three, or simply from some fall in wages which reduced the value of a day's labor from 4*s.* to 3*s.* Yet in the former case A would fall considerably in price as soon as the discovery ceased to be monopolized; whereas in the latter case we have seen that A could not possibly vary in price by one farthing.

Phæd. In what way do you suppose that Adam Smith came to make so great an oversight, as I now confess it to be?

X. Mr. Malthus represents Adam Smith as not having sufficiently explained himself on the subject: "he does not make it quite clear," says Mr. Malthus, whether he adopts for his principle of value the quantity of the producing labor or its value. But this is a most erroneous representation. There is not a chapter in the Wealth of Nations in which it is not made redundantly clear that Adam Smith adopts both laws as mere varieties of expression for one and the same law. This being so, how could he possibly make an election between two things which he constantly confounded and regarded as identical? The truth is, Adam Smith's attention was never directed to the question: he suspected no distinction: no man of his day, or before his day, had ever suspected it: none of the French or Italian writers on Political Economy had ever suspected it; indeed none of them has suspected it to this hour. One single writer before Mr. Ricardo has insisted on the *quantity* of labor as the true ground of value; and what is very singular at a period when Political Economy was in the rudest state—viz. in the early part of Charles II.'s reign: this writer was Sir William Petty, a man who would have greatly advanced the science, if he had been properly seconded by his age. In a remarkable passage too long for quotation he has expressed the law of value with a Ricardian accuracy: but it is scarcely possible that even he was aware of his own accuracy: for though he has asserted that the reason why any two articles exchange for each other (as so much corn of Europe suppose for so much silver of Peru) is because the same quantity of labor has been employed on their production,—and though he has certainly not vitiated the purity of this principle by the usual heteronomy (if you will allow me a learned word) i. e. by the introduction of the other and opposite law derived from the *value* of this labor,—yet it is probable that in thus abstaining he was guided by mere accident and not by any conscious purpose of contradistinguishing the one law from the other; because, had *that* been his purpose, he would hardly have contented himself with forbearing to affirm—but would formally have denied—the false law. For it can never be sufficiently impressed upon the student's mind that it brings him not one step nearer to the truth to say—That the value of A is determined by the quantity of labor which produces it—unless by that proposition he means—That it is *not* determined by the value of the labor which produces it.——To return to Adam Smith, not only has he "made it quite clear" that he confounded the two laws, and had never been summoned to examine whether they led to different results—but I go farther; and will affirm that, if he *had* been summoned to such an examination, he could not have pursued it with any success until the discovery of the true law of Profits. For in the case of the hats as before argued, he would have said—"The wages of the hatter, whether they have been augmented by increased quantity of

labor or by increased value of labor, must in any case be paid." Now what is the answer? They must be paid: but from what fund? Adam Smith knew of no fund, nor could know of any until Mr. Ricardo had ascertained the true law of Profits, except Price: in either case therefore, as Political Economy then stood, he was compelled to conclude that the 15*s*. would be paid out of the price—i. e. that the whole difference between the 12*s*. and the 15*s*. would settle upon the purchaser. But we now know that this will happen only in the case when the difference has arisen from increased labor; and that every farthing of the difference, which arises from increased value of labor, will be paid out of another fund—viz. Profits. But this conclusion could not be arrived at without the new theory of Profits (as will be seen more fully when we come to that theory); and thus one error was the necessary parent of another.

Here I will pause; and must beg you to pardon my long speeches in consideration of the extreme importance of the subject: for every thing in Political Economy depends, as I said before, on the law of value: and I have not happened to meet with one writer who seemed fully to understand Mr. Ricardo's law, and still less who seemed to perceive the immense train of consequences which it involves.

Phæd. I now see enough to believe that Mr. Ricardo is right: and, if so, it is clear that all former writers are wrong. Thus far I am satisfied with your way of conducting the argument, though some little confusion still clouds my view. But with regard to the consequences you speak of,—how do you explain that under so fundamental an error (as you represent it) many writers, but above all Adam Smith, should have been able to deduce so large a body of truth that we all regard him as one of the chief benefactors to the science?

X. The fact is that his good sense interfered every where to temper the extravagant conclusions into which a severe logician could have driven him.* At this very day, a French and an English Economist have reared a Babel of far more elaborate errors on this subject; M. Say, I mean, and Mr. Malthus; both ingenious writers, both eminently illogical; especially the latter, with whose "confusion worse confounded" on the subject of value, if reviewed by some unsparing Rhadamanthus of logical justice, I believe that Chaos would appear a model of order and light. Yet the very want of logic, which has betrayed these two writers into so many errors, has befriended them in escaping from their consequences: for they leap with the utmost agility over all obstacles to any conclusions which their good sense points out to them as just, however much at war with their own premises. With respect to the confusion which you complain of as still clinging to the subject,—this naturally attends the first efforts of the mind to disjoin two ideas which have constantly been re-

* "The Wealth of Nations" has never yet been ably reviewed; nor satisfactorily edited. The edition of Mr. Buchanan is unquestionably the best, and displays great knowledge of Political Economy as it stood before the Revolution effected by Mr. Ricardo. But having the misfortune to appear immediately before that Revolution, it is already to some degree an obsolete book. Even for its own date however it was not good as an edition of Adam Smith; its value lying chiefly in the body of original disquisitions which composed the 4th volume; for the notes not only failed to correct the worst errors of Adam Smith (which indeed in many cases is saying no more than that Mr. Buchanan did not forestal Mr. Ricardo); but were also deficient in the history of English finance and generally in the knowledge of facts. How much reason there is to call for a new edition, with a commentary adapted to the existing state of the science, will appear on this consideration: The Wealth of Nations is the text book resorted to by all students of Political Economy. One main problem of this science, if not *the* main problem (as Mr. Ricardo thinks)—is to determine the laws which regulate Rent, Profit, and Wages: but every body, who is acquainted with the present state of the science, must acknowledge that precisely on these three points it affords "very little satisfactory information." These last words are the gentle criticism of Mr. Ricardo: but the truth is—that not only does it afford very little information on the great heads of Rent, Profits, and Wages—but (which is much worse) it gives very false and misleading information.

garded as one. But, as we advance in our discussions, illustration and proof will gradually arise from all quarters, to the great principle of Mr. Ricardo which we have just been considering: besides which, this principle is itself so much required for the illustration and proof of other principles, that the mere practice of applying it will soon sharpen your eye to a steady familiarity with all its aspects.

GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

1.

Down Dee-side came Inveraye,
Whistling and playing,
And called loud at Brackley gate
Ere the day dawing:
"Come Gordon of Brackley,
Proud Gordon, come down;
There's a sword at your threshold
Mair sharp than your own.

2.

"Arise, now, gay Gordon,"
His lady 'gan cry,
"Look here is bold Inveraye
Driving your kye."
"How can I go, lady,
And win thom agen?
I have but ae sword,
And rude Inveraye ten."

3.

"Arise up, my maidens,
With roke and with fan;
How bless'd would I been
Had I married a man!
Arise up, my maidens,
Take spear and take sword—
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
And I shall be lord."

4.

The Gordon sprung up
With his helm on his head,
Laid his hand on his sword,
And his thigh on his steed;
And he stoop'd low and said,
As he kiss'd his young dame,
"There's a Gordon rides out
That will never ride hame."

5.

There rode with fierce Inveraye
Thirty and three;
But wi' Brackley were none,
Save his brother and he;

Two gallanter Gordons
  Did never blade draw,
Against swords four and thirty,
  Woe is me what is twa.

6.

Wi' swords and wi' daggers
  They rush'd on him rude;
The twa bonnie Gordons
  Lie bathed in their blude.
Frae the source of the Dee,
  To the mouth of the Spey,
The Gordons mourn for him,
  And curse Inveraye.

7.

O! were ye at Brackley?
  And what saw ye there?
Was his young widow weeping
  And tearing her hair?
I look'd in at Brackley,
  I look'd in, and, O!
There was mirth, there was feasting,
  But nothing of woe.

8.

As a rose bloom'd the lady,
  And blythe as a bride;
As a bridegroom, bold Inveraye
  Smiled by her side;
O! she feasted him there
  As she ne'er feasted lord,
While the blood of her husband
  Was moist on his sword.

9.

In her chamber she kept him
  Till morning grew gray,
Through the dark woods of Brackley
  She show'd him the way:
"Yon wild hill," she said,
  "Where the sun's shining on,
Is the hill of Glentannar,
  Now kiss and begone."

10.

There is grief in the cottage,
  There's mirth in the ha',
For the good gallant Gordon
  That's dead and awa;
To the bush comes the bud,
  And the flower to the plain,
But the good and the brave
  They come never again. C.

THE BRIDE OF MODERN ITALY.

My heart is fixt:
This is the sixt.—*Elia.*

On a serene winter morning two young ladies, Clorinda and Teresa, walked up and down the garden of the convent of St. S——, at Rome. If my reader has never seen a convent, or if he has only seen the better kind, let him dismiss from his mind all he may have heard or imagined of such abodes, or he can never transport himself into the garden of St. S——. He must figure it to himself as bounded by a long, low, straggling, white-washed, weather-stained building, with grated windows, the lower ones glassless. It is a kitchen garden, but the refuse of the summer stock alone remained, except a few cabbages, which perfumed the air with their rank exhalations. The walks were neglected, yet not overgrown, but strewed with broken earthen-ware, ashes, cabbage-stalks, orange-peel, bones, and all that marks the vicinity of a much frequented, but disorderly mansion. The beds were intersected by these paths, and the whole was surrounded by a high wall. This common scene was, however, unlike what it would have been in this country. You saw the decayed and straggling boughs of the passion-flower against the walls of the convent; here and there a geranium, its luxuriant foliage starred by scarlet flowers, grew unharmed by frost among the cabbages; the lemon plants had been removed to shelter, but orange trees were nailed against the wall, the golden fruit peeping out from amidst the dark leaves; the wall itself was variegated by a thousand rich hues; and thick and pointed aloes grew beneath it. Under the highest wall, opposite the back door of the convent, a corner of ground was enclosed; this was the burial place of the nuns; and in the path that led from the door to this enclosure Clorinda and Teresa walked up and down.

"He will never come!" exclaimed Clorinda.

"I fear the dinner bell will ring and interrupt us, if he does come;" observed Teresa.

"Some cruel obstacle doubtless prevents him," continued Clorinda, sighing—"and I have prayed to St. Giacomo, and vowed to give him the best flowers and a candle a foot long next Easter."

Teresa smiled: "I remember," she said, "that at Christmas you fulfilled such a vow to San Francesco,—was not that for the sake of Cieco Magni? for you change your saint as your lover changes name;—tell me, sweet Clorinda, how many saints have been benefited by your piety?"

Clorinda looked angry, and then sorrowful; the large drops gathered in her dark eyes: "You are unkind to taunt me thus, Teresina;—when did I love truly until now? believe me, never; and if heaven bestows Giacomo upon me—oh! that is his bell!—naughty Teresa, you will cause me to meet him with tears in my eyes."

Away they ran to the parlour of the convent, and were joined there by an old woman purblind and nearly deaf, who was to be present at the visit of Giacomo de' Tolomei, the brother of Teresa. He kissed the hands of the young ladies, and then they commenced a conversation, which, by the lowness of their tones, and an occasional intermixture of French, was quite incomprehensible to their Argus, who was busily employed in knitting a large green worsted shawl.

"Well?"—said Clorinda, in a tone of inquiry.

"Well, dear Clorinda, I have executed our design, though I hope little from it. I have written a proposal of marriage; if you approve of it, I will send it to your parents. Here it is."

"What is that paper?" cried the Argus.

Teresa bawled in her ear: "Only the history of the late miracle performed at Asisa" (Italians, male or female, are not great patronizers of truth),

"look at it, dear Eusta." (Eusta could not read.) "I will read it to you by and bye." Eusta went on with her knitting.

The two girls looking over one another, read the proposal of marriage, which Giacomo de' Tolomei made to the parents of Clorinda Saviani. The paper was divided into two columns, one headed: "The Proposal,"—the other "Observations to be made thereon"—and this latter column was left blank. The proposal itself was divided into several heads and numbered. It premised that a noble family of Sienna wishing to ally themselves to the family of the Saviani of Rome, in the persons of their eldest son and Clorinda, they presented the following considerations to the heads of that house first, that the young man was well-made, good-looking, healthy, studiously inclined, and of irreproachable morals. The circumstances of his fortune were then detailed, and the claims of dowry: it concluded by saying, that if the parents of Clorinda approved of the terms proposed, the young people might be introduced to each other, and if mutually pleased at their interview, the nuptials might be celebrated in the course of a few months. When Clorinda had finished reading, the tears that had gathered in her eyes fell drop after drop upon the paper.—"Wherefore do you weep?" asked Giacomo, "why do you distress me thus?"

"This proposal will never be accepted. You have asked twelve thousand crowns in dowry; my parents will not give more than six."

"And yet," replied Giacomo," I have named a sum to which I am convinced my father will never agree; he will require twenty thousand at least; even if your parents accede I shall have to win his consent; but if prayers and tears can move him, I will not be chary of either."

The bell rang for dinner, old Eusta arose, and Giacomo retired. Dinner!—what dainty feast of convent-like confectionaries does the reader picture?—Let him see, in truth, a long, brick-paved floor, with long deal tables, and benches ditto; the tables covered with not white cloths; cellars of black salt; bottles of sour wine, and small loaves of bitter bread. Then came the minestra, consisting (for it was fast day) of what we call macaroni, water, oil, and cheese; then a few vegetables swimming in oil; a concluding dish of eggs fried with garlic, and the repast of one of the most highborn and loveliest girls in Rome was finished. Clorinda Saviani was indeed handsome, and all her fine features expressed the *bisogna d'amare* which ruled her heart. She was just eighteen, and had been five years in this convent, waiting until her father should find a husband of noble birth, who would be content with a slender dowry. During this time she had formed several attachments for various youths, who, under different pretexts, had visited the convent. She had written letters, prayed and wept, and then yielding to insurmountable difficulties she had changed her idol, though she had never ceased to love. The fastidious English must not be disgusted with this picture. It is, perhaps, only a coarse representation of what takes place at every ball-room with us. And if it went beyond;—the nature of the Catholic religion, which crushes the innate conscience by giving a false one in its room; the system of artifice and heartlessness that subsists in a convent; the widely spread maxim in Italy, that dishonour attaches itself to the discovered not the concealed fault—all this forms the excuse why with a tender heart and much native talent, there was neither constancy in Clorinda's love, nor dignity in her conduct.

After their repast the friends retired to Clorinda's cell; a small, though high room, floored with brick, miserably furnished, and neither clean nor orderly. A prie-dieu was beside the little bed with a crucifix over it, together with two or three prints (like our penny children's prints) of saints, among them St. Giacomo appeared with the freshest and cleanest face: beside these was a glass (resembling a bird's drinking vessel) containing holy water, rather the worse for long standing; in a closet, with the door a-jar, among tattered books and female apparel, hung a glass-case enclosing a waxen Gesu Bambino, and some flowers, gathered for this holy dedication and drooping for want of light, were

placed beneath him; some mignionette, basil, and heliotrope, weeds o'ergrown, flowered in a wooden trough at the window; a broken looking glass; a leaden ink stand—such was Clorinda's boudoir.

"I despair," she exclaimed—"I see no end to my evils—and but one road open——flight——"——"Which would ruin my brother."—"How? —he is of another state."—"And your honour?"—"Honour in this dungeon!—O, let me breathe the fresh air of heaven; let me no longer see this prison room; these high walls and all the circumstances of my convent life, and I care not for the rest." "But how? You may get people into the convent—but to get out yourself is a different affair." "I have many plans:—if this proposal of your brother fail, as it will, I will disclose them to him."

A lay sister now came in to ask the young ladies if they would take coffee with the Superior. They found her alone; a little, squat, snuff-taking old woman; she was in high ill-humour: "Body of Bacchus!" she began, "you introduce strange laws in St. S——!—This coffee is detestable—Your brother, Teresina, is here every day—I detest coffee without rum—Clorinda sees him, and it begins to be talked of—when he comes to-morrow, you only must receive him, and request him to discontinue his visits."

Clorinda's tears mingled with her coffee—"The old witch!" she said, when they had retired, "she is fishing for a present."—"And must have one; what shall Giacomo bring her?" —"Let him send some rum. Did you not see the faces she made over her coffee? yet she is too niggardly to buy it herself." A note was hastily dispatched to Giacomo by Teresa, to inform him of the necessary oblation. He came the next day well provided; for the waiter of a neighbouring inn accompanied him bearing six bottles of what bore the name of *Romme*. Teresa was called and dispatched to solicit the presence of the Superior. She came; Giacomo took off his hat: "Signora," said he, "it is winter time, and I bring you a wintry gift.—Will you favour me by accepting this rum?" —"Signor, you are too courteous." —"The courtesy is yours, Signora, in honouring me by receiving my present. I hope that you will find it good."—He uncorked a bottle; Teresa ran for a glass; Giacomo filled it, and the Superior emptied it. Clorinda at the same moment tripped into the room. She started with a natural air, and after saluting Giacomo was going away, but he detained her, and they all sat down together, until the Superior was called away to give out bread for supper, and the three young people remained together.

The girls turned to Giacomo with inquiring looks: his were sorrowful. "My proposal has not been received. Your parents replied that they have proposed you to some one, and cannot break off the treaty."—"And thus I am to be sacrificed!" cried Clorinda, casting up her beautiful eyes.—"Will you consent?" said Giacomo reproachfully.—"What means have I? I have talked of flight" (Giacomo's countenance fell); "and that, although difficult, is not impossible."—"How?"—"Why, my cell adjoins that of the Superior. She is fond of sweet things; on the next holiday I will make some cakes for her, filled with sugar and a little opium. I can then steal away the keys, make an impression on wax (I have a large piece ready), and you can easily get them counterfeited."—"You would engage my brother in a dangerous enterprize," said Teresa. —"My dear, dear Clorinda, my sweet friend," said Giacomo, "you are ignorant of the world's ways. I would sacrifice my life for you; but you would thus lose your honour, I should be imprisoned, and you would be sent to some dreary convent among the mountains, till forced to marry some boor who would render you miserable for life."—"What is to be done then?" asked Clorinda, discontentedly.—"It requires thought. Something must, something shall, be done; do you be faithful to me, and refuse your parents' offer, and I do not despair. In the mean time I will set out for Sienna to-morrow and see my father."

Giacomo had formed an intimacy with a young English artist residing at Rome, and he left the cares of his

love in the hands of this gentleman, while he by short days' journeys, and with a heavy heart, proceeded towards Sienna. The following day brought a letter of five pages, in a nearly illegible hand, to be delivered to Clorinda. Our Englishman had been a year in Rome, but he had never yet been within a convent. As he passed the prison-like building of St. S——, and measured with his eye the lofty walls of its garden, he had peopled it with nuns of all ages, states, and dispositions;—the solemn and demure, the ambitious, the bigoted, and those who, repenting of their vows, wetted their pallet with their midnight tears, and then, prostrate on the damp marble before the crucifix, prayed God to pardon them for being human. And then he thought of the novices, fearful as brides, but not so hopeful; and of the boarders who dreamt of the world outside, as we of Paradise beyond the grave. He pictured echoing corridors, painted windows, the impenetrable grate, the religious cloister, and the garden, that most immaculate of asylums, with grassy walks, majestic trees, and veiled forms flitting under their shade. Well, thought he, I am now in for it; and if I do not lose my heart, I shall at least gain some excellent hints for my picture of the Profession of Eloisa.

He crossed the outer hall, rang at the bell, and the old tottering portress came towards the door. He asked for "the Signora Teresa de' Tolomei." He was shown into the parlour—a vaulted room, the floor bricked, the furniture mean, without fire or chimney, though the cold east wind covered the ground with hoar frost. In a few minutes the two friends tript into the room, followed by Eusta, who, instead of her knitting, carried a fire-pot filled with wood ashes, over which she held her withered hands and her blue nose, frost bitten. The girls were somewhat startled on seeing the stranger, who advanced, and announcing himself as Signor Marcott Alleyn, a friend of the brother of Teresa, delivered a little packet, together with a note which bade his sister confide implicitly in the Englishman.

The conversation became animated. No bashfulness intruded to prevent Clorinda from discoursing eloquently of her passion, especially when she observed the deep interest which her account excited. Alleyn was a man of infinitely pleasing manners; he had a soft tone of voice and eyes full of expression. Italian ladies are not accustomed to the English system of gallantry; since in that country either downright love is made, or the most distant coldness preserved between the sexes. Alleyn's compassion was excited in various ways. He heard that Clorinda had been imprisoned in that convent for five years; he saw the desolate garden, he felt the bitter cold, which was unalleviated by any thing except fire-pots: he had a glance at the blank corridors and squalid cells, and he saw in the victim an elegance of manners and a delicate sensitiveness that ill accorded with such dreary privations. Several visits ensued, and Alleyn became a favourite in the convent. He was only seventeen; his spirits were high; he diverted the friends, brought presents of rum and confectionary to the nuns, kissed some of the least ugly, made covert game of the Superior, and established himself with greater freedom in this seclusion in a week than Giacomo had done in a year. At first he sympathised with Clorinda, now he did more—he amused her. If she wept for the absence of Giacomo, he made her laugh at some story told *apropos*, which diverted her. If she complained of the petty tyranny of the nuns, he laid some plot of droll revenge, which she executed. He introduced a system of English jokes and hoaxes, at which the poor Italians were perfectly aghast, and to which no experience prevented their becoming victims; so utterly unable were they to comprehend the meaning of such machinations; and then, when their loud voices pealed through the arched passages in wonder and anger, they were appeased by soft words and well-timed gifts.

But this sunshine could not last for ever. Clorinda was at first more happy and gay than she had ever been. She in vain endeavoured to lament the absence of her lover. Alleyn prevented every emotion except gaiety from finding a place in her heart. She looked forward with

delight for the hour of his visit, and the merriment that he excited left its traces on the rest of the day. Her step was light; and the cold of her cheerless cell was unfelt, since it had been adorned with caricatures of the Superior and nuns; their tyranny was either laid asleep or revenged, and Giacomo was, alas! forgotten. Her love-breathing letters lost their fire, and the writing them became an irksome task; her sighs were changed into smiles—but suddenly these again vanished, and Clorinda became more pensive and sad than ever. She avoided Teresa, and passed most of her time in lonely walks up and down the straight paths of the garden. She was fretful if Alleyn did not come; when he was announced, she would blush, sit silent in his presence, and, if any of his sallies provoked her laughter, it was quickly quenched by her tears. Her devotions even lost their accustomed warmth; Alleyn had no tutelar saint; no Marcott had ever been honoured with canonization, nor had any of the bones found in the catacombs been baptized with that transalpine name. "Marry, this is miching Malecho; it means mischief,"—the brief mischief of inconstancy, new love, and all the evils attendant on such a change. Alleyn did not suspect this turn in the tide, till, left tête-à-tête one morning, some slight attentions on his part painted her cheeks with blushes; the confession was not far behind, he heard with mingled surprise and delight, and one kiss sealed their infidelity to the absent Giacomo just as Teresa and Eusta entered.

Alleyn was only seventeen. At that age men look on women as living Edens which they dare not imagine they can ever enjoy; they love, and dream not of being loved; they seek, and their wildest fancies do not picture themselves as sought: so it was small wonder that the heart of Alleyn beat with exultation, that his step was light and his eyes sparkling as he left the convent on that day. His visits were now more frequent; Teresa was confined to her room by illness, and the lovers (though that sacred name is prophaned by such an application) were left together unwatched. Clorinda's thoughts turned wholly upon escape, and Alleyn heedlessly fostered such thoughts, until one day she said: "If I quit the convent this night, will you be under the walls to receive me?"—"My sweet Clorinda, are you serious?"—"Alas! no, I cannot. But in a few nights I trust that I shall be able to execute my project. Look, here is wax with an impression of the keys of the convent; you must get others made from it. The sisters shall sleep well that night, and before morning we will be far on our journey towards your happy country. Fear not; my disguise is ready—all will go well."

"The devil it will!" thought Alleyn, as he quitted St. S———, and carefully placing the waxen impression he had received against a sunny wall, he paced up the Corso, —"and the devil take me if ever I go within those walls again! I have sown a pretty crop, but I am not mad enough to reap it; and, as the fates will have it, here is Tolomei returned to tax me with my false proceedings. I wish all convents and women ———".

Tolomei now accosted him. They walked together towards the Coliseum, talking of indifferent things. They climbed to the highest part of the ruin, and then, seated amid leafy shrubs and fragrant violets and wall flowers, looking over the desert lanes and violated Forum of Rome, Giacomo asked—"What news of Clorinda?" Alleyn wished himself hanged, and, with a look that almost indicated that his wish was about to be fulfilled, replied briefly to his friend's questions, and then began a string himself, that he might escape his keen, lover-like looks—more painful than his words. Giacomo's hopes were nearly dead. His father was inexorable; and he had learnt, besides, that the person selected by her parents as a husband for Clorinda had arrived in Rome, and this accomplished his misery. He shed abundance of tears as he related this, and ended by declaring that if he still found Clorinda faithful and affectionate, the contrariety of his destiny would urge him to some desperate measure. They separated at length, having appointed to go together to St. S——— on the following day.

Alleyn broke this appointment. He sent an excuse to Giacomo, who accordingly went alone. In the evening he received a note from Clorinda. She lamented his absence; declared her utter aversion for Giacomo; bewailed her hard fate, and having acquainted him that she was to spend the following day with her parents, entreated him to call on the succeeding one. Alleyn passed the intermediate time at Tivoli, that he might avoid his injured friend, and at the appointed hour went to the convent. Teresa and Clorinda were together; they both looked disturbed and angry; when Alleyn appeared, Teresa arose, and casting a disdainful look on the conscious pair, left the parlour. Clorinda burst into tears. "Oh, my beloved friend," she cried, "I have gone through heart-breaking scenes since I last saw you. This cruel Teresa is continually upbraiding me, and Giacomo's silent looks of grief are a still greater reproach. Yet I am innocent. This heart has escaped from my control; its overwhelming sensations defy all the efforts of my reason, and I passionately love without hope, almost without a return—nor is this all." She then related, that during her visit of the day before, she had been introduced to the person on whom her parents had resolved to bestow her. "At first," she continued, "I was ignorant of the design on foot, and saw him with indifference. Presently my mother took me aside; she began with a torrent of reproaches; told me that all my artifices were discovered, and then showed me a letter of mine to Giacomo which had been intercepted by that artful monster the Superior, and concluded by telling me that I must agree instantly to marry the personage to whom I had been introduced. "Not that you shall be forced," she said; "beware therefore of spreading that report; but your conduct necessitates the strongest measures. If you refuse this match, which is in every way suitable to you, you must prepare to be sent to a convent of Carthusian Nuns at Benevento, where if you do not take the veil, you will be strictly guarded, and your plots, letters, and lovers, will be of no avail." Without permitting me to reply, this cruel mother led me back to the drawing room; this personage, whose name is Romani, came near me, and presently took an opportunity of asking whether I agreed to the arrangement of my parents. What could I say? I gave an ungracious assent, and they consider the matter settled. His estate is near Spoleto, and he is gone to prepare for my reception. The writings are drawing up; the time will soon arrive when I shall change my cage and be miserable for life. You alone, Alleyn, you, generous and brave Englishman, can aid me; take me hence; bear me away to freedom and love, and let me not be sacrificed to this unknown bridegroom, whose person I hardly know, and the idea of whom fills my heart with despair." Alleyn replied as he best might, with expressions of real sorrow, but of small consolation, and the inexorable dinner-bell rang and separated them just as he concluded his reply.

The same evening Alleyn received a note from her. "My horror of this marriage," she wrote, "increases in proportion as the period of its accomplishment approaches. I hear to-day that my parents have already given my *corrado*, to Romani, which he is to expend in jewels and dresses for me, and thus my fate is nearly sealed. I shall be banished from Rome and my friends; I shall live with a stranger—I must be miserable. Giacomo is better than this. But as an union with him is impossible, and you refuse to aid me, and to liberate one whom you say you love, listen to a plan I have formed; some years ago I was addressed by one, who at that time gained my heart, and whom I still regard with tenderness. The smallness of my dowry caused his father to break off the treaty; this father is now dead. Go to this gentleman—find out whether he still loves me. Married to him, I should be united to one whose merits I know—I should live at Rome, and there would be some alleviation to my cruel fate. At least come to-morrow to the convent, and endeavour to console your miserable friend."

Alleyn, as may easily be supposed, did not pay the required visit to the quondam lover of Clorinda. Perhaps

she expected this; for the same night she wrote to him herself. Her letter was long and eloquent. Its expressions seemed to proceed from the over-flowings of a passionate and loving heart. She referred to Alleyn as a common friend, and urged expedition in every measure that was to be pursued. This letter was intercepted and carried to her parents. On the following day Alleyn received a despairing note, entreating him not to attempt to come to the convent. "Alas!" she wrote, "how truly miserable I am! What a fate! I suffer, and am the cause of a thousand griefs to others. Oh heaven! I were better dead; then I should cease to lament, or at least to occasion wretchedness to others. Now I am hated by others, and even by myself—Oh, my incomparable friend! Angel of my heart! Can I be the cause of misery even to you? See Giacomo, my beloved friend; tell him how deeply I pity him, but counsel him in my name to desist from all further pursuit. He must permit me to obey my parents, and they will never consent. My sole aim now is to escape from this prison."

Another and another letter came; and she most earnestly begged him not to come to the convent. Thus nearly a month passed, when one morning early Alleyn was surprised by a visit from the Superior of the convent of St. S———. The old lady seemed very full of matter. She drank the rosoglio presented to her, took snuff, and opened her budget. She talked of the trouble she had ever had with poor Clorinda; inveighed against Giacomo; during her long discourse she praised her own sagacity, the tender affection of Clorinda's parents, and related how she had always opposed the entrance of young men into the convent and their free communication with Clorinda, except his own; but that his politeness and known integrity had in this particular caused her to relax her discipline; and she concluded by inviting him to visit the convent whenever it should be agreeable to him. She then took her leave.

Alleyn was much disturbed. He wished not to go to St. S———; he knew that he ought not to see Clorinda again. He resolved not to go out at all, and sat thinking of her beauty, love, and unaffected manners, until he resolved to walk that he might get rid of such thoughts. He hurried down the Corso, and before he was aware found himself before the door of the convent of St. S———. He paused, again he moved, and entered the outer hall—his hand was on the bell, when the door opened and Giacomo came out. Seeing Alleyn, he threw himself into his arms, shedding a torrent of tears. This exordium startled our Englishman; the conclusion was soon told: Clorinda had married Romani the day before, and on the same evening had quitted Rome for Spoleto.

This news sobered Alleyn at once he shuddered almost to think of the folly he had been about to commit, feeling as one who is stayed by a friendly hand when about to place his foot beyond the brink of a high precipice. They turned from the convent door. "And yet," said Alleyn as he walked on, "are you secure of the truth of your account? The Superior called on me yesterday and invited me to visit St. S———. Why should she do this if Clorinda were gone? I have half a mind to go and fathom this mystery."

"Ay, go by all means," replied Giacomo bitterly, "you will be welcome; fill your pockets with sugar plums; dose the old lady with rosoglio, and kiss the gentle nuns, the youngest of whom bears the weight of sixty years under the fillet on her brow. They miss your good cheer, and who knows, Clorinda gone, what other nets they may weave to secure so valuable a prize. True, you are an Englishman and a heretic; words which, interpreted into pure Tuscan, mean an untired prodigal, and one, pardon me, whose conscience will no more stickle at violating yon sanctuary than at eating flesh on Fridays. Go by all means, and make the best of your good fortune among these Houris."

"Rather say, take post horses or Spoleto, friend Giacomo. And yet neither—it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. I will go paint my Profession of Eloisa."

GERMAN EPIGRAMS.

No. II.

THE REPOSE OF OLD AGE.

You wish for age, and yet you dread to die;
Is pain then sweeter than tranquillity?

Erich.

TO A CHILDLESS MAN.

So heaven is deaf to thy oft-urged petition;
Of such as thee 'twill give no new edition.

Corvinus.

Tom laughs at me because I write so little:
That's good from Tom who never wrote a tittle.

Corvinus.

LYDIA ON A LADDER.

Jacob! what bliss! awake to see
What but in vision raptured thee.

Corvinus.

PRAISE OF SOLDIERS.

You say, among the human race
That warriors hold the noblest place;
And perhaps I might agree with you,
Were they not thieves and murderers too!

Amthor.

DEATH.

Many have died in valor's field,
And many a man disease has kill'd;
But lust, and wine, and luxury, call
To death's dark mansion more than all.

Triller.

ON SCALIGER'S GRAVE.

One man lies stretch'd upon this mortal bier,
Yet more than twenty tongues are silenced here.

Triller

There's no Mæcenas now, you say!
Horace and Virgil—where are *they*?

Triller.

SELF-LOVE.

Men own each little fault and failing,
But of their heavier sins—not one;
A thousand 'gainst their memories railing;
But 'gainst their understanding—none!

Leander.

GNOME.

Life's deepest wound this, this alone can heal it,
To love and be beloved—and know and feel it.

Leander.

TO A FRIEND.

'Tis foolish for some idle wish
  To risk the glories which await.
This—saith St. Austin, is to fish
  With golden angels for a bait.

Hagedorn.

ADVICE GIVERS.

Some folks there are whom others well might teach,
  Yet always will be teaching;
'Tis quite a punishment to hear them preach,
  Yet they will still be preaching.

Hagedorn.

TO TRIVIUS.

I see thee in my neighbour's hall;
  I see thee at the churchyard door;
I see thee by my garden wall;
  I see thee on the river's shore.
In every square, in every street,
  Thy haunting form I never miss.
Where can I go and fail to meet,
  Trivius, thy omnipresent phiz?

Hagedorn.

TO SUPERBUS.

You pride you on your robes of golden hue:
Know, the poor glow-worm hath its brightness too.

Hunold.

SOCRATES' COUNCIL.

Marry or not—say how shall I end it?
Marry or not—you'll be sure to repent it!

Brockes.

OBEDIENCE.

Into the fire a struggling drunkard fell:
"Help! help!" the servants cry. His Jezebel,
Foaming with rage, commands them to be still:
"Your master, sluts, may lie where'er he will!"

Beccan.

Three things give every charm to life,
  And every grief controul—
A mellow wine, a smiling wife,
  And an untainted soul.

Beccan.

ON MEGANDER'S VERSES.

Megander's verses are so lame—so poor,
They've caught the palsy from their master, sure.

Beccan.

ON PAPENHOVEN'S VENUS.

See Papenhoven's master-piece—
The lovely Venus fair as thought.
Look on those marble lips—they speak,
I see the voice—but hear it not.
Kleist.

In the bees' well-order'd state
There's no discord, feud, nor hate.
Why—what statutes can prevent them?
They've no females to torment them.
Niedermayer.

THE POET.

"That which I don't succeed in writing,"
Says Puff, "I never took delight in;
Therefore plain prose I never try."
Do not his verses say—"You lie?"
Gleim.

A WISH.

Cæsar! I do not envy thee
A conqueror's immortality:
If immortality be mine,
Be it, O Socrates, like thine.
Gleim.

ANATHEMAS.

I know not if 'tis wise or well
To give all heathens up to hell—
Hadrian—Aurelius—Socrates—
And others, wise and good as these;
I know not if it is forbid,
But this I know—Christ never did.
Gleim.

SCRIBBLER'S BOOK.

You'll have me praise your book, you've often hinted:
Well then! your book is beautifully——printed.
Gleim.

Dick bought and read our fav'rite author through,
And found no wit or genius in the poet;
He wastes his time and wastes his money too,
For had he hit on them he would not know it.
Kästner.

He who marries once may be
Pardon'd his infirmity;
He who marries twice is mad;
But if you should find a fool
Marrying thrice—don't spare the lad—
Flog him—flog him back to school.
Gotz.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

Sweet maid! she's gone; now, Poets, you may say,
Three are the Graces—none shall answer.—Nay:

Götz.

Welcome to memory—and forgetfulness!—
The one for joy, the other for distress.

Götz.

That tongueless you may find a maid,
I can conceive it;
But silent with her tongue in her head,
I'll not believe it.

Götz.

Where shall I find the visions blest
That float around Love's early fancies?
You'll find them in the turtle's nest,
And nowhere else but in romances.

Götz.

EPITAPH.

The longest of epitaphs chaunting humanity
Is, like the shortest, a sad piece of vanity.
'Tis the cant of a priest, or the whine of a lover,
Or the bounce of a pop-gun, that bursts and is over.

C. Ziegler.

Fill every line
Over my shrine
With wine! whine! wine!
Whine! wine! whine.

C. Ziegler.

I heard a bursting grape-bunch taunt a rose
With worthlessness—"Fair gaudy thing," it said,
"That in presumptuous airs of beauty blows!"
Then pass'd a poet by with a sweet maid,
And, while her cheek with lovely blushes glows,
She wore it in a garland round her head.

Karschin.

Dick stole but twenty shillings, and Dick straight
Got hang'd on yonder tree.
Dick, hadst thou stolen as many hundred weight,
Who had indicted thee?

Huber.

THE GHOST-PLAYER'S GUIDE,

OR

A HINT TO TWO GREAT HOUSES.

I HAVE often heard the question proposed,—amongst the characters in Shakspeare's plays, which is the most difficult to be personated adequately? When proposed to me, I have invariably answered,—Hamlet, or the Fool in Lear. Others would perhaps substitute Falstaff or Caliban; but the former is merely a strong portrait, or caricature, of nature, and the latter but a low estate of it. Many men are Falstaffs in person and disposition; the poet supplies them with wit and words; so that the character may be approximately, if not adequately, represented. Caliban is man in a state of brutality, nor was the old world "exhausted" for his character. I once knew a perfect Caliban; he was a slave to the servants of the school where I was educated; and my recollection of him affords me a practical proof of the wonderful extent of observation which has always been ascribed to the poet. The being of whom I speak, was not an idiot, but was active in body and cunning in mind. His propensities were brutal, his ideas grovelling, his manners and person disagreeable; he was prone to imprecation, conformed himself only to the whip, knew little of language, but was fluent as far as he did know; though indolent, he had none of the listlessness which distinguishes fools and naturals, he was in fact a human brute,—a perfect Caliban. Plebeian life will also furnish us with many instances of *quàm proximè* Calibans. So that the only difficulty in the stage-representation of such a being, is to find a man who has understanding sufficient to perform the character, and presence of mind to dissemble it throughout the performance. But Hamlet is an indefinite character, and the Fool an inconsistent one. I am far from asserting that the character of the Prince of Denmark is untrue to nature: on the contrary, the very uncertainty and unfixedness of his disposition makes him peculiarly mortal. It is an arduous task however to represent the wild variety of his character, and to give an appearance of identity to that which is ever changing from the first act to the last, and is left undetermined by the catastrophe. As to the Fool, no simpleton ever coined such wit, no such wit was ever found in a genuine fool, which the poet manifestly declares his fool to be. Hence the difficulty of the performance; especially in these civilized times, when the office of fool is never professedly sustained, and must therefore appear unintelligible and unnatural to an audience. But however serious the obstacles may be, which both these characters present to the actor, in the way of perfect delineation, they vanish before those presented by another:—the Ghost in Hamlet is indisputably the true answer to the question proposed, it is by far the most difficult character in all Shakspeare to be adequately personated. Indeed I am surprised at my own obliviousness in not recollecting that this *must* be the case; for it is evident that such a part being so remote from humanity, the difficulty of adequately representing it, by a human being, must be insurmountable. The particulars which make up the characters of Falstaff and Hamlet, though they may never have existed together in any one man, have severally existed in different men. The same may be said of the Fool, and a due combination of simplicity and satire might perhaps be d[illegible] by an ingenious actor, so as to give a verisimilitude to this inconsistent personage. Even Caliban has a congeniality of nature and disposition, in the lowest degree, with us mortals; it is much easier for an actor to embrutify his manners to the ferocity of a savage, than to refine them to the perfection with which we invest a spirit. But the attributes which we impute to a spirit, are many of them neither to be met with in one, nor in different men, such for instance as ubiquity, or the power of evanescence, impassiveness of sub-

stance, &c.; and even those attributes with which all men are invested, such as visible form, voice, &c. when they are imputed to spirits, it is always in such a degree of excellence as never was enjoyed by a human being. I speak of poetical creations. The Ghost in Hamlet, founded on a vulgar and even ludicrous basis, is beyond all doubt the noblest personification of the Spiritual essence afforded in any age or by any writer. The Gods of Homer are very ordinary mortals, most of them very wicked, and many of them very contemptible beings. The Angels in Paradise Lost are cold and characterless: Satan himself wants individuality; we have him not in our "mind's eye;" all we can collect of him is, that he was very bad, very bold, and very big. But in the character of the Ghost, all that is sublime, all that is noble, all that is terrific, unite to strike the imagination; his misfortunes, his injuries, and his sufferings, combine to throw an air of interest over his person; majestic yet melancholy, impassioned yet subdued, his human attributes are all grand and imposing, his supernatural those which inspire the most awful ideas. The noblest creation of sublunary fancy will, I acknowledge, relish of mortality; the poet was obliged to invest this imaginary being with some human qualities; but our notions are more refined and purified from earthly dregs in this, than in any other character I have ever met with. From these circumstances arises the superior difficulty of adequate personation; it is from hence I conclude that this character most transcends the powers of histrionic art. Of course, I am to be understood as speaking of characters representable at all; Ariel, who lies in the bell of a cowslip, and flies on the back of a bat, together with the little people of Fairy-land, Oberon, Titania, Puck, &c. are out of the question. To represent the Ghost in Hamlet, with anything like an approach to effect, would demand far higher qualifications than are to be met with in Ghost-players in general; it would require all the slender majesty of the elder Kemble's figure, all his imperatorial dignity of movement and gesture, all the scrupulous attention to costume for which that judicious actor was so remarkable,—yet, after all, leave the greatest difficulties unsubdued. Where shall we find the unearthly, heart-thrilling voice, which the fancy imputes to these supernatural beings,—the aerial, tremulous, half-formed syllables, melting into the winds, and passing over the ear as if they were breathed, not spoken? Where shall we find the shrill sweetness and piercing melody of utterance, in which the Spirit of the unfortunate monarch must be supposed to pour forth his complaints, in tones at once melancholy and impressive? It is not to be attained by any human power of articulation; here, as well as in the outward visible form, the human attributes refined to a degree of excellence, to which no actor could ever hope to arrive, however suaviloquent in voice and majestic in person. The elder Kemble was the only man who could have approached the character; had his voice been more harmonious, and his manner less artificial, less unpoetic (for the Ghost is essentially a poetic creation), he might have realized in a great measure the poet's conception. So that, independent of the superhuman attributes, power of evanescence and impassiveness of substance (displayed in the first scene), it is impossible for any actor so to discipline his actions and modulate his voice, as to personify with success our idea of the Ghost in Hamlet; no art can teach him to assume its surpassing majesty of form, its mild sublimity of manner, and above all its voice, in which the tones of earthly passion and the music of the spheres should mingle. There is nothing superhuman in the character of Hamlet himself, no "virtue" in him which might not be assumed by the actor; he is fat, cogitabund, and asthmatic.*

The difficulty of personating imaginary characters has been augmented tenfold since the age of Shakspeare, when the existence of Spirits was scarcely doubted and by no means disbelieved. Astrology, Demonology, and the doctrine of Apparitions, were popular and general. By the advance of knowledge, these visionary

* *Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.—*Act 5, Sc. last.*

systems have been overthrown: at the light of true philosophy, spirits, demons, and apparitions, disappeared. Few play-goers believe, now-a-days, in the existence of ghosts; in our sceptical times, the appearance of such airy beings has become quite a rarity. They scarcely durst even show their faces in their old haunts, the nursery, the kitchen, or the cottage; church-yards are beginning to be considered as little better than green fields with broad stones scattered over them, shrouds as nothing but sheets, and coffins but clumsy compositions of deal boards, tin, and twelve-penny nails. This change of public opinion has rendered what was never very easy to the performer, superlatively difficult. It has now become a matter of exquisite delicacy to prevent the Ghost in Hamlet or Macbeth (especially the former, who is vocal), from exciting feelings either of offence or risibility in the audience. More so, even, than with respect to the Witches; for any ugly old ill-tempered woman has nothing to do but get a-stride of a broomstick, and she may still be esteemed as a witch if she chooses. A dead man, on the other hand, has to break through six feet of mother earth, before we can be induced to set him down for a ghost. The appearance of a Witch is therefore not so obnoxious to splenetic remark as that of a ghost. Both are, however, very apt to excite merriment in an audience; I have frequently heard those around me laugh, positively laugh, at the *entrée* of the Ghost in Hamlet, the noblest, the most pathetic character ever delineated by a poet. It is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous;—this which is terrifically grand in the closet, becomes often highly ludicrous on the stage. But as if the natural difficulties of this character were not enough; as if the advance of knowledge, and consequent change of public opinion to which I have alluded, had not rendered the introduction of ghosts upon the stage sufficiently hazardous to the gravity of the play, and an affair of the utmost nicety to the performer;—by the force of mismanagement, and the liberal exercise of bad taste, if it be not rather the effect of unpardonable neglect, the Ghost is converted into a stumbling-block, over which the genius of Shakspeare himself does not enable the actor to ride triumphant. Yet I cannot persuade myself but that a very little judgment, and a very little attention bestowed upon this matter by the managers of our theatres and the gentlemen upon whom ghost-playing usually devolves,—would remedy the evil I complain of in a great degree. Although it may be impossible to do the character complete justice, it is certainly capable of a much more adequate representation than it ever obtains upon the modern stage. Under this impression, I beg leave to subjoin a hint for the consideration of our two great Houses in Drury Lane and Covent Garden, which I think they might improve to their own and the public advantage. A new discipline might be introduced with considerable effect and very little trouble, as far as regards ghost-playing, which would, I think, be found of equal benefit to the author, manager, performer, and spectator. I must premise that with respect to the physical qualifications of the performers themselves, however, the nostrums I am about to submit boast no secret plastic power whatever; they will not enable a dwarf to stretch himself into a giant, nor a rosy prelatical pot-bellied son of Thalia to reduce himself to a fine cadaverous, ghost-playing condition of person; they will not endue leathern lungs and a brazen thorax with the power of emitting the harmonious, shrill-sweet, vanishing voice which belongs to the spiritual tribe: but where the qualifications for ghost-playing are not absolutely of a negative description, the following remarks may perhaps be of some service. They chiefly relate to the Ghost in Hamlet, but may easily be rendered of general application; and I expect that no gentleman will hereafter think of treading the boards in a white sheet, crustaceous panoply, or flesh-coloured pantaloons, without having previously consulted the GHOST-PLAYER'S GUIDE, by which title I have chosen to designate the discipline prescribed in the following paragraphs.

In the first place: under the present regime, the ghost marches in a mathematical right line across the stage, within truncheon's length of

the foot-lights. Now this is about as ill-judged a proceeding as it is an unnecessary one. By this means, whatever unhappy defects the body corporal of the ghost may labour under, whether it be redundant in point of flesh, or curtailed in point of stature, whether it be supported on pins or pillars,—whatever be its defects, they are sure to be glaringly exhibited. While thus paraded before the audience, wantonly paraded, in the full blaze of the burners, and for the whole breadth of the stage. Besides, any lapse in the gait, a trip or a faux-pas, any flaw or fissure in the panoply, an ill-fitting greave, or a basin-shaped helmet, nay the very crackling of the buckram, can be recognized with the utmost facility, whilst the Apparition thus stalks, upon the very brow, I may say, of the orchestra, near enough to shake hands if he chose it with his sublunary acquaintances in the pit, and at a pace funereal, as if to invite an inquisition which he is seldom prepared to defy. Now there is not the smallest necessity that the Ghost should expose himself, with so much danger to the solemnity of the scene, in this barefaced manner; there is nothing in the part which calls upon him to display his person and accoutrements (both of which are generally of such a description as should court the shade) like a peripatetic brother at Bartholomew Fair. The first rule, then, to be observed by the judicious Ghost-player, is,—never to let his desire for admiration tempt him to the front of the stage, unless the mechanism of the piece compel him to transgress this salutary precept. Let the ghost always appear in the back ground; or if necessary, let him walk down the stage by the side scenes, disappearing as distantly from the proscenium as possible. In short,—*let him always be the most distant point of visibility, and be as dim, as shadowy, and indefinite, as is compatible with being seen.*

In the second place: our Ghost-players, instead of sweeping over the stage in a suit comporting with the dignity and darkness of the scene, generally choose to flaunt it in a crimson scarf, or a blanket cloak tastily suspended from the shoulder after the manner of an hussar's hanging-jacket, or falling over the corslet like a waggoner's smock-frock. I speak of such ghosts as I have lately seen at our two great houses: if others of the fraternity show a better judgment in the choice of their wardrobe, they are to consider themselves as not affected by this criticism. But as for those gentlemen-ghosts who dress themselves out as if they were going to a masque or a fancy-ball, in garments foreign to their character, it is proper that I should inform them,—they quite mistake the matter. The second rule promulgated by the Ghost-player's Guide, in allusion to this circumstance, is this, videlicet: that *a ghost should wear no flaring colours whatever,* but (if he must wear clothes at all) be as dark, and as dismal as an alchemist or an undertaker, as muffled and mysterious as a monk or a mourner. This hint should be directed perhaps rather to the managers than to the performers, as it is not always in the power of a ghost to choose his own clothes. And I would earnestly beseech the managers of the two houses aforesaid, to convert a little of the superfluous bullion which blazes upon their scenery, and flickers upon the tops, tails, and toes, of their dancers, into a suit of apparel fit for a gentleman-ghost to appear in. They owe this much at least to Shakspeare, whose divine works exalt them from masters of puppet-shows to managers of theatres. If it were requisite for a pantomime knight to appear in a suit of mail, how the anvils of Drury would ring, and the bellows of Covent Garden roar, to furnish out the doughty hero of a few nights' entertainment! What burnishing, clattering, riveting, and lacquering! the helmet alone would gild the dome of St. Paul's, and its crest equip a stud of Arabians or an aviary of ostriches with fresh tails, if they were wanted. But alas! the King of Denmark and the noble Banquo are fain to make shift with a suit of buckram and a wooden visor, a red handkerchief or a blanket! O England! England! you are unworthy of a Shakspeare. If you deserved such a son, your indignation would sacrifice at a blow the gaudy insolence of those pageants who dare profane the stage where King Hamlet has just appeared in panoply that would disgrace a sutler,—a suit of buckram and a blanket! Let me ask you this, ye self-sufficient Britons! What guerdon

would the nation you have the arrogance to despise, what guerdon would *France* bestow upon a Gallic Shakspeare? Why, she would cast his image in solid gold, and fall down on her knees, and worship it as a god, as surely as the curtain unveiled it each night in its proper temple. She would all but drink the blood of him who dared to play King Hamlet in buckram and a blanket. I firmly trust you will never see a tragedy worth three hours' eye-sight, till you make the ghost of Hamlet fit to be looked at; for it is *you* who keep the key of the wardrobe, not the manager. Only show one tithe of the ill-humour and destructiveness that you exhibit on every frivolous occasion, and King Hamlet will doff both blanket and buckram in a much greater hurry than he ever assumed them. The Ghost ought to appear in a complete suit of armour: I should not contend that it be "steel," though the text so advises us, because this would be perhaps superfluous on account of the distance; but it should be a splendid and entire suit of warlike panoply,—burnished tin we will say. The effect might be heightened, if necessary, by a thin, gauzy, sombre raiment thrown over the armour, which would give a cloudy, indefined appearance to the figure; but by attending to the first rule of always keeping in the back ground, this part of the paraphernalia might be dispensed with. A crest of black and waving plumes would confer altitude and majesty where these qualifications rarely exist, scilicet, in the persons of ghost-players in general, who are for the most part fat little fellows of about five feet and an inch, with Canopus bellies and bandy legs.

To the above remarks I have but this to add, with a particular view to the play of Hamlet,—that the manner in which I have sometimes heard the Ghost utter the word "Swear!" when the prince invites Horatio and Marcellus to swear upon his sword, is a gross infraction of the decorum which should always be observed on the stage; it is bellowed through the side-scene by some fellow or other with a throat like a trombone, or in the tone of an enraged alderman." The voice should come from under the stage, as the text plainly expresses, and the greatest possible care should be taken to manage this scene, so as that the audience shall not laugh, instead of quake, through its representation.

UMBRA.

LINES

Written beneath a Picture of Love riding on a Tiger.

So Love has conquer'd! say what opiate dew
Quell'd that fierce spirit thus—what mighty spell
The fragrant flower-wreath round that dark neck threw
And bound him in its links of Asphodel?
'Twas the enchanter Love—who carelessly
Chased by the dark woodside a summer fly,
When forth *he* sprang—but sank resistlessly
Beneath the mighty magic of that eye;
And there he knelt—his fiery lip scarce breathing,
While Love's light chains were round his proud neck wreathing.
And young Love leap'd upon his living throne,
While slowly pass'd the beauteous monster on:
His blue eye sparkling with a conqueror's joy,
Proud of his triumph rode the wanton boy.
Yet Love beware! that dark eye's fire is sleeping,
Calm and deceitful as the deep blue sea:
Kindle it not; or thou hast cause for weeping:—
No charm of Love can spell-bind Jealousy.

ON THE MADNESS OF HAMLET.

It is still a matter of dispute—and perhaps the subject has not been fully discussed—whether the madness of *Hamlet* should be considered as real or assumed. The only method by which this problem can be solved is to bring the evidence fairly forward—to issue a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* against *Hamlet*, and judge him by his discourse and conduct.

That Shakspeare possessed vast knowledge of the human mind, is a general and undisputed opinion; by which is to be understood, that he had not merely an acquaintance with its power or faculties in a metaphysical scope, but a profound intimacy with the passions by which it is moved, and the emotions of which it is susceptible, in its various states of cultivation and excitement. Assuming, therefore, that he had accurately and minutely surveyed the human intellect in its *sound* state, it still remains to be seen how far he has succeeded in painting its *morbid* condition, and this will be best elucidated by the characters he has drawn in a state of mental derangement, of which it is contended Hamlet is one.

In collecting the evidence which this play affords of the insanity of *Hamlet*, it is not intended to prove that his mind was uniformly deranged, or that his malady disqualified him altogether for the exercise of reason. The draught of such a character would have defeated the object of the poet, which was to represent a noble mind, richly endowed and highly polished—a Being of lofty nature and important destinies, visited by paroxysms of mental disorder.

The question under consideration is, Whether Hamlet was really mad, or only assumed madness?

The Prince of Denmark has generally been portrayed on the stage as a melancholy being, who, in his happiest moments, was but a misanthrope, and who, when roused into action by a favourite design, merely *feigned* madness to cover a purpose, which, in the end, he had not courage to execute.

Shakspeare's Hamlet appears to have been by nature a volatile and ardent Prince, whose temper and disposition had suffered deep impressions by the death of his father, the speedy marriage of his mother, and the suspension of his own right consequent on that marriage. These circumstances, operating suddenly on a mind predisposed to gaiety, and to the follies which spring from youthful effervescence, give a tinge of melancholy to his train of thought, which speedily, but imperceptibly, produces an instability of intellect. Whilst thus suffering from mental depression, the suspicion of his father's murder induces him to put on an antic disposition, that, under colour of madness, his actions may be less liable to scrutiny, and more free scope be thereby afforded for the measures he shall take to arrive at full conviction. From this period he strives to wipe from the table of his memory all trivial fond records that youth and observation copied there, except as those pressures may tend to the accomplishment of his object; and thus in cherishing a favourite design and permitting the Ghost's

> Commandment all alone to live
> Within the book and volume of his brain,
> Unmix'd with baser matter,—

he gives growth and maturity to a malady, the seeds of which had germinated in his mind, until, in the end, he actually labours under the infirmity which his previous declaration shows he but intended to feign.

That Hamlet was not *constitutionally* subject to melancholic depression, but could, before the death of his father, have derived gratification from those pursuits and follies which usually distinguish the career of young men of uncontrolled passions, may be collected from the early parts of the play. The King speaks of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as men who

> Being of so young days brought up with him,
> And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
> Might by their presence draw him on to pleasures.

Hamlet says to *Horatio,*

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

That he preferred *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern,* who were mere popinjays, to the sober *Horatio,* is clear, as he receives the former as his "excellent good friends," and says, "Good lads, how do you both?" whereas he scarcely remembers the latter, and coldly observes—

——I am glad to see you well:
Horatio—or I do forget myself.

It is true, he afterwards holds *Horatio* to his heart as a *just* man, but the habits and manners of *Hamlet* have, in the interval, completely changed from what they had been. The *Queen* likewise says to the fops:—

Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres.

His first sally to these court-flies is grossly indecent—when speaking of their being Fortune's favourites; and shows at once their intimacy and their habits. In the same scene he says to them,

By the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer cou'd charge you withal, be even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. (*to Guildenstern.*) What say you?

Hamlet (*aside.*) Nay, then, I have an eye of you.

Up to this time Hamlet deals *frankly* with the fops, regarding them as his friends and familiar associates—their reluctance to answer his question first puts him on suspicion of their being spies on his conduct. It is a common and universal remark, that men of *gay* disposition feel more acutely a sudden visitation of affliction than those of less buoyant mind. How Hamlet "lost all his mirth" will be shown by the evidence adduced of his insanity.

Soon after the second marriage of his mother, his feelings assume a *morbid* character; and in his first soliloquy, in the second scene of the play, *he debates on suicide:*

Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

The supernatural agency of the *Ghost* is introduced, for the purpose of communicating an important secret. When *Hamlet* receives the intelligence, his surprise is natural, and not devoid of tenderness: his examination of the persons who had seen the figure of the late King, minute and pertinent; and he properly resolves to watch in person, in order to be convinced of the reality of the vision. Although he had not hitherto let fall any hint or conjecture respecting the death of his father, yet when alone he displays an apprehension:

My father's spirit in arms! All is not well:
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come.

Hamlet's interview with the spirit of his father, is on his part a solemn display of duty and affection.

In his soliloquy after the exit of the *Ghost,* which, for a time, forcibly records the reflections and feelings that ought to impress him, he suddenly starts off, his thoughts are abruptly diverted, and he produces his tablet for memoranda, to set down—not the horrible contrivance of his father's murder, as divulged by his spirit, but a common remark:

That one may smile—and smile—and be a villain!—
At least, I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:
So, Uncle, there you are.——

When *Hamlet* is joined by *Horatio* and *Marcellus,* after the awful disclosure, he displays a levity wholly unbefitting the solemnity of the occasion. This is so glaring, that *Horatio* is compelled to remark—

These are but *wild* and *hurling* words, my Lord.

And when he proposes that they should swear to secrecy upon his sword—and the *Ghost,* from his subterranean confine, urges them to the oath—he descends to coarse jest and ridiculous buffoonery:

Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? Art thou there, true-penny?
Come on! you hear this fellow in the cellarage:
Consent to swear.

And again:

Well said, old mole! Can'st work i' th' ground so fast?
A worthy pioneer!

The oath itself is of a complicated nature: it enjoins them not to reveal the appearance of the *Ghost*, and likewise not to express surprise at the future absurdity of his conduct:

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself
(As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on).

Up to this period Hamlet has expressed no purpose for which he could *feign* madness; and, consequently, all his previous actions and words may be considered as proceeding from a perfectly free agent: and he is subject to or freed from the charge of insanity, as those words and actions shall, or shall not, afford evidence of a rational mind.

Here it may fairly be asked, whether Hamlet's determination to assume madness, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, does not of *itself* furnish the strongest evidence of his insanity. He wishes to throw the King completely off his guard and to scrutinize his conduct, without exciting observation or provoking restraint on his own behaviour. To accomplish this, he proposes to act the madman. None *but* a madman could have conceived such a project, as, so far from a *belief* in his madness being favourable to his purpose, it would completely counteract it, by causing him to be closely watched and properly restrained. The King says:

Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

The next act of the play exhibits Hamlet fully invested with his *antic disposition;* and if it had been *assumed,* it is certain he would have had power to *control* it. Let us now hear the relation of *Ophelia,* who is a competent witness. Speaking to her father, she says:

My Lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look, so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

With this connect the remainder of her description and the letter sent to her by *Hamlet,* which is shown to the *King* and *Queen* by *Polonius.* Some of these are sufficient indications of an insane mind, of a state *that cannot be assumed;* nor can they be attributed to intensity of feeling, or the extremity of natural passion—they pass the boundaries of both, and must be viewed as mental distortions from a morbid cause.

Hamlet's letter to Ophelia concludes with "Thine evermore, most dear lady, *whilst this machine is to him*—Hamlet."—On which Mr. Steevens remarks, "These words will not be ill explained by the conclusion of one of the letters of the Paston family, vol. ii. p. 43; 'for your pleasure *whyle my wytts be my owne.*'" In the interview with *Polonius,* where *Hamlet* calls him a fishmonger, it may be granted that he assumes a crazy vein; but even then he was found reading a description of *the evils of long life.* "The satirical rogue says *here* (alluding to the book he holds) that old men have grey beards." By the satirical rogue, he means Juvenal, in his tenth satire.

Da spatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos;
Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.
Sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus
Plena malis? deformem et tetrum ante omnia vultum,
Dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentesque genas, et tales aspice rugas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus,
In vetulâ scalpit jam mater simia buccâ.

In the subsequent scene with *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern,* which commences with quaint jest and indelicate levity, he furnishes, without affectation or reserve, a lamentable but natural picture of gloom and despondency.—"I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise: and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging, this majestical roof, fretted

with golden fire: why it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours."—Abruptly his thoughts creak on the worn hinges of his *Uncle-father* and *Aunt-mother,* whom he states to be deceived; that he is but "mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw."

The soliloquy that ensues, in which he reproaches himself for tardiness and irresolution, is an unconnected assemblage of intruding thoughts and conflicting passions. At length he appears sensible of it himself, and starts to his project of the play "About my brain."—Although he had before declared to *Horatio* that it was "an honest ghost," he now begins to waver, and timidly debates:

——The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil, and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps
Out of my *weakness,* and my *melancholy,*
As he is very potent with *such spirits,*
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this.

In the celebrated soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," he AGAIN *tamely deliberates on suicide.*

It cannot escape observation, that whenever Hamlet is *alone,* and relieved from the presence of those, whom it is his purpose to deceive, the true state of his mind developes itself in melancholy soliloquies. Even before the appearance of the Ghost, when harbouring no suspicion as to the cause of his father's death, Hamlet debated on suicide. When reproaching himself for not executing his purpose, he feels and confesses his own "weakness and melancholy," and that the devil is very potent "with such spirits."

These apprehensions are sure indications of mental disease. King Lear, when on the very confines of madness, says, "My wits begin to turn."

Oh that way madness lies: let me shun that,
No more of that.

It has been shown that Hamlet deliberated on suicide, *before* he had expressed any intention of putting on an antic disposition,—that when distrusting the assurances of the Ghost, and expressing apprehensions of his own state of mind, he had determined to have "grounds more relative than this:"

——— the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Yet in the very next scene, before the play could be acted, or a solution of the doubt be obtained, he debates on suicide, in nearly the same terms as in the first soliloquy, evincing throughout, both before and after the appearance of the Ghost, a great *intolerance* of life, and a corresponding anxiety for its speedy extinction.

You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing I will more willingly part withal—except my life, except my life, except my life.

In the interview with his mother, in her closet, one of the most solemn, grand, and impressive of dramatic representations—the composition of which is so felicitous and sublime that it will endure with the language of our country—there is a steadiness of purpose, a mastery of exposition that never deflects from the object. The poet was well aware that the important interest of the scene, and the conflicting workings of the soul, could not have been displayed under a feebleness or perversion of intellect.

The killing of *Polonius* was evidently a mistake: *Hamlet* supposed and hoped it had been the *King*:—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell;
I took thee for thy betters.

Afterwards, he feels a momentary regret:—

——— For this same lord
I do repent; but Heaven hath pleased it so.

However, his contrition soon vanishes, and is commuted for unfeeling insult to the remains of the man he has killed, that man being the father of *Ophelia*:

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
——— Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.—
Come. Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

The subsequent retorts on *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern,* who were spies on his conduct, and his insolence to the *King,* whom he detested,

might be tolerated on an indifferent occasion: but after the commission of such a flagrant outrage to resort to contumelious sarcasm, and hurl the language of defiance, must force the conclusion that he was a senseless and abandoned miscreant, if charity and a nicer estimate did not urge us to the commiseration of a masterless infirmity.

King. Where is Polonius?

Hamlet. In Heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there (*To some attendants*).

Hamlet. He will stay till you come.

Although excited by the *Ghost*, the sole purpose of whose second visitation is to goad him to revenge, the admonition is disregarded; and without repining at his banishment, he cheerfully departs for England.

The last instance that will be adduced of the uncontrollable sallies that constituted his mental calamity, is his conduct at the grave of *Ophelia*. After a season of fastidious moralising with *Horatio*, and an interchange of gross repartee with the *Grave-Digger*, during the funeral procession, the Prince recognises *Laertes*, whom he points out to *Horatio:*

That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark!

When *Hamlet* understands that his lamentations bewail a chaste and hapless sister, he exclaims—

What, the fair Ophelia?

but there is no sentiment or reflexion annexed to the expression. *Laertes*, in a transport of grief, leaps into her grave, and, frantic with affliction, calls out—

Now, pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

When these words, the desponding effusions of a brother's love, reach the ear of *Hamlet*, unconscious of the solemnity of the scene, wholly forgetful of his former unkindness, insensible that he had slain the father of *Laertes*, and that the death of *Ophelia* was the result of disappointed love and filial sorrow, he bellows from his covert—

-What is he whose griefs
Bear such an emphasis?—whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

It is only necessary to peruse the remainder of the scene to stamp this violent explosion with the character of madness. After his mind has been seriously occupied on another subject, and reflection returns, he expresses to *Horatio* his extreme regret; and, as is *usual* in such cases, *assigns an unsatisfactory reason:—*

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his. I'll court his favour:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

And before he commences his fencing match he is still more explicitly repentant:—

Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong;
But pardon 't as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet *from himself be ta'en away*,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not: Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? *His madness.* If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd:
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

If Hamlet be considered as *not* really mad, his unmanly outrage on Laertes, at the grave of Ophelia, and the despicable lie he utters by way of apology, in the presence of the King, whom he detests, must stamp him as the most cruel, senseless, and

cowardly miscreant that ever disgraced the human form.

Turning from Hamlet, as the perpetrator of acts of aggression, brutality, and cowardice, for which he would be justly execrated, if in possession of his *reason* at the time he committed them, and contemplating poor Hamlet "from himself ta'en away," acting under the influence of a masterless infirmity, we see in him, all the noble qualities with which Ophelia decks him:

Look here, upon this picture, and on *this*.

Hamlet, gay and volatile before his father's death, becomes doubly estimable in the eyes of his observers by the depression he suffers from the loss of such a parent—his occasional aberrations from reason, springing from his melancholy, strongly excite our sympathies—his flattering himself that he can feign a malady which has already made a sad impression on his mind, is a natural shoot from the malady itself. In the aggressions he commits and the imbecility he displays in prosecuting his design against the King, we see, with grief, that he is hurried forward and swayed by resistless paroxysms of mental disorder—his declaration to Laertes, when the paroxysm is over, displays all the nobleness of a mind conscious of its own infirmity, and anxious to atone for the injuries it may have inflicted in its wanderings; and when he finally falls a victim to the frankness of his nature and an ingenuous display of his feelings in a lucid interval, we exclaim with Ophelia—

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form;
Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down.

In Hamlet's celebrated scene with Ophelia, which, from the manner in which it has generally been acted, has provoked censure on his conduct for barbarity towards the object of his affection—the poet, with nice discrimination, has distinctly marked *the three estates of Hamlet*—In the celebrated soliloquy, he displays a morbid sensibility, which is his *disease*. On the sight of *Ophelia*, he appears—

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form:
The observed of all observers!

which is his *natural character;* and when the remembrances are tendered to him, he puts his *antic* disposition on, but so "out-Herods Herod" in his display, as to show distinctly that it is a mere *assumption*, and not, at the moment, a paroxysm of actual insanity. The *King* most justly describes it—

—— What he spake, though it lack'd *form* a little,
Was not like madness.

He first addresses Ophelia with an easy and familiar air, until the mention of past remembrances seems to raise in his mind suspicions that his known regard for her is about to be made the touchstone to try the nature of his mystery—that *Ophelia* is but another, though innocent, instrument in the hands of her father to accomplish the purpose for which *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* had been sent to him *in vain*, and he instantly assumes his *fantastic* character, the more strongly to impress *her mind*, and through her *report*, the *King* himself, with a notion of his madness. There is no unkindness, no coarseness of manner unworthy of a prince or a gentleman, towards *Ophelia*—he merely *acts* insanity before her, but with so much method, that he wraps in deeper mystery the secret endeavoured, through her means, to be extracted from him.

Having collected the evidence of Hamlet's madness, afforded by his discourse and conduct in the play, it remains to be shown by *medical* testimony that he ought to be pronounced *insane*. Dr. Mason Good, in his clever work, "The Study of Medicine," treating of Ecphronia Melancholia, says,

Whatever be the existing cause of mental alienation, the symptoms are in every instance greatly modified by the prevailing idiosyncrasy, and hence though a love of solitude, gloom, fear, suspicion, and taciturnity are the ordinary signs of this species of disease, these signs often yield to symptoms widely different, and sometimes even of an opposite character.

* * * * * * *

The disease shows itself, sometimes sud-

denly, but more generally by *slow* and *imperceptible* degrees. *There is a desire of doing well, but the will is wayward and unsteady, and produces an inability of firmly pursuing any laudable exertion or even purpose*, on account of some painful internal sensation, or the perverseness of the judgment, led astray by false or erroneous ideas, which command a firm conviction on the mind.—(*Study of Medicine*, vol. iii. p. 81.)

Dr. Johnson, in his Commentary on this play, says:—

Hamlet is through the whole piece rather an *instrument* than an *agent*. After he has by the stratagem of the play convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him, and his death is at last effected by an accident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

Melancholia Attonita, the FIRST VARIETY (says the Author of the Study of Medicine), most commonly commences with this character, and creeps on so gradually, that it is for some time *mistaken* for a mere attack of hypochondrism, *or lowness of spirits*, till the mental alienation is at length decided by the wildness of the patient's eyes, &c. *The first stage of the disease* (adds Dr. Good) *is thus admirably expressed by* HAMLET:

I have of late, but wherefore I know not,
Lost all my mirth, &c. &c.

Grief (and particularly the loss of friends) *or long exposure to the direct rays of the sun*, we are told by the same author, have frequently produced it.

The King (*speaking to Hamlet.*) How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Hamlet. Not so, my Lord, *I'm too much i' the sun.*

It is not contended that Hamlet by uttering this line meant to convey an intimation of the nature of his malady, but this line (which is the first he delivers) when called in aid of *other* evidences of the poet's *intention*, clearly shows that Shakspeare had carefully considered all the characters and exciting causes of the disease, and intended to display the Prince as actually under their influence.

The King had asked Hamlet why the *clouds* were still hanging on him,—and the Prince replies: So far from my being clouded, or in a humid atmosphere, I am too much in the sun—I'm actually *brain-scorched*. It is not "the fruitful river in the eye, nor the dejected 'havior of the visage," that can denote Hamlet truly. These are but "*shows* of grief," "actions that a man might play." He has "that *within* which *passeth show.*"

M. de Sauvage speaks of a dread of eternal reprobation as one of the exciting causes of Melancholia Attonita;

—— The dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

The unhappy individuals are, at the same time, not only sensible of what they say or do, but occasionally *sensible* of its being *wrong*, will express their *sorrow* for it immediately *afterwards*, and say they will not do so again, but the waywardness of the *will* and its want of control by the judgment urges them forward in spite of their *desire*, and they relapse into the same state almost as soon as they have expressed their regret.

The Study of Medicine, vol. iii, p. 86.

Hamlet's momentary regret for having killed Polonius, the expression of his sorrow that to Laertes he did forget himself, and his more explicit declaration of repentance before the King, are striking instances of the correctness of the medical opinions of Dr. Good. Mr. Locke has with great ability pointed out the proper distinction between the two faculties of the *desire* and the *will*, and the disease under consideration is pregnant with examples of the kind.

The medical explanations or definition of the first symptoms of Melancholia Attonita, and their progression to, and ultimate determination in confirmed madness, are illustrated with singular exactness in the character of Hamlet; and, it is a remarkable coincidence that every predisposing and exciting cause by which the author, consistently with the story of his play, could denote an intention of making his hero subject to paroxyms of insanity, has been clearly developed in the course of the five acts. Indeed, the stages of the disease are distinctly marked in regular progression, from the first scene of Hamlet's appearance, when

he expresses a disrelish of life, until the violent explosion of his madness at the grave of Ophelia. It may not be unimportant to point attention to the fact, that *feigning madness* is a theory with many persons who are subject to mental aberrations.

Whether Hamlet ought or not to be found lunatic or insane, can never be *legally* determined, but Mr. Steevens is certainly right in saying that, "Those gleams of sunshine, which serve only to show us the scattered fragments of a brilliant imagination, crushed and broken by calamity, are much more affecting than a long uninterrupted train of monotonous woe." Shakspeare well knew how to exhibit these successions. He was fully aware that reason cannot blend or amalgamate with insanity; but he had observed, from Nature, that they may constitute alternate strata; and that, at different seasons, the same intellect may shine forth in reason, blaze in madness, and sink in melancholic depression.

W. Farren.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

BY SCHILLER.

"Take ye the world! I give it ye for ever;
(Said Jove, mankind addressing,) for I mean ye
To hold it as your heritage: so sever
The earth like brothers, as ye please, between ye!"

All who had hands took what they could: the needy,
Both young and old, most busily employ'd them;
The ploughman had the fields; the lord, more greedy,
Seized on the woods for chase, and he enjoy'd them.

To fill his stores the tradesman took all sly ways;
The abbot had the vineyards in partition;
The king kept all the bridges and the high-ways,
And claim'd a tenth of all things in addition.

Long after the division was completed,
In came the absent Poet, from a distance:
Alas! 'twas over, not to be repeated;
All giv'n away as if he'd no existence.

"Ah woe is me! 'mid bounty so unbounded,
Shall I, thy truest son, be thus neglected?"
He cried aloud, and his complaint resounded
While he drew near Jove's throne, quite unexpected.

"If in the land of visions you resided
(Said Jove) and anger feel, to me do'nt show it:
Where were you when the world was first divided?"
"I was near thee," replied the lack-land Poet.

"With glory of thy face mine eyes were aching,
And music fill'd mine ears while gifts were squander'd;
The earthly for the heavenly thus forsaking,
Forgive my spirit that awhile it wandered."—

"What's to be done? (cried Jove,) The world is given,
Fields, chases, towns, circumference, and centre:—
If you're content to dwell with me in heaven,
It shall be open when you please to enter."

J. P. C.

KANT ON NATIONAL CHARACTER,

IN RELATION TO

THE SENSE OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

[" My purpose," says Kant, "is not to pourtray the characters of different nations in detail: I sketch only a few features, which may express the feeling, in those characters, for the Sublime and the Beautiful. In such a portraiture it is evident that only a tolerable accuracy can be demanded; that the prototypes of the features selected are prominent only in the great crowd of those that make pretensions to refined feelings; and that no nation is entirely wanting in minds which unite the best qualities of both feelings. Any blame, therefore, which may touch the character of a nation in the course of these strictures, ought not to offend any one,—the blame being of such a nature that every man may toss off the ball to his neighbour. Whether these national distinctions are contingently dependent on the colour of the times and the quality of the government, or are bound to the climate by a certain necessity, I do not here inquire."]

Among the nations of our quarter of the globe, the Italians and the French are in my opinion those who are most distinguished for the sense of the Beautiful—the Germans, the English, and the Spaniards, for the sense of the Sublime. Holland may be set down as a country in which neither feeling is very observable.—The Beautiful is either fascinating and affecting, or gay and enlivening. The first contains something of the Sublime; and the mind, whilst under the influence of this class of beauty, is meditative and enraptured; but under the influence of the other, laughing and joyous. The first kind of beauty seems to be most congenial to the Italian taste; the second to the French. The Sublime, where it is expressed by the national character, takes either a more terrific character, which verges a little to the Adventurous and Romantic; or secondly, it is a feeling for the Noble; or thirdly for the Magnificent. Upon certain grounds I feel warranted in ascribing the first style of feeling to the Spaniard, the second to the Englishman, and the third to the German. The feeling for the Magnificent is not natively so original as the rest: and, although a spirit of imitation may easily be connected with any other feeling, yet it is more peculiarly connected with the glittering sublime: for this is a mixed feeling composed of the sense for the Beautiful and the Sublime, in which each considered separately is colder—and the mind more at leisure to attend to examples, and stands more in need of examples to excite and support it. The German, therefore, has less feeling for the Beautiful than the Frenchman, and less for the Sublime than the Englishman: but in those cases, where it is necessary that both should appear united, the result will be more congenial to his mind; and he will also more readily avoid those errors into which an extravagant degree of either feeling exclusively is apt to fall.—The taste which I have attributed to different nations is confirmed by the choice which they severally make amongst the arts and sciences. The Italian genius has distinguished itself especially in Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. All these fine arts meet with an equally* refined culture in France, although their beauty is here less touching. Taste, in reference to the poetic or rhetoric ideal, tends in France more to the Beautiful, in England more to the Sublime. Elegant playfulness, comedy, laughing satire, amorous trifling, and the light, cursory, and fugitive style of writing are in France

* To the judicious reader it needs not be said how strikingly in opposition to facts is Kant's judgment on the French taste in the Fine Arts. What the French poetry is most men know: the French music is the jest of Europe: and, if we except the single name of Poussin, there is no other in any of the Fine Arts which can impress any ear with much reverence.

native and original. In England, on the contrary, the natural product of the national mind are thoughts of profound meaning, tragedy, epic poetry, and generally the massy gold of wit, which under the French hammer is beat out to thin leaves of greater surface. In Germany the fine thinking of the nation even yet gleams through a covering of false tinsel. Formerly this reproach existed to a shocking degree: but latterly, by better models, and the good sense of the people, the national style has been raised to a character of higher grace and nobility; but the grace has less naïveté than it has amongst the French, and the nobility not so firm and confident a movement as it has amongst the English. The tendency of the Dutch taste to a painful elaborateness of arrangement and to a prettiness, which is apt to settle into heaviness and distraction, does not allow us to presume much sensibility for the artless and freer movements of the genius, the products of which are only disfigured by too anxious a fear of faults. To all the arts and sciences nothing can be more hostile than the romantic or barbaresque taste; for this distorts nature itself, which is the universal prototype of the noble and the beautiful: and hence it is that the Spanish nation has shown little feeling for the fine arts or the sciences.

The national mind is in any case best expounded by the direction of its moral feelings: I shall therefore next consider the feelings of different nations in relation to the Sublime and Beautiful from this point of view.—The *Spaniard* is serious, reserved, and punctiliously faithful to his word. There are few more upright merchants in the world than the Spanish. The Spaniard has a proud soul, and more sympathy with grandeur in actions than with those qualities of action which come more under the title of the beautiful. Not much of benignity or gentleness is to be found in his composition; and hence he is often harsh and even cruel. The *Auto da Fe* keeps its ground in Spain not so much through superstition as through the national passion for a barbaresque grandeur, which is affected by the solemnities of a dreadful procession, in the course of which the *San Benito*, painted over with devilish forms, is delivered up to the flames which a hideous bigotry has lit. It cannot be so properly said that the Spaniard is prouder or more amorous than those of other nations, as that he displays both passions in a more barbaresque manner. To leave the plow standing still, and to strut about in a long sword and cloak, until the traveller is past; or in a bull-fight, where the beauties of the land are for once seen unveiled, to proclaim the lady of his affections by a special salute—and then to seek to do honour to this lady by precipitating himself into a dangerous contest with a savage animal, are strange acts, and far remote from nature.——The *Italian* seems to have a mixed temperament, composed partly of the French and partly of the Spanish: he has more sensibility to the Beautiful than the Spaniard, and to the Sublime than the Frenchman: and by this clue, I am of opinion that the other features of his moral character may be explained.——The *Frenchman*, in regard to all moral feelings, has a domineering sense of the Beautiful. He has a fine address, is courteous, and obliging. He readily assumes a confidential tone; is playful and unconstrained in conversation; and he only, who has the polite feelings of a Frenchman, can enter into the full meaning of the expression—*a man or a lady of good tone.* Even the sublimer feelings of a Frenchman, and he has many such, are subordinated to his sense of the Beautiful,—and derive their strength from their fusion with these. He is passionately fond of wit, and will make no scruple of sacrificing a little truth to a happy conceit. On the other hand, where there is no opportunity for wit, a Frenchman displays a spirit of as radical and profound investigation as men of any nation whatever: for instance in mathematics, and in the other profound and austere sciences. In the metaphysics, however, the ethics, and the theology of this nation, it is impossible to be too much upon one's guard. A delusive glitter commonly prevails in such works, which cannot stand the test of sober examination. A Frenchman loves the audacious in all his opinions: but he, who would arrive at the truth, had need to be—not audacious, but cautious. French history tends na-

turally to memoirs and anecdotes, in which there is no improvement to desire but that they were—true. A *bon mot* has not that fugitive value in France which it has elsewhere: it is eagerly propagated, and treasured up in books, as if it were the weightiest of events. The Frenchman is a peaceable citizen, and revenges himself for any oppressive acts of the* Farmers-General by satires or by parliamentary remonstrances—which, having fulfilled their purposes by shedding a patriotic *éclat* over the fathers of the people, are dismissed to be celebrated by the poets. The great object, to which the meritorious qualities and national capacities of this people are mainly referred, is the female sex. Not that woman is in France more loved or esteemed than elsewhere, but because it is woman that furnishes the occasion for exhibiting in the best attitude the darling talents of wit—good breeding—and polished manners: in fact a vain person loves in either sex nobody but himself; all other persons are simply the engines by which he makes the most favourable display of his own advantages. As the French are not wanting in noble qualities, which however can be animated and excited only by the feeling of the Beautiful, —it is evident that the fair sex would have it in its power to animate the men to noble actions beyond what is seen in any other part of the world, if there were any disposition to favour this direction of the national temper. Pity that the lilies do not spin!—The fault, to which the character of this nation most verges, is the tendency to trifling, or (to express it by a more courteous expression) to levity. Matters of weight are treated as jests; and trifles serve for the most serious occupation of the faculties. In old age the Frenchman is still singing songs of pleasure, and to the best of his power is still gallant to the women. In speaking thus I have high authorities to warrant me from amongst the French themselves; and I shall shelter myself from any displeasure which I might else incur by pleading the sanction of a Montesquieu and a D'Alembert.—The *Englishman*, at the commencement of every acquaintance, is cold and reserved; and towards all strangers is indifferent. He has little inclination to show any complaisance or obligingness in trifles: on the other hand, where he feels sincere friendship, he is disposed to express it by important services. He gives himself very little trouble to display wit in conversation, or to recommend himself by any politeness of manner: on the other hand his demeanour expresses high good sense and sobriety of mind. The Englishman is bad at imitation: he asks little about other people's opinions, and follows nothing but his own taste and humour. In relation to women he does not manifest the French spirit of courtly homage, but nevertheless testifies far more of sincere respect for them: indeed he pushes this too far, and in the married state usually allows his wife an unlimited influence. He is firm, at times even to obstinacy; bold, and resolute even to rashness; and he acts in general upon principle in a degree amounting almost to obduracy. He is prone to fall into eccentricity of habits or opinions, not from vanity—but because he has a slight regard for what others say or think, and because he is not forward to put any force on his own inclinations out of complaisance or out of imitation: on this account he is rarely so much beloved as the Frenchman; but, when he is once known, much more respected.——The *German* has a mixed temper composed of the English and the French, but partaking much more of the first; and, whenever a German discovers a closer resemblance to the Frenchman, it is undoubtedly an artificial or mimical resemblance. He has a happy equilibrium of sensibility to the Sublime and the Beautiful: and if he does not rival the Englishman in the first nor the Frenchman in the second, yet he surpasses either separately in so far as he combines them both. He discovers more urbanity in social intercourse than the Englishman; and, if he does not bring into company so much wit and agreeable vivacity as the Frenchman, he manifests more modesty and good sense. In love, as in every other direction of taste, he is tolerably methodic; and, because he combines the sense of the

* The reader must remember that this essay was written as early as 1764.

Beautiful with the sense of the Sublime, he is cold enough, in contemplating either separately, to keep his head free for considerations of decorum, of pomp, and show. Hence it is that, in his civil relations no less than in love, family—rank—and titles are matters of supreme importance. He inquires far more earnestly than either the Frenchman or the Englishman—what people will think of him: and, if there is any one feature of his character which calls aloud for a capital improvement, it is this very weakness—which is the cause that he shrinks with timidity from the hardiness of originality even when he has all the talents for it; and, through this over-anxiety about the opinions of others, his moral qualities lose all ground of stability—and become fickle as the weather, hollow, and artificial.——The *Dutchman* is of a regular and pains-taking temper; and, looking only to the Useful, he has little sensibility to that which in a finer sense is either Beautiful or Sublime. A great man is equivalent in his vocabulary to a rich man; by a friend he means a correspondent; and a visit is exceedingly tedious to him, unless it returns some nett profit. He is the ideal contrast to the Frenchman as well as to the Englishman; and may be briefly described as a phlegmatic German.

If we make an attempt to apply these thoughts to any particular case,—as for instance to the feeling for honour and distinction,—the following national differences discover themselves. The sensibility to honour is, in the Frenchman vanity; in the Spaniard arrogance; in the Englishman pride; in the German haughtiness; and in the Dutchman (*sit venia verbo!*) pomposity. These expressions may seem at first sight to be equipollent; but they denote very remarkable differences. Vanity courts approbation, is inconstant and changeable, but its outward demeanour is courteous. The arrogant man is bloated with a false and pleasurable conceit of himself, which he takes little trouble to support by the approbation of others: his deportment is stiff and unbending. Pride is, strictly speaking, nothing more than a greater consciousness of one's own merits; and this consciousness may often be very justly founded; whence it is that we talk of a "noble pride;" but we can never attribute to a man a noble arrogance, because this always indicates an ill-founded and exaggerated self-estimation: the deportment of the proud man towards others is cold and expressive of indifference. The haughty man is a proud man that is at the same time a vain one.* The approbation, however, which he solicits from others, must be shown in testimonies of respect. Therefore it is that he would willingly glitter with titles—genealogies—and external pageantry. The German beyond all other people is infected with this infirmity. The words 'Gracious,' 'High-born,' 'Well-born,' and the rest of that bombastic diction, make the German language stiff and unwieldy—and stand in the way of that beautiful simplicity which other nations have been able to communicate to their style. The characteristic of the haughty man's demeanour in company is—ceremoniousness. The pompous man is he who expresses his self-conceit by clear marks of contempt for others. The characteristic of his behaviour is coarseness. This wretched temper is of all the furthest removed from polished taste, because obviously and unequivocally stupid; for assuredly it is no rational means of gratifying the passion for honour—to challenge every body about one by undisguised contempt to hatred and caustic ridicule.

Religion, in our quarter of the globe, is not the offspring of taste—but has a more venerable derivation. Hence it is only the aberrations of men in religion, and that which may be regarded as strictly of human origin, which can furnish any means of determining the differences of national characters. These aberrations I arrange under the following classes—credulity, superstition, fanaticism, and indifference. Credulity is, for

* It is by no means necessary that a haughty man should be at the same time an arrogant man—i. e. should make an exaggerated and fanciful estimate of his advantages: it is possible that he may value himself at no higher rate than his just worth. His error lies in a false taste which presides over his manner of giving expression and importance to his claims externally.

the most part, the characteristic of the uninformed part of every nation, although they have no remarkable fineness of feelings. Their convictions depend merely upon hear-say and upon plausible appearances; and with the impulses to these convictions no refinement of feeling is blended. Illustrations of this must be sought for amongst the nations of the north. The credulous man, when his taste is at all barbaresque, becomes superstitious. Nay, this taste is of itself a ground of credulity: and if we suppose the case of two men, one of them infected with this taste and the other of a colder and less passionate frame of mind,—the* first, even though he should possess a much more powerful understanding, will nevertheless be sooner seduced by his predominant feeling to believe any thing unnatural than the other—whom not his discernment but his common-place and phlegmatic feelings have preserved from this aberration of the judgment. The superstitious man places between himself and the supreme object of his adoration certain mighty and marvellous men—giants, if I may so express myself, of religion—whom nature obeys—whose adjuring voice opens and shuts the iron gate of Tartarus—and who, whilst with their heads they reach the heavens, plant their feet upon the earth. Intellectual culture will on this account have great obstacles to overcome in Spain; not so much from the ignorance with which it has to contend, as because it is thwarted by a perverted taste which never feels itself in a state of elevated emotion unless where its object is barbaresque. Fanaticism is a sort of devout temerity, and is occasioned by a peculiar pride and an excess of self-confidence—with the view of stepping nearer to the divine nature, and raising itself above the ordinary and prescribed course of things. The fanatic talks of nothing but immediate revelations, and of direct intuitions; whereas the superstitious man spreads before these great images a veil of wonder-working saints, and rests his whole confidence upon the imaginary and inimitable perfections of other persons participating a common nature with himself. I have before remarked that the intellectual aberrations carry signs along with them of the national character of feeling: and hence it is that fanaticism has been chiefly found (formerly at least) in Germany and in England, and is to be regarded as an unnatural product of the noble feeling which belongs to the characters of these two nations. And let it be observed that fanaticism is not by many degrees so injurious as superstition, although at first it is more outrageous: for the fervours of a fanatical mind cool and effervesce by degrees, and agreeably to the general analogies of nature must at length subside to the ordinary level of temperature: whereas superstition roots itself continually deeper and deeper in a quiet and passive frame of mind, and robs the fettered being of all the confidence requisite for ever liberating itself from a pestilent delusion. —Finally, the vain and frivolous man is always without any powerful feeling for the Sublime: his religion therefore is unempassioned and generally an affair of fashion which he goes through with the utmost good-breeding and entire cold-heartedness. This is practical indifference, to which the French national mind seems to be the most inclined: from this to the prophanest mockery of religion there is but one step: and, to say the truth, estimated by its inner value—indifference seems but trivially preferable to the entire rejection of religion.

If we throw a hasty glance over the other quarters of the world, we find the Arabs—the noblest people of the East, but of a temperament in respect to taste which tends much to the barbaresque and the unnaturally romantic. The Arab is hospitable, magnanimous, and observant of his

* By the way, it has been noticed as a singular fact that so wise a nation as the English are notwithstanding easily moved to put faith in any marvellous and absurd statement which is boldly advanced; and many examples of this are on record. But a bold style of intellect like the English, previously trained by an extensive experience in which many inexplicable difficulties occur to a meditative mind, bursts more vigorously through all the little jealous considerations and scruples by which a weak and mistrustful intellect is checked and fettered in its assents: and thus the inferior mind, without any merit of its own, is sometimes preserved from error.—*Note of Kant's.*

word: but his fictions and his history and his whole feelings are veined and coloured with the marvellous. His inflamed imagination presents objects in unnatural and distorted images; and even the propagation of his religion was a great romance. If the Arabs are as it were the Asiatic Spaniards, the Persians are the Asiatic Frenchmen. They are good poets, courteous, and of tolerably refined taste. They are not rigorous followers of Islam; and they allow to their own voluptuous tendencies a pretty latitudinarian interpretation of the Koran. The Japanese may be regarded partially as the Englishman of the Oriental world; but hardly for any other qualities than their firmness which degenerates into obstinacy—their courage—and their contempt of death. In all other respects they show few marks of the grand English style of mind. The nations of India discover a domineering taste for fooleries of that class which run into the barbaresque. Their religion is made up of fooleries. Idols of hideous forms, the invaluable tooth of the mighty ape Hanumann, the unnatural penances of the Fakir (the mendicant friar of Paganism), are all in this taste. The self-immolations of women, on the same funeral pile which consumes the corpses of their husbands, are abominable instances of the barbaresque. What senseless fooleries are involved in the prolix and elaborate compliments of the Chinese! even their paintings are senseless, and exhibit marvellous forms that are nowhere to be seen in nature. They have also, more than any people on earth besides, traditional fooleries that are consecrated by ancient usage; such for instance as the ceremony still retained at Pekin, during an eclipse of the sun or the moon, of driving away the dragon that is attempting to swallow up those heavenly bodies—a ceremony derived from the elder ages of grossest ignorance and still retained in defiance of better information.

The negroes of Africa have from nature no feeling which transcends the childish level. Mr. Hume challenges any man to allege a single case in which a negro has shown the least talent, and maintains—that, out of all the hundreds of thousands of Blacks who have been transported from their native homes to other countries, not one (though many* have been manumitted) has been found that has ever performed any thing great either in art—science—or any other creditable path of exertion; whereas among the Whites many are continually rising to distinction from the lowest classes of the people: so radical is the difference between these two races of men; a difference which seems to be not less in regard to the intellectual faculties than in regard to colour. The religion which is so widely diffused amongst them, viz. the Fetish, is probably that form of idolatry which descends as profoundly into imbecile folly as human nature can tolerate. A bird's feather, a cow's horn, a cockle-shell, or any other trifle, is no sooner consecrated by a few words, than it becomes an object of adoration—and of adjuration in the taking of oaths. The Blacks are very vain, but after a negro fashion; and so talkative that it is necessary to cudgel them asunder.

Amongst all savages there are no tribes which discover so elevated a character as those of North America. They have a strong passion for honour; and, whilst in chace of it, they pursue wild adventures for hundreds of miles, they are exceedingly cautious to avoid the slightest violations of it when an enemy as stern as themselves, having succeeded in making them prisoners, endeavours to extort from their agonies sighs of weakness and of fear. The Canadian savage is veracious and upright. The friendship, which he contracts, is as romantic and as enthusiastic as any thing which has descended to us from the fabulous times of antiquity. He is proud in excess, is sensible of the whole value of freedom, and even through the period of education he brooks no treatment which could subject him to a degrading submission. Lycurgus in all probability gave laws

* *How* many, Mr. Professor Kant? And at what age? Be this as it may, common sense demands that we should receive evidence to the intellectual pretensions of the Blacks from the unprejudiced judges who have lived amongst them, not from those who are absurd enough to look for proofs of negro talent in the shape of books.

to just such savages: and, if a great lawgiver were to arise amongst the Six Nations, the world would behold a Spartan republic arise amongst the savages of the new world; as in fact the voyage of the Argonauts is not very dissimilar to the military expeditions of the Indians; and Jason has little advantage of Attakakullakulla except in the honour of a Grecian name. All these savages have little sensibility to the Beautiful in a moral sense; and the magnanimous forgiveness of an injury, which is at the same time noble and beautiful, is wholly unknown to savages as a virtue, and despised as a miserable weakness. Courage is the supreme merit of the savage; and Revenge his sweetest pleasure. The other natives of this quarter of the globe show few traces of a temperament open to the finer impressions of sentiment; and indeed the general characteristic of this division of mankind is an extraordinary defect of sensibility.

If we examine the state of the sexual relations in these various regions of the earth, we find that the European only has discovered the secret of adorning the sensual attractions of a mighty passion with so many flowers, and of interweaving it with so much of moral feeling, that he has not only exalted its fascinations, but has also brought it entirely within the limits of social decorum. The Orientalist is, in this point, of very false taste. Having no idea of the morally Beautiful that may be connected with this instinct, he forfeits even the better part of the mere sensual pleasure; and his Harem becomes to him a perpetual source of inquietude. Woman on her part, degraded to the level of the mere instrument and means of sensual pleasures, loses all her dignity—and consequently her personal rights. Whether as an unmarried virgin, or as the wife of a jealous and intractable brute, she is in the east eternally a prisoner.—Amongst the Blacks, what can a man look for better than what in fact is everywhere found—that is to say, the whole female sex in a state of the profoundest slavery? A faint-hearted man is always a severe master to his weaker dependants; just as with us that man is sure to play the tyrant in his own kitchen, who has hardly courage enough to look any body in the face when he steps out of doors. Pere Labat indeed tells us—that a negro gentleman, whom he had been reproaching with his tyrannical treatment of his women, returned this answer: "You Whites are downright fools: for you first of all allow your wives too much liberty; and then you complain when they abuse it—and make your heads ache." At first sight it might seem as if there was something in this remark which merited a little attention: but, to cut the matter short, the fellow was a Black—black as soot from head to foot: an unanswerable proof that what he said was bestially stupid. Of all savages there are none amongst whom women enjoy more real consideration and influence than the noble savages of North America. In this point indeed, perhaps the Canadian women have the advantage of those even in our refined quarter of the globe. I do not mean that any submissive attentions and homage are there paid to women: these are mere forms of hollow compliment. No, the Canadian women enjoy actual power: they meet and deliberate upon the weightiest ordinances of the nation—whether regarding peace or war. Upon the result of their debates they dispatch delegates to the male council; and commonly it is their voice which prevails. This privilege however they purchase dearly: all the household concerns are thrown on their shoulders; and they take their share in all the hardships and toils of the men.

Finally, if we cast a glance over the page of history, we perceive the taste of men—like a Proteus—everlastingly assuming new and variable forms. The ancient times of the Greeks and Romans exhibited unequivocal marks of a legitimate feeling for the Beautiful as well as the Sublime in Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, Legislation, and even in Morals. The government of the Roman Emperors changed the noble as well as the beautiful simplicity into the magnificent and gorgeous—and at length into that spurious glitter of finery which still survives for our instruction in their rhetoric, their poetry, and even in the history of their manners. Gradually, and in sympathy with the general decline of the state,

even this bastard relique of the purer taste was extinguished. The Barbarians, after that they had established their power on the ruins of the empire, introduced a peculiar form of corrupt taste which is styled the Gothic—and is built upon the passion for the childish. This passion displayed itself not merely in architecture, but in the sciences and in the general spirit of the manners and usages. The highest point to which human genius was able to soar in its attempt to master the sublime was the Barbaresque. Romances, both temporal and spiritual, were then exhibited on the stage of nations; and oftentimes a disgusting and monstrous abortion of both in combination—monks, with the mass-book in one hand, and the warlike banner in the other, followed by whole armies of deluded victims destined to lay their bones in other climates and in a holier soil; consecrated warriors, solemnly dedicated by vow to outrage and the perpetration of crimes; and in their train a strange kind of heroic visionaries, who styled themselves knights—and were in search of adventures, tournaments, duels, and romantic achievements. During this period, Religion together with the Sciences was disfigured by miserable follies; and we have occasion to observe that taste does not easily degenerate on one side without giving clear indications of corruption in every thing else that is connected with the finer feelings. The conventual vows transformed a large body of useful citizens into busy idlers, whose dreaming style of life fitted them to hatch a thousand scholastic absurdities—which thence issued to the world and propagated their species. Finally, after that the genius of man has by a species of Palingenesis toiled up from an almost entire desolation to its former heights, we behold in our own days the just taste for the Beautiful and the Noble blooming anew as well in the arts and sciences as in moral sentiment; and we have now nothing left to wish for—but that the false glitter, with its easy and specious delusions may not debauch us imperceptibly from the grandeur of simplicity; more especially that the still undiscovered secret of education may be extricated from ancient abuses—so as to raise betimes the moral sensibilities in the bosom of every youthful citizen to efficient and operative feelings; and for this happy result—that all culture and refinement of taste may no longer terminate in the fugitive and barren pleasure of pronouncing judgment, with more or less good taste, upon what is external to ourselves and alien from our highest interests.

X. Y. Z.

SONNET.

There was a silent spot where I have been,
In my blest boyhood, and my spirit caught
Its softer feelings and sublimer thought,
From the still influence of that thrilling scene.
The green-robed mountain and the summer vale
Were dim in the night's shadows; and the wood,
The wild and leafy haunt of solitude,
Held out its branches to the moonlight pale.
The noiseless waters slept beneath the sky,
Baring their silver bosoms to the gaze
Of countless stars, that, with their yellow rays,
Shed new enchantment o'er the scenery.
The birds gave forth no song—the winds no breath,
And all around seem'd fading into death.

V. D.

CAPTAIN W. H. SMYTH'S MEMOIR

DESCRIPTIVE OF SICILY AND ITS ISLANDS.

In our last Number we discussed with Captain Smyth the general complexion of Sicily; the four next chapters of his Memoirs are devoted more particularly to the object of his tour, and contain a description of what he, with some latitude of expression, denominates the Hydrography of the Island. Lest those of our readers who are unacquainted with Greek, should be puzzled for the meaning of this hard word, and those who are not should be perplexed by its present application, we may as well inform both parties, that by the hydrography of Sicily (an authorised misnomer we allow), Captain Smyth means, a description of the *coast* of that Island,—the terraqueous coast, and the remarkable places upon it. The latent scope of the book is thus more completely announced to the reader, by the explanation of the word hydrography in its new sense; for he will now perceive that Captain Smyth's quarto, ponderous as it may be, is no more a description of Sicily, than a similar quarto upon Hyde-park Corner, Tyburn Gate, Paddington, Islington, and the other outposts or landmarks of the metropolis, would be a description of London. It will also, no doubt, give the reader a much more exalted idea, than he otherwise would have had, of our author's ingenuity and fertility of mind, which could enlarge so long upon so little; he will, perhaps, be tempted to apply the well-known exclamation—Bless my soul! eight volumes about *potatoes!*—with new astonishment and no less justice to the present voluminous performance.

The survey of the coast of Sicily naturally divides itself into three or four sections, according as we choose to consider the island as trilateral or quadrilateral; Captain Smyth has chosen the latter division. A chapter is allotted to each of these sides; and the detail of the North-coast might comprehend many interesting particulars relative to the class of towns situate between Cape St. Vito and the Faro of Messina, once celebrated, now in a state of ruin or decay. Of the ancient Ægesta, or Segesta, from whose petty ambition the two greatest maritime cities of former times, Athens and Carthage, may date their fall, only the vestiges of a Doric temple and a theatre remain. The temple is one of the most perfect architectural relics in Sicily, and, though of little real beauty, derives a melancholy interest from the recollections it brings, and from its present wild, deserted situation. Standing in the midst of a bleak and sterile assemblage of hills, with but one solitary fig-tree to afford a shade for the comtemplative traveller, it affects him with a double sense of loneliness, for what is now forsaken must once have been inhabited, what is now gloomy and still must once have been busy and gay. The sublimest visible object which can be imagined is a work of human art perishing amidst the stern immoveable bulwarks of Nature:—"The temple of Ægesta is built of a marine concretion, and, from the unequal shape of some of the shafts, the want of a cella and the form of some projecting stones, is supposed to have remained unfinished. It is notwithstanding almost entire, the stylobate, frieze, and architrave, are perfect, and none of the interior is deficient; a few stones of the entablature only are wanting. The columns are curious from being without flutings, although of the Doric order, and suddenly diminishing at both ends in a kind of groove, supposed to have been for the reception of the bronze astragal and torus. The intercolumniations are rather irregular, and at several of them the plinth is cut through for facilitating the entrance to the temple, so that the columns appear to rest on pedestals."

Sicilian annalists ascribe the foundation of Panormus, or Palermo, to the immediate descendants of Noah; but the important difference between floating in an ark at the will and mercy of the winds and waves, and directing the complex motions of a ship across the Archipelago and up the Ionian, will suggest some doubts as to the authenticity of the tra-

dition The world may also be at a loss to know what advantage the Sicilians expect to derive from the concession of such a genealogy to their wishes; a comparison of Phenician industry and enterprise with Palermitan indolence and pusillanimity, might be considered as an invidious proceeding on the part of an enemy, yet such a comparison they are themselves here described as anxious to provoke in our minds, by an assertion of their Phenician pedigree. That perverse species of vanity which finds satisfaction in contemplating the previous heights from which he who entertains it has, by his own misconduct fallen—that ambition which thus, as it may be said, creeps *down* the ladder of glory, is surely of a very strange description, though by no means of rare occurrence. Cadwallader upon a he-goat may point to King Arthur on a war-horse, as his lineal progenitor, without raising any emotion in his auditor's breast except that of laughter; but the most supreme contempt is deservedly lavished upon his claims to ancestral reputation, if he is not only poor in means, but debased in mind, debilitated in body, and degenerate in spirit, like the modern Sicilian. The bold maritime marauders of the Syrian coast, were they capable of practically acknowledging their sense of the merits of their unknown descendants in Palermo, would most probably visit the "fire-works" and "pyrotechnical illustrations," elegantly so called in the subsequent passage, with more of the opposite element, than Saint Rosalia would deem beneficial to her ceremonies, or her votaries serviceable to their apparel:

Tradition represents this saint, the tutelary patroness of Palermo, to have been a daughter of Sinibaldus, and that, being disgusted with the profligacy of William's court, she retired to a life of solitude and prayer on Mount Pellegrino. There her bones were discovered in a grotto, through the usual medium of a vision, at the critical moment when the city was smarting under the ravages of a plague, which, of course, was instantly stayed.

The anniversary of this auspicious event has ever since been pompously celebrated by brilliant illuminations, splendid fire-works, and the procession of a lofty car, floridly decorated with various allegorical figures, surmounted at the height of sixty feet by the statue of Sta. Rosalia, and drawn slowly up the Cassaro by fifty oxen, with a band of music in front. The method of illuminating a city in Sicily evinces a much better taste than our's, as the tone of the whole is equal, and public buildings only are expected to display particular magnificence, for the streets are lined with slight wooden arcades, all of a certain height; and these being covered with brilliant lamps, have a much more imposing effect than the irregular attempts of individuals, most of whom would content themselves with putting a few candles in the windows.

The fire-works are also on a very extensive scale, supported by scaffolding on the Marina, and usually represent some historical event. The most splendid I had an opportunity of seeing was, in some respects, an appropriate subject for pyrotechnical illustration, being the attack, and burning of Troy; when, after numerous beautiful evolutions, a grand maroon battery opened, and, amidst the flight of many hundred rockets, the city crumbled away, and a magnificent illuminated temple appeared in its place. This part of the festival is succeeded by horse-races in the crowded streets; yet without any accident occurring, although there are no riders to guide the animals, but the populace divide as the horses advance, and close immediately behind, adroitly giving the poor creatures a blow as they pass. On the last evening, there is a splendid illumination of the interior of the cathedral, in which the drapery of gold and silver tissue, the mirrors, and the lights, are so tastefully arranged as to command unqualified admiration. The whole winds up on the fifth day, with a procession of all the saints in Palermo, amidst a tremendous noise of drums and trumpets. A part passes on to Mount Pellegrino, where a fine causeway has been made leading up to the Grotto, in which is a statue of bronze gilt, with head and hands of Parian marble, representing a handsome girl, in a reclining posture; and the jewels with which it is ornamented prove the faith of her devotees. Some priests reside constantly on the spot; and there is a small tavern in the vicinity where visitors can procure refreshments.—(P. 84—86.)

There are many fine specimens of Moorish architecture in the vicinity of Palermo, one of the most remarkable of which is the Ziza or Azziza, a building of hewn stone, decorated with mosaics, inscriptions, and other architectural ornaments. Its style of architecture, together with the fountains from the Albuhira springs, identify it as the Emir's palace described in the Arabian manuscript at Mon-

reale. One of the inscriptions in this palace displays the following eulogy and climax, which our author admits to be justified by the surrounding views and scenery: "Europe is the glory of the world, Italy of Europe, Sicily of Italy, and the adjacent grounds are the pride of Sicily."

Here is one of those curious receptacles so common in Sicily, denominated—Cadaveries, or Mummy-caves. A very good drawing in Captain Smyth's work represents it as somewhat like the nave of a cathedral, or huge vault, in perspective, whose sides are indented by rows of niches, one over the other, for the reception of mummies or skeletons, which are, each and all, suspended by the neck, but in a grateful variety of forms and positions. Whilst the criminal laws are in such lively force within our own realm, we can scarcely prognosticate the introduction of this mode of sepulture into England, however deeply the nation may be imbued with continentalism; the custom of penal suspension has not become less infamous by growing more familiar among us, and to be gibbeted *after* death, in a state of presumptive innocence, would be regarded by most Britons as equally unpleasant with being gibbeted *before* death, on a proof of undoubted criminality. It may however be not uninteresting to our readers, if we extract this account, though they may have no desire to turn it to their own immediate advantage:

Near the Ziza, is a Capuchin convent, where a decent table is provided for such decayed nobles as are ashamed to beg. In this convent there is one of those cemeteries, common in Sicily, consisting of a large subterranean space, clean and airy, divided into galleries, surrounded with niches, for the reception of the dead bodies; but this one having been represented as a sort of exhibition of portraits of departed friends, I the more particularly notice it. Previously to descending, the acolyte directs the attention of the visitors to the pictures on each side of the door, the one representing the death of a good man, surrounded by priests and angels; the other that of a sinner, whose dying moments are imbittered by fiends and flames; added to which, there is a sonnet between them, on mortal dissolution; so that, on the whole, the feelings are prepared for a solemn and mournful spectacle. On descending, however, it is difficult to express the disgust arising from seeing the human form so degradingly caricatured, in the ridiculous assemblage of distorted mummies, that are here hung by the neck in hundreds, with aspects, features, and proportions, so strangely altered by the operation of drying, as hardly to bear a resemblance to human beings. From their curious attitudes, they are rather calculated to excite derision, than the awful emotions arising from the sight of two thousand deceased mortals. There are four long galleries with their niches filled, besides many coffins containing noblemen in court-dresses; and among the principal personages is a king of Tunis, who died in 1620. At the end of the great corridor is an altar, with the front formed of human teeth, sculls, and bones, inlaid like a kind of mosaic work. There is a small apartment at the end of one of the galleries, which I entered, but soon quitted with the greatest nausea, from an exceedingly offensive stanch; for I found it was a dirty room, called the oven, in which several bodies, in various stages of putrescence, were undergoing the operation of drying. I observed, however, that the friar, who accompanied me, did not appear to be incommoded either by the sight or the effluvia. (P. 87.)

The Eastern shore of Sicily enumerates many illustrious places,—Messina, Catania, Mount Etna, Syracuse, and others. The first of these has obtained an inglorious celebrity as the haunt of a sea-monster, which for many years has infested this neighbourhood; but the Straits of Messina have latterly been stripped of a great part of their reputation, by the increasing testimonies which navigators have accumulated, respecting the innocence and comparative harmlessness of the Chimæra, so long the terror of these shores. Captain Smyth superadds his evidence, and if any doubt yet remains on the mind of the reader, we hope it will be dissipated by the following attestation from the lips of a better judge in these matters than Homer or Virgil could pretend to be, or indeed any other writer among the ancients, who could not legitimately affix R. N. to his name:

Scylla.—As the breadth across this celebrated strait has been so often disputed, I particularly state, that the Faro Tower is exactly six thousand and forty-seven English yards from that classical bugbear, the Rock of Scylla, which, by poetical fiction, has been depicted in such terrific colours, and to describe the horrors of which, Phalerion, a painter, celebrated for his nervous representation of the awful and the tre-

mendous, exerted his whole talent. But the flights of poetry can seldom bear to be shackled by homely truth, and if we are to receive the fine imagery, that places the summit of this rock in clouds brooding eternal mists and tempests—that represents it as inaccessible, even to a man provided with twenty hands and twenty feet, and immerses its base among ravenous sea-dogs; —why not also receive the whole circle of mythological dogmas of Homer, who, though so frequently dragged forth as an authority in history, theology, surgery, and geography, ought, in justice, to be read only as a poet. In the writings of so exquisite a bard, we must not expect to find all his representations strictly confined to a mere accurate narration of facts. Moderns of intelligence, in visiting this spot, have gratified their imaginations, already heated by such descriptions as the escape of the Argonauts, and the disasters of Ulysses, with fancying it the scourge of seamen, and, that in a gale its caverns "roar like dogs;" but I, as a sailor, never perceived any difference between the effect of the surges here, and on any other coast, yet I have frequently watched it closely in bad weather. It is now, as I presume it ever was, a common rock, of bold approach, a little worn at its base, and surmounted by a castle, with a sandy bay on each side. (P. 107.)

So deeply however is a love of the marvellous implanted in the human breast, so fond a preference do we give to the illusive glitter of falsehood above the simple beauty of truth, that the Sicilians, it appears, have supplied the loss or decay of Scylla's miraculous properties, by the substitution of other phenomenal appearances, equally authentic perhaps, though not quite so imposing:

One of the most extraordinary phenomena of this celebrated region is an aërial illusion, called the "Fata Morgana," from being supposed to be a spectacle under the influence of the Queen of the Fairies, the "Morgana la Fay" of popular legends. It occurs during calms, when the weather is warm, and the tides are at their highest; and is said, by some refractive property, to present in the air multiplied images of objects existing on the coasts, with wonderful precision and magnificence. The most perfect are reported to have been seen from the vicinity of Reggio, about sun-rise. I much doubt, however, the accuracy of the descriptions I have heard and read, as I cannot help thinking that the imagination strongly assists these dioptric appearances, having never met with a Sicilian who had actually seen any thing more than the loom, or "mirage," consequent on a peculiar state of the atmosphere; but which, I must say, I have here observed many times to be unusually strong. It is spoken of by some as a luminous ignescent phenomenon, infallibly predictive of an approaching storm. May not the curious relation of the spectres of the Syrtes, by Diodorus Siculus, book iii. chapter iii., be another and more extensive kind of Fata Morgana? I have myself, in those arid regions, very frequently seen the extraordinary illusion of lakes in the deserts, that appear to recede as the traveller advances, and called by the Arabs, Sarab. (P. 109.)

Our author's account of the festival held at Messina on the day of the Assumption is grateful to a Protestant ear:

The celebration of the assumption of the Virgin is postponed from the beginning of July to the middle of August; the cessation of agricultural labour at that time enabling the peasants to resort in crowds to Messina. A magnificent pageant then takes place, called the Fête of the Barra, and occupies three days; when, among other conspicuous objects, the eye is arrested by the incongruous introduction of the giants Mata and Griffone, intended as representations of Zanclus and Rhea. A huge stuffed camel is paraded through the streets, followed by horsemen in the Saracen costume, as a symbol of the expulsion of that race; and a gorgeous galley, constructed at great expense on the basin in St. John's square, commemorates the miraculous arrival of some vessels laden with corn, during a scarcity occasioned by the great concourse of strangers from all parts, to witness this festival, and which, having discharged their cargoes, disappeared. The most curious feature of the whole spectacle is the Barra itself, representing the supposed assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a miracle never thought of until nearly eight hundred years after her death. It is a species of car, about forty feet in height, supported by iron machinery, and fancifully decorated. The base represents a sacred tomb, in which is a choir chanting over the body, while the twelve apostles, collected from all parts of the earth, are in attendance, personated by youths of good families, of from twelve to fifteen years of age; and above them is a circle that revolves horizontally with children attached to it representing angels; under a large sun and moon that turn vertically with six infants, as cherubims, suspended at the ends of the principal rays. In the centre is a mass of clouds supporting an azure globe with gilt stars, surrounded by other children, in white dresses decorated with various coloured ribbons, as seraphims, and above the whole stands the Almighty, in a rich gold brocade, sustaining on his hand with an extended arm, the soul of the Vir-

gin, personified by a beautiful little girl in white silk pantaloons studded with gold stars. It need scarcely be added, that when this unwieldy machine, with its legion of living angels in rotary motion, is tottering along in procession, attended by nobles, senators, soldiers, priests, and monks, in all their varied costumes, amid colours flying, bands playing, guns firing, and the whole populace praying, crying, and shouting, a most novel and singular scene is presented, and one that, but for the palpable blasphemy of it, would be very amusing. (P. 121.)

Unlike her sister in iniquity, Charybdis still preserves the ancient infamy of her character unimpeached, or at least unrefuted; but her voracity, without being intrinsically diminished, is often disappointed by the magnitude of the morsel which tantalizes it—a modern vessel:

Charybdis.—Outside the tongue of land, or Braccio di St. Rainiere, that forms the harbour of Messina, lies the Galofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has, with more reason than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the undecked boats of the Rhegians, Locrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been formidable; for, even in the present day, small craft are sometimes endangered by it, and I have seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four-gun ship, whirled round on its surface; but, by using due caution, there is generally very little danger or inconvenience to be apprehended. It appears to be an agitated water, of from seventy to ninety fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies. It is owing probably to the meeting of the harbour and lateral currents with the main one, the latter being forced over in this direction by the opposite point of Pezzo. This agrees in some measure with the relation of Thucydides, who calls it a violent reciprocation of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas, and he is the only writer of remote antiquity I remember to have read, who has assigned this danger its true situation, and not exaggerated its effects. Many wonderful stories are told respecting this vortex, particularly some said to have been related by the celebrated diver, Colas, who lost his life here; I have never found reason, however, during my examination of this spot, to believe one of them. (P. 123, 124.)

Often as the volcano of Mount Etna has been described, we were tempted to disembody Capt. Smyth's account of it from the text of his Memoirs, as we think it rather the best part of his book; but a glance at our limits, obliges us to refer the reader to the volume itself, if he is desirous of another view into this the most celebrated of the many mouths of hell. By looking at it through the "spectacles" of Captain Smyth's book, he may gratify his curiosity more safely, and perhaps more fully, than Pliny himself did, when in the very midst of the convulsion.

The Latomiæ near Syracuse were originally, as the name imports, quarries whence the stone for the construction of the city was drawn; they were afterwards used, from their depth and extent, as places of confinement for prisoners, slaves, or criminals; Nicias, and the Athenians who accompanied him on his ill-fated expedition, were amongst their first tenants. They are still in some measure dedicated to the same purpose; as in one of the largest of them, named Palombino, there is a Capuchin convent; a romantic garden, however, called the Selva, formed at the bottom of it, mitigates by its luxuriant fertility the tedium and solitude of monastic slavery.

One of these Latomiæ, called by the natives, Paradiso, is remarkable as the site of Dionysius's third and most capacious Ear. Our author's description of this celebrated recess, though interspersed with several very learned and novel terms, is not as precise as we could wish; such as it is, however, we give it:

The sides, though still of great height, descend considerably below the present level of the earth; and, amidst a variety of grotesque columnar rocks (one of which, an insulated mass, bears the ruins of a Saracen tower) some grottoes are seen, where a profitable manufactory of nitre is carried on; and one of them is the remarkable excavation, called the tympanum of the ear.

This cavern, which, from history and tradition, and from its size and the echo it produces, awakens a lively interest, is in the fine geometrical shape of a parabolic curve, ending in an elliptical arch, with sides parallel to its axis, perfectly smooth, and covered with a slight stalactitic incrustation, that renders its repercussions amazingly sonorous. Although a considerable portion has been filled up, which I ascertained by excavation, it is still sixty-four feet high, from seventeen to thirty-five in breadth, and one hundred and eighty-seven deep. It has an awful and gloomy appearance, which, with its singular shape, perhaps, gave rise to the popular and amusing paradox, that Dionysius had it constructed for the confinement of those whom he deemed inimical to his authority; and that, from the little apartment above, he could

overhear all the conversation that among the captives, and deal his mercy or vengeance accordingly. This story, however, cannot be founded in truth, as history does not record the confinement of any person of rank, except Philoxenus, the dithyrambic poet; and even his imprisonment, from his speedy release, may be deemed to have been only a humiliation. It was most probably one of the prisons where the Cyllirii and dregs of the populace were confined, though it must certainly be admitted that the design and art apparent in its formation would indicate a more special object. The tyrant, however, could not have listened with satisfaction or advantage; for if two or more people are speaking together, it occasions only a confused clamour; and unless this room, the access to which must always have been difficult, was more convenient than I found it, it must have been a wretched apartment for the mighty ruler of Syracuse. (P. 168, 169.)

Another description, which we extract from a work published a short time ago,* may serve to fill up the detail of this curious matter:

Ear of Dionysius, Syracuse.

The cavern so called is situated in the larger Latomie. Its opening is about seventy feet high, in a precipitous rock, about one hundred feet in height. The breadth of the opening at bottom is about twenty feet. It winds inwardly in a serpentine form. The length of the cavern is about one hundred feet; its breadth irregular, but uniting at the top in a small arch. There is a small cavity to the left, on the top of the great opening, where Dionysius is said to have placed himself to listen to the prisoners below. In the sides are receptacles for rings, and ledges of the length of a man close to them, whence it may be concluded it was here the prisoners were chained. There is a considerable echo; but the voice is not more easily heard from the smaller cavity than in the cavern. In the Latomie are several other excavations, one of which was converted into a rope walk; and in the middle of the space composing the Latomie is an insulated piece of hewn rock higher than the sides, of a cubic form, on the top of which is the ruin of a tower. In the last century this is said to have been visited by Fazellus and Donani, two antiquarians, who found an ancient sword and shield. Those who hazard the ascent to the supposed listening place of Dionysius must submit to sit astride a stick attached to cords fastened in the ground above the Latomie, and are thus pulled up from below: a dangerous and disagreeable undertaking, not at all repaying the traveller's curiosity.

At La Marza, on the Southern coast, where the reader may suppose himself now arrived, Captain Smyth witnessed the Night Rainbow, a rare and beautiful meteor:

Off this place, in July, 1815, I saw a beautiful phenomenon, the lunar iris, very little inferior in brilliancy and prismatic effect to the solar rainbow; the arc was nearly complete, the plainest termination appearing to be in the marshes, and the undefined one over the bay of Pozzallo; the moon was shining with bright radiance, light vapoury clouds hung over the land, and a lurid horizon bounded the sea. I have since been informed by the Sicilians, that this pleasing object is not unfrequent on this part of the coast, owing, they suppose, to exhalations from the swamps, and several peculiar localities. We vainly hoped that this phenomenon would afford a clue to the strange assertion of Fazzello, "Landing on the Isle of Currents, before the early sunbeams have gained strength, hosts of men and armed ships are seen in the air, that seem to fight with each other; but when the sun's rays begin to warm the atmosphere, in an instant those aërial fantasms are dissipated." (P. 189.)

Over the river Salso, which empties itself into the sea between Alicata and Fonducella on this coast, there is an immense bridge of one arch, built by order of Charles V. Its magnitude gave rise to the proverb that Sicily contained "un monte, un fonte, ed un ponte," alluding to Mount Etna, the fountain Arethusa, and the structure in question.

Captain Smyth's narrative abounds in classical reminiscences; there is rather too much of this, we think, scattered through the volume. It is certainly very interesting to recognize the distant similitude between the features of Pagan and Christian Sicily, but it is needless to reiterate those common-places of history and mythology, which are familiar to every well-whipped school-boy, and which are but slightly relevant to the matter in point,—such as: two quarto pages of extract from one of Cicero's speeches, suggested by the mention of the "wretched village of Castelluccio on the site of the ancient Edissa," the threadbare story of Arethuse and Alpheus, the long description of ancient Syracuse, and its five quarters, of which scarcely any thing now remains to give occa-

* "Sicilian Scenery," from the original sketches of Major Light, with drawings by Dewint, a book which may be consulted with advantage by the fireside traveller through Sicily.

sion for such a profuse genealogy, &c. &c. Whether we are to ascribe these lengthy dissertations and interpolations to the principle of pedantry or book-making we know not; perhaps both had a share: but to what principle can we assign this extraordinary passage? speaking of the part of Cicero's oration against Verres, which relates to the temple where a picture of Hercules strangling the snakes was deposited, we are told: "To obtain this specimen of art, Verres attacked the temple in the night, and gave occasion to the humorous description of the circumstance by the orator, who adds, that the Sicilians remarked in punning irony, that the Gods, in driving off the plundering Prætor, made as great an addition to *his* labours, as in the conquest of the Erymanthean *War!*" This luminous effusion, flowing apparently from the mouth of Captain Smyth, but with which it is no great stretch of critical charity to credit the printer is not inaptly followed up by the description of a *Mud* Volcano:

Maccaluba.—Three or four miles to the northward of Girgenti, and on the road towards Arrogona, is the mud volcano, called Maccaluba, probably a corruption of the Arabic word "makloube," or upside down. It consists of numerous little hillocks with craters, on a kind of large truncated cone of argillaceous barren soil, with wide cracks in all directions, elevated nearly two hundred feet above the surrounding arid plain, and about half a mile in circuit. These craters are continually in action, with a hollow rumbling noise, and by the exertion of a subterraneous force, they throw up a fine cold mud mixed with water, a little petroleum and salt, and occasionally bubbles of air, with a sulphureous taint. The eruptions are more violent in hot than in rainy weather, owing, perhaps, to the outer crust acquiring a greater consistence. Sometimes reports, like the discharge of artillery, are heard, and slight local earthquakes are felt; until, at length, the whole is eased by an ebullition of mud and stones, sometimes ejected to the height of from thirty to sixty feet, though the usual spouts reach only from a few inches to two or three feet, increasing in violence at intervals. (P. 213, 214.)

Another very singular phenomenon occurs frequently near Mazzara on the same coast:

The "Marobia" is an extraordinary phenomenon, most probably deriving its name from Mare Ubbriaco, or Drunken Sea, as its movement is apparently very inconsistent; it occurs principally on the southern coast of Sicily, and is generally found to happen in calm weather, but is considered as the certain precursor of a gale. The Marobia is felt with the greatest violence at Mazzara, perhaps from the contour of the coast. Its approach is announced by a stillness in the atmosphere, and a lurid sky; when suddenly the water rises nearly two feet above its usual level, and rushes into the creeks with amazing rapidity; but in a few minutes recedes again with equal velocity, disturbing the mud, tearing up the sea-weed, and occasioning a noisome effluvia: during its continuance the fish float quite helpless on the turbid surface, and are easily taken. These rapid changes (as capricious in their nature as those of the Euripus) generally continue from thirty minutes to upwards of two hours; and are succeeded by a breeze from the southward, which quickly increases to heavy gusts.

This phenomenon may be occasioned by a westerly wind blowing, at some distance in the offing, towards the north coast of Sicily, and a south-east wind, at the same time, in the channel of Malta, the meeting of which would take place between Trapani and Cape San Marco. (P. 224, 225.)

The last chapter of these Memoirs is devoted to the Islands of Sicily, of which our Author remarks that they all "exhibit the corrosive effects of gases and spray; but the western coast, rising abruptly in precipitous masses, and shelving down gradually to the eastward, is an interesting geological feature, in which it agrees with the greatest part of the West India Islands and many others." It is remarkable that besides the western coasts of all the Lipari Islands being steep and craggy, they each with scarcely an exception have a high isolated rock off their northern shores, a singularity extending even to Ustica.

We quote with pleasure and praise Captain Smyth's impressive description of the great Volcano of the Lipari Isles; it has been seldomer visited by travellers than the remaining members of this fiery triad, and perhaps never under equal advantages with those enjoyed by a naval officer of knowledge and education such as Captain Smyth:

The journey to the summit of Vesuvius, or even to that of Ætna, I found a trifling exertion, compared with the violent exercise of climbing up Stromboli; and my efforts were the more fatiguing from being hurried, as my companions, who were

young men of the island, well inured to the mountain, by their agility and strength, were always a-head of me. At length we turned round a summit of the ridge, and, all at once, obtained a partial sight of the object of our wishes. The point we had arrived at was above the crater; we then continued to descend, and to advance, until it suddenly burst into a fuller view, with a most imposing and appalling effect. Here we took up our station to await the approach of night; and in this awful spot enjoyed one of the most magnificent spectacles that nature can display.

The crater is about one-third of the way down the side of the mountain, and is continually burning, with frequent explosions, and a constant ejection of fiery matter: it is of a circular form, and about a hundred and seventy yards in diameter, with a yellow efflorescence adhering to its sides, as to those of Ætna. When the smoke cleared away, we perceived an undulating ignited substance which, at short intervals, rose and fell in great agitation; and, when swollen to the utmost height, burst with a violent explosion, and a discharge of red-hot stones, in a semi-fluid state, accompanied with showers of ashes and sand, and a strong sulphureous smell. The masses are usually thrown up to the height of from sixty or seventy to three hundred feet; but some, the descent of which I computed to occupy from nine to twelve seconds, must have ascended above a thousand. In the moderate ejections, the stones in their ascent gradually diverged, like a grand pyrotechnical exhibition, and fell into the abyss again; except on the side next the sea, where they rolled down in quick succession, after bounding from the declivity to a considerable distance in the water. A few fell near us, into which, while in their fluid state, we thrust small pieces of money, as memorials for friends.

I enjoyed this superb sight, until nearly ten o'clock; and, as it was uncommonly dark, our situation was the more dreadful and grand, for every explosion showed the abrupt precipice beneath, and the foam of the furious waves breaking against the rocks, so far below us as to be unheard; while the detonations of the volcano shook the very ground we sat on. At length, the night getting excessively cold, I determined to descend, and accordingly was conducted down the other side of the ridge, (a comparatively easy journey,) by which we rapidly reached the vineyards, our feet sinking ancle deep at each step; and in about an hour we entered the cottage of one of my guides, the hospitable Saverio. (P. 255, 256.)

Panaria and its Islets are supposed to have once formed but a single island; the group is called Dattoli, from its resemblance to a cluster, in which form dates grow. These islets are imagined to have formed the periphery of a great crater; and some philosophers assert that the long-lost Evonymus of Plato is to be found amongst them. Our author is induced to place it in Panaria itself; and is also inclined rather to attribute the disappearance of volcanic islands to the action of the atmosphere and waves, than to suppose them swallowed up in the abyss which had been eaten by the fire within. In support of his theory, he adduces "the gradual formation of the island of Sabrina in the summer of 1811. It rose to the height of two or three hundred feet, half a league from St. Michael's in the Azores, and in a spot where the sea had been nearly forty fathoms deep. This island acquired the circumference of a mile, and continued for some time exhibiting the most magnificent volcanic phenomena; in the autumn it had again disappeared, but left a dangerous shoal, and smoke was seen rising from the sea near the spot for many months after." Upon this we have but one remark to make, viz. that if the instance adduced proves any thing, it proves only that the winds and waves *may* have assisted in destroying (which we believe no one will be found to contest), that which was raised by the action of internal heat.

In the island from which the whole rocky assemblage on this shore takes its name, there exist many vestiges of the ancient prosperity which blessed their inhabitants. One which had been dignified with the romantic name of the Æolian Organ, but which ends after all (*mulier formosa in piscem*)—in a warm-bath, is worth an idle reader's attention. (P. 262.)

There is nothing very remarkable in the remaining part of these Memoirs. In a separate chapter consisting of one whole quarto page and a half one, emblazoned at top with the sad word "Conclusion" in ominous capitals of tombstone size, as if our author's exit from the eyes of his readers was equally important and heart-breaking with his departure from the eye of the world altogether,—he thus apologizes for the demerits of his book:

Having now concluded the description of the coast of Sicily, and the whole of its dependencies, I beg to remind those who may be disappointed at not meeting the usual relation of a tourist, in detailed accounts of his diurnal entertainment, and anecdotes of hosts and servants, that my object has been to write a memoir only, which must necessarily be somewhat monotonous to the reader, as well as fatiguing to the writer. I might, indeed, by recounting personal occurrences, and other matter, have easily filled a much larger volume; but I have principally kept in view, what, I considered, might be useful or interesting to officers on that station, as an accompaniment to the charts and plans. I trust that, in judging of this work, due allowance will be made for those constantly recurring interruptions I have endured, which are unavoidable in carrying on the duties of a man-of-war. (P. 290.)

How legitimately the "use and interest" of this quarto volume on duodecimo matter, may be alleged in excuse of its length, expensiveness, and shamefully, inaccurate typography, we have some doubt; as a certain great Logothete, however, is accustomed to say,—we are willing to allow our author "the benefit of it."

FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ;

OR,

The Old English Jesters.

No. V.*

RAHERE.

Since the subject of our present article may be considered as the first *Royal* Jester whom we have introduced to our readers, it may appear but respectful to announce him with a kind of preface; and this is so well and so accurately done to our hands among the papers of the late Mr. Delafield† that we have little left to perform, except to abridge, and make some slight alterations in, his manuscript collections on this subject.

The office of a Royal Fool was considered as a post of no mean importance. He was the individual who administered to the mirth of

* By an error of the press our last Number was marked VI. It should have been IV.

† Thomas Delafield, the son of humble parents living at Little Hasely, in Oxfordshire, was born December 21, 1690. He received his education partly at the free school of his native place, and partly by the kindness of a neighbouring clergyman, to whose benefice he afterwards succeeded. At the age of seventeen he was candidate for the mastership of the school in which he had himself been a scholar; but, although supported by the petition of all the respectable persons in the parish, was not appointed by the trustees. By the desire of the neighbourhood, and particularly by the advice and patronage of Mr Carter, a gentleman of property and influence living at Great Hasely, he then opened a private school which met with great success, and shortly after, upon Mr. Carter's recommendation, he was ordained by Bishop Reynolds, and presented by his friend and patron to the vicarage of Great Milton. He subsequently became master of the free-school at Stoken-church, and had the curacy of Fingerst, in Buckinghamshire, when he resigned Great Milton; and, strange to say, outlived his two immediate successors, became a second time vicar, and again resigned it. He continued the school at Stoken-church, and resided there till his death, which took place probably before 1760.

Mr. Delafield was a very voluminous author. His manuscript collections, which are mostly topographical (and all written in his own hand), came into the possession of Mr. Gough, by whom they were bequeathed to the Bodleian Library. They may be thus described.—

1. Loose Memoranda relative to the County of Berks.
2. An Essay towards an Account of the Parish of Fingerst in Buckinghamshire.
3. An Account of the Parish of Chilton, in the same county. This has been printed

kings, and provided entertainment for the court; who was allowed the powerful prerogative of freedom of speech, and was permitted, without check or control, to reprove the vices, and satirize the follies, of his superiors. This was, indeed, to be effected by a witty allusion, or a smart repartee; for a grave sentence or a formal rebuke would doubtless have provoked displeasure, and probably have drawn down destruction on the moralist. It has been well remarked, that the license granted to the jester, or mimic fool, was very similar to that allowed to real idiots and madmen; namely, that they might do what they listed, and say what they pleased, without danger of being called to account. *Dementiam simulat, cujus venia non dicturus modò prohibita, sed et facturus erat,* says Justin;* and thus Augustus, amongst his amusements at his public suppers, had his *Aretalogi*, his merry jesters, to season the entertainment, and amuse the *minds* of his guests, whilst his costly viands cheered and refreshed their *bodies*.†

The general licence of speaking without restraint, which was assumed by persons of the description we are now considering, appears to have been derived from the Fescennine sports of the Romans, where the most powerful could not escape from censure, and the mightiest were upbraided with their faults. An institution this, which was in some measure copied in the universities of this country to a period almost within the memory of man; when at a public act, one of the wittiest and boldest members of the University started up a *Terræ-filius*, and, after a joking and ludicrous manner, exposed in raillery and banter the follies and foibles of his betters.‡

Nor was it otherwise than a sagacious appointment that set up persons of this sort in the courts of princes. A plain, honest, and simple

in the Appendix to Dr. Bandinel's edition of Bishop Kennett's "Parochial Antiquities," Oxford, 1818. 4to.

4. Additions to "Magna Britannia" in Buckinghamshire.

5. History of the Parish of Stoken-church.

6. An Attempt towards an Account of the Parish of Great Milton. Printed for private presents only, with additions, by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, vicar of Great Milton; Oxford, 1819. 8vo.

7. Collections towards a History of the Parish of Hasely.

8. Additions and Corrections to Godwin's Catalogue of English Bishops.

9. An Attempt towards a Collection of those that have been Poets Laureate, Jesters, or Historians to our Kings or the Court of England.

The above is believed to be a complete list of Mr. Delafield's works in the University library, and it is not improbable that this notice may be the means of discovering others in the hands of private collectors: if so, it may tend to their better preservation, if we remark, that they are highly curious, and contain much valuable information.

* Justini Historia. Lib. ii. cap. 7.

† Suetonius, Aug. Cap. 74, p. 104. ed. Bipont.

‡ The sallies of these Terræ-filii however were oftentimes so indecorous that it was found necessary, at length, to prohibit the exercise altogether. Nor were the actors always permitted to attack their superiors with impunity, as the following original document sufficiently proves:

"Submission of Robert Field, M.A. of Trinity College, Oxford, and Terræ Filius of 1661, which he pronounced *on his knees* in the apodyterium of the house of convocation in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor, heads of houses, and the senior proctor. Aug. 6, 1661.

"I Robert Field doe here before this venerable company freely and apertly declare, that being the last act in the place of Terræ Filius, I did then in a speech there by me made, unadvisedly and injuriously asperse severall persons of eminency in this university, beyond the bounds of common modesty, without due respect unto the common rules of charity, and the knowne statutes and peace of the said university. Well therefore pondering with myselfe, and upon recourse had to second and more prudent thoughts, I professe my selfe swaid by the moment of my proper conscience to acknowledge my detested error, and my just sorrow for this my offence and misdemeaner: humbly beseeching, that this my unfeigned submission may be accepted, and confiding that this petulancy of mine shall never be drawne into example to the disturbance of the common peace, and the prejudice of academicall discipline."

meaning was not always the language of a court—*obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit*; and it was therefore the more necessary, in those days of rude authority and unlimited power, to tolerate some public person, who might be licensed to show men their errors, without being exposed to the lash of privilege and prerogative. They were, moreover, of no small advantage to great persons, since they acted as antidotes to the poison of flatterers, and sometimes induced their patrons to reform *in earnest* a fault that seemed to be mentioned but *in jest*. History records an instance of a jester being the only person in a whole court who dared communicate some disastrous intelligence to his sovereign;* and the quaint and entertaining Fuller† says of Tarlton (a person of no mean note, who will form the subject of our next number) that he told Queen Elizabeth more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians.

That (continues Mr. Delafield) which was called a jest, or wise saying, with our forefathers never let flye at vertue, nor trespassed on good manners. It was not by indulging a very little wit and a great deal of ill-nature, without reason, to expose men's characters or reputations. It was not to substitute frothy, light fancies, for good sense; nor wild incoherences of thought and language, for humour or wit. These are the growth and refinement of our modern times: which, through the licentiousness used by such as abused their liberty, turning the εὐτραπελία *facetia* of the Apostle into the word aforegoing, Μωρολογία *stultiloquium*, hath prevailed on the present age, with a great deal of good reason, to lay the office aside.‡

The first *Joculator Regis* of whom we have any account, is Rahere, who was not only a royal buffoon, but the founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and Priory, and, be it known to the lovers of noise and revelry, we are indebted to his influence with his master, King Henry the First, for all the pleasures of Bartlemy fair. Dugdale gives an excellent account of the circumstances that led to this merry gentleman's conversion, and induced him, after playing the fool for many years to please the court, to play it once more for the benefit of religion and humanity, and finally to become Prior of the house he had himself founded. Rahere having spent his youth at court or in the houses of the nobility, to whom his wit and sprightliness rendered him peculiarly attractive, began to repent him of the follies and vanities of the course he had hitherto pursued; and, to expiate his crimes, and obtain a full remission, resolved to adopt the fashionable and only efficacious mode of getting absolution—namely, to take a journey to Rome. He did so, and fancied all was going on well, when unfortunately be fell sick, and fearing lest he should die in his Holiness's domain, vowed a vow to build a hospital for the poor, if he might but recover, and once again reach England. Rahere got better, and made good haste to get home; but, whilst

* It is related of Philip King of France, that when his navy was destroyed at Sluys, and thirty thousand of his best men slain or drowned (for numbers cast themselves into the sea rather than be taken prisoners), no person dared to disclose so terrible a disaster, and the task was at length entrusted to his Jester, who did it by continually repeating, "Cowardly Englishmen! Faint-hearted Englishmen!" &c. which induced the king to inquire why he so named them? Because, said his fool, they durst not leap out of their ships into the sea as our brave Frenchmen did." From which the king understood what had happened. Walsingham, Historia brevis, 1574. p. 134.

† Worthies of England. Vol. ii. p. 311.

‡ In former ages the courts of France and England were not thought completely embellished without a favourite idiot, who bore the title of the King's Jester, and who was as remarkably distinguished by a cap and bells, as his royal master was distinguished by his diadem and robes. This animal frequently assumed the face and behaviour of folly, to answer his own particular views and advantages. His bluntness and simplicity recommended him in those places, where truths, if spoke by a man of sense, were disagreeable and dangerous. Their expressions were often so full of humour and sarcasm, that, to this day, they are recorded as pieces of wit. Such was the famous reply of Archy to King James the First, when his Majesty amidst all his wisdom was sufficiently inspired with folly to send his only son into Spain. But fools at present are no longer admired in courts, or, if they are, they appear there without their cap and bells. *Lord Orrery's Life of Swift*, p. 280.

on his way, it is probable his good intentions cooled a little, and rendered a trifling rub of the memory necessary to keep him to his vow; for the monkish writer, quoted by Sir William Dugdale, very gravely assures us that, as he was on his journey, "being one night asleep, he seemed to be carried by a certain monstrous creature, that had four feet and two wings, and placed on a very high precipice, where, just under him, he saw a horrible pit which had no bottom," or, at least, none that Rahere could espy. Being in a terrible fright, and recollecting all his sins, from the first he had ever committed, to the time then present, he called out most piteously, and was on the very point of falling into the dismal abyss, when there appeared a gentleman of wonderfully mild countenance and great beauty, who asked him *what he would give* to be delivered from so great and instant danger? "Give?" cries Rahere, "all I have in the world!" forgetting his hospital, and all about it, for the moment. "Well," said the stranger, "I am Saint Bartholomew; know that I have chosen a place at Smithfield, in the suburbs of London, where thou shalt build a church to my name, nor needest thou to regard the cost, seeing that thou shalt, without doubt, accomplish the work, of which I promise thee to be the lord and patron." Rahere, awakened from his dream, was in great doubt as to the reality of his vision; however, he resolved, in the end, to consider it as an oracle sent from Heaven, and to obey the command to the utmost of his power.

Upon his arrival in England, the first thing he did was to consult with his friends how he should commence so important an undertaking, and from them he learned, that the ground upon which St. Bartholomew had set his mind, belonged to no less a person than the king. Nothing dismayed, Rahere petitioned his royal master for a grant of the scite, which request, backed as it was by the interest of the Bishop of London, was not denied to an old favourite, and he obtained a free grant of the ground and the king's licence to build a hospital, church, and priory upon it.

Rahere's next care was, how to clear the ground and procure the proper materials for his buildings at the least trouble and expence, and here tradition relates that he had recourse to his old trade, and effected that by a stratagem which it would have drained his purse dry to have attempted in the usual mode. He feigned himself to be a merry idiot, and collecting a vast rabble about him by his anticks and buffoonery, and setting them the example, which they as readily followed, he cleared away the rubbish, and brought in its room stones and all other the proper materials for his purpose. Having accomplished his design, he discovered who he was, set about building the hospital, and afterwards, the church and priory, all which he finished in 1123, and dedicated to St. Bartholomew. In his priory he placed certain canons regular, of the order of St. Augustin; and, that he might fulfil St. Bartholomew's intentions to the very letter, constituted himself the first Prior, and presided over his own foundation for two and twenty years. In 1133, Henry granted him the privilege of a fair to be kept yearly for three days, the eve, the day, and the morrow of St. Bartholomew. The original intention of this fair was for the sale of English cloths; all the clothiers of England and drapers of London having booths and standings in the churchyard, the strangers being licensed for the three days, "the free men so long as they would, which was sixe or seuen dayes:"* and this was the origin of the far-famed Bartholomew fair.

We have little more to say of our jesting Prior: after continuing superior of his own house till a good old age rendered him fit to be gathered to his fathers, he died in his priory and was buried in the church he had himself erected, where a splendid monument was erected to his memory with the following inscription, "Hic jacet Raherus primus Canonicus, et primus Prior istius Ecclesiæ."

* Stow's Survey of London. Edit. 4to. 1618, p. 714.

PIERRE GRINGORE.

EARLY FRENCH POETS.

I AM half inclined to hand over Pierre Gringore to the lovers of the Gothic letter. There are three of his volumes before me, which would probably have great attractions for them. Their titles are as follows.

1. Les Abus du mōde nouvellement Imprimes a Paris. 8vo. (no date.)

2. Contreditz du Prince des Sots autrement dit Songecreux. On les vend a Paris en la rue neufue nostre dame lenseigne sainct Nicolas. The table of contents is wanting at the conclusion of this copy; and with it the date also, which according to De Bure is 1530.

3. Notables enseignemēs Adages et proverbes faitz et composez par Pierre Gringore dit Dauldemont Herault darmes de hault & puissant seigneur monsieur le Duc de Lorraine, Nouvellemēt reveuz et corrigez. Avecques plusieurs austres adjoustez oultre la precedente Impression. On les vend a Lyon cheulx Olivier Arnoullet. 16mo. 1538.

De Bure gives the titles of twelve more of these treasures; and on one of them, for its rarity the most precious of all, he expatiates at great length. It is No. 3269 in his catalogue, and is called, Le Jeu du Prince des Sots et Mere Sotte, mis en rime Françoise; par Pierre Gringore, ou Gringoire; et joué par personnaiges, aux Halles de Paris, le Mardy gras de l'année, 1511. in 16 gotiq. From the account given of it, it appears to have been a sort of comedy, or rather farce, divided into four separate parts. A copy of it, preserved in the King's Library at Paris, is said to be the only one then known. I have not discovered whether a Duessa has since appeared to dispute the homage paid to this Una. In the Bibliotheca Parisiana, No. 252, there is at least a manuscript copy of it.

Besides all these, there is yet another book attributed to Pierre, which is not in black letter, and which in De Bure, No. 3036 with an asterisk, is erroneously said to bear the name of Octavien de St. Gelais in the title-page, unless indeed the title-pages of all the copies were not the same. This is Le Chasteau de Labour, auquel est contenu ladresse de richesse, et chemin de pouurete. Les faintises du monde. Imprime a Paris pour Galliot du Pre, 1532. 8vo.

After a prologue setting forth the author's design, he thus enters on his subject.

En ung beau jardin delectable
Rempli d'arbres, derbes, de fleurs
Vis ung jeune enfant amiable
Sentir, fleurer, gouster odeurs,
Fleurettes de plusieurs couleurs
Luy presentoit dame Jeunesse,
Question nestoit de douleurs,
Mais de tout plaisir et liesse.

Pres de luy estoit Chastiement,
Ung maistre descolle dhonneur,
Qui luy remonstroit doulcement
Comme au disciple le recteur,
Et disoit qui ne prent labeur
Il vit comme une brute beste.
Le jeune enfant du bon du cueur
Descouter Chastiement sapreste. (Fol. 4.)

"In a fair pleasant garden filled with trees, herbs, and flowers, I saw a lovely young child enjoying the sweet odours. Dame Youth presented to him many a floweret of divers hue. Of sorrow there was no thought, but all was pleasure and gladness. Near him was Chastisement, a master of a school of honour, who remonstrated with him gently, as a teacher with his scholar. He told him, that one who labours not, lives like a brute beast. The young child sets himself with good heart to listen to the words of Chastisement."

Jeune Enfant, in spite of this good advice, gets into many difficulties, which are described as allegorical personages, and some of them touched not without spirit.

The dress of Jeune Enfant himself is thus painted:

> Il estoit vestu de vert gay
> En facon de gorre nouvelle,
> Aussi gent comme ung papegay
> Est, quant le prin temps renouvelle.—(*Fol.* 10.)

> Yclad in a green mantle gay
> Of newly-fangled gore was he,
> As gent as is a popingay
> That sits in springtide on the tree.

Here we have four Chaucerian words in as many lines; "gore," "gent," "popingay," and "renovelen." The first of these gave Tyrwhitt some trouble to explain. He does not seem to have been aware of the manner in which the old French writers used it. It occurs again in this poem.

> Vit venir ung homme de nom
> Abille en *gorre* nouvelle,
> Et tenoit ce gentil mignon
> Par la main une damoyselle.

> *Gorrierement* le saluerent
> Et il leur rendit leur salut.—(*Fol.* 8.)

> La femme met l'homme a raison,
> Il luy fault riches paremens,
> En *gorre* selon la saison.—(*Fol.* 19.)

Favin, in his Théatre d'Honneur, tom. i. p. 714, (as quoted by Roquefort, in the Glossary of the Romance tongue) gives the name of Grande Gorre to Isabeau, of Baviere, "pour se bobander en habits à l'Allemande," "from her flaunting in clothes made after the German fashion."

The last verses I have cited "are in the description which Franc Arbitre, Free-Will, gives the Jeune Enfant of a wife, when he is obstinately bent on marriage. Marry, however, he will; and, as the lady proves a "Grande Gorre," "a lady of fashion," according to Franc Arbitre's prediction of her, the difficulties of Jeune Enfant are thus completed. When he is ready to sink under them, there appears to him a lady, quite of another sort, who delivers him out of them all. This is no less than the Blessed Virgin, whom the author calls also "Reason."

At the beginning of the French Revolution, the philosophers thought they were freeing themselves from all their old superstitions when they worshipped, in the person as it is said of a common woman, the Goddess of Reason; though they were, in fact, relapsing into a very old superstition, only stripped of all that was decorous and affecting to the imagination. The Virgin, or Reason, gives Jeune Enfant some excellent advice; which is further enforced by the admonitions of a grave old man, called "Entendement," "Understanding;" but all is like to prove of no avail, in consequence of the arrival of one who comes up dressed in the garb of a lawyer.

> Ce seigneur que je diz, estoit
> Vestu comme ces advocatz;
> Ung Chapperon forre pourtoit,
> Robbe trainante jusque en bas.—(*Fol.* 51.)

> This lord of whom I spake was clad
> In likeness of an advocate;
> On head a cope of fur he had,
> And trail'd behind a robe of state.

This is "Barat," "Barrateria," Ital. "Baratry" in our old law language, accompanied by his clerk "Tricherie" "Treachery," and his varlet "Hoquellerie" "Chicanery." "Hoker" and "Hokerly" are words in Chaucer, which, as well as our word "Huckster," are probably of the same stock with this. This goodly trio are endeavouring to seduce Jeune Enfant from his duty, but their ill intentions are defeated by "Reason," who is reinforced by a man and woman in plain garb, the one named "Bon Cueur," the other "Bonne Voulente;" "Good Heart,"

and "Good Will;" bringing with them "Tallent de bien faire" "Desire of Well-doing." These lead him to the castle of Labour. "Peine" "Pain," the lady of the castle, inquires of "Soing" "Carefulness," the porter, who the new comer is, and from whence.

Vient il d'Angleterre ou de Romme ?
Fol. 77.

Comes he from England or from Rome ?

He declares his willingness to be employed; and "Peine" tells him that her husband "Travail" "Work" will see how he executes his task, and reward him accordingly. He has much to do, and fares hard; but is well satisfied with his lot, till, at last, finding his hunger grow importunate, he is told by "Work" that he may go for a while to "Repose," who will feed him better, and allow him a little pastime. "Soing" and "Cure," "Carefulness" and "Heed," let him out of the castle, not without some good advice, and a pluck of the ear from each. He tells his wife of all that had befallen him, speaking of it as if it were a dream. She would fain dissuade him from his good resolutions, but he determines not to listen to her, and concludes with a prayer that he may have firmness to persevere.

The style is of the homeliest throughout; but there is the good meaning of the writer, worthy the age of Louis the Just, and here and there an arch phrase, or a quaint old word, cunningly set, to repay the reader for his trouble.

Much the same may be said of his three other books which I mentioned before.

The first, "Les Abus du Mõde Nouvel," is a strange farrago. Near the beginning, indeed, (leaf the third, for the book is not paged) there is something better. It is the description of his musing himself to sleep at a little village, lulled by the song of a nightingale; and is quite in the taste of Chaucer. At waking, he hears most dreadful cries, uttered by many "honourable persons;" and "a gay spirit," named "Entendement," "Understanding" appears, and furnishing him with pen, ink, and paper, bids him commit to writing the visions he sees. A church then rises before him, built in strange guise; through the door of which a cruel and dangerous man is thrusting himself by force. He holds a spit "broche" with crosses, mitres, abbeys, and bishoprics on it, which two women are endeavouring by force or sleight to drive into the church. "Entendement" launches forth into an invective against the abuses of the clergy. This is followed by a satire on the other vices of the time. At length, Louis XII. appears to him with Justice at his side; and he sees in a vision the conquest obtained by that monarch over the Venetians in 1509; and is proceeding to enlarge on the affairs of Italy, when Entendement says to him properly enough:

Laisse ses guerres et puissantes victoires
Aux croniqueurs pour mettre par histoire.

"Leave his wars and mighty conquests for chroniclers to record."

He then goes on to satirize the hypocrites (or *bigots* as he calls them) of both sexes; and, from them, passes to the barbers, physicians, apothecaries, dancers, mummers, astrologers, gamesters, chemists, searchers after the philosopher's stone, forgers, priests, notaries, &c. &c. In the last leaf, the book is presented to Jaques nomme de Touteville, counsellor and chamberlain to the king.

The next, the Contreditz du Prince des Sots, &c. consists of arguments for and against the different trades, professions, and modes of life. These are introduced by Fantasy's conducting him to the forgery of Pallas, where he sees the apparatus that had been used for fabricating all the great writings in ancient times; among the rest, the Speculum Vitæ of Roderic Zamora.

Oultreplus je trouvay encore
Ce feu tout chault ou puis naguere
Avoit fait Roderic Zamore
Ce mirouer humain par sainct pere
De lespaignol je prins matiere
Si parfond et si largement
Que jen ay faict le fondement.—(*Fol.* 4.)

And furthermore still there I found
The fire all hot, where not long since
Roderic of Zamora did found
His human mirror: by heaven's prince,
Matter so large and so profound
I from that Spaniard's learning took,
That I thereon have wrought my book.

There were no less than five editions of the Speculum Vitæ Humanæ, besides a French translation of it, before the conclusion of the fifteenth century.

The arguments on Merchandise, fol. 37, are in prose; as is great part of the second book, de l'Estat civil. The tyranny of fashion over the Courtier's life is one of the most entertaining things in this work:—Fol. 171.

Towards the end, there is a brief eulogy on Saint Louis, and on the reigning monarch, Louis XII.

The last of the above-mentioned books, the Notables enseignemẽs, &c. is, as the title imports, a collection of adages and proverbs: all of these are in quatrains. I should take this edition to be scarce: for De Bure has only the first (No. 3028 with an asterisk, in his Bibliographie) printed at Paris, without date: but this has many additions. There is much wisdom in these, as there is in most sayings of this kind; but few readers I doubt are now willing to be at the trouble of "understanding a proverb, and the interpretation; the words of the wise and their dark sayings." A scantling of these therefore will suffice, and they shall be such as, to make them the more palatable, contain some curious intimation of the manners and customs of those times.

Aucuns plaisirs prenent de estre servilles
Par trop aymer champs villages et bourgs
Autres desir ont frequenter les cours
Mais benistz sont les habitans es villes.—(*Not paged.*)

Some choose the lowly villain's servile state,
Their love of fields, and thorps and burghs so great;
Others prefer the court: but blest are they
Who safe in towns do pass their lives away.

Aucuns y a sans raison ne propos
Qui es maisons escrissvent leurs devises
Noms et surnons en differentes guises;
Murailles sont paintes des mains des sots.

There are who fondly do their houses paint
With signs armorial trick'd in colours quaint,
And names and surnames mark'd in divers scrolls;
These are walls pictured by the hands of fools.

Imprudent meine et tient dessus ses mains
Chiens et oyseaux oyant messe a leglise
En cé faisant dieu servir ne se advise
Devotion trouble aux autres humains.

Unwise the man who heareth mass, I wist,
With hound in leash, or hawk upon his fist;
He comes not into church to worship there,
But to disturb his neighbours at their prayer.

A la cliquette on congnoist les lepreux,
Et au pourceau lymage sainct Anthoine,
Lhabit bigot ne fait le devot moyne,
Ne le harnoys lhomme hardy et preux.

The lepers by the warning clack are known,
As by his pig Saint Anthony is shown;
The inky cloak makes not the monk devout,
Nor trappings proud the soldier brave and stout.

Qui veut scavoir au soir et au matin
Les differens des noyses ou querelles
Il doit aller pour ouyr des nouvelles
Ches les barbiers au four ou au moulin.

He who at morn and eve would duly know
How news and scandal with his neighbours go,
May of such idle chit-chat have his fill
At barbers' shops, the oven, or the mill.

Pierre Gringore died about the year 1545.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

We announced in our last the intended Concert of the pupils educated at the Royal Academy. Of this institution, we have several times had occasion to speak. It has now been opened about twelve months, there are upon the foundation ten girls and eleven boys, and five boys and nine girls students not on the foundation. The donations amount to a total, something above 6000*l.*, and the annual subscriptions to about 820*l.* There are twenty-five Visitors, twenty-nine Directors, and twelve Committee-men, chosen from amongst the nobility and gentry who have subscribed; and no less than forty-four Professors, or about two masters for each pupil are enumerated. But all this apparatus is not so much for service as display. The Committee of Management has, it should seem, contrived to expend nearly all the money; for the few Professors who do attend were in January solicited to give instruction *gratis* for one quarter. Such a statement is sufficient to prove how excellently this Academy (for the education of about thirty musicians) is planned and organized. But to the concert. It was in two acts, and there was much variety, the young performers exhibiting on the pianoforte, harp, violin, violoncello, and hautbois (solo), besides performing in concerted pieces, and accompaniment, as well as singing. There are, certainly, some children of great talent: Blagrove, on the violin (who promises to be a second Mori), Miss Chancellor (pianoforte), Phipps and Packer (on the same instrument), Miss Morgan (the harp), Cooke (the hautbois), and Lucas on the violoncello. Miss Porter is the best of the singers. It is curious that in a national academy the selections should chiefly be Italian, but the lady who teaches is an Italian (Madame Regnandin), and we believe that no teacher of English singing has yet attended this national school. The pupils, however, manifested the fruits of talent, diligence, and care in themselves, and of able instruction generally. How far their acquirements are the result of a nine months' tuition is *not* a question, several of the best having made great proficiency before they entered the walls of the academy, and most of them having previously acquired at least the first rudiments of those branches of the art they pursue. But

that such a school must produce able players and singers, there can be no doubt. Can it be better done (that is, less expensively and more usefully) than by private means? This is the simple inquiry from the public. The first year's accounts of the Academy will solve the query. Whether such an institution be called for at all is doubtful, but if called for, it is quite clear that the establishment is begun upon a scale too vast, and indicating very little of reflection or of reasoning upon what is required. Three-fourths of the display is mere gratuitous ostentation. Many of the nominal Professors never gave a lesson at the Academy, nor ever desire to enter it.

As the list now stands, it serves as a pompous advertisement for subscriptions, a fallacy which the Directors ought not to countenance. Let the true and exact merits of the case be known—let the accounts be published, and the benefits fairly stated, if it be in the contemplation of the officers to aim at continuing the institution. In the present state of our acquaintance with the plan, and its execution, it appears to be most expensive, and nearly fruitless, a very pretty plaything for a few amateur Lords and Ladies, and two or three dilettanti Baronets, very amiable persons, who love twaddling, and are not displeased with the semblance of patronage.

The series of Subscription Concerts announced to be held at the Argyll Rooms has been abandoned for want of support. The Ancient and the Philharmonic are now the only permanent establishments, and these may be said, on account of the difficulty of obtaining admission, not to be accessible to the great body of the public. And yet a concert, supported by the individual interest of five such professors as Messrs. Bellamy, Braham, Hawes, Mori, and Welsh, with the addition of "all the talent," could not muster more than 150 subscribers! This fact speaks volumes, and if Directors do not take the hint, and determine to abate the demands of the great singers, and lower the expensiveness of concerts generally, music in private will be the substitute for public exhibitions of the art.

The Oratorios, or "Grand Performances" as they are now called, form however a concert of general resort, and a very cheap concert too, when the variety and quantity of excellence produced are justly estimated. When Mr. Bochsa first entered upon the management of these performances, we defended him against charges of monopoly, which were (invidiously as it appeared) fastened upon his engagement of both theatres. He hired both to avoid the competition which had been fatal to the previous conductors, Sir George Smart, and Mr. Bishop. This precaution was attended with no ill effect to the public; on the contrary, it was beneficial, for after the abandonment of the concert by two men of such prudence and judgment, it is but too probable that there might have been no one hardy enough to undertake an adventure which the talents and interest of these eminently clever professors were inadequate to support with profit to themselves. Mr. Bochsa took no advantage of his monopoly by advance of prices, or otherwise. He engaged all the talent that could be enlisted, both foreign and English, and no one could have been more solicitous to introduce the most agreeable novelties than he has been. Indeed, he has lately shown the most judicious and praiseworthy attention to national predilections, by the predominance he has given to native talent. In spite of all this precaution and all this attraction, there is strong reason to fear that the concern has not been profitable to him.

At such a moment, then, the commencement of such a competition as the *Concerts Spirituels* (given on the Friday nights, at the Opera House) seems alike injurious to the proprietor of the Oratorios, and uncalled for by the public; and, it appears a little extraordinary, that the Lord Chamberlain, who has guarded the interests of the winter theatres with singular care against all encroachment, should not have given more consideration to the circumstances of this case, before he granted a licence to the lessees of the Opera House. It does seem a little hard upon Mr. Bochsa, after having presented to the public the best and cheapest concert in London, and without a due

recompense to himself,—it does seem a little hard that a new competitor should be allowed to enter a field where he was not required. The public will not be benefited, the lessees of the Opera House cannot be gainers, but the proprietor of the Oratorios will probably be a considerable sufferer.

The Oratorios (for we must still keep the original distinctive title) have been brought nearer to their primitive design this season than has been observable of late years. The sacred and secular parts have been kept asunder. The vocal performers are nearly all English, which, if it has not absolutely excluded the commixture of the pieces from the Italian *Opera Buffa*, has, at least, prevented their elbowing in profane contiguity the most solemn scriptural compositions. The plan has apparently been to give two acts of sacred music (*Acis and Galatea*, an act of the Creation, or of selections from Handel, for instance) with one miscellaneous, of a lighter quality, from modern authors. On the 17th of March, an Oratorio, new to this country, called *Jerusalem Delivered*, and written by the Abbé Stadler, was performed. It has far greater claims to celebrity than the unhappy *Day of Judgment*. The overture is masterly and original. There is a chorus, with occasional solos, which, after the manner of Rossini's splendid duet, *Ah se puoi* in *Mose*, introduces the image of an army in march, by means of the accompaniment. There was also a tenor song, which was very effective. But every thing of this sort fails to a certain degree in this country, from our intimate acquaintance with Handel; the recollection of whose grandeur always leaves an English audience dissatisfied with every other composition of this species. Thus the public has nothing to blame in the conductor, and much to praise, for he is liberal in his engagements, active in pursuit of novelty, and judicious both in his selections and arrangements, while the preference and patronage he extends to English talent* ought to obliterate all prejudice against him as a foreigner, and to insure the respect of the English public, whose estimation and whose predilections are both consulted.

The concerts of ancient and modern sacred music at the Opera House are, on the contrary, entirely supported by foreign singers, with the exception of poor solitary Miss Love; and be it remembered that these *Concerts Spirituels* are, half of them at least, pieces from Italian operas; Madame Catalani has been, in point of fact, the attraction upon which the whole fabric rests. On the first night she sang *Rule Britannia, Gratias agimus, Angels ever bright and fair, and Martin Luther's Hymn*. But even her strong attraction fails—the houses have been very thin, and we know that boxes, tickets, &c. have been offered at less than half price by the music shops. These are facts which should be known to the Lord Chamberlain, because it proves that the public are not sufficiently interested to extenuate an opposition which may be ruinous to one individual who has absorbed so much as Mr. Bochsa in the Oratorios, without benefit to others or to the public. The veteran Clementi produced a symphony on the first night, and presided at its performance. It is a delightful composition, written with as much vigour as any of his early works. Rossini directs the whole.

Many benefit concerts are already announced, and, it is to be presumed, that from the absence of concerts of general admission, they will be better attended than in former years. Mr. Ries, the composer, who retires from professional life, and from England, takes his farewell on the 8th of April. We hope he will experience that support which his genius merits, and which will shed a bright though parting gleam over his retirement. He will, it is understood, still continue to compose.

We have reserved the last place in our report for the re-appearance of Madame Catalani on the boards of the King's Theatre. Often as she has been seen and heard in the orchestra since her arrival in England,

* We must postpone our intended remarks on the singers till a future and a better opportunity.

never was she more eagerly expected both by the fashionable and musical world. The Italian opera will, this season, have afforded the richest novelties. Rossini and his wife, Signora Colbran Rossini, have scarcely risen above the horizon, ere their splendour is eclipsed by the blaze of Catalani's greater light; and Signora Pasta, the finest contralto in Europe comes after Easter.

On the night of Catalani's appearance, the house was filled in even a shorter time than on that of the opening of the opera; in the pit there was not standing room, and the boxes displayed a very splendid circle, notwithstanding that the season was so little advanced. She was received with the loudest applause, but from the embarrassment arising from disuse, her powers were in a slight degree paralyzed, and she did not recover her composure throughout the evening. Her second essay on the succeeding Tuesday showed her in full possession of her powers.

Il Fanatico per la Musica, was the opera in which Madame Catalani may be said formerly to have established her fame in this country as a singer in various styles. *Il nuovo* was prefixed to it this evening, in order, we suppose, to admit of various additions for the purpose of giving a wider field for the exercise of her powers. The principal pieces she sung were the songs Pucitta's *Il mio ben, La di Marte,* Cianchettini's *Se mai turbo,* and *Rode's air with variations,* which, with the duet, *Con pazienza,* and the Terzetto, *Cessino al fin,* gave abundant room for display. Her hair was dressed with two magnificent bandeaux of diamonds, and the rest of her dress was very rich, though plain and in perfectly good taste. In person Madame Catalani is more beautiful than ever. She still retains her immense power, her expression, and her facility, but the tremendous exertions she has made, have certainly begun slightly to impair the beauty and freshness of her voice. Madame Catalani has ever disdained the ordinary rules of science —effect was all in all with her, and she has attained that object by trampling on difficulties, and surmounting obstacles that would have appalled any other singer. Yet from this very licence it will be easily imagined that such extraordinary energy must degenerate into violence, and thus overstep the limits which bound the judgment and sympathy of the hearer. The bursts, which are now the peculiar characteristics of Madame Catalani's singing, display so much of this violence as to shock rather than to astonish. Artists should never forget that art can only be exercised according to its means. When the musician, seeking for effect, ceases to be musical, the ear cannot receive pleasure.

This is the great defect of modern artists, and of Madame Catalani among the rest. Her most enthusiastic admirers must perceive the excess into which she is hurried, and must regret that she is led by her enthusiasm and her power beyond the limitations which science and sympathy place upon art.

On the succeeding Tuesday evening Madame Catalani had regained her self-command, and sang with more brilliancy and richness of tone, but still her feelings and her force carried her too far. The house was not so full as on the Saturday night, but, as a test of her attraction, not so thin as to afford any discouraging proof of the failure of the public allegiance to her supremacy. It is reported that she received in payment for her performance half the receipts of the doors of the pit and gallery with the moiety of the returns derived from those boxes which were not let at the time of her signing the articles. All profit to the lessees, it is confidently asserted, is out of the question.

Signor de Begnis' performance of *Il Fanatico* may certainly be said to have divided the applause with the great idol of the evening. He possesses more genuine humour, entirely free from coarseness or vulgarity, than any *Buffo* we ever saw. His performance was inimitable, and personified the musical madman, whose servants are to be all musicians, whose daughter's lover is to be a musician, and whose daughter herself is the finest of musicians, with a truth and vigour quite indescribable. In his duets with his daughter and her lover he was perfect, and the *scena* in which (on Saturday night)

he was both soprano and basso, and in the song wherein he gives directions to the orchestra for the performance of a song of his own composition, he was alike excellent in singing and in imitation. Signor Vimercati, who plays in so extraordinary a manner on the Mandolino, was introduced on the second night of *Il Fanatico*, into the *Academia*, which makes up nearly all the second act, and his performance cannot but excite much wonder. He executes the most difficult passages with the ease, precision, and rapidity of a violin player, but his talent is wasted on an uninteresting instrument. Its tone is wiry and tinkling, and it can only be said to excite admiration at difficulties overcome.

NEW MUSIC.

The new publications which we have selected from the mass as worth attention are as follows.

Il faut partir, Romance de Blangini, with variations for the pianoforte, composed by Ferdinand Ries. This is one of the most agreeable compositions of the master. Although very expressive in the subject, its original form would appear little fitted for a theme for variations, but Mr. Ries has overcome this difficulty, and by preserving its character in some of the variations, and adopting an opposite style in others, he has given the piece much interest and variety.

A second *Divertimento*, *op*. 117, also by Mr. Ries, is an elegant lesson, not very difficult, full of melody, and having many passages of very sweet expression. His twelfth Fantasia, with the favourite themes in Rossini's Semiramide, is little more than a selection and arrangement. It will gratify the public curiosity respecting this opera which it is said will be produced at the King's Theatre this season.

Les Adieux de Bayard à sa Dame, Rondeau pour le pianoforte, composé par D. Steibelt. There is some imagination although perhaps a little wildness in this piece. Triplets predominate too much, and give it somewhat of sameness; with this exception, it is a work of merit.

The last few weeks have produced several publications for the pianoforte and violoncello, in which the latter is made the principal: this would argue that the instrument is not only becoming fashionable, but that the proficiency of amateur violoncello players is in proportion to that of vocalists and performers on the piano, violin, and flute. Mr. Crouch has published the first number of Select Movements, in which the violoncello part is difficult, but beautiful, the pianoforte being sufficiently prominent. The foreign publishers, Messrs. Boosey and Co., and Cocks and Co, have also each issued a work in numbers for the pianoforte and violoncello, selected from the works of foreign composers.

Mr. Steil has composed four Fantaisies for the harp, which he styles Angloise, Galloise, Ecossaise, and Irlandoise. The subjects, *Rule Britannia*, *Of a noble race was Shenkin*, *O Nanny*, *the Young May Moon*, and *Coulin*. The second and third are the best; they are none of them difficult, and will be useful either as practice or recreation. Mr. S. has also published a light and easy duet for the harp and pianoforte, founded upon an Air de Ballet, by Bishop.

Pot Pourri, for the pianoforte, the themes from Rossini's operas, *by Cipriani Potter*. This composer's fondness for modulation, and his excursive fancy, are not sufficiently under the influence of sound taste. These faults deform the piece before us, which in other respects is the work of no ordinary mind. In order to avoid the repetition of the same epithets, in the detail of the several compositions of minor importance which fall under our observation, we shall class the following pieces according to their merits; they are all light and easy, though somewhat common-place, but we are aware of the difficulty of avoiding this fault in writing for players of moderate ability.

Les Plaisirs de Noël, by Calkin.

A Divertimento, by Rawlings, founded on the Airs in the Cabinet.

Introduction and Rondo, by J. Barnett, on a favourite air from the Beggar's Opera.

Gentil Annette, arranged by J. Dussek.

The New Andalusian Waltz, by Horncastle.

Amongst the arrangements are the continuation of several of the works mentioned in our preceding reports. The novelties are selections from Zalmira for the harp, by Bochsa; for the pianoforte, by Bruguier, Camille, Pleyel, and Watts; the latter are duets; and the overtures to Il Turco in Italia, and L'Italiana in Algieri, by Latour.

Five of the vocal pieces from *Zalmira* are out, the Quintett, *Ah m'illuse un sol momento*, one of the most effective parts of the opera, the duet *In estasi di gioia*, the cavatinas *Cara deh! attendimi*, and *Che vidi! amici*, and the aria and chorus, *Riedi al Soglio*. There are also four pieces from *La Semiramide*, two duets, a trio, and a grand rondo. A comic duet for a bass and soprano *Conte mio se l'eco avesse*, from Rossini's *Pietra del Paragone*, though not in his highest style, is very pretty.

EDUCATION.

PLANS FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF BOYS IN LARGE NUMBERS.*

This is the work of a very ingenious man, and records the most original experiment in Education which in this country at least has been attempted since the date of those communicated by the Edgeworths. We say designedly "in this country;" because to compare it with some continental schemes which have been only recently made known to the English public (and not fully made known even yet) would impose upon us a minute review of those schemes, which would be, *first*, disproportionate to our limits—*secondly*, out of its best situation, because it would be desirable to examine those schemes separately for the direct purpose of determining their own absolute value, and not indirectly and incidentally for the purpose of a comparison. The Madras system, again, is excluded from the comparison—not so much for the reason alleged (p. 123—5), by the author before us—as though that system were *essentially* different from his own in its purpose and application: the *purpose* of the Madras system is not exclusively economy of expense, but in combination with that purpose a far greater accuracy (and therefore reality) in the knowledge communicated than could be obtained on the old systems; on this account therefore the possible *application* of the Madras system is not simply to the education of the poor, though as yet the actual application of it may have been chiefly to them, but also to the education of the rich; and in fact it is well known that the Madras system (so far from being *essentially* a system for the poor) has been adopted in some of the great classical schools of the kingdom.† The difference is more logically stated thus—that the Madras system regards singly the quality of the knowledge given, and (with a view to *that*) the mode of giving it: whereas the system, which we are going to review, does not confine its view to *man as a being capable of knowledge* but extends it to *man as a being capable of action, moral or prudential:* it is therefore a much more comprehensive system. The system before us does not exclude the final purpose of the Madras system: on the contrary, it is laudably solicitous for the fullest and most accurate communication of knowledge, and suggests many hints for the attainment of that end as just and as useful as they are enlightened. But it does not stop here: it goes further, and contemplates the whole man with a reference to his total means of usefulness and happiness in life. And hence, by the way, it seems to us essential—that the whole child should on this system be surrendered to the school; i. e. that there should be no day-scholars; and this principle we shall further on endeavour to establish on the evidence of a case re-

* Plans for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys in large Numbers; Drawn from Experience. London: 1822. 8vo.

† The distinguishing excellence of the Madras system is not that it lodges in the pupils themselves the functions which on the old systems belong to the masters, and thus at the same blow by which it secures greater accuracy of knowledge gets rid of a great expense in masters: for this, though a great merit, is a derivative merit: the condition of the possibility of this advantage lies in a still greater—viz. in the artificial *mechanism* of the system by which, when once established, the system works itself, and thus neutralizes and sets at defiance all difference of ability in the teachers—which previously determined the whole success of the school. Hence is obtained this prodigious result—that henceforward the blessing of education in its elementary parts is made independent of accident, and as much carried out of the empire of *luck* as the manufacture of woollens or cottons. That it is *mechanic*, is no conditional praise (as alleged by the author before us) but the absolute praise of the Madras system: neither is there any just ground of fear, as he and many others have insinuated, that it should injure the freedom of the human intellect.

lated by the author himself.* On the whole therefore we have designedly stated our general estimate of the author's system with a reference to that of the Edgeworths; not only because it has the same comprehensiveness of object, and is in some degree a further expansion of their method and their principles; but also because the author himself strikingly resembles the Edgeworths in style and composition of mind; with this single difference perhaps, that the good sense and perception of propriety (of what in French would be called *les convenances*), which in both is the characteristic merit (and, when it comes into conflict with any higher quality, the characteristic defect),—in him is less coloured by sarcastic and contemptuous feelings; which in all cases are unamiable feelings, and argue some defect of wisdom and magnanimity; but, when directed (as in the Edgeworths they sometimes are) against principles in human nature which lie far beyond the field of their limited philosophy, recoil with their whole strength upon those who utter them. It is upon this consideration of his intellectual affinity with the Edgeworths that we are the less disposed to marvel at his estimate of their labours: that, for instance, at p. 192 he styles their work on education "inestimable," and that at p. 122, though he stops short of proposing "divine honours" to Miss Edgeworth, the course of his logic nevertheless binds him to mean that on Grecian principles such honours are "due to her." So much for the general classification and merits of the author, of whom we know nothing more than—that, from his use of the Scotticisms—"succumb,"—"compete,"—and "in place of" for "instead of" he ought to be a Scotchman: now then for his system.

Of this we may judge by two criteria—experimentally by its result, or *à priori* by its internal aptitude for attaining its ends. Now as to the result, it must be remembered that—even if the author of any system could be relied on as an impartial witness to its result—yet, because the result of a system of education cannot express itself in any one insulated fact, it will demand as much judgment to abstract from any limited experience what really *is* the result as would have sufficed to determine its merits *à priori* without waiting for any result. Consequently, as it would be impossible to exonerate ourselves from the necessity of an elaborate act of judgment by any appeal to the practical test of the result—seeing that this result would again require an act of judgment hardly less elaborate for its satisfactory settlement than the *à priori* examination which it had been meant to supersede,—we may as well do that at first which we must do in the end; and, relying upon our own understandings, say boldly that the system is good or bad because on this argument it is evidently calculated to do good or on that argument to do evil, than blindly pronounce—it is good or it is bad, because it has produced—or has failed of producing —, such and such effects; even if those effects were easy to collect. In fact, for any conclusive purpose of a practical test, the experience is only now beginning to accumulate: and here we may take occasion to mention that we had ourselves been misinformed as to the duration of the experiment; for a period of four years, we were told, a school had existed under the system here developed: but this must be a mistake, founded perhaps on a footnote at p. 83 which says—"The plan has now been in operation more than four years:" but the plan there spoken of is not the general system, but a single feature of it—viz. the abolition of corporal punishment: in the text this plan had been represented as an immature experiment, having then "had a trial of nine months" only: and therefore, as more than 3¾ years had elapsed from that time to the publication of the book, a note is properly added declaring that the experiment had succeeded, and that the author could "not imagine any motive strong enough to force him back to the old practice." The system generally

* We have since found that we have not room for it: the case is stated and argued in the Appendix (p. 220—227); but in our opinion not fairly argued. The appellant's plea was sound, and ought not to have been set aside.

however must have existed now (i. e. November 1823) for nearly eight years at the least: so much is evident from a note at p. 79, where a main regulation of the system is said to have been established "early in 1816." Now a period of seven or eight years must have been sufficient to carry many of the senior pupils into active life, and to carry many of the juniors even into situations where they would be brought into close comparison with the pupils of other systems. Consequently, so much experience as is involved in the fact of the systems outliving such a comparison—and in the continued approbation of its founder who is manifestly a very able and a conscientious man,—so much experience, we say, may be premised for the satisfaction of those who demand practical tests. For ourselves, we shall abide rather in our valuation of the system by the internal evidence of its composition as stated and interpreted by its author. An abstract of all that is essential in this statement we shall now lay before our readers.

What is the characteristic difference, in the fewest possible words, of this system as opposed to all others? We no where find this stated in a pointed manner: the author has left it rather to be collected from his general exposition; and therefore we conceive that we shall be entitled to his thanks by placing it in a logical, if possible in an antithetic, shape. In order to this, we ask—what is a school? A school is a body of young persons more or less perfectly organized—which, by means of a certain constitution or system of arrangements (A), aims at attaining a certain object (B). Now in all former schemes of education this A stood to B the positive quantity sought in the relation of a logical negative (i. e. of a *negation* of quantity $= o$), or even of a mathematic negative (i. e. of $- x$):—but on this new system of the author before us (whom, for the want of a better name, we shall call the Experimentalist) A for the first time bears to B the relation of a positive quantity. The terms *positive* and *negative* are sufficiently opposed to each other to confer upon our contradistinction of this system from all others a very marked and antithetic shape; and the only question upon it, which arises, is this—are these terms justified in their application to this case? That they are, will appear thus:—Amongst the positive objects (or B) of every school, even the very worst, we must suppose the culture of morals to be one: a mere day-school may perhaps reasonably confine its pretensions to the disallowance of any thing positively bad; because here the presumption is that the parents undertake the management of their children excepting in what regards their intellectual education: but, wherever the heads of a school step into the full duties of a child's natural guardians, they cannot absolve themselves from a responsibility for his morals. Accordingly, this must be assumed of course to exist amongst the positive objects of every boarding-school. Yet so far are the laws and arrangements of existing schools from at all aiding and promoting this object, that their very utmost pretension is—that they do not injure it. Much injustice and oppression for example take place in the intercourse of all boys with each other; and in most schools "the stern edict against *bearing tales*," causes this to go unredressed (p. 78): on the other hand in a school where a system of nursery-like *surveillance* was adopted, and "every trifling injury was the subject of immediate appeal to the supreme power" (p. 80), the case was still worse. "The indulgence of this querulousness increased it beyond all endurance. Before the master had time to examine the justice of one complaint, his attention was called away to redress another; until, wearied with investigation into offences which were either too trifling or too justly provoked for punishment, he treated all complainants with harshness, heard their accusations with incredulity, and thus tended, by a first example, to the re-establishment of the old system." The issue in any case was—that, apart from what nature and the education of real life did for the child's morals, the school education did nothing at all except by the positive moral instruction which the child might draw from his lessons—i. e. from B. But as to A, i. e. the school arrangements, either at best

their effect was $= 0$; or possibly, by capricious interference for the regulation of what was beyond their power to regulate, they actually disturbed the moral sense; (i. e. their effect was $= -x$.) Now, on the new system of our Experimentalist, the very laws and regulations, which are in any case necessary to the going on of a school, have such an origin and are so administered as to cultivate the sense of justice and materially to enlarge the knowledge of justice. These laws emanate from the boys themselves, and are administered by the boys. That is to say, A (which on the old system is at best a mere blank, or negation, and sometimes even an absolute negative with regard to B) thus becomes a positive agent in relation to B—i. e. to one of the main purposes of the school. Again, to descend to an illustration of a lower order, in most schools arithmetic is one part of B: now on the new system it is so contrived that what is technically termed *calling over*, which on any system is a necessary arrangement for the prevention of mischief, and which usually terminates there (i. e. in an effect $= 0$), becomes a positive means of cultivating an elementary rule of arithmetic in the junior students—and an attention to accuracy in all: i. e. here again, from being simply $= 0$, A becomes $= + x$ in relation to B. A school in short, on this system, burns its own smoke: The mere negative conditions of its daily goings on, the mere waste products of its machinery, being converted into the positive pabulum of its life and motion. Such then, we affirm, is the brief abstract—antithetically expressed—of the characteristic principle by which the system under review is distinguished from all former systems: In relation to B (which suppose $20\ x$) A, which heretofore was $= -x$, or at best $= 0$, now becomes $= + x$, or $+ 2\ x$, or $3\ x$, as it may happen. In this lies the merit of the conception: what remains to be inquired—is in what degree, and upon what parts of B, it attains this conversion of A into a positive quantity: and this will determine the merit of the execution. Let us now therefore turn to the details of the book.

The book may be properly distributed into two parts: the first of which from page 1 to page 125 inclusively (comprehending the three first chapters) unfolds and reviews the system: all that remains from page 126 to page 218 inclusively (i. e. to the end)—comprehending four chapters—may be considered as a second or miscellaneous part, treating of some general topics in the business of education, but with a continual reference to the principles laid down in the first part. An appendix, of twenty pages, contains a body of illustrative documents. The first of the three chapters, composing what we have called the first part, is entitled "*Outline of the System:*" and, as it is very brief, we shall extract it nearly entire.

A schoolmaster being a governor as well as a teacher, we must consider the boys both as a community and as a body of pupils. The principle of our government is to leave, as much as possible, all power in the hands of the boys themselves: To this end we permit them to elect a committee, which enacts the laws of the school, subject however to the *veto* of the head master. We have also courts of justice for the trial of both civil and criminal causes, and a vigorous police for the preservation of order. Our rewards consist of a few prizes given at the end of each half year to those whose exertions have obtained for them the highest rank in the school; and certain marks which are gained from time to time by exertions of talent and industry. These marks are of two kinds: the most valuable, called premial* marks, will purchase a holiday; the others are received in liquidation of forfeits. Our punishments † are fine and imprisonment. Impositions, public disgrace, and corporeal pain, have been for some years discarded among us. To obtain rank is an object of great ambition among the boys; with us it is entirely dependent on the state of their acquirements; and our arrangements according to excellence are so frequent—that no one is safe, without constant exertion, from losing his place. The boys learn almost every branch of study in classes, that the master may have time for copious explanations; it being an object of

* "*Premial* marks:" this designation is vicious in point of logic: how is it thus distinguished from the less valuable?

† "Our punishments," &c. This is inaccurate: by p. 83 "disability to fill certain offices" is one of the punishments.

great anxiety with us, that the pupil should be led to reason upon all his operations. Economy of time is a matter of importance with us: we look upon all restraint as an evil, and to young persons as a very serious evil: we are therefore constantly in search of means for ensuring the effective employment of every minute which is spent in the school-room, that the boys may have ample time for exercise in the open air. The middle state between work and play is extremely unfavourable to the habits * of the pupil: we have succeeded, by great attention to order and regularity, in reducing it almost to nothing. We avoid much confusion by accustoming the boys to march; which they do with great precision, headed by a band of young performers † from their own body.

Such is the outline of the system as sketched by the author himself: to us however it appears an insufficient outline even for "the general reader" to whom it is addressed: without having "any intention of reducing the system to practice," the most general reader, if he asks for any information at all, will ask for more than this. We shall endeavour therefore to draw up an account of the plan somewhat less meagre, by separating the important from the trivial details. For this purpose we shall begin—1. with the GOVERNMENT of the school; i. e. with an account of the *legislative*, the *executive*, and the *judicial* powers, where lodged—held by what tenure—and how administered. The *legislative power* is vested in a committee of boys elected by the boys themselves. The members are elected monthly; the boy, who ranks highest in the school, electing one member; the *two* next in rank another; the *three* next a third; and so on. The head-master as well as all the under-masters are members by virtue of their office. This arrangement might seem likely to throw a dangerous weight in the deliberations of the "house" into the hands of the executive power, especially as the head-master might pursue Queen Anne's policy under the Tory ministers—and, by introducing the fencing-master—the dancing-master—the riding-master, &c. under the unconstitutional equivocation of the word "*teachers*," carry a favourite measure in the teeth of the patriotic party. Hitherto however the reigning sovereign has shown so laudable a desire to strengthen those checks upon his own authority which make him a limited monarch—that "only one teacher has been in the habit of attending the committee's meetings" (p. 5): and, where any teacher himself happens to be interested in the question before the house (e. g. in a case of appeal from any decision of his), "it has lately been the etiquette" for that one who does attend to decline voting. Thus we see that the liberty of the subject is on the growth: which is a sure argument that it has not been abused. In fact, as a fresh proof of the eternal truth—that in proportion as human beings are honourably confided in, they will *in the gross* become worthy of confidence, it will give pleasure to the reader to be informed that, though this committee "has the formation of *all* the laws and regulations of the school (excepting such as determine the hours of attendance and the regular amount of exercises to be performed)," yet "the master's assent has never even in a single instance been withheld or even delayed." "I do not remember," says Sir William Temple in 1683 to his son, "ever to have refused any thing you have desired of me; which I take to be a greater compliment to you than to myself; since for a young man to make none but reasonable desires is yet more extraordinary than for an old man to think them so." A good arrangement has been adopted for the purpose of combining the benefits of mature deliberation with the vigour and dispatch necessary for sudden emergencies: by a standing order of the committee a week's notice must be given before a new law can be introduced for discussion: in cases of urgency therefore a sort of *orders of council* are passed by a sub-committee composed of two principal officers for the time being: these may of course be intercepted *in limine* by the *veto* of the master; and they may be annulled by the general committee: in any case they expire in a fortnight: and thus not only is a present necessity met, but also an opportunity gained for trying the ef-

* "Habits!" habits of what?

† "Performers!" *Musical* performers, we presume.

fect of a law before it is formally proposed. The *executive* body, exclusively of its standing members the upper and lower masters, is composed of a sheriff (whose duties are to levy fines imposed by the court of justice, and to imprison on non-payment)—of a magistrate, and of two constables. All these officers are elected every month by the committee immediately after its own election. The magistrate is bound, in conjunction with his constables, to detect all offences committed in the school: petty cases of dispute he decides himself, and so far becomes a *judicial* officer: cases beyond his own jurisdiction he sends to the attorney-general, directing him to draw an impeachment against the offending party: he also enforces all penalties below a certain amount. Of the *judicial* body we shall speak a little more at length. The principal officers of the court are the judge who is elected monthly by the committee, and the attorney-general who is appointed at the same time by the master. The court assembles every week: and the jury, consisting of six, is "chosen by lot from among the whole number of qualified boys:" disqualifications arise in three ways; on account of holding a judicial office, on account of conviction by the court within the preceding month, and on account of youth (or, what we presume to be tantamount, being "in certain lower classes"). The jury choose their own foreman. The attorney-general and the accused party, if the case be penal, and each disputant, if civil, has a *peremptory* challenge of three, and an unlimited right of challenge *for cause*. The judge decides upon the validity of the objections. Such is the constitution of the court: its forms of proceeding we cannot state in fewer words than those of the Experimentalist which we shall therefore quote: "The officers of the court and the jury having taken their seats, the defendant (when the cause is penal) is called to the bar by the crier of the court, and placed between the constables. The clerk of the court then reads the indictment, at the close of which the defendant is asked if he object to any of the jury—when he may make his challenges (as before stated). The same question is put to the attorney-general. A short time is then allowed the defendant to plead *guilty*, if he be so disposed: he is asked no question however that he may not be induced to tell a falsehood: but, in order to encourage an acknowledgment of the fault, when he pleads *guilty*—a small deduction is made from the penalty appointed by the law for the offence. The consequence is—that at least five out of six of those who are justly accused acknowledge the offence in the first instance. If the defendant be determined to stand his trial, the attorney-general opens the case and the trial proceeds. The defendant may either plead his own cause, or employ a schoolfellow as counsel—which he sometimes does. The judge takes notes of the evidence, to assist him in delivering his charge to the jury: in determining the sentence he is guided by the regulations enacted by the committee, which affix punishments varying with the magnitude of the offence and the age of the defendant, but invest the judge with the power of increasing or diminishing the penalty to the extent of one-fourth." A copy of the sentence is laid before the master, who has of course "the power of mitigation or pardon." From the decision of the court there lies an appeal to the committee, which is thus not only the legislative body but also the supreme court of judicature. Two such appeals however are all that have yet occurred: both were brought by the attorney-general—of course therefore against verdicts of acquittal; and both verdicts were reversed. Fresh evidence however was in both cases laid before the committee in addition to that which had been heard in the court below; and on this as well on other grounds there was good reason to acquit the jury of all partiality. Whilst appeals have thus been so rare from the verdicts of juries, appeals from the decisions of the magistrate, and even from those of the teachers, have been frequent: generally indeed the decisions have been affirmed by the committee; and, when they have been reversed, in all but two cases the reversal has met with the sanction of the teachers as a body. Even in these two (where, by the way, the original decision was only modified and not

annulled) the Experimentalist is himself of opinion (p. 12) that the non-concurrence of the teachers may possibly have been owing to a partiality on their side. So far indeed as his experience had then extended, the Experimentalist tells us (p. 79) that "one solitary instance only" had occurred in which the verdict of the jury did not coincide with his own opinion. This judgment, deliberately pronounced by so competent a judge, combined with the entire acquiescence in the verdict of the jury which is argued by the non-existence of any appeals except on the side of the crown (and then only in two instances), is a very striking attestation to the spirit of conscientious justice developed in the students by this confidence in their incorruptible integrity. "Great," says the Experimentalist, "great, but of course unexpressed, anxiety has more than once been felt by us—lest the influence of a leading boy, which in every school must be considerable, should overcome the virtue of the jury: but our fears have been uniformly relieved, and the hopes of the offender crushed, by the voice of the foreman pronouncing, in a shrill but steady tone, the awful word—Guilty!" Some persons, who hate all innovations, will pronounce all this "*mummery*," which is a very compendious piece of criticism. For ourselves, though we cannot altogether agree with the Experimentalist, who seems to build too much on an assumption that nature and increasing intercourse with human life contribute nothing of themselves without any artificial discipline to the evolution and culture of the sense of justice and to the power of the understanding for discovering where justice lies, yet thus much is evident, 1. That the intellectual faculties must be sharpened by the constant habit of discriminating the just and the unjust in concrete cases such as a real experience of life produces; 2. That the moral sense must be deepened, if it were only by looking back upon so large a body of decisions, and thus measuring as it were, by the resistance which they had often overcome arising out of their own immediate interest, the mightiness of the conscientious power within which had compelled them to such decisions; 3. That all sorts of forensic ability is thus cherished; and much ability indeed of larger application: thus the logical faculty of abstracting the essential from the accidental is involved in the summing up of the judge; in the pleadings for and against are involved the rhetorical arts of narrating facts perspicuously—of arranging arguments in the best order of meeting (therefore of remembering) the counter-arguments; of solving sophisms; of disentangling misrepresentations—of weighing the value of probabilities—to say nothing of elocution and the arts of style and diction which even the records of the court and the committee (as is urged at p. 105) must tend to cultivate: 4. (to descend to a humbler use) that in this way the master is absolved from the grievous waste of time in administering justice, which on the old system was always imperfect justice that it might waste but little time, and which yet wasted much time though it was imperfect justice. The author's own *moral* of this innovation is as follows (p. 76); and with this we shall leave the subject: "We shall be disappointed if the intelligent reader have not already discovered that by the establishment of a system of legislation and jurisprudence wherein the power of the master is bounded by general rules, and the duties of the scholar accurately defined, and where the boys are called upon to examine and decide upon the conduct of their fellows, we have provided a course of instruction in the great code of morality which is likely to produce far more powerful and lasting effects than any quantity of mere precept."

(We are sorry our limits compel us to defer the insertion of the remainder of this Review till the next month.)

FLEET-STREET BIOGRAPHY.*

Sterne said, he pitied the man who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren; he might have extended his pity a little further, and have expressed his willingness to bestow it on him who could take his place for life in any given spot "in this varsal world," and not find ample materials for history around him. Every keeper of an apple-stall might unstore his "fruits of experience" if he chose to abandon the pippins for the pen, during a brief hour or two; and each sweeper at a crossing might give a trifle to the world, if he did not generally know that the besom was more profitable than the book. That worthy walking advertisement of Warren, who stands hat in hand at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, taking a constant toll from those who venerate clean shoes and black faces, could and should bequeath "the fruits of experience" to mankind. With his knowledge of, and intercourse with, his fellow creatures, he would manage a brace of quartos as big as Parry's Pole Books, or those of Westminster in the severest election days. The world passes on before him, and he, with his back against the obelisk, remains a calm looker on!—He angles in that thick and endless stream for any thing he can catch, and all fish are welcome to his beaver net!—Of course, angler like, the sport cannot be carried on without meditation, —and why, we earnestly ask, should the fruit of this meditation be lost? We have had our attention more particularly attracted to this flower, born to blush unseen,—this gem, of purest ray serene!—because a neighbour of Mr. Waithman and of this sable philosopher, with an industry highly honourable to him, has, in his 80th year, written about to the right and left of him, and given us a faithful and energetic history of Poppin's-court, Ludgate-hill up as far as Blades's glass-shop, Whipham's a little above Bouverie-street, and the people and places within the rules of decency and St. Bride's parish. This is History in its night-gown and slippers—History near-sighted, sitting by the fire, and pottering over domestic intelligence with magnifying glasses. We love this unpresuming conduct in Old Memorialists! Why should kings and countries only have their Recorders?—May not the City be allowed one, and not merely for Old Bailey purposes? There are the Gibbons, the Humes, and the Robertsons, for big History in its feathers and finery; but the time is come, when, as the clergyman says, "Pride shall have a fall!"—and therefore the Brasbridges arise for little History in her deshabille moments. There is room in the world for tiny Miss Biffin as well as the Swiss giantess!—Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, a few doors round Bridge-street, and the forehead of Fleet-market are now written down for ever; and we only intreat that the author will go on with his good work, and do St. Dunstan's with as little delay as possible!—Wright's Shrimp and Oyster-shop, and Richardson's Hotel, and the Cook, and Mr. Utterson's fishing-tackle-shop, will become a cluster of Solomon's Temples under bright Mr. Brasbridge's hand.

But to the Fleet-street volume. Our historian thus opens his book, and we think it is in a style which should tempt the public to follow his example.

"Better late than never," is an old adage, the truth of which I hope to exemplify in the course of the following pages. It has been said, that the life of any individual whatsoever, would, if fairly and impartially narrated, afford abundant materials for instruction; and I am willing to hope that mine will be found equally productive of warning to the dissipated, and of encouragement to the industrious; for whilst I honestly confess, that at one period of it I might but too justly be classed with the former, I may likewise reasonably hope, that at another I might as fairly rank with the latter.

I began business as a silversmith, towards the latter end of the year 1770, in partnership with Mr. Slade, an honest, worthy man, whose brother-in-law I became in June 1771, having the good fortune to ob-

* The Fruits of Experience; or Memoir of Joseph Brasbridge, written in his 80th year. London, 1824.

tain the hand of his sister, a most lovely and amiable woman, with a portion of two thousand pounds. The strictest friendship subsisted between our families, and my domestic happiness seemed to have no room for increase, excepting what might be brought by children, to whom we naturally looked forward as the seal of our felicity. But alas! when this blessing, for some years delayed, did at length arrive, it was in the form of the heaviest calamity. My dear wife was safely brought to bed on the 19th of March, 1776, and appeared to be recovering extremely well; but on the tenth day afterwards, whilst sitting in her chair, she leaned back her gentle head, and died in a moment. My poor infant was put out to nurse, but the woman who took him having at the same time a child of her own at the breast, most unjustly neglected him, and laid the foundation of a sickly habit, which deprived me of him in his ninth year, to my inexpressible sorrow.

Thus left a widower, and childless, I unhappily sought that relief in dissipation, which would have been better found in better means. Charles Bannister was one of my associates, and it will be readily believed, that no deficiency of wit or hilarity was found in parties over which he presided. "You will ruin your constitution," said a friend to him, "by sitting up in this manner at nights."—"Oh," replied he, "you do not know the nature of my constitution: I sit up at night to watch it, and keep it in repair, whilst you are sleeping carelessly in your bed." (P. 1—3.)

Beginning the world under the auspices of old Charles Bannister was not very likely to help a silversmith on in trade: and we are soon put upon the scent of a bankruptcy. First, however, he introduces us to Mr. Tattersall, with whom he became acquainted as a member of the Highflyer Club at the Turf Coffee-House. Mr. Brasbridge is invited to Highflyer Hall, and thither he goes in company with "Thomas Smith, of Bridge-street, brandy-merchant," and Mr. Fozzard, "the great stable-keeper!" Tattersall shows the historian sixty brood mares, with their progeny, which latter, to his utter astonishment, had been sold "in their mothers' bellies."

The chances and changes in commercial life are almost proverbial; yet it may be deemed a singular instance of worldly vicissitudes, when I inform my readers, that of this quartette who set off so merrily for Highflyer Hall, Mr. Smith became the Lord Mayor in after life, Mr. Fozzard and myself were bankrupts, and the fourth, *whose name I have forgotten*, experienced such a reverse of circumstances, that he was glad to accept of the situation of patrol, which I procured for him on the walk before the house of this very Mr. Smith, whose companion and associate he had been only a few years before. And here I must be allowed to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Smith, of whose worth,

Well tried, through many a varying year,

I can scarcely speak too highly. He was of humble origin, and had no advantages from education, but he was one of whom it might be said, that he was born a gentleman; and he joined to the activity and acuteness of a tradesman, a polish of demeanour, a *suaviter in modo*, that would not have disgraced a courtier. (P. 10, 11.)

We are now, as it will be seen, fairly set afloat amongst the Smiths, and "all that." We do not like, however, our friend Brasbridge's forgetting the name of the patrol, his old Highflyer chum in the days of glory: if he had forgotten the Lord Mayor's name, we should have liked it better. At the club, Whitfield was a social soul,—the comedian, whom Goldsmith mentioned also, and at whom, therefore, fame now may be said to shoot with a double-barrelled gun! He had an unbounded attachment for the T. B. facetiously translated "*T'other Bottle,*" by our biographer. Colburn too, of the Treasury, was a member, and "Bob Tetherington, as merry a fellow as ever sat in a chair," and "Dear Owen," the confectioner, who, like other wags, wrote his own songs, and sang them agreeably. The reflection of Mr. Brasbridge at the death of all these inestimable spirits takes the following pensive turn.

Yet so it is! we all desire long life, yet we all know that it must be held by the tenure of seeing those whom we most love drop into the grave before us. "The loss of our friends," said his late Majesty, on the death of one of his brothers, "is the fine which nature levies upon our own lengthened days." If, then, it be in the order of nature, let us submit to her decrees without repining; and if the morning of our life be gilded with hope, let not the mild beams of resignation be wanting to cheer its evening. (P. 16.)

Mr. Brasbridge gives two instances of his own kindness, and the generosity of others: they cannot but have a great moral effect on all the people in his ward. He saved "Dear Owen" from stepping into the Thames, and

lent Mr. Chilcot money at the Pit-door of Drury-lane, both which acts met with a proper return. Two or three pages are now devoted to "a pair of pinchbeck sleeve buttons," which we cannot dilate upon.

Mr. Brasbridge is a Tory, and a Tory of 80 is of course pretty strong in his prejudices. He liketh not men of other opinions, as we shall see anon. We just discern his political feeling, budding in a parenthesis, in the following passage. The pleasantry at the conclusion is a severe punch in the side of Joe Miller.

I frequently used to ride to the Christopher at Eton on a Sunday, to be ready to go out with the King's stag-hounds on Monday. I was generally accompanied by Mr. Griffiths of Marlborough, a most worthy and good tempered man. He was at that time Secretary to the Guardian Society, for protecting against swindlers (not political) and sharpers. He was succeeded by Mr. Foss, a highly valued friend of mine, for whose success in getting the appointment I exerted myself to the very utmost of my power; and he has drank my health ever since on the return of the 21st of March. I respect Mr. Foss, as much for his amiable qualities as a man, as for his ability and watchful attention to the interest of his clients, in his profession. He has conducted three causes for me, and gained them all. In the last, my opponent wanted another trial, which Mr. Foss opposed; but I requested he would not balk the gentleman of his fancy, for, if he had not had enough, I would, to use a vulgar expression, give him a belly-full. "*This first suit*," I added, "*shall be for every day and the other for Sundays.*" (P. 24, 25.)

Lord Mansfield figures away in a page of our history.

The next time I saw Lord Mansfield was on the trial of Mrs. Rudd, an enchantress whose charms, so fatal to the unfortunate Perreaus, seemed to inspire his Lordship with fresh eloquence, and the liveliest zeal in her behalf. She was, indeed, the very head of that fascinating and dangerous class of women of whom it may be said,

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you forget them all.

Lord Mansfield was very desirous of long life, and, whenever he had old men to examine, he generally asked them what their habits of living had been. To this interrogatory an aged person replied, that he had never been drunk in his life. "See, gentlemen," said his Lordship, turning to the younger barristers, "what temperance will do." The next, of equally venerable appearance, gave a very different account of himself, he had not gone to bed sober one night for fifty years. "See, my Lord," said the young barristers, "what a cheerful glass will do." "Well, gentlemen," replied his Lordship, "it only proves, that some sorts of timber keep better when they are wet, and others when they are dry." (P. 26, 27.)

Mr. Brasbridge was a great member of clubs. He haunted the Crown and Rolls in Chancery-lane, and trumped the tricks of Ramsbottom, the brewer, and of Russell, who ruined himself by the lottery: he sat, too, at the Globe, in Fleet-street, where "Mr. P., the surgeon, was a constant man," and Archibald Hamilton, the printer, and "Thomas Carnan, the bookseller, who brought an action against the Stationers' Company for printing almanacks, and won his cause!" And Dunstall, the comedian, famous for "I'm not such an elf," in Love in a Village: and Macklin too, of whom we have the following characteristic and amusing anecdote.

The veteran Macklin, when the company were disputing on the mode of spelling the name of Shakespeare, was referred to by Billy Upton, a good-tempered fellow, with a remarkably gruff voice, the loudest tones of which he put forth as he observed, "There is a gentleman present who can set us to rights:" then turning to Macklin he said, "Pray, Sir, is it *Shakespeare*, or *Shakzper*?" "Sir," said Macklin, "I never give any reply to a thunderbolt." (P. 34, 35.)

Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, and William Woodfall, the reporter, were also Globe boys! Brasbridge smartly says, in conclusion, "The Globe was kept by deputy Thorpe, and truly it might be said that he kept it, for it did not keep him."

The following anecdote of Dr. Glover is not unamusing; it almost takes the romance out of Frankenstein.

Another of our company, whose social qualities were his ruin, was Doctor Glover; he was surgeon to a regiment in Ireland, and rendered a man, who was hung in Dublin, the doubtful favour of restoring him to life; he found it was, at any rate, no favour to himself, for the fellow was a plague to him ever afterwards, constantly begging of him, and always telling him, when the Doctor was angry with him for it, that, as his honour had brought him into the world again, he was bound to support him. (P. 36, 37.)

John Morgan too, was a Globe spirit, "a man universally known and esteemed," with whom we are quite unacquainted. He was, it appears, a great wit in the neighbourhood of Shoe-lane.

Morgan was, without exception, the best companion I ever knew. One night in particular, he was so irresistibly droll, that Mr. Woodmason the stock-broker presented the ludicrous spectacle of a man of six feet high rolling about on the floor with his arms a-kimbo, to keep himself together, as he said, for that he was certain otherwise he should break a blood vessel, that fellow Morgan made him laugh so much. I was to Morgan what Sir Watkin Lewes was to Wilkes, when he complained that Wilkes made a butt of him; "True," said Wilkes, "still it's only a waste butt." (P. 39, 40.)

There was a sixpenny card club at the Queen's Arms too; at which Mr. Brasbridge and nineteen other choice spirits joked and revoked incessantly. Goodwin was one,—Goodwin, the woollen-draper, who invariably exclaimed, when he came down stairs of a morning, "Good morrow, Mr. Shop. You'll take care of me, Mr. Shop, and I'll take care of you!"

The Cider Cellar too, boasted of Mr. Brasbridge's company.—In truth, he seems to have diligently attended to the *signs* of the times. Mr. Brasbridge speaks of our Elia as the historian of the Cider Cellar, the only fact in the volume, we believe, which is built on a sandy foundation.

The "Free and Easy under the Rose" was another society to which I belonged. It was founded sixty years ago at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and was afterwards removed to the Horn-tavern. It was originally kept by Bates, who was never so happy as when standing behind a chair with a napkin under his arm; but arriving at the dignity of Alderman, tucking in the calipash and calipee himself, instead of handing it round to the company, soon did his business. My excellent friend Crickett, the marshal of the High Court of Admiralty, was President of this society for many years, and I was constantly in attendance as his Vice. It consisted of some thousand members, and I never heard of any one of them that ever incurred any serious punishment. Our great fault was sitting too late; in this respect, according to the principle of Franklin, that "time is money," we were indeed most unwary spendthrifts; in other instances our conduct was orderly and correct. I cannot say so much for the company that frequented the Spread Eagle, in the Strand, a house famous for the resort of young men after the theatre. Shorter, the landlord, facetiously observed, that his was a very uncommon set of customers, for what with hanging, drowning, and natural deaths, he had a change every six months. One of our members, Mr. Hawkins, a spatterdash maker, of Chancery-lane, was remarkable for murdering the king's English. Having staid away for some days in consequence of a fit of illness, one of his friends asked him the cause of his absence; he said he had been an *individual* some time, meaning an invalid. In giving an account of the troops landing from America, after long absence and perilous service, he said, they were so rejoiced, that they *prostituted* themselves on the earth; the person, to whom he was relating it, observed, that they had been *manured* to hardships; "Yes, indeed they had," said Mr. Hawkins, "and that was the reason they were so much affected." Mr. Hawkins was, nevertheless, a very good man, as well as a good spatterdash maker; and the name of Equity Hawkins, which we gave him on account of his living in Chancery-lane, might have been applied to him, with equal truth, on account of his own integrity. (P. 50—53.)

The following anecdote is a warning to all lovers of monumental glory.

Mr. Darwin was one of the churchwardens of St. Mildred's. A gentleman, who had formerly lived in the parish, and whose wife was buried in the churchyard, afterwards went into a distant country, and erected a superb mausoleum upon his estate; the first dedication of which, he wished to be to the remains of his wife. Accordingly he wrote to the churchwardens; and a proper deputation of gravediggers, with the sexton, and Mr. Darwin at their head, descended into the vaults to search for the coffin of the defunct. When they found it, however, it was in such a state that it could not be moved; they therefore contented themselves with transferring the plate, stating the name, age, and period of decease, to its next neighbour, a respectable old gentleman, who most likely little dreamed in his life-time, that his clay would finally rest beneath a superb mausoleum, and have all the honours paid to it that were intended by the owner for his departed wife. When the removal was completed, Darwin remarked, that they had had a very disagreeable job, and it would require a good dinner to get them over it, which they accordingly had. (P. 54, 55.)

We have not omitted a single joke of Mr. Brasbridge's yet we believe. The following is extremely *piquant.*

Darwin was very intimate with Mr. Fig-

gins, a wax-chandler in the Poultry, who was also a member of the "Free and Easy." They almost always entered the room together, and, from the inseparable nature of their friendship, I gave them the names of Liver and Gizzard; and they were ever afterwards called the Liver and Gizzard of the Common Council.

(P. 56.)

Miss Boydell is commemorated—and the compliment to her beauty is *well-timed.*

I should be wanting in my habitual reverence for the fair sex, did I not take this opportunity of acknowledging the attractions and graces possessed by Miss Boydell *at this time.* (P. 57.)

We come now to a burst of Mr. Brasbridge's political principles, and we cannot help thinking that he carried the zeal of a patriot beyond the bounds of decency, and betrayed a curiosity beyond that of ordinary historians!

Among the rest of these intruders, for such I must deem them, was a Mr. Lothroi, a Frenchman, who appeared to me a very suspicious character, and whom I strongly suspected of being in England without a proper license. Under this idea I did what I thought my duty, and what I should think every real lover of his country would have done in similar circumstances, when the perilous aspect of the times called on all true Englishmen to be on their guard alike against internal and external enemies. I went to Mr. Chamberlain Clark, and stated fully and explicitly my suspicions respecting Mr. Lothroi, taking care, at the same time, to explain that I knew of nothing positively wrong in his conduct; and that I was not actuated by any motive of ill-will against him, but merely by my desire to do what I thought my duty as a good citizen, and a loyal subject, demanded of me. Mr. Chamberlain Clark told me, that, in order to carry on the business in proper form, I ought to send for Mr. Lothroi, and then deliver him up to the city marshal, who would take him before the Lord Mayor, which office was, at that time, filled by Paul Le Mesurier, Esq. who would make him give a proper account of himself, or take the consequences. I accordingly did so; Mr. Lothroi was taken before the Lord Mayor, and, the account he gave of himself being deemed satisfactory, he was discharged. I was perfectly contented with the result, for, as I had no personal malice against the man, I could not be sorry that he had cleared himself from my suspicions. I will frankly acknowledge, that I have a natural antipathy to a Frenchman, the stronger because it is hereditary; for my father, who was an honest inland farmer entertained the same feeling, and carried it to such a height that he would never even let me learn the language of a people, whom he regarded as our natural and unchangeable enemies. (P. 60—62.)

The confession at the conclusion of this passage is candid and good. He showed his bringing up, and trod in the steps of his frog-sick father.

Mr. Brasbridge now "returns to his shop." He is persuaded to take stock. He finds that a young man of the name of Ashforth has abused the trust reposed in him, and, in short, ruin in due time follows. He becomes bankrupt, and Mr. Blades, the glass-man, Mr. Eley, the spoon-maker, and Mr. Hoare, of Cheapside, are appointed assignees. All the assignees are his enemies; in this Mr. Brasbridge resembles the man who always met with twelve stubborn men on a jury! The house and business in Fleet-street are sold under the commission, and Mr. Smith—luckless Mr. Smith! becomes the purchaser. Mr. Smith prints up his name with "*late* Brasbridge," (who got the name by his club-hours!) and Brasbridge got into a neighbouring shop, and started his opposition gravy-spoons and punch-ladles.

After my name had been up in this doubtful conjunction with Smith for about five years, his house was repainted, and I, thinking I had a right to use my own name as I pleased, begged leave to run up th painter's ladder, when he descended, and efface it with a broom. Upon this, Mr. Smith sallied forth to seize the instrument of destruction to his ingenious device. I, thinking that I had been robbed enough already, held it stoutly with one hand, and advanced the other so near Mr. Smith's face, that he ran back into his shop, and took refuge behind the counter; I conjured him by the honor of an Englishman to come as far as the threshold; but he stuck close to his counter, until he was reinforced by his journeyman and porter; and then, finding myself likely to be overpowered by numbers, I also, like a prudent general, thought fit to secure a retreat. The next day he got the name painted more conspicuously than ever, and modestly sent the painter to me with his bill for so doing. On my refusing to pay it, he summoned me to the Court of Conscience, and, in explaining the matter to the commissioners, he told them that my name stunk in the parish of St. Bride's; they remarked, that he seemed very fond of stinking fish, and advised him to go home and mend his own manners;

he had accordingly the pleasure of paying the expenses attendant on the proceedings, and returned home to meditate on his impotent malice. (P. 83—85.)

Such was the war in the parish of St. Bride! Indeed, from the time of the bankruptcy, Mr. Brasbridge seems to have encountered much hostility, and to have waged war with divers parishioners.

The following is really interesting, and ought never to have been written before, Mr. Brasbridge has written it so well.

Sir Thomas Halifax was a most excellent chief magistrate; one instance, in particular, of his impartiality and firmness, when he was Lord Mayor, I witnessed myself with respect to Doctor Dodd. The unfortunate delinquent was brought before him, and was standing in a room crowded with spectators, when Lord Chesterfield sent up his name to the Lord Mayor, and requested a private interview. Sir Thomas, with manly and becoming spirit, sent his compliments to his Lordship, and informed him, that, the business he was come upon being of a public nature, he could not possibly hear it in private, every person present having as much right as himself to be made acquainted with it. The sight of Doctor Dodd upon his knees, imploring the mercy of Lord Chesterfield, moved every one, but the polished statue to whom he addressed himself; in vain he reminded him of the cares he had lavished upon his infancy, and entreated his forgiveness of a fault, which, at the very moment he committed it, he meant to make amends for: in vain he implored him to save his character and his life by withdrawing his prosecution: this flinty-hearted young nobleman, then only just arrived at man's estate, a period of life when all the finest feelings are generally too acutely awake, and prudence and self-interest scarcely yet roused, could, unmoved, behold his old preceptor kneeling at his feet, and could coldly turn from him, leaving him to all the misery of despair and anticipated disgrace. Had the sympathy of the whole assembly been of any avail against his Lordship's cruelty, the unfortunate man would have been spared to benefit society by the edifying example of a repentant sinner, instead of being offered up as a victim to public justice, a shrine at which so many sacrifices are annually made, apparently without producing either warning or amendment. A very different spirit possessed Mr. Manby of the Temple, when Doctor Dodd was brought before him. Significantly showing the bond to the Doctor, he laid it on the table, and went and looked out of the window; but the Doctor had not the presence of mind to seize the opportunity thus afforded him of destroying it. I think in such a case I should have gone one step farther than Mr. Manby: I should have warned the Doctor *not* to put the bond into the fire, when my back was turned, as I should then have no evidence against him. (P. 88—90.)

A list now follows of those worthy people who behaved kindly to our historian after his misfortune, amongst whom the late Dukes of Marlborough and Argyll stand pre-eminent. We are quite sure that if he had continued in trade, the present Dukes would not have withdrawn their custom from him.

Poor Mr. Whipham, the silversmith, offended Mr. Brasbridge by some naughty manner in an affair of candlesticks, and called down upon his head the following note.

SIR,—Your ingratitude is monstrous, and I am your detester,

J. BRASBRIDGE.

A history of spoon-makers follows, perhaps more interesting to the trade than to the general reader, though highly valuable as a bit of metal biography.

Mrs. Tyers, the widow of the proprietor of Vauxhall, was a customer.

Mrs. Tyers one day remarked to me, that she had not tasted butchers' meat for twenty years; she had, however, lived upon beef and mutton, and veal, like other people; only, as the butcher told her, she always made it her own, by paying for it, before it went out of the shop. Mr. Tyers was a worthy man; but indulged himself a little too much in the querulous strain, when any thing went amiss; insomuch that he said if he had been brought up a hatter, he believed people would have been born without heads. A farmer once gave him a humorous reproof for this kind of reproach of heaven; he stepped up to him very respectfully, and asked him when he meant to open his gardens; Mr. Tyers replied, the next Monday fortnight: the man thanked him repeatedly, and was going away, but Mr. Tyers asked him in return, what made him so anxious to know; "Why, Sir," said the farmer, "I think of sowing my turnips on that day, for you know *we shall be sure to have rain.*" (P. 134, 135.)

The next good joke is neat but abstruse.

Col. Dillon seemed formed by nature for the command of an army. He was six feet high, singularly handsome, and combined in his manner all the spirit of a soldier with the gallantry of a courtier. One day, in helping the beautiful Marie Antoinette on horse-

back, he fixed his eyes intently on her green slippers; she laughingly asked him, why he noticed them; "Because," said he, "they are so appropriate to the wearer, who has all the world at her feet." (P. 135, 136.)

Mr. Brasbridge speaks unaffectedly and affectionately of his children; we must, however, refer to the book itself.

In 1780, Mr. Brasbridge took up arms against the rioters. Kennet, the Lord Mayor, of course comes in for a page or two.

Mr. Kennet had begun life as a waiter, and his manners never rose above his original station. When he was summoned to be examined in the House, one of the members wittily observed, "If you ring the bell, Mr. Kennet will come of course." His excuse for his behaviour was, that being attacked both before and behind, he was seized with a fit of *temerity*, which made him not know what he was about. One evening at the Alderman's Club, he was at the whist-table; and Mr Alderman Pugh, a dealer in soap, and an extremely good-natured man, was at his elbow, smoking his pipe. "Ring the bell, Soap-suds," said Mr. Kennet, in his coarse way. "Ring it yourself, Bar," replied the Alderman, "you have been twice as much used to it as I have." Mr. Pugh was another of the instances of successful industry with which our metropolis abounds. He originally came to town in the humble capacity of drawer and porter at the Hoop and Bunch of Grapes, in Hatton Garden. He then went to live with Alderman Benn, to take care of his horse and cart; and for his good conduct was admitted as under clerk in the counting-house; and, being a married man, his master augmented his salary, in the sum of ten pounds, on the birth of every child. He was afterwards taken into partnership, &c. (P. 163, 164.)

Mr. Brasbridge is a governor of Bridewell Hospital, and here his history gets rather personal and particular. Mr. Blades is rebuked, Mr. Waithman is corrected, and Luke Hodson is castigated. Indeed Mr. Waithman was so offensive, at all times, in the author's eyes, that the latter informed against the Alderman for not removing the dirt from his shop-front. The alderman was not the only person that derived all his *information* from our author.

The day of the King going to St. Paul's is a great day with the historian, and the following anecdote of the then Prince of Wales is rather drily related.

My chiefest ornament was Mrs. Aylmer, the wife of a captain in the royal navy; whose perfect beauty of features and graceful symmetry of form attracted the notice of our present beloved monarch, at that time Prince of Wales; as he looked up to the windows, and gazed on her with all the admiration which not his bitterest enemies could ever accuse him of withholding from the fair sex. (P. 190, 191.)

The accomplished George Parkhurst is not forgotten. However:

The Colonel had his fallibilities; having had an action brought against him for crim. con. with the wife of Mr. Parsloe, he was fined 10,000*l.* damages, and ever after called her *dear* Mrs. Parsloe, having a right, as he said, to use the word, after he had paid 10,000*l.* for her. (P. 202.)

Brasbridge is a famous anecdotist.

When the Talents came into power, they turned out every body that they could, even Lord Sandwich, the Master of the Stag Hounds. The King met his Lordship in his ride soon after. "How do, how do," cried his Majesty; "so they have turned you off; it was not my fault upon my honour, for it was as much as I could do to keep my own place." (P. 204.)

We pass over Martin Whish, Charles Mills, Mr. Bolland, and Mr. Fish, all excellent men, and excellently commemorated in the book. The volume now approaches its end.

It is the consolation of growing old to talk of what we can remember when we were young. I recollect the first broad-wheeled waggon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England excepting two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also quite a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep, in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running all aghast, to say, that a frightful monster with saucer eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village, at such a rate, that he could scarcely keep before it. (P. 233.)

We extract the following for the benefit of several of our readers; aye, and writers too, mayhap!

I must now take the privilege of an old man, to caution my young readers against falling into the practice of smoking, the idlest of all amusements, and the stupidest of all kinds of intoxication. I have heard indeed an excuse alleged for it, by an old smoker, that it is good for the memory; and as a proof of it, the advocate remarked, that if a man be ever so drunk, he is reminded by it to drink again. (P. 235, 236.)

One more joke,—a brave one! and we have done with the repartees.

Amongst the follies of my early days, was that of riding out on a Sunday. The George and Vulture was my principal place of resort; the house was kept by Vaughan, who was formerly a haberdasher in Cornhill. About ten or twelve of us used to dine together. Vaughan was an obliging landlord, always came in with the first dish, and on taking it off used to say, he hoped we had had a good dinner; we in return thanked him for his attention. One day, however, one of the party, a complaining man, whom we called Grumpall, said, in reply to the usual question, "We should have done better if the meat had been better done;" it was a fillet of veal, and was cut down, at the moment he spoke, to the thinness of my hand, on which Mr. Vaughan, holding up the dish, said, "It seems pretty well done; what think you, gentlemen?" on which there was a very hearty laugh against Grumpall.

(P. 241, 242.)

In the year 1819, Mr. Brasbridge had the misfortune to lose his son, and shortly afterwards he retired from business. Since his retirement he has been into Monmouthshire, and has visited Tintern Abbey:—He does not say whether he prefers it to Westminster Abbey.

This little book is thus concluded.

I drink nothing but table ale with my dinner, having taken the same dislike to wine that Reynard did to the grapes, and when the cloth is taken away my kind and worthy wife plays at cribbage with me, that I may not miss the circling glass, or

Sit like my grandsire cut in alabaster,
And creep into the jaundice
By being peevish.

After supper, with the same affectionate attention she reads to me whilst I smoke one pipe, and take a single glass of grog, or punch. I go to bed at ten, rise a little after seven, am glad to see my richer neighbours roll by in their carriages, and enjoy my own ride in the Herne Hill stage. From this regularity of proceeding it will be seen, that I am quite willing to continue my part in this terrestrial scene as long as it shall please God to keep me here. I am indeed in very good humour with myself, and with the world too, notwithstanding any warmth of expression into which I may have been betrayed in the preceding pages, by that desire of self-vindication which every honest mind must feel when unjustly accused. I have been tempted to write this short account of my past life not out of the ridiculous vanity of imagining that the public could be interested in the private transactions of an obscure individual like myself, but to establish two principles of equal importance in a country of commerce and industry, like this to which I have the happiness to belong. The first is, that a man may be a bankrupt without the smallest imputation on his integrity; and the second, that it is never too late to do well, and that honesty, frugality, and industry, will invariably in the long run be rewarded with at least decent competency, peace of mind, and the good opinion of all but the envious and the malignant. If in elucidating these principles I have reprobated the conduct of those who have treated me with baseness and injustice, be it remembered, that I have acknowledged, with far more warmth, the kind acts and estimable qualities of those who have proved themselves my friends; and that in thus striking the balance between justice and injustice, candour and illiberality, generosity and meanness, I conceive myself to be serving the cause of others as well as my own; of all, in short, who may have been unfortunate like myself, and in the same manner exposed to the animadversions of a misjudging world. (P. 255—257.)

Considering the very troublesome times Mr. Brasbridge has lived in, and the sad characters he has had to encounter, he has certainly produced a peaceable and amusing volume, which may be placed on the same shelf with John Dunton, and about two shelves under Colley Cibber.

THE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE PRESENT AGE OF POETRY.

Were I called upon to state what the Characteristic of the present age of Poetry, in my opinion, was, I should without any hesitation reply —*Sensuality*.

The language of Philosophy is almost always the same, but the different Ages of Polite Literature have their corresponding characteristics; in fact, it is from the existence of such distinct characteristics that the whole period of a nation's literature is divided into ages. Thus the golden age of English poetry (otherwise called the Elizabethan) is differenced from all those which succeeded it, by

the characteristic of *energetic simplicity*,—a characteristic which unites the two best qualities of language, strength and artlessness. The tinsel age (that of Charles II.) is characterized by *meretricious superficiality*. It is not easy to conjecture by what stretch of metaphor the epithet of golden age could be applied to the reign of our "good Queen Anne;" its characteristic—*elaborate elegance*, certainly entitles it to no higher name than the Silver or rather the Plated age. Whether its impudence in calling itself the "Augustan," should not mark it as the Age of Brass, may be a question. Finally; Lord Byron has denominated the present, the Age of Bronze—but this is said in a general *moral* respect, not in a purely literary. If the characteristic of Sensuality be rightly assigned, the Age of Copper would be a more appropriate name,—that being the metal which denotes astronomically the Queen of physical Pleasure.

Let me first explain the term I have used, and then adduce the proofs that it is rightly applied. Modern poetry is addressed almost exclusively to the *senses*: its subject-matter consists almost wholly of voluptuous pictures on which the eye of the imagination may gloat till it grows dim with the vicious exercise; of descriptions,—of forms whose touch even in thought sets the libertine blood on fire, of odours and relishes which debauch the mental taste by their intensity, of sounds too grossly delicious for the ear of fancy to admit without becoming depraved. The feelings, the earthly desires, the animal passions, are alone and always the object of appeal; a modern author seldom deals in imagery which can be held as intellectual; we do not often meet in a work of the present age such lines as these,—where there is nothing of "sensuous" pleasure annexed to the images presented: (Macbeth reflecting upon the innocence of his intended victim)—

And pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubim
 horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind:

or these: (the Lady in Comus speaking of her brothers)—

They left me then, when the gray-hooded
 Even,
(Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds,)
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus'
 wain:

and still more infrequently with such as these, where ideas of sense are altogether excluded: (Macbeth regretting the effects of his crime)—

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of
 friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,
 breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny,
 and dare not.

In a word, modern poetry, as to its matter, is little more than a huge pile of luxurious descriptions; as to its language, little else than an immense and somewhat confused heap of glittering periods and richly-worded phrases, slippery without being very sweet, oppressing the ear without ever taking it prisoner. We seldom find the memory dwelling on the fall of a modern cadence, or the chambers of the brain re-echoing with the sound of a modern line. Reading a poem of the present day is like floating upon a river of tepid wine, where the fumes and vapours dull both the senses and the current scenery: in like manner we glide over a stream of modern eloquence, without almost thinking of what we are doing or where we are going; the mind is in such a state of poetical inebriation, that the imagery appears all confused to the eye, and the language altogether mystified to the ear,—the one is dazzling and the other is lubricous, but neither is impressive: they fleet with the moment.

If we examine the works of the most celebrated poets of the modern school, Byron, Moore, Cornwall, &c.* we shall find ample proof that, generally speaking, the character of the thoughts and language to be found there, is such as I have assigned. The modern Muse is certainly endowed with an uncommonly flexible tongue: Hippocrene overflows

* I do not mean to include such authors as Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, &c.; they belong rather to the Silver Age of Poetry.

with a perennial discharge of waters, more luxurious than the bee of Athens ever sucked through the stem of the fountain-flowers. I award to the writers of the present day this praise of splendid fluency, without any qualification: if Pactolus had one of them for his River-god, his sands would turn sooner to gold-dust, than if all the long-eared kings that the world ever worshipped had been drowned in his channel. Our poets are not bees laden with sweets, but jars cheek-full of liquid bullion; their lips drop not honey but gold, and of all these yellow-mouthed ewers, Byron is the richest:—a most prodigal stream of eloquence rolls perpetually off his tongue, but its lustre blinds the eye, its plenty chokes the ear, without enlightening or filling the mind as considered distinctly from the senses. One of the very finest specimens of modern poetry is the following from the Doge of Venice; and it *is* written in a glorious vein of eloquence,—but the *animal* shows its cloven foot all through, the five organs of sensile pleasure alone are titillated, it is sensual, "morbidly" sensual, like all the poetry of the same magnificent and loquacious voluptuary, and, indeed, of the age:

The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers—
The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets; swanlike bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled; the thin robes
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and Heaven;
The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—art and nature,
Which swam before my giddy eyes, that drank
The sight of beauty as the parched pilgrim's
On Arab sands the false mirage, which offers
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst,
Are gone:—Around me are the stars and waters—
Worlds mirror'd in the ocean goodlier sight
Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass,
And the great element which is to space
What ocean is to earth spreads its blue depths,
Soften'd with the first breathings of the spring;
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,
Whose porphyry pillars and whose costly fronts,
Fraught with the Orient spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed,
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,
Which point on Egypt's plains to times that have
No other record, &c.

Such language as the above may be taken as the characteristic livery which, modern poetry delights to wear; the spare form of its real substance is perpetually clothed in the same rich and redundant, warm and *southerly* phrase. Whilst reading it we almost think we are gasping in the sultry beams of the lower latitudes, where the scenery is all bloom and blaze; where every wind is laden, till the back of the sightless courier bends with the weight of odours and perfume; where the lazy, soft-footed waters creep along their channels, as if they feared to wake the reed that nods till it almost tumbles into the stream; and where the air itself is but a kind of invisible tunic of fur, which we can never put off to breathe freshly and freely like a roe on the top of our own barren mountains. I do not mean to say, either that our ancient writers never fell into this Southern method, or that our present writers never deviate from it. Some of the wealthiest pictures, in point of imagery and expression, are to be met with in Milton and Shakspeare (especially the former, whose breath was somewhat less rude and wholesome than that of his predecessor); whilst our living poets, and chiefly Byron, sometimes expatiate beyond the mere bounds of *sense*, and become speculative poets. Moore also, whose eloquence is a kind of poetical shower-

bath; falling diamonds, and spars, and spangles, upon occasion refreshes us with a simple flow of national or even moral sentiment. The passionate soul of Cornwall, where woman is concerned, not unfrequently turns the drops which gush unbidden from the sensual eye, into pure and genuine tears. But, upon the whole, the taste and manner, not only of these nobler birds of Song, but of all our "small poets," all the finches of the modern grove, whether cock or hen, fledged or featherless,—are decidedly effeminate and sensual. The bleak and rocky crowns of Parnassus never kiss the sole of a modern slipper: where the moss is velvet, and the plats of herbage silky and spongy; where Nature patches her green floor-cloth with a Turkey grass-carpet,—*there* do our modern poets amble, with their eyes boring the zenith, till they sink over the shoes in the oozy turf, or are drowned (to make bold with the metaphor) in a flood of waving flowers. They never scale the cliff, or are to be seen balancing on the ridge of a precipice; they are seldom immersed in the shadowy forests of the hill, or buried in the dusky and perilous vales which intersect it;—never pull their wreaths off the pinnacle, but cull posies in swarms off the sunniest and gentlest declivities, where they can pluck as they lie between sleep and awake on their lush beds of roses and litters of rank grass, as soft and luxurious as pallets of swans'-down or flimsy coccoon. Byron is almost the only vagrant, and that only by starts, from the modern walk. One spirit seems to pervade the whole class of living poets,—the spirit of effeminacy: the same groveling (I must call it) propension to the soft and beautiful in preference to the strenuous and sublime, the same proneness to wallow in the imaginary luxuries of *sense*, the same gluttonous love of everything that can excite the sensual palate of the mind,—constitute the moving principle of the School of Modern Poetry. Hence, taking itself as its own evidence, its characteristic has been rightly, not violently, truly, not satirically, assigned; that is to say—*Sensuality*.

THE TEMPLARS' DIALOGUES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

Reductio ad Absurdum.

[This Dialogue, which seems necessary for the elucidation of the principle advanced in Dialogue I.: did not reach us sufficiently early to be placed in immediate connection with it,—we have therefore thought it advisable to print it here rather than to keep it for another month.]

Phil. X., I see, is not yet come: I hope he does not mean to break his appointment; for I have a design upon him. I have been considering his argument against the possibility of any change in price arising out of a change in the value of labor, and I have detected a flaw in it which he can never get over. I have him, Sir, I have him as fast as ever spider had a fly.

Phæd. Don't think it, my dear lad: you are a dextrous *retiarius;* but a gladiator who is armed with Ricardian weapons will cut your net to pieces. He is too strong in his cause, as I am well satisfied from what passed yesterday. He'll slaughter you: to use the racy expression of a friend of mine in describing the redundant power with which Molyneux the black disposed of a certain Bristol youth, he'll slaughter you "with ease and affluence." But here he comes.--Well, X., you're just come in time. Philebus says that he'll slaughter you with "ease and affluence;" and all things considered I am inclined to think he will.

Phil. Phædrus does not report the matter quite accurately: however it is true that I believe myself to have

detected a fatal error in your argument of yesterday on the case of the hat: and it is this:—When the value of labor rose by 25 per cent, you contended that this rise would be paid out of Profits. Now up to a certain limit this may be possible: beyond that it is impossible. For the price of the hat was supposed to be 18*s.*; and the price of the labor being assumed originally at 12*s.*—leaving 6*s.* for profits, it is very possible that a rise in wages of no more than 3*s.* may be paid out of these profits. But, as this advance in wages increases, it comes nearer and nearer to that point at which it will be impossible for profits to pay it: for let the advance once reach the whole 6*s.* and all motive for producing hats will be extinguished: and let it advance to 7*s.*, there will in that case be no fund at all left out of which the seventh shilling can be paid, even if the capitalist were disposed to relinquish all his profits. Now seriously you will hardly maintain that the hat could not rise to the price of 19*s.*—or of any higher sum?

X. Recollect Philebus what it is that I maintain: assuredly the hat may rise to the price of 19*s.* or of any higher sum, but not as a consequence of the cause you assign. Taking your case, I *do* maintain that it is impossible the hat should exceed or even reach 18*s.* When I say 18*s.* however, you must recollect that the particular sum of 12*s.* for labor and 6*s.* for profits were taken only for the sake of illustration: translating the sense of the proposition into universal forms, what I assert is that the rise in the value of the labor can go no further than the amount of Profits will allow it: Profits swallowed up, there will remain no fund out of which an increase of wages can be paid, and the production of hats will cease.

Phil. This is the sense in which I understood you: and in this sense I wish that you would convince me that the hat could not under the circumstances supposed advance to 19*s.* or 20*s.*

X. Perhaps in our conversation on *Wages*, you will see this more irresistibly; you yourself will then shrink from affirming the possibility of such an advance as from an obvious absurdity: meantime here is a short demonstration of it, which I am surprised that Mr. Ricardo did not use as the strongest and most compendious mode of establishing his doctrine.

Let it be possible that the hat may advance to 19*s.*; or, to express this more generally, from x (or 18*s.*) which it was worth before the rise in wages—to $x + y$: that is to say, the hat will now be worth $x+y$ quantity of money—having previously been worth no more than x. That is your meaning?

Phil. It is.

X. And if in money, of necessity in every thing else: because otherwise, if the hat were worth more money only but more of nothing besides, that would simply imply that money had fallen in value—in which case undoubtedly the hat might rise in any proportion that money fell; but then without gaining any increased value, which is essential to your argument.

Phil. Certainly: if in money, then in every thing else.

X. Therefore for instance in gloves: having previously been worth 4 pair of buckskin gloves, the hat will now be worth 4 pair $+ y$?

Phil. It will.

X. But, Philebus, either the rise in wages is universal or it is not universal. If not universal, it must be a case of accidental rise from mere scarcity of hands: which is the case of a rise in *market* value; and that is not the case of Mr. Ricardo, who is laying down the laws of *natural* value. It is therefore universal: but, if universal, the gloves from the same cause will have risen from the value of x to $x+y$.

Hence therefore the price of the hat, estimated in gloves, is $= x + y$.

And again the price of the gloves, estimated in hats, is $= x + y$.

In other words $H - y = x$.

$H + y = x$.

That is to say, $H - y = H + y$.

Phæd. Which, I suppose, is an absurdity: and in fact it turns out, Philebus, that he has slaughtered you with "ease and affluence."

X. And this absurdity must be eluded by him who undertakes to show that a rise in the wages of labor can be transferred to the value of its product.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Pride shall have a Fall!

UNDER the above discreet and highly moral title, a very successful piece has been produced, which is likely to amuse the public several evenings during the season:—It is called "a Comedy in five acts, with songs;"—but we should feel extremely grateful to any kind person who would point out a single scene which should justify its claim to the title of *comedy*. It has many broad, bustling scenes of extravagance and humour;—do *they* make the piece a comedy?—It has long passages of carefully wrought and pleasing blank verse;—but is comedy a thing of verse?—It has songs, glees, and familiar old puns,—all agreeable enough in themselves, but not sufficient to justify the prologue's promise of "a true British comedy!" or the epilogue's beseeching cant:

By the high splendours of our ancient day;
By those we 've seen, and wept to see, decay!
By our—by *mankind's* Sheridan!—whose tomb
Is scarcely closed!—
—But no—no thoughts of gloom;
Again comes Comedy! so long untried!
Give her your smiles!

The newspapers have been puffing, as strongly and steadily, as though the trade wind of criticism had set in; and the consequence has been, that crowds have besieged the boxes and the pit, and, being amused with violent effects,—extravagant characters and situations,—and broad dialogue, new and second hand,—go home satisfied at having *been* satisfied, and persuading themselves that they have patronised the revival of comedy. The truth is, the present piece is as great an outrage upon the legitimate drama as Timour the Tartar, or the Cataract, or Frankenstein.—It is poor in horses, water, and ghosts, but it has its vices—vices, which are only vices when set up as singular dramatic virtues.

Having thus spoken, our readers may think we have no very favourable opinion of "Pride shall have a Fall."—But looking at it as an agreeable mixture for a night's amusement, we look upon it as a very light and happy production. There is a little too much of Joe Miller—a worthy character in all modern dramas,—but still discreetly to be treated. The dialogue, however, is ever changing, though not ever new;—and the characters are brisk enough to admit of some extremely lively acting.—Indeed the author is much indebted to Mr. Jones, and the rest of the stud.

The plot, which we are assured is not from France, is not very clear. It appears rather to be five distinct portions of plot—for each act might be played without its neighbour. Four Hussars walk about in red trowsers and mustachios, and very pleasantly keep the five acts connected; for, without their costume, and "muffs and meerschaums" we might soon forget that we were travelling through one comedy.

All the performers did their duty, and more than their duty. Mr. Connor was Irish and chaste,—two very rare co-qualities in an Emerald-islander. Yates too was humorous and moderate, and really surprised us with some very clever acting. He is the puppy Hussar from curl to boot,—from mustachios to finger-tip! Mr. Farren, in Count Ventoso, vented his humours upon the Countess Davenport with great effect; and the Countess wheeled about like a baggage-waggon, train and all! Miss Paton sang to the utmost.

To Jones, however, must all praise be given. He worked up a rattle-brained spirit of Palermo to the highest pitch of vivacity. Those who have not heard him deliver the following address to the prisoners, can have no idea of effective oratory. Nothing in *Covent Garden* was ever mouthed more to the purpose.

Cor. Out of the orator's way! Muffs and meerschaums!

(*The Prisoners lift Torrento on a bench, laughing and clamouring.*)

Tor. (*Haranguing.*)—Are we to suffer ourselves to be molested in our *domestic circle*; in the *loveliness* of our private lives; in our *otium cum dignitate*? Gentlemen of the jail! (*Cheering.*)—Is not our residence here for our country's *good*?

(*Cheering.*)—Would it not be well for the country if ten times as many, that hold their heads high, outside these walls, were now inside them?—(*Cheering.*)—I scorn to appeal to your passions; but shall we suffer our *honourable* straw, our *venerable* bread and water, our *virtuous* slumbers, and our useful days, to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated, by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity? (*Cheering.*)—No: freedom is like the air we breathe, without it we die!—No! every man's cell is his castle. By the law, we live here; and should not *all* that *live by the law, die* by the *law*?—Now, gentlemen, a general cheer! here's Liberty, Property, and Purity of principle! Gentlemen of the jail!

(*They carry him round the hall. Loud Cheering.*)

No person on the stage understands stage eloquence better than Jones. He has a steady resolute manner of discharging his *great guns*, which no one can resist. The following passage has been much lauded for its beauty of language, and it certainly is a very lively imitation; but it is made doubly effective by Jones's delivery.

Tor. He must be bribed. I'll lead
them from the scent;
I'll rhapsodize the fools. (*Aside.*)
Curiosity!
True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
Both man and woman would find life a waste,
But for the cunning of—Curiosity!
She's the world's witch, and through the world she runs,
The merriest masquer underneath the moon!

To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt
In morning shawls; and by their pillows sits,
Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,
Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace,
The hundredth Novel of the Great Unknown!
And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and yawn,
And wonder what's o'clock, then sink again;
And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.

She comes to ancient dames,—and stiff as steel,
In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
She makes their rigid muscles gay with news
Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,
Blue-stocking frailties, cards and ratafia;
And thus she gives them prattle for the day.

She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back;
Then peering through her spectacles, she reads
A seeming journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales
Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies,
(Born in the writer's brain;) of spots in the sun,
Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake,
And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
And thus she makes the world, both young and old,
Bow down to sovereign Curiosity!

We have no doubt but that "Pride shall have a Fall" (we are pretty sure we have written *that* title in *round hand* in our copy-book, many a time and oft, for our schoolmaster was a moral writer)—we have no doubt, we say, but that the piece will have a successful run. And if the public desire to be amused with good acting, *on foot*,—dashing humour,—and pleasing music; they ought to make a resolute squeeze at the doors of Covent Garden Theatre.

There has been no novelty at Drury Lane Theatre. A new farce has been promised at the bottom of the bills, but very probably the author has not yet been selected. The horses still eat Mr. Elliston's oats, and Mr. Winston is preparing to make hay, whenever the sun shall shine.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Mathews.

Oh Jonathan! Jonathan! very pleasant art thou to us, we must own. Mathews has at length published his Travels, and those who do not subscribe for a copy of his American Trip, do not know a good work when they see it. He is all fun, whim, frivolity, pun, song, activity, Joe Miller, and life! He is every thing by turns, and *something long!* He goes through his entertainment hop, step, and jump; and, we are carried through America as though we were on wings.

It is not fair to criticise *his* productions, for they are put together for loud laughers, and not for critics:

Indeed, we flatter ourselves, that we can open an *Adelphi arch* in the middle of the phiz, as well as *that* fat man in powder; whenever we are in Mr. Mathews's presence. *His* America is, indeed, a land of promise! He leaves England in company with Jack Topham, a young blood from Saville Row, with a voice, which John Bull has heard often before, and with cousin Bray—a fat delightful lover of old jokes,—than whom we respect no man more! They pass from vessel to land, from land to a boarding-house--from boarding-house to Boston,—and so on through the principal towns of America. Fun gathers, like a lump of snow, as they proceed; and we are full of merry riches when we part. It is impossible at this late moment to describe the entertainment, which certainly owes all its pleasantry to the talent of the actor: We cannot, however, help recommending to especial notice the story, told by a Yankee, of his uncle Ben,—and the German magistrate's charge to an American jury, in which the law is right luminously expounded.

On the first night, the house was crowded, with curious English and curious Americans; the tone and temper in which the merry tourist tells of his travels, were such as to delight both sides,—and yet to *shake* them! Indeed, we are disposed to believe that Mathews's entertainment is more likely to conciliate the two nations, than a thousand books, though written by a thousand men as kind and as clever as Washington Irving.

SONNETS FROM THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF ITALY.

ANGELO DA COSTANZO.

Quella Cetra gentil che 'n sulla riva
Cantò di Mincio Dafni e Melibèo
Sì, che non so se 'n Menalo, o'n Liceo,
In quella o in altra età simil s'udiva;
Poichè con voce più canora e viva
Celebrato ebbe Pale ed Aristeo,
E le grand' opre che in esilio feo
Il gran figliuol d'Anchise e della Diva,
Dal suo Pastore in una quercia ombrosa
Sacrata pende: e, se la move il vento,
Par che dica superba e disdegnosa;
Non sia chi di toccarmi abbia ardimento:
Chè, se non spero aver man sì famosa,
Del gran Titiro mio sol mi contento.

The Lyre that on the banks of Mincius sung
Daphnis and Melibæus in such strains,
That never on Arcadia's hills or plains
Have rustic notes with sweeter echoes rung;
When now its chords more deep, and tuneful strung,
Had sung of rural Gods to listening swains,
And that great Exile's deeds and pious pains,
Who from Anchises and the Goddess sprung,
The shepherd hung it on yon spreading oak;
Where, if winds breathe the sacred strings among,
It seems as if some voice in anger spoke:
Let none dare touch me of th' unhallow'd throng:
Unless some kindred hand my strains awoke,
To Tityrus alone my chords belong.

LODOVICO ARIOSTO.

Chiuso era il Sol da un tenebroso velo,
Che si stendea fin all' estreme sponde
Dell' orizzonte, e mormorar le fronde
S'udiano, e tuoni andar scorrendo il cielo;
Di pioggia in dubbio, o tempestoso gelo,
Stav' io per gire oltre le torbid' onde
Del fiume altier che 'l gran sepolcro asconde
Del figlio audace del Signor di Delo,
Quando apparir sull' altra ripa il lume
De 'bei vostr' occhj vidi, e udj parole
Che Leandro potean farmi un giorno:
E tutto a un tempo i nuvoli d' intorno
Si dilcguaro, e si scoperse il Sole,
Tacquero i venti, e tranquillossi il fiume.

The sun was hid in veil of blackest dye,
That trailing swept th' horizon's verge around,
The leaves all trembling moan'd with hollow sound,
And peals of thunder scour'd along the sky;
I saw fierce rain or icy storm was nigh,
Yet ready stood o'er the rough waves to bound
Of that proud stream that hides in tomb profound
The Delian Lord's adventurous progeny;
When peering o'er the distant shore the beam
I caught of thy bright eyes, and words I heard
That me Leander's fate may bring one day;
Instant the gather'd clouds dispersed away,
At once unveil'd the Sun's full orb appear'd,
The winds were silent, gently flow'd the stream.

BERNARDO TASSO.

Quest' ombra che giammai non vide il Sole,
Qualor a mezzo il ciel mira ogni cosa,
Dai folti rami d'un mirteto ascosa,
Col letto pien di calta e di viòle;
Dov' un garrulo rio si lagna e duole
Con l'onda chiara, che non tiene ascosa
L'arena più ch' una purpurea rosa
Lucido vetro e transparente suole;
Un povero Pastor, ch' altro non ave,
Ti sacra, O bel Dio della quïete,
Dolce riposo dell' infirme menti,
Se col tuo sonno e tranquillo e soave
Gli chiuderai quest' occhj egri e dolenti,
Che non veggon mai cose allegre e liete.

This shade, that never to the sun is known,
When in mid-heaven his eye all seeing glows,
Where myrtle boughs with foliage dark enclose
A bed with marigold and violets strown;
Where babbling runs a brook with tuneful moan,
And wave so clear, the sand o'er which it flows
Is dimm'd no more, than is the purple rose
When through the crystal pure its blush is shown;
An humble swain, who owns no other store,
To thee devotes, fair placid God of sleep,
Whose spells the care-worn mind to peace restore,
If thou the balm of slumbers soft and deep
On these his tear-distemper'd eyes wilt pour,
Eyes,—that alas! ne'er open but to weep!

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

March 25, 1824.

Our foreign intelligence for this month is very limited, and, to say the truth, it does not make up in interest what it wants in quantity. The accounts from Spain are such as might naturally have been expected, after the crisis which has occurred, and the way in which it has terminated. Poverty, anarchy, tyranny, distrust, and bigotry, are the general heads under which that unhappy country may be classed. Ferdinand is on a throne—nominally—but to him it must be a throne of torture. The moderate policy of the French will not permit him to follow the bent of his inclination, and the fury of the fanatical monks strongly coincides with his inclination against what he feels to be his interest; so his revenge is reluctantly kept in check by his cunning. No act of Amnesty has however as yet made its appearance—it is alternately promised and procrastinated, and there is little doubt this farce will continue until the deaths of the imprisoned and the despair of the expatriated render an act of amnesty not worth the parchment which will be defiled by its record. There was a report within these few days, that Ferdinand, induced either by his fears or his necessities, had desperately resolved upon something like liberal measures, and was even willing, upon certain pecuniary stipulations, to recognize the independence of the Colonies. Mexico was mentioned as likely to be first in the recognition list, as having probably been the best bidder. This however rests upon mere rumour, and there is no account to be relied on as at all approaching to authenticity. With respect to the Colonies, it signifies very little whether the report has any foundation or not. It appears to us as if the bargain would be at this instant a very uncommercial speculation—one only to be excused on account of their infancy in trade. If they do pay Ferdinand, they are certainly paying him for what he has not to give, and what, if he could give, he would undoubtedly withhold—their freedom. Liberty is an article not to be bought with gold; the metal which acquires it is—steel. It is probable however that the rumour may have originated solely in the notoriously deplorable finance difficulties of the cabinet of Madrid. The last accounts say, that the French are not able to collect enough even to defray the contingent expences of their troops, and that in consequence they will be obliged to apply to the new Chamber for 25 millions of royal bonds, in order to meet some of the extra expences of the late campaign. So far as we can see, the new French Chamber, constituted as it promises to be, will be found not very refractory in the case of any ministerial demand. The situation of the French troops in Spain is represented as none of the most desirable—there is no peace beyond the immediate neighbourhood of their quarters, and not much within it—the liberals are their enemies of course, and the bigoted national pride of the faithful will scarcely deign to recognise them as friends; so that, between foes and friends, and the natural desire which they must have for home, we scarcely wonder, holy allies as they are, that they have dubbed Spain the—Hell of Legitimacy. The phrase, and the cause of it, naturally recall our old friend Merino, the military monk, who has once more appeared upon the scene. Discontented, it seems, with the present order of affairs, he is at the head of 4000 armed men, opposed to the system which the French have established. In Segovia he is said to have taken a great many of the royalists prisoners, and to have immediately dismissed them with a present of a dollar a man and an entreaty *that they would turn their arms against the invaders of their country.* This fanatic has already produced such effects that various French detachments have been sent off in pursuit of him. The state of society in Spain must at present be a strange one; private letters from Madrid declare that the *servile* ladies in various parts of the country are very busy in presenting petitions against the *constitutional* ladies in their respective neighbourhoods!

The news from the Brazils is of a character which we certainly should not have anticipated, at least so immediately after the abrupt dissolution of the congress, and the violent transportation of the opposition. Certain, however, it is, that the Brazilian Emperor has promulgated a constitution which partakes much of the character even of English freedom. There are two Chambers, in whom the legislative power is vested. Both are elective. The first is called a Senate, and it continues for life. Of this body the Emperor has the nomination of the third part. The senators must be Brazilian citizens, possess a fixed portion of property, no matter whether it arises from land, industry, or commerce, and they are not eligible till they have attained the age of forty; an exception in this last respect is made in favour of the Imperial Princes, who are eligible at twenty-five. The Chamber of Deputies is quartennial. It originates every measure relative to taxation, and to the recruiting of the army, and is to choose a new dynasty on the extinction of the reigning family. They have also the power of inquiring into the conduct of ministers, and of instituting an impeachment, if necessary. To this body, also, a certain portion of property is requisite, and its members receive a salary for their services. Both these bodies are elected by primary assemblies, and the suffrage is withheld only from the army, the clergy, minors, servants, and paupers. The Catholic religion is of course the established religion of the state, but the *private* worship of other sects is to be tolerated; which, after all, for a Catholic, and a Braganza, and a nephew of King Ferdinand into the bargain, is going a great way. When there is such a clamour raised against Protestant intolerance, these examples in our own day of Catholic states, aye, and those professing to be free states too, ought not to be forgotten —not that we think the illiberality of one sect should form any excuse for the illiberality of another, but still those who are the first to establish such a system ought not to feel either surprised or aggrieved at its gaining adherents. We have observed with considerable pain, that the very first article in the free, nay, the republican constitution of Mexico is, *The Catholic religion is the established religion of the state, and no other shall be tolerated!* Surely one would suppose that such a sentiment was traced, not by a hand which wielded the sword of freedom, but which had been busied about the chains of the Inquisition. Upon the whole, however, the Brazilian constitution is much more liberal than could possibly have been expected, and is such, whether it be of Don Pedro's own conception, or forced upon him by the demands of his subjects, as to put an end for ever to the hopes of those ultras in Lisbon, who might have still speculated on regaining an ascendancy in Brazil.

In France the chief subject of interest since our last has been the progress of the elections, which have terminated almost universally in favour of the powers that be! There will not, we should suppose, be found in the new Chamber above twenty liberals; so that, in fact, their parliament will be little more than a mere silent registry office of the royal will. The last accounts announce the death of two very celebrated revolutionary characters, Cambaceres, who was in power under the consulate, and afterwards during the empire, and Eugene Beauharnois, Napoleon's adopted son and late Viceroy of Italy.

From South America we learn, that a Peruvian force, under Santa Cruz, had been defeated by the royalists under Valdes. This however, it was supposed, was of no consequence whatever, as Bolivar had succeeded in capturing Niva Aguero and his staff; and having that ambitious chieftain in his power, he could now turn his undivided attention to the foreign enemy.

Our domestic news is little more than an epitome of the proceedings in parliament, which, however, we shall endeavour to present as faithfully as possible.

The first subject in order which occupied the attention of the House of Commons since our last, was a discussion, or rather a resumption of last year's discussion, on the subject of the delay attendant on the present system in the Court of Chancery. This was introduced in a very able speech by Mr. J. Williams, who concluded by moving for a committee to

inquire into the delay and expense of the Court of Chancery, and the causes thereof. Mr. Williams also hinted at the propriety of separating the political and judicial functions of the Chancellor. The motion was withdrawn after an animated discussion, on an understanding that in substance ministers had already themselves determined on this course. Mr. Peel declared that the Lord Chancellor himself had advised that a commission from the Crown under the great seal should issue for the purpose of inquiring into very many important matters connected with the Court of Chancery, of examining into the state of its jurisdiction, and into many other points contemplated by the motion. It was, however, distinctly announced that no separation between the judicial and political functions of this high officer should take place, Mr. Canning declaring that his opposition to such separation was "with a view of preserving to the monarchy one of its most ancient and invaluable prerogatives, of keeping open the passage from the Court to the Woolsack, and of leaving to the lawyer the opportunity of giving to the Crown his best services, and to the Crown the opportunity of finding for them an adequate and suitable reward." While upon this subject, we may as well notice, though a little out of the regular order, a subsequent debate which sprung incidentally from this discussion. Some expressions, attributed erroneously to Mr. Abercromby by one of the daily reports, so excited the indignation of his Lordship, that he took notice of them in no very measured language from the bench, Mr. Abercromby being a practising barrister of the court. The latter gentleman having ascertained the fact that such allusion had been made, proceeded to the House of Commons and complained of it as a breach of privilege. The Hon. Member explained what he did say, proved the misrepresention, and after a temperate but firm statement, concluded by moving that the shorthand writer who could prove the words to have been used by the Chancellor should be called to the bar of the House, to whom he left the direction of the subsequent proceedings. This motion gave rise to a very warm and lengthened discussion, during which it was admitted universally that Mr. Abercromby had been misrepresented, and that his Lordship had alluded to the Hon. Member merely under the mistake to which he was led by the misrepresentation. The motion was ultimately negatived by a majority of 49, the numbers for it being 102—and those against it, 151.

(In reference to this debate, we cannot avoid remarking the surprising fidelity with which the gentlemen connected with the daily press report the debates in parliament. The facilities afforded them are very few indeed, and the impediments are manifold. The standing order by which the publication of these debates is prohibited, while such publication is daily recognized by every individual member, ought surely to be considered obsolete. The member would deserve well of the community who stood boldly up at once and moved that every possible convenience should be afforded to the press. They order these things better in America. The reporters have a convenient seat, and every accommodation given them in the hall of the Congress. Mr. Canning or Sir James Macintosh, who were themselves ornaments of the press, ought not yield to others the honour of this necessary and called-for innovation.)

On a proposed vote of a large sum of money for the erection of public buildings, the repairs of the palace, &c. a desultory conversation took place, during which many severe remarks were made on the bad architectural taste of the new erections contiguous to Westminster Abbey. Sir J. Macintosh said they had been called Grecian, for no other reason he supposed than because they certainly were not English—if Grecian at all, they must undoubtedly be Bœotian. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he was quite ashamed of them; but that in fact he had not seen them till they had gone too far to be remedied. In short, every one so abused them, that the only wonder seems to be how all permitted them to proceed in silence until the error was too expensive for correction. The debate ended, however, in a vote of the sum required, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declaring that matters of

taste should be henceforward taken out of the hands of the Board of Works and vested in the Treasury. Among the suggestions which took place during this discussion, there was one which we confess rather surprised us, namely the erection of a new palace. Mr. H. G. Bennet manfully observed that, even if he stood alone, he would oppose it. At present there are St. James's Palace, Buckingham House, Hampton Court Palace, Kew Palace, Kensington Palace, Windsor Palace, Brighton Palace, Carlton House Palace, and the Cottage in Windsor Park! Surely, if a new one is to be built, it would not be unreasonable to expect that some two or three of these useless ones should be sold, and out of the purchase money of the ground and materials the new erection might rise. We should not desire to see the Sovereign unsuitably provided, but we certainly think that the six palaces which belonged to George III. and the two additional ones which belong to George IV. ought to suffice at least so long as the finance minister declares he cannot afford to relieve the people from the window tax. By the bye, this new palace idea induces us to ask the Dublin patriots how far they have got in the building with which they menaced his Majesty. We fear it has not got past the *first story*.

Mr. Hobhouse, after presenting petitions from Westminster and Lambeth against the assessed taxes, proceeded to contend that the reduction of taxation proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer had utterly disappointed the just expectations of the nation. While the assessed taxes were still imposed upon the people he considered the grant for building more churches a very profligate grant. The Hon. Member proceeded particularly to argue against the window tax, which was the more grievous in consequence of its inquisitorial character. Its amount was 1,205,000*l.* for the repeal of the whole of which he besought the assistance of the country gentlemen. He concluded by moving the following resolution—"That it appears to this House that the reduction of the taxes proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not such as to satisfy the just expectations of the people; that the window tax is unjust in its operation, and most oppressive upon the poor of this kingdom; and that it appears to this House that the said tax ought to be wholly repealed from the 5th of April next."

This proposition gave rise to considerable debate, during which the most important speech was that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He opposed the motion, and went into an able vindication of his own conduct. Within the last three years, he said, three millions of taxes had been repealed, and it was clear that every thing could not be done at once. An inclination to relieve the most pressing wants of the poor had been shown, in the salt and leather taxes for example; and, by adhering to the principles now adopted, he would venture to say that, at no distant period, further reductions might be effected. The most important part of the statement, however, was an admission that the duties on law proceedings ought to cease. Those duties had been productive of infinite evil; and though they might have the effect of diminishing litigation, yet, if they tended to the denial of justice, the mischief was ten thousand times worse. It appeared that these duties did not exceed 200,000*l.* and they could be repealed without any loss to the revenue, because their quantum would be made up by the increased revenue of the crown lands (amounting to 100,000*l.*) and, by a saving to a similar amount in the revenue collection. Much conversation arose during the discussion as to the policy or impolicy of the sinking fund—a subject which has occasioned a variety of opinions amongst the ablest financiers and economists not soon or easily to be reconciled. The motion was pressed to a division, when there appeared for it 88—against it, 155—leaving a majority of 67. The communication that the law duties were to be repealed was received with evident satisfaction by the House, and we have little doubt the feeling will be general throughout the country. The amount, it appears, was comparatively small, and the operation was most injurious to the most sacred of all interests, those of justice. Mr. Robinson certainly deserves the credit of very earnest endeavours in the diminution

of the national burthens—all, as he says, cannot be done at once, and it would be unfair to expect it.

A motion was made by Mr. Abercromby, for leave to bring in a bill for the more effectual representation of the City of Edinburgh, in the Commons House of Parliament. The honourable member referred to the petition from that City, which stated that its population amounted to 100,000 inhabitants, and that the persons who were entitled to vote for the election of members of parliament were nominally 33, but practically 19! It was a self-elected body, called a town council, in which this right was vested—a body equally obnoxious to Whig and Tory. The entire representation in Scotland was even worse than that of England. This motion was opposed by Mr. Stuart Wortley, on the ground that this was no grievance, as the same system of representation *had always prevailed in Edinburgh!* and, by Lord Binning, on the ground that if reform was conceded in one instance, it would only give rise to other attempts of the same kind! Mr. Wortley declared that the House of Commons, constituted as it at present was, had carried the country through good and through evil; and Lord John Russell answered, that the country had carried itself through *in spite* of the corrupt manner in which that house was chosen. The motion was finally negatived by a majority of 99 to 75.

Mr. Richard Martin, proceeding upon the principle of a bill which he had already carried, moved "that a select committee be appointed to inquire how far the amusement of bear-baiting and other cruel sports had a mischievous effect upon the morals of the people." This motion was met by its opponents rather with ridicule than argument. The spirit of such legislation was declared to be "trumpery and hyper-pathetical." It was complained against that the mover did not go far enough—that he should also have protected foxes from being hunted, cocks from being matched, and oysters from being eaten alive! It was objected to also, on somewhat better grounds, that it was an attempt to legislate exclusively against the relaxations of the poor, while there were similar and equally objectionable amusements daily practised by the rich with perfect impunity. The motion was subsequently withdrawn by Mr. Martin, who declared he did so because he should be ashamed to see a list of the majority published on such an occasion. We cannot dismiss this topic without declaring that whatever difference of opinion there may exist as to the *extent* to which measures of this description should be carried, there can be no doubt that Mr. Martin deserves the thanks of every humane mind, not only for his benevolent bill for the protection of cattle from wanton severity, but also for the firm and intrepid manner in which he has superintended its operation.

When the mutiny bill was committed, Mr. Hume made his annual attempt to abolish the degrading punishment of flogging in the army. The honourable member remarked with peculiar force that he could not conceive how a punishment should be persevered in towards this gallant body of men, which Lord Bathurst, the colonial minister, had declared was unfit even for the slaves in the West Indies. The practice was, however, defended by Lord Palmerston, on the old plea, that corporal punishment was indispensable to military discipline. The house seemed to be of the same opinion, as the clause was negatived by a majority of 50 to 24.

Mr. Goulburn obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the so much discussed Irish tithe bill of last session. This gave rise to some discussion, during which it was remarked, by Mr. Hume, that the proposed alteration would be nugatory. Nothing, in his mind, would do in Ireland, on the subject of tithes, but the breaking up of the whole church establishment altogether. At this moment, the established church population of that country was in the proportion of 1 to 14, and therefore 13 had to pay for the church establishment of 1—a state of things the most unjust and monstrous. A petition was presented, which had some reference to this subject, from certain Catholic Irish bishops and priests, praying that they might be allowed the distribution of some part of the money granted for the education of the lower orders of the peo-

ple in that country. This was, however, opposed by the Irish secretary, on the ground that the funds were not at present at all misapplied or mismanaged, and that to accede to such petition would be only to nurse antipathies at present too vigorous. It was quite right that there should be some restraint in the application of funds granted by a Protestant government for the education of the poor. The only restraint at present existing was the introduction of the Bible into the schools, without note or comment, and this was now strenuously resisted by these reverend petitioners. We observe that Mr. Plunket, the Irish Attorney General, has given notice of a bill regulating the rights of sepulture in that country. It is high time that some such measure should be introduced. Scenes have lately occurred in Ireland over the grave, which were a disgrace not merely to Christianity, but to the very name and nature of man. It is horrible to reflect that the awful rite of human interment was made the ...al for factious ferocity, and even the place where the "weary are at rest" converted into the scene of worse than savage hostility.

In the House of Lords, the business of the session has been unusually uninteresting. There has been, indeed, no discussion of any consequence, if we except one on the proposed recognition of the South American States, which was little more than an echo of one on the same subject in the House of Commons. The debate was introduced by a very powerful and eloquent speech from the Marquis of Lansdown. His Lordship took a general review of the state of Spain and her revolted Colonies, and, after showing the utter impossibility of her ever recovering her empire over them, contended that, as Great Britain must in the end recognise their independence, she ought to do so at once, and thereby do them a service when they wanted it, and save her the misfortunes of a useless contest. Whatever might be the present anticipations of other countries on this subject, his Lordship thought that our wisest and fairest course with respect to their governments would be to declare to them our final determination. The noble Marquis concluded a speech of great length and ability, by moving an address, thanking his Majesty for having communicated to the house the papers relating to South America, and expressing a hope that his Majesty would recognise the independence of those countries without delay, and order such diplomatic arrangements to be made as were calculated to ensure the amity, facilitate the correspondence, and encourage the commerce which existed between this nation and South America. Ministers opposed the motion as uncalled for, and claimed from parliament full confidence in their wisdom and moderation, founded as such claim was, upon their past conduct. They contended that the South American States have already derived great advantages from our *de facto* recognition of their independence by the relaxation of our navigation laws in their favour, and argued that though a minister had not been actually deputed to their government, still that a satisfaction tantamount to that had been given in our unqualified and undisguised avowal that we never would consent to the interference of any third power. The Marquis of Lansdown having, in the course of his address, inquired whether ministers were apprised of the intentions of the Holy Allies as to the convention of any congress amongst themselves upon this subject; Lord Liverpool answered that "he did not know whether these powers entertained such an intention, and he believed *they did not themselves know whether they would take the question into their consideration or not:*"—No very courteous compliment certainly to the decision of the Holy Alliance on so momentous a question to the interests of their beloved brother in holiness, Ferdinand. Lord Liverpool also protested against any interference of foreign states with respect to the form of government of the new states, declaring that "he should be contented with the forms which the people of those countries liked themselves." The noble Marquis, however, pressed his motion to a division, declaring that in his opinion the creation of these rising states afforded the best prospect, and the most extensive resources for arresting one of the most formidable conspiracies, which, since the tyranny of Buona-

parte, had ever been formed against the liberties of man. On a division, there appeared for the motion, 34—against it, 95—leaving a majority of 61. This has been almost the only subject which has led to any discussion hitherto in this session in the upper house.

Mr. Canning, in a very elaborate and luminous speech, took a review of the situation of our West India Colonies, and entered into an important statement of the measures by which ministers proposed to ameliorate the condition of the slave population. The plan is to be adopted ultimately in Trinidad, St. Lucie, Demerara, and Berbice, but the experiment is to be made first in Trinidad. It would be, of course, quite impossible for us in the limits of a mere abstract such as this to develope the views of each speaker as delivered by himself, and still less to follow the minute and copious detail presented on such an occasion as this by the minister. We can give no more than a mere outline of the plan which we have endeavoured to epitomize as faithfully as possible. The Colonies above named, having no legislative assemblies of their own, are subject to the absolute authority of the King, and an order in Council has been framed, by which the whipping of females is abolished; the whip, as a symbol of authority, or as an instrument of summary coercion in the field, is prohibited, and punishment by means of it must be inflicted only in the presence of a free witness, to an extent not exceeding 24 lashes, and 24 hours after the commission of the alleged offence for which it is inflicted; means are to be afforded for the religious instruction of the slaves; Sunday labour is abolished, and Sunday markets very much diminished; the marriages of slaves are to be encouraged; husbands and wives, parents and children, are not to be separated by sale; the property of the slave is to be protected by law, and banks are to be established to receive his pecuniary deposits; slaves who may be certified by the clergy as being cognizant of the nature of an oath are to be received as witnesses in courts of justice; the slave is to be allowed to purchase his liberty, and that of his wife and child. Such are the improvements which are in the first instance to be attempted, and nobody can deny that very benevolent improvements they are. It is to be observed, however, that these regulations do not apply to Jamaica, and such of the islands as have local legislatures, ministers relying on time and reason for their introduction there also. The population of these excluded islands is much the most numerous, and the abolitionists complain loudly that the pledge of last session has not been redeemed, and that the colonial legislatures might easily be compelled, if contumacious, to obey the recommendation of the crown. It is wiser, perhaps, to rely upon "time and reason"—much good has already been done, and it might be overbalanced by the mischief which would arise from extreme or intemperate measures.

Lord John Russell followed up an unsuccessful motion of Lord Nugent's, on the Spanish question, with another which had no better fate. The debate, however, was remarkable for an exposé, by Sir R. Wilson, of the way in which he had received the worthless honours of the Allied Sovereigns, and the paltry meanness which had prompted their deprivation. The reply of Mr. Canning was marked by the generosity and good feeling which we wish were the constant accompaniments of genius, and drew down the repeated cheers of the house. We never read a speech which did him more credit, or which, we think, will, upon reflection, give himself more pleasure. We have ourselves spoken with such freedom upon some parts of Sir Robert Wilson's conduct in the Peninsula, that we feel we run no chance of partizanship in denouncing as base, unworthy, and ungrateful, the spoliation of honours which were bravely won upon the field of battle, and were therefore his inalienably—such gifts will become not honourable, but despicable, if they are to be thus reclaimed in every little fit of spleen or disappointment. We had almost forgotten to notice the admirable humour with which Mr. Canning described Lord Nugent's departure for the Spanish campaign. It literally convulsed the house with laughter—the effect was natural, indeed almost irresistible; but still it will not, nor

ought not to deprive its subject of the credit which his well-meant exertions have obtained from his countrymen in their reflecting moments.

From Ireland there is little except the usual intelligence—the transportation of a few of the superabundant population for being out of their houses after sunset, and the acquittal of a few orange anniversary men, who were suspected of having made more than usually free with the lives of his Majesty's subjects on the twelfth of last July.

AGRICULTURE.

March 24, 1824.

The mildness of the former part of the winter was favourable for ploughing, although, from the absence of frost, the land did not promise to work well. The early part of this month, however, produced a sudden change in the appearance of the country. The snow and sleet which fell prevented the continuance of ploughing entirely upon the heavy lands, and very much retarded it upon light soils. The remaining part of the turnip crop has suffered from the effects of this weather, and the farmers are rapidly feeding them off in some districts. In Oxfordshire considerable fears have been entertained for the crop of beans. On the cold wet soils, where the seed was damp, it was apprehended that great injury would accrue from the bursting of the seed. The wheats generally present a very healthy and strong appearance; in Scotland they are equally good, and the pastures are as green as is usual at this time. The season is still young for barley, and the few dry days which we have had, have been very beneficial to the early sowers. The lambing season has been very favourable, and generally speaking but few lambs have been lost. Hay is rather on the advance in consequence of the rapid decay of the turnips, whose tops had made great progress during the open weather.

In spite of the previous indications of a rise there has been a hesitation about the corn market of late, accompanied by a depression which demonstrates the uncertainty of opinion, or rather the belief that the home growth will be found equal to the consumption. Yet the supply of the last month has been below the average in Mark-lane. But the buyers are chary; flour is a drug, and has fallen 5*s.* per sack, and in many of the country markets the decline is even greater than in that of London. If the harvest be not late we are within five months of the appearance of new corn for sale. These are ominous symptoms, and we incline to the belief that prices will fall: to what degree it is difficult to foresee. Nothing but the impression that the home growth is adequate to the consumption can have caused the depression, and if this prevails after a year like the present, what must be the effect should the next harvest prove abundant? Farmers who may be inclined, and who may be able to hold stock, will do well to look at these facts, and to consider them, lest they find themselves duped at last by their own cupidity—a result by no means unlikely. And there are other considerations which, operating upon the factor and the holder of British corn, assist in precluding the probability of a further rise. It forms a provision of the last Corn Bill, that both foreign and colonial corn warehoused previous to the 15th of May, 1822, may be taken out when wheat is at 70*s.* and oats at 25*s.* per quarter. There are, perhaps, 270,000 quarters of the former, and 70,000 of the last-named grain in this predicament. Now, many of the great holders of British wheat purchased soon after or just before the last harvest, and should the price rise to 70*s.* and release the warehoused grain, there would be an end of the profit of their speculation. Wheat has risen to 65*s.* 8*d.* They will, therefore, probably check a further advance by selling out.

The distillers are very unwilling to purchase barley, and the quantity required for malting being limited, the trade in that article is extremely dull. The oat market continues to fall.

The average arrivals during the month have been, of

Wheat	6355 qrs.	Flour	9435 sacks.
Barley	5355 qrs.	Pease	1354 qrs.
Oats	21094 qrs.		

And the average prices of Wheat, 66*s.* 7*d.*; Barley, 37*s.* 2*d.*; Oats, 25*s.* 2*d.*; Peas, 40*s.* 6*d.*; Flour, 55*s.* to 60*s.* per sack.

The Meat Market in Smithfield is much lower; and, notwithstanding the quality of the beasts is fully equal to the late Markets, they still go off very heavily. The finest Oxen scarcely fetch 4*s.* 2*d.* per stone. The graziers being anxious to clear their pens, the Mutton trade was full two shillings a head lower. Fine Sheep sold at 4*s.* 0d, per stone, while there was nothing doing in old Mutton.

COMMERCE.

March 23, 1824.

Great attention has naturally been excited by the further measures of the Government towards the gradual introduction of that more liberal system of foreign commerce which is the avowed object of ministers. The remission of the duties on raw silk, the intended removal of the prohibition of foreign silk goods, and their admission on payment of a high duty, have chiefly attracted attention on account of the conflicting interests concerned; but on the whole, the plan first proposed, having been

modified, appears to be approved by the great majority.

Sugar.—The West India merchants, who hoped that some measure favourable to their interest would be adopted, have been disappointed. The reports on the subject were that distillation from sugar would be allowed when the prices of grain were high. This being unfounded, the market is in a very languid state; the purchases inconsiderable; the holders seeming more and more disposed to effect sales. The refined market is very heavy to-day. Foreign sugars very dull.

Coffee.—The prices of Coffee last week fell generally 2*s.* to 3*s.* per cwt.; the fine and clean descriptions, which have lately supported the currency so excessively well, participated in the general decline: large parcels of St. Domingo, nearly good ordinary pale, sold 64*s.* to 65*s.* 6*d.*; the damaged sold 62*s.* to 65*s.*; middling St. Lucia sold 85*s.* to 87*s.*; good middling Berbice 103*s.*; fine middling 108*s.* to 108*s.* 6*d.*

There were four extensive public sales this forenoon, completely establishing a market currency. The ordinary descriptions of Jamaica are again 1*s.* to 2*s.* lower; all qualities of Demerara and Berbice 3*s.* to 4*s.* lower; St. Domingo, good ordinary coloury 64*s.*; damaged 62*s.* The following are the sale rates—Jamaica, good ordinary 59*s.* to 62*s.*; fine ordinary 67*s.* to 73*s.*; fine fine ordinary 78*s.* 6*d.* to 82*s.*; Demerara, fine ordinary 75*s.* to 76*s.*; fine fine ordinary 78*s.* to 79*s.*; middling 91*s.* to 92*s.*; good middling 96*s.* to 96*s.* 6*d.*; St. Domingo, good ordinary coloury sold 64*s.*; damaged 60*s.* 6*d.* to 62*s.* The extensive parcel of Havannah all withdrawn, no offers.

Cotton.—The market has been on the whole in a pretty satisfactory state. The demand considerably improved last week, and about 3000 bales were sold, viz. 800 Bengals, 5⅜*d.* ordinary; 5½*d.* middling; 5⅝*d.* to 5¾*d.* fair; to 6*d.* good fair; 1850 Surats 5¾*d.* very ordinary; 5⅞*d.*, and 6¼*d.* ordinary; 6⅛*d.* to 6⅜*d.* fair; 6⅝*d.* to 6¾*d.* good fair; 7*d.* good; 7⅛*d.* very good; 170 Madras, 5⅞*d.* middling; 6⅛*d.* fair; 360 Boweds, 7⅛*d.* ordinary; 8¼*d.* to 8⅜*d.* good fair; 20 Orleans, 8½*d.* fair; 370 Pernams, 10½*d.* middling; to 11¼*d.* good—all in bond. The Surats have been taken chiefly for home consumption; the rest partly for export, and partly by speculators.

At Liverpool, the arrivals in four weeks, to the 20th March, were 54,443 bags, the sales 50,798 bags.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The rum market is completely stagnant since a government contract for 100,000 gallons was taken last week so low as 1*s.* 4⅜*d.* Brandy is exceedingly heavy, and but few purchases reported. Parcels, to arrive, free on board, 2*s.* 10*d.* to 2*s.* 11*d.*

Tea.—The news from China, of the 9th December, stating that the trade with the Chinese was uninterrupted, together with the arrivals, has caused the market to become heavy.

Indigo.—The holders confidently expect higher prices; the premium on the last sale is still about 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

Poetry. — M. Buisson has published a volume under the title of a Collection of French Poets, who died in the Prime of Life. Among them are the best productions of Malfilâtre, Gilbert, André Chenier, Bertin, &c. The editor has prefixed a biographical sketch to the works of each author. He is, however, blamed by some critics for having reprinted poems or fragments which had been deservedly forgotten, and with having omitted others of great merit. M. Gilbert de Merliac has given to the public the first French translation of the celebrated Spanish poem of the Araucana, by Ercilla.

History, Memoirs, Biography.—Reminiscences of 1814 and 1815, by M. M***, contain a great number of interesting anecdotes, some of which may even be considered as valuable materials for history. Such is the narrative of the captivity of Pius VII. and the means employed to effect his removal to France. A Frenchman, formerly belonging to the household of the Viceroy of Italy, has published Memoirs of the Court of Prince Eugene, 1 vol. 8vo. The noted M. de Pradt has brought forward a new work, Europe and America in 1822 and 1823, which we have not seen, and cannot venture to characterize on the credit of an Ultra-Royalist journal of Paris, which accuses it of liberalism and Anglomania.—Memoirs of his Highness Louis Antoine Philippe d'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier. The young prince was one of the sons of the Duke of Orleans, who, though he had fought in the Republican

armies at Valmy and Jemappes, was arrested according to the decree, in which the whole family of the Bourbons were included. His captivity, which lasted forty-three months, is the chief object of these memoirs written by himself, and terminating with his being embarked with his brother, the Duke of Beaujolais, on board an American vessel, Nov. 5, 1796, with which the memoirs conclude. This prince died at Twickenham in 1807, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his brother, the Duke of Orleans, erected a handsome monument to his memory. The style, says a French journal, is always easy and unaffected, and it is clear that the writer was a sensible young prince. We have mentioned on a former occasion, the intended publication of the Memoirs of Duplessis-Mornay, from 1571 to 1623. Two volumes have now appeared. Mr. A. Beugnot has published, The Jews of the West, or Inquiries into the Civil Condition, the Literature, and the Commerce of the Jews in France, Spain, and Italy, during the Middle Ages.

Fine Arts.—M. Gau, of Cologne, has now published the 10th Number of his splendid and classical work on the Antiquities of Nubia. It contains five sheets of letter-press and 10 plates. A work in two volumes folio, is advertised by the title of a Civil and Military Gallery of illustrious Contemporaries. It is to be in numbers, each of which will contain one life, with the bust of the natural size, and two lithographic prints, representing remarkable incidents in the history of the individual who is the subject of the memoir.

Travels and Geography.—The first two Numbers of Mr. Caillaud's Journey to Meroe, the White River, &c. in the year 1819—1822. These plates are in folio; the French journalists speak in high terms of the importance of the results of Mr. Caillaud's enterprize; we have, however, seen a letter from a German at Paris, who says, that these first two Numbers contain nothing of importance. A Geographical, Historical, and Military Description of Spain, by M. Chevalier Durozoir, appears, from the extracts we have seen of it, to be extremely well written, and to contain much valuable matter, expressed with conciseness and perspicuity. Another work, though of the highest importance, will demand but a short notice here; it is the Continuation of Mr. Charles Dupin's Voyages dans la Grande Bretagne. It is the third part, called *Force Commerciale*, in 2 vols. 4to. with large plates. The preceding volumes of this great work have been so largely quoted and so generally eulogized in the English reviews and journals, that it is hardly necessary to call the attention of the public to these two volumes. Every part of them is worthy the attention of the English reader, who, though necessarily acquainted with a great part of their contents, cannot find any work in his own language where the whole subject is so collected in one view: even where he may detect errors, he will be surprised that a foreigner should have committed so few; and those, as far as we have been able to discover of such small importance. Count Orloff has published a Tour through Part of France, in a Series of Letters to the Countess of Strogonoff, 3 vols. 8vo.

Jurisprudence.—M. Coffinières, Doctor of Laws, and Advocate in the Royal Tribunal of Paris, has published De la Bourse et des Spéculations sur les Effets publics. In which what are called time-bargains are considered after the laws, jurisprudence, morality, and public credit. This work is the fruit of immense research and profound study, and merits the serious attention of all persons interested in transactions in the public funds.

Philosophy.—A Course of General Philosophy, by M. Azais, professes to afford a simple and gradual explanation of all facts; 1st, of the Physical Order; 2d, of the Physiological Order; 3d, of the Intellectual, Moral, and Political Order. It is to consist of eight vols. of which only two have yet appeared. The author is persuaded, that the reader will find in his work only clear and simple ideas closely connected, from the universal principle, which is the basis of the edifice, to the lowest facts of the third order. The Study of Man in the Manifestation of his Faculties, by J. A. Goulianoff, Aulic Counsellor in the Service of Russia, and Member of the Russian Academy: Part I, an Essay on the Formation of Language, considered in its Physiological principles. The Prospectus gives an analysis of the whole of M. Goulianoff's work. The author promises to demonstrate the original identity of the alphabetical characters of all languages; to show the number, value, and primitive forms of these characters, to unveil the abuses of the old doctrine which persists in considering alphabetic writing as proceeding from corrupted hieroglyphics. "*The remote antiquity of the primitive alphabet,*" says he, "*will be at length acknowledged.*" M. Goulianoff means to publish, as a corollary to his work, a Universal Alphabet, founded on the organic System of the Elements of Speech.

Medicine.—An octavo volume, the author of which has not given his name, has appeared under the title of Conversations on Animal Magnetism, and on the Magnetic Sleep, called Somnabulism. It is very well spoken of by the French journals, but we have not seen even an extract on which to found an opinion.

Novels.—The Novel of M. Picard,

L'Exalté, or the History of Gabriel Desoudry, continues to be read with great interest: it has already reached the 3d or 4th edition. Most of our readers will recollect the dreadful sufferings of the crew of the French frigate the Medusa, shipwrecked on the Coast of Africa a few years ago. Mademoiselle Charlotte Adelaide Picard, now Madame Dard, one of the persons on board that unfortunate vessel, has published a small tale, called The African Cottage, or History of a French Family cast on the West Coast of Africa, in consequence of the Shipwreck of the Medusa.

GERMANY.

Historical Works.—It is, we think, without sufficient reason that complaints have been made of the frivolous trash the German public, in literary subjects. If any thing really possessing solid excellence is offered, there is no want of readers. Does not every body eagerly take up Professor Pölitz's work, "Staatswissenschaften im Licht unserer Zeit dargestellt," of which three parts are now published? Are not the first two volumes of Raumer's History of the Princes of the House of Hohenstanfen to be found, not only in the study of the learned, but on the work tables of the most accomplished ladies, where they are not placed merely for parade? Other instances might be quoted, but these will suffice. With respect to Mr. Raumer's work it may be safely affirmed that the first two volumes have fully justified the expectations entertained of it. Another work of equal interest, relative to the same period of history, but of a different class, is General Von Funk's *Pictures of the Time of the Crusades*, 3 vols. The last volume, "The Crusaders and Saladin," relates to three principal characters, viz. Conrad of Montserrat, the Emperor Frederick I. and Richard I. King of England. The author seems to have studied with particular care the character of Richard; but the result of his researches has proved by no means favourable to that monarch. As it was evidently a chief object of the author to open new views of the origin and diffusion of the spirit of chivalry by the crusades, and to place it in the most favourable light, how much must it have cost him so often to cast a shade over the true model of this chivalry, the lion-hearted adversary of Saladin? The third and fourth volumes of Raumer's history, which are promised by Easter, are impatiently expected. The public is equally pleased with the assurance of the author of the "Pictures," that the fourth and last part, treating almost exclusively of St. Louis, is ready for the press.

The publication of a complete collection of the historical works of Professor Heeren is proceeding without interruption. The tenth volume, now ready, contains the first of his celebrated work on the Policy and Commerce of the Nations of Antiquity. The numerous important works respecting Persia that have been published in England within these few years, have afforded so much new information, that it has been necessary entirely to re-write several chapters. While so many worthless publications find translators, it is really surprising that one like this of Professor Heeren's should not have been translated into either French or English.—Professor Dahlmann (of Kiel) has published the second part of his *Historical Researches.* Accredited fables of a thousand years' standing dissolve into nothing at the critical touch of this learned investigator.—The first essay in the first part treats of the peace concluded by Cymon. The second essay, a master-piece of historical criticism, is an introduction to the ancient history of Denmark. Justice is here done for the first time to Saxo Grammaticus.—The second part (or collection) contains two essays, of which the first relates to Herodotus. Professor Dahlmann shows that it was impossible that Herodotus could read to the Greeks assembled at Olympia his history, which at that time was not even written, and that all the tales that have been told to this effect for about 2000 years are derived from the very incorrect accounts of Lucian. He renders it probable, that Thucydides, far from intending a covert reproof of Herodotus, had not even read the work of that historian, which, if not written, was however published, at Thurii. The view of the plan and conduct of Herodotus' work, presented in the seventh chapter, is especially interesting. None of his errors are dissembled, and the greatest impartiality ma nifested throughout. It is probable that Creuzer to whom Herodotus has so many obligations, may be disposed to modify several positions brought forward by him several years ago, in his parallel between Herodotus and Thucydides.—The second essay in the second part of Professor Dahlmann's collection is a critical examination of the third decade of Livy's Roman History, by Dr. Becker. The author, indeed, who unites solid learning with unaffected modesty, calls it a preparatory essay, but nothing like it has hitherto appeared upon this part of Livy's great work. How many contradictions and chronological errors are here cleared up and corrected! It is to be hoped that Dr. Becker will keep his word, and, by publishing the seventh, eighth, and ninth books of the Annals of Zonaras, restore to us so much of Dio Cassius, which is not elsewhere preserved.—A work published a few weeks ago by the title of Aristoteles de politiâ Carthaginiensium, ed.

F. W. Kluge, containing an investigation into the political constitution of Carthage, is spoken of with great praise.—Dr. Menzel of Breslau has now given to the public the seventh volume (coming down to 1453) of his History of the Germans, an excellent work, which however has not been so well received as it deserves; notwithstanding the esteem which the author enjoys among his countrymen. He has however just now completed another work, which was much wanted. The Universal History, by Becker and Woltmann, in ten volumes (of which 40,000 copies have been sold), comes down only to 1789. The publishers have engaged Professor Menzel to add two volumes, containing the history of our times since the death of Frederick II. The first of these supplementary volumes is published, and the second nearly ready. The author has performed his difficult task in a manner which has gained the unqualified approbation of the most competent judges. Having gone rather at length into the account of the historical labours of the Germans, we reserve for another occasion the notice of some other publications, respecting which we hope to be able to give more accurate information than we at present possess.

RUSSIA.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences has just published a work of considerable importance, viz. the accounts given by Ibn. Fosslan, and other Arabic writers, of the Russians in ancient times. The text is edited by the learned Professor Fraehn, who has added a German translation, notes, and supplement. Russian literature has at present 20 literary journals, four political journals, and two almanacks, all published either at St. Petersburg or Moscow.

DENMARK.

A Captain Sivertsleven, a native of the Danish Island of Foehr, who was in the Dutch service, made two voyages in 1820 and 1821; he died in Foehr soon after his return from the East Indies, and has left a great number of maps, drawings, and descriptions of that country, which is still so imperfectly known, and which the Bailiff of Foehr has undertaken to publish.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

A Series of Engravings of Landscape Scenery, executed by F. C. Lewis, from the finest Pictures of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and English Masters, with occasional Fac-similes of the Original Drawings of Claude, Rembrandt, the Poussins, Rubens, Ruysdael, Cuyp, &c. in which the peculiar style of each master will be faithfully exhibited: in 12 Numbers, each containing 4 Plates.

A System of General Anatomy. By W. Wallace, MRIA. In 8vo.

Observations on Fire and Life Insurance, being a Guide to Persons effecting Insurances, and a caution to intended Shareholders, with a comparative View of the Plans and Merits of the different Offices. By James Mitchell, LLD. FASE.

The Whole Works of Bishop Reynolds. In 6 vols. 8vo. with a Life, by Alexander Chalmers, Esq. FRS.

A New Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. By J. H. Wiffen.

Gesta Romanorum, or Entertaining Moral Stories, invented by the Monks as a Fireside Recreation, Translated from the Latin. By the Rev. Chas. Swan.

A New and improved Edition of Sir William Chambers's Work on the Decorative part of Civil Architecture, with the Original Plates in imperial folio and the Text entire in quarto.

The Highlanders, a Novel. By the Author of The Hermit in London, Hermit Abroad, &c.

Critical and descriptive Accounts of the most celebrated Picture Galleries in England; with an Essay on the Elgin Marbles.

The Miscellaneous Writings of John Evelyn, in 4to. printed uniformly with his Memoirs.

A Second Edition of Toller's Sermons, with a Memoir of the Author. By Robt. Hall.

Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the Countries East of Syria and Palestine. By James Buckingham, Esq. Author of Travels in Palestine, &c. In 4to. with Illustrations.

The Cross and the Crescent, an Heroic Metrical Romance. By the Rev. James Beresford, MA. Rector of Kibworth, Leicestershire.

Sixty of the most Picturesque Views on the Rhine and Maine, in Belgium and in Holland. By Capt. Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, to be published uniformly with his French and German Scenery.

Queen Hynde; an Epic Poem. By James Hogg, Author of the Queen's Wake, &c. In 1 vol. 8vo.

The Witch Finder; a Romance. By the Author of The Lollards, Monks of Leadenhall, &c. In 3 vols.

A Third Course of Practical Sermons. By the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon.

A Short Treatise, endeavouring to point out the Conduct by which Trustees will be exposed to Liability. By Sir G. T. Hampson, Bart.

Idwal, a Narrative Poem. In Three Cantos.

Naval Battles, by Admiral Ekins. In 1 vol. 4to.

The Old Arm Chair; or Recollections of a Bachelor; a Tale. By Sexagenarius.

Annaline; or Motive Hunting, a Novel. In 3 vols. 8vo.

A Treatise on Poisons; forming a comprehensive Manual of Toxicology. By Dr. G. Smith.

Prose Pictures: a Series of Descriptive Letters and Essays. By Edward Herbert, Esq. with Etchings, by George Cruikshank.

A New Edition of Burns' Observations on the Surgical Anatomy of the Head and Neck; with a Life of the Author, and an Appendix, containing additional Cases and Observations. By Granville Sharp Pattison, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Maryland, &c.

A Treatise on the Principles of Indemnity in Marine Insurances, Bottomry, and Respondentia; containing Practical Rules for effecting Insurances, and for the adjustment of all kinds of Losses and Averages; according to the Laws and Practice of England, and other Maritime Countries of Europe. By Mr. Benecke.

A Second Series of Highways and Byways, or Tales of the Road Side.

A Practical Manual for the Preservation of Health, and the Prevention of Diseases incidental to the Middle and Advanced Periods of Life. By Sir Arthur Clarke, MD. In 1 vol. 12mo.

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BIRTHS.

Feb. 20.—At Chester, the lady of Major General Beckwith, a son and heir.
21. At Lichfield, Lady Charlotte Law, a son.
22. At Manchester, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Holmes, of the 3d Royal Dragoon Guards, a son.
23. At Upnor, Kent, the lady of Samuel Baker, Jun. Esq. a daughter.
Lately, the lady of Sir Charles Hulse, Bart. MP. a son.
— At Weymouth, the lady of Sir George Parker, Bart. RN. a son.
— At Bath, the lady of E. D. Scott, Esq. of Great Barr Hall, Staffordshire, a son and heir.

March 2.—At Cecil Lodge, the lady of Colonel H. S. Osborne, a daughter.
4. At Brighton, the lady of Capt. St. Leger Hill, a son.
5. The lady of the Rev. L. S. Boor, Master of the Grammar School, at Bodmin, Cornwall, a son.
6. In Devonshire Place, the lady of John Barclay, Esq. a daughter.
7. At Pyrland Hall, near Taunton, the lady of Francis Newman Rogers, Esq. a daughter.
8. In Harley-street, the lady of William Mitchell, Esq. a daughter.
13. At Argyle House, the Countess of Aberdeen, a son.
Lately, Lady Charlotte Palmer, a daughter.
— At Uffington House, the Countess of Lindsay, a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Erskine, Renfrewshire, Lady Blantyre, a daughter.

ABROAD.

At Humeerpoor, Bengal, the lady of Montague Ainslie, eldest son of Dr. Ainslie, of Dover-street, a son and heir.
At Paris, the lady of Charles Thellusson, Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 10.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Edward William Smythe Owen, Esq. of Condover Park, Shropshire, to Charlotte Maria, third daughter of the late John Edward Madocks, of Tron-Iw, in the county of Denbigh.
25. At Duloe, Cornwall, Lieut.-Colonel, J. D. B. Elphinstone, Esq. of the 3d Guards, to Miss Buller, only child of Vice-Admiral Sir E. Buller, Bart. of Trennant Park, near Looe, in that county.—His Majesty has been pleased to grant

that they may bear the name of Buller, in addition to and before that of Elphinstone, and bear the arms of Buller with those of Elphinstone.

28. At St. Pancras', Wm. Jenkins, Esq. of Gower-street, North, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Major-General Robertson.

Lately, Capt. Luttrel, of the 1st Grenadier Guards, to Emma Louisa, eldest daughter of Samuel Drewe, Esq. of Kensington.

— At Clare, Capt. George Baker, of the 16th Lancers, to Caroline Julia, only daughter of John Barker, Esq. of Clare Priory, Suffolk.

— Capt. Ebrington, of the 3d Guards, to Charlotte, daughter of Henry Townsend, Esq. of Upper Seymour-street.

— At Bath, Capt. E. S. Cotgrave, RN. to Alicia Mary, eldest daughter of the late W. Scott, Esq. of Bath.

March 2.—The Rev. Lord John Thynne, to Anne Constantia, third daughter of the Rev. C. C. Beresford, and niece to Mrs. George Byng.

4. At Mary-le-bone Church, William Delamain, Esq. of Wood Place, to Susan, youngest daughter of the late Daniel China Bullock, Esq. of Devonshire Place.

— At Streatham, Nathaniel Bowden, second son of Robert Smith, Esq. of Brokenhurst, Hants, to Emily Mary, youngest daughter of the late J. R Ripley, Esq. of Clapham Common.

9. At St. Mary's Islington, Richard Smith, jun. Esq. of Stoke Newington, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the Rev. Adam Clarke, LLD.FRS. of Canonbury Square, Islington.

— At St. Pancras', Henry Chawner Shenton, Esq. to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Charles Warren, Esq.

— At Foy, Thomas Turner, Esq. of Hillfield, near Gloucester, Banker, to Sarah, second daughter of the late Rev. John Jones, of Foy, in the county of Hereford.

10. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, George Smith, Esq. of Basinghall-street, Solicitor, to Sophia Mary, second daughter of the late Christopher Foss, Esq. of Portman-street, Portman Square.

11. At Drayton Bassett, Staffordshire, the Hon. Robert Henley Eden, eldest son of Lord Henley, to Harriet, youngest daughter of Sir R Peel.

16. At Farley, Colonel John Wilson, of Chelsea College, late of the Royal Scots, to Emily, second daughter of Colonel Houlton, of Farley Castle, Somersetshire.

— By special license, Capt. Peel, of the Grenadier Guards, to Lady Alice Kennedy, youngest daughter of the Earl of Cassilis.

18. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Oswald, second son of George Smith, Esq. MP. to Henrietta Mildred, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle.

20. James Layton, jun. Esq. of Bloomsbury Place, to Mary Ann, only daughter of Benjamin Atkinson, Esq. of Nicholas Lane.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, John Learmouth, Esq. to Margaret, second daughter of James Cleghorn, MD. State Physician.

DEATHS.

Feb. 18.—At Teignmouth, Devonshire, Thomas Wornam, Esq. late of Bengal.

— At his house, on the Adelphi Terrace, Isaac Clementson, Esq. in his 70th year.

21 At his residence, Sneed Park, near Bristol, in his 59th year, George Webb Hall, Esq.

22. In May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, aged 59, Mr. John Davy, Musical Composer, and author of many beautiful Airs combining sound science with simple melody: he was a pupil of the celebrated Jackson, of Exeter.

— At Blakeney, Norfolk, aged 73, the Rev. Richard Thomas Gough, uncle to Lord Calthorpe, and Rector of Blakeney, and of Acle, in that county.

— At his seat, Stoketon House, near Saltash, Cornwall, the Hon. Michael De Courcy, Admiral of the Blue. He was the third son of John the 25th Lord Kingsale, Baron Courcy and Ringrove, and Premier Baron of Ireland. Having entered the Navy early in life, he was made a Post Captain in 1783. At the beginning of the war in 1793, he commanded the Pearl; and in 1795, the Magnanime, in which he captured the Decade, French Frigate, and several Privateers. He particularly distinguished himself also in the action off Ireland, under Sir J. B. Warren. In the Canada, to which he was next appointed, he displayed great judgment: the Mars having been dismasted in a severe gale, Capt. De Courcy succeeded in rescuing her after two other vessels had failed in the attempt. In 1805 he obtained his flag; and in 1809 commanded the squadron employed in the embarkation of Sir John Moore's army at Corunna; when, for the ability displayed on that occasion, he received the thanks of Parliament. He was next appointed to the command of a squadron at the Brazils, on which station he remained nearly four years, obtaining the entire approbation of his own government, and the friendship of the present King of Portugal, who invested him with the Order of the Tower and Sword.

23. At Donnington Priory, Berkshire, Admiral Sir A. Bertie, Bart. KCB. aged 70.

— Mrs. Sigley, of Barton House, near Eccles, Lancashire.

— At Treleaven, near Mevagissey, Cornwall, aged 85, the Rev. Philip Lyne, LLD. 52 years Vicar of that parish. He was a man of extensive erudition, and of easy and gentlemanly manners. Until within a few days of his decease, he uniformly rose at a very early hour, and retired to his study, where he usually remained the greater part of the day. To his abstemiousness, and rigid adherence to rule, may be attributed, in a great measure, his protracted term of life.

25. In Park-street, Grosvenor Square, Luke White, Esq. MP. for the county of Leitrim.

— At the Seat of her brother, Sir George Prevost, Bart. in her 21st year, Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-general Sir George Prevost, Bart.

27. At Evercreek, in his 71st year, the Rev. John Jenkins, BCL. Prebendary of Wells, and Rector of Horsmonden, in the county of Kent.

28. At Hackney, Sarah, wife of the Rev. George Burder.

29. At his seat, at Chislehurst, Kent, in consequence of an apoplectic attack, Sir Thos. Reid, Bart. one of the Directors of the East India Company, aged 61.

March 1. In Clifford-street, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Geo. Wood, KCB. of the East India Company's Bengal army.

— James Doughty, Esq. of the Paper Buildings, in the Temple.

2. At Bylocks Hall, Enfield, aged 86, Jam. Francis Mesturas, Esq. late Partner in the House of Sir Francis Baring and Co.

3. In his 69th year, Mr. Viotti, the celebrated performer on the violin.

— At the Royal Crescent, Bath, Catherine Judith Fountayne, of Papplewick, Notts, youngest daughter of the very Rev. Dr. Fountayne, late Dean of York.

5. In Dean-street, Sir Thos. Bell, Treasurer of the Scotch Hospital, and late Sheriff of London.

— At Limehouse, Mrs. Rudge, mother of the Rev. Dr. Rudge, of Limehouse, and relict of James Rudge, Esq. of Heathland House, Croomhall, Gloucestershire.

— In St. James's-square, in his 28th year, the Most Noble Wm. Henry Cavendish, Marquis of Titchfield, MP. for King's Lynn, and nephew to Mr. Canning. His remains were interred, on the 13th, in the family vault at Marylebone Old Church.

6. At Ropley Cottage, near Alresford, in her 24th year, Ann, wife of Capt. the Hon. Robert Rodney, RN.

— Elinor, youngest daughter of John King, Esq of Grosvenor-place.

— Harvey Hetherington, Esq. in consequence of a wound received in a duel with Mr. Swayne, three days previously, on Royston Common: the ball had lodged in his side and could not be extracted. The dispute originated at the Atterton Park Coursing.

7. At his seat, the Grove, near Watford, Herts, after a long indisposition, the Right Hon. Thos. Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, Baron Hyde, in his

71st year. His Lordship is succeeded by his brother, the Right Hon. Chas. Villiers.

— At Bath, in her 86th year, Lady Catherine D'Arcy, wife of Lieut.-Col. D'Arcy, of the Royal Artillery, and daughter of the late, and sister to the present Earl De La Warr.

Lately at Pool, aged 77, John Slade, Esq.

9. At the Parsonage House, Willersley, Gloucester, aged 84, the Rev. George Williams, Curate of Willersley, and of Buckland, in the same county.

— At Southampton, in his 48th year, the Right Hon. Lord Edward O'Brien, brother to the Marquis of Thomond, and son-in-law to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort.

10. At his seat, Easton Lodge, Essex, aged 73, Chas. Viscount Maynard. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his nephew, Henry, now Viscount Maynard.

— At the Grange, near Cartmel, Lancashire, the lady of Thos. Taylor, Esq.

— At Thorpe Malsor, Northamptonshire, the seat of T. P. Maunsell, Esq. Catherine, daughter of

place, Old Jewry.

— In New Broad-street, in his 80th year, Robert Christie, Esq.

— Charlotte, wife of Wm. Compson, Esq. of Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

13. At Clifton, Miss Sophia Lee, a writer of considerable repute as a novelist and dramatist. Besides assisting her sister, Miss Harriett Lee, in the Canterbury Tales, she wrote the Chapter of Accidents, a popular Comedy; Almeyda, a Tragedy; the Recess; the Life of a Lover; Osmond; and the Hermit's Tale, a poem.

19. At Park House, Highgate, in his 66th year, John Cooper, Esq. of Toddington, Bedfordshire.

20. William Morgan, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square.

24. At Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle-street, Sir Geo. Ralph Collier, Bart. Capt. RN. KCB. who destroyed himself with a razor. He was raised to the rank of Captain, June, 1798; and created a Baronet, 1814. He destinguished himself on many important occasions, particularly when in command of the Victor in 1801; subsequently by his assistance to the British troops under Sir John Moore, on the coast of Spain, and since the peace by his activity in suppressing the traffic in slaves on the coast of Africa.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, in his 27th year, Edward Hibbert, Capt. Royal Navy, third son of George Hibbert, Esq. of London.

At Edinburgh, Duncan Robertson, Esq. of Carron Vale, and of Friendship, St. Elizabeth, Jamaica.

ABROAD.

At Tours, at an advanced age, Richard Archdall, Esq. many years member of the Irish and latterly of the Imperial Commons House of Parliament, and formerly of Spondon, in the county of Derby.

At Jamaica, on the estates of his cousin, John Rock Grossett, MP. aged 22, Walter Rock Crawford, late of North Petherton, and only son of Capt. Grossett, RN. of Long Ashton, Somersetshire.

At Madras, aged 22, E. R. Sullivan, Esq. third son of the late Sir R. J. Sullivan, Bart.

At Munich (Feb. 21), the court of his father-in-law, where he had chiefly resided since the restoration of the Bourbons, Eugene Beauharnois, Prince of Eichstadt, the son of the Empress Josephine and her first husband Gen. Viscount Beauharnois. Eugene was born Sept. 1, 1781, and at the age of 14 bore arms for his country under Gen. Hoche. In 1796 he was made Aide-Camp to Buonaparte, with whom he was always a great favourite. After the treaty of Campo Formio he was sent to Corfu, to see that treaty carried into execution with regard to the Ionian Islands. In 1800 he was appointed Major, on the field of battle at Marengo: in 1802, General of Brigade and Col.-Gen. of Chasseurs; and in 1805, Viceroy of Italy, in which capacity he effected much for the government of Milan. After 1814, he retired to a private life, selecting the court of the King of Bavaria, whose eldest daughter, Augusta Amelia, he had married, Jan. 19th, 1806. In his private character, Prince Beauharnois was truly amiable, possessing all the good qualities of his mother, and like her, proving himself worthy to fill the illustrious rank to which he had risen. His obsequies were performed at Munich, on the 25th Feb. with great pomp, and the funeral service was read by the Bishop of Pirta, First Almoner of the King.

Of the African fever, (Jan. 10th,) while surveying the River Gambia, T. E. Bowdich, Esq. the enterprising traveller and author of the interesting account of the Mission to Ashantee. Mr. Bowdich was born 1793, in Bristol, of which city his father was a considerable manufacturer. Disliking trade, and having a relative in an important situation on the Gold Coast, he obtained an appointment as Writer in the service

he was at his own solicitation appointed to that perilous enterprise. Of this expedition he published a narrative that was very favourably received by the public, and obtained for him the reputation of a scientific traveller. His services did not, however, meet with any further remuneration, for he had given offence in a quarter that affected his interests. Mr. Bowdich was author of some other publications; and, just before his death, had been employed upon a work relative to Madeira, and illustrating the Geology and Natural History of that Island. He has left a widow and three young children wholly unprovided for.

At Paris, the Duke of Cambaceres, Ex-Arch-Chancellor of the Empire. He was born at Montpellier, in 1753, and was educated for the bar, where his talents and assiduity soon distinguished him, and after procuring for him some important offices, caused him to be named Deputy to the National Convention in Sept. 1792. No member was more active, and few more able: he brought forward a plan for a new civil code, which he afterwards produced again when he was in the Council of the Five Hundred. In the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, by which Napoleon was made First Consul, he took a distinguished part, nor were his services and abilities forgotten, for he was shortly after made Second Consul by the man to whose elevation he had thus contributed. When Napoleon became Emperor, he made him his Arch-Chancellor, and in 1814, Grand Dignitary of the Order of the Iron Crown. After the abdication of the Emperor he resided at Paris in apparent privacy, but in Feb. 1816, was banished as a Regicide and retired to Brussels: however, in 1819, he was permitted to return. He was extremely rich, having an income of 400,000 francs. For some time previous to his death he had been occupied in writing his memoirs, and had made considerable progress in the work, which is now in the hands of his Secretary M. Lavolle. Should they ever be given to the public they will doubtless throw much light on many of the principal events in France during the Revolution and the reign of Napoleon.

At Rome, Cardinal Gonsalvi, the distinguished minister who governed Rome during the last three and twenty years. The career of this distinguished statesman and admirable politician was marked by events of the highest interest, and the ability with which he conducted the Papal government during a very critical period, is the proof of his superior talent. Whilst on the one hand he negociated the most important treaties, he was on the other equally attentive to the internal police of Rome, and also to the cause of it by preserving the fine remains of antiquity: thus filling the Papal states with noble monuments of his munificence, at the same time that he replaced the Holy See in a situation of comparative independence and security.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1824.

CONTENTS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

By the extension of this present Number a *whole sheet* beyond its proper limits, in order to include some very important papers, we hope to please both our Readers and Contributors, while we relieve ourselves a little from that vast accumulation of materials, which scarcely leaves us room on our table to pen this notice. The continuation of the *Life* of *Schiller*—of the Essays on *English Versification,* by the Public Orator of Oxford,—and the long promised insertion of *Richard the Third, after the Manner of the Ancients,* of *Forest Legends,* of the *Life of Chatterton,* of *Lillian of the Vale,* &c. &c. shall take place, if possible, next month.

Our Irish friends will see, by the able article which takes the lead in the present Number, that we are not disposed to neglect them: a Review of Captain Rock's Memoirs will appear next month.

As for the many letters and essays on Political Economy, which have been sent us in reply to the Templars' Dialogues, we must entreat the forbearance of their writers till our friend X. Y. Z. has more fully developed his principles. To insert their remarks now would be to anticipate several objections, which at the proper time, in the course of the discussion, will receive due consideration. If at the last any doubts should remain unresolved, and they can be stated not too voluminously, we shall be ready to give them a fair hearing.

We have no "vaçant corner" in our Magazine, and are therefore unable to oblige G. F. by the insertion of all his worthy Trifles. The Stanzas however to Kitty, which scarcely leave her a rhyme to her name, will very probably see day-light on the first of June. Lion's Head is a tremendous Patron of Poets.

Coritanus, who gives so humorous an account of his eager ride to Nottingham, to see the article in print which he had sent to the London Magazine, will find our opinion confirmed on inspecting the contents of this Number.

We are glad to find room in the Lion's Head for the following sonnet:

SONNET.

Give me that freeborn heart, that will not bear
Oppression's chain, but fiercely from it burst,
Or in the effort burst itself; that dare
Endure of deaths the longest and the worst,
But dare not be enslaved!—Oh! it is brave
To imitate the oak, that will not bend
Its form majestic, though itself to save,
Before the wildest storm that heaven can send;
Which nobler looks, though lying overthrown,
After its daring, than the willow when
It raises, from the danger overblown,
Its dastard, mean, submissive self again—
That lowly crouch'd to earth before the blast,
But, insolent, laugh'd at it when 'tis past.

Nugator will see, on reference to our former Numbers, that his plan has been too nearly anticipated in the admirable articles entitled "Early French Poets," to allow of our engaging in it.—At the same time there is so much merit in his Imitation of *De l'Amour Antique* of Clement Marot, as makes it a welcome offering for the Lion.

GOOD OLD TIMES.

In good old times, when Love was jolly,
And prudish arts were deem'd but folly,
And gifts were gifts, and honest coaxing
Was little like your modern hoaxing;
Then folks (God bless them!) thought it holy
That hearty courtship, when begun,
Through twenty, thirty, years should run,
A century of artless fun
In good old times.

But now 'tis nought but mimic tears,
And hollow grief and studied fears:—
Then cease my want of Love to blame,
For Love, I ween, is not the same.
O! bid him come as once he came
In good old times.

The doors of the London Magazine are always thrown wide open to those who are qualified for admission; but the following (we are sorry to say it,) have not the privilege of the entrée:—

The Pilgrim.—Bethlem Gabor.—Charlotte Adeline.—The Deformed Transformed. Part III.—Arthur Forrester.—To Fanny, a Pastoral Tale.—Young Owen.—F. *natural.*—Sonnet by W. F.—Sonnet by O.—B. R.—The Cottager, by G. N.—M. L.—The Awakening.—The Silent Woman.

THE

London Magazine.

MAY, 1824.

A VISIT INCOG.

THE DEVIL IN IRELAND.

When intelligence of Prince Hohenlohe's exploits in Ireland crossed the Styx, the unholy Legitimate of those dominions who had long looked upon that country as his own, became exceedingly dispirited. He had been so busy in St. Helena and in Spain, and moreover he had relied so much upon many about the Castle, the Catholic Association, and the Orange Lodges, that it never for a moment entered his head that his island ascendancy could be possibly endangered. He therefore left it entirely to itself, convinced from experience that he could do no better. The first miracle or two disturbed him little—he looked on them as mere fitful gleams of disaffection that would just glimmer and disappear, and trusted to the natural disposition of the people that they would not be long remembered. So many fine, redeeming spirits had already beamed their hour in Ireland, and been disregarded, or contemned, or slandered, or persecuted, that he had little fears for a dominion held for seven centuries *jure inferno.* One circumstance alone oppressed him—the modern distinctions were achieved by a *foreigner*—had they indeed been the work of a native, he would have laughed them to scorn, because morally certain that in such case, the country would have discouraged them; never was there a birth-place in which a prophet has less honour—whiskey is the only native spirit Ireland ever countenanced, and for the protection of that she has the devil's especial *permit.* Such were his reflections, when the Dublin Evening Mail brought him the case of Miss O'Rourke! "Oh! ho!" said he, "this looks rebellion," as he outspread his wings in the act of instant departure; "it is indeed time for me to visit this capricious colony in person; the great O's must not be interfered with; to the O'Connor Don of seven hundred years ago I owe my sovereignty, and from that day to this the great O's have been to me a kind of Vice Legitimates—candid and unaffected followers! they disdain even the disguise of a Christian appellative;* no, no, they must not be interfered with;" so saying, he

Sprung upward, like a pyramid of fire,

having lingered only for a few commissions from some late members of the Irish Parliament, who once held boroughs for him in that assembly. While in the air, his mind was chiefly occupied as to the shape which he should assume amongst his people—he wished to remain incog., and knew that for such a purpose his own natural likeness was the best, as there were a great many with whom he might be confounded; but still he was afraid that by some accident his regal character might be discovered, and this would have an-

* The old Milesian breed in Ireland uniformly reject the Christian names; they consider the sirname by itself as a title of nobility.

nihilated all his speculations. The moment he was recognized, all parties would of course have entered into a hollow, hypocritical convention—he would have had patriots on their knees to him with wreaths of laurel, and insolvents subscribing for a castle in the air—corporators, without the price of it, would have been inviting him to dinner—theologians, of whom he had the reversion, would have been giving him their blessing—and Sedition for the moment would have hid her pike to hail him with the shout of simulated loyalty. Full of these perplexities, he descended about midnight in the little island of Dalkey, so undetermined as to what decided shape he should assume, that at last, out of mere despair, he decided upon taking whatsoever shape might suit the convenience of the moment. This last idea was indeed suggested to him in Tartarus by some Irish politicians, who assured him that in their lifetime they had changed sides and characters a thousand times, and had thereby gained favours from power and indulgence from the people, which had very often been withheld from virtue! The devil himself was ashamed of following such an example, but still the necessity of the moment pressed on him, and he determined to compromise, by assuming none but the most sanctified disguises—an orthodox member perhaps of the Kildare-street Association, or some itinerant worldling, who preaches faith against works, and calls his mental darkness the new light. To this latter personification, indeed, he the rather inclined, because he had so many opportunities in the place he had left of studying the character, and because he had been well assured it was at present the fashion in the place to which he was going.

A fine autumnal morning now beamed upon the bay of Dublin, and showed Satan for the first time the glories of its scenery. We say emphatically, *for the first time*, because though the Scottish poet has thought proper to declare, that 'as sure as e'er the Deil's in H—ll he's in Dublin city,' it is merely a fiction, and in truth poor Burns knew far less where he was, than many less human and more godly have taken upon them to establish. The fact is, he had never been in the place before, an assertion to which we know very well Lord Wellesley will not give credit. But he had chosen on the most mature deliberation to transact his concerns there entirely *by proxy*, being well assured by many who had experience of both, that his subterranean dominions were far less troublesome to manage. This is an assertion however to which we believe Lord Wellesley will give credit.

It is impossible to conceive a scene more grand, romantic, or diversified than the bay of Dublin. Let any one imagine a vast expanse of ocean, bounded on three sides by lofty and majestic hills, rising in a thousand shapes, and tossed into their stations as it were by accident—the intervening space studded with little islands in all the varieties of rock, and wood, and verdure, and the city far off in the perspective, affording to the whole scene a beautiful and appropriate termination. This is its unexaggerated, every-day appearance; now however, if possible, embellished by the serene magnificence of an autumnal morning—the sun was just emerging from the horizon, and the whole lovely world of earth and water rivalled the beauty in which he arrayed the firmament.—Satan looked on it, and his heart grew glad within him as he soared amid the elements—above, around, beneath him, all was harmony—a second paradise seemed rising from the ocean—every feature bore the stamp of heaven; no wonder he exulted to think that mankind made it *his!*

When Satan descended, 'fair Dublin city' was in unusual commotion, and the crowding of the streets and the bustle of the citizens bespoke some event of no ordinary occurrence.—On inquiring the cause, he found it was a levee-day: "Aye, aye," said he, "the presence of a Viceroy is all that Ireland retains of her parliament; losing the advantages she has been left the expence—it is well that the payment of 30,000*l.* a year reminds this people that they once were independent; they seem now to retain no other trace of it." Stopping in College-green merely to observe and hail a statue very dear to him, he hurried to the Castle-gate to behold at once the quintennial image which royalty had erected, and

the description of worshippers which surrounded it. The cheering of the populace bespoke the passage of the Viceroy. The undoubted popularity which he beheld surprised him: "What a change," said he, "in this people! the Duke of Rutland* was popular because he loved a bottle—this man is popular although he hates one!" "He hates only *an empty* one!" exclaimed a figure, which swept by at the moment in a forensic dress, the tails of his wig over his forehead, and his robe tucked up under his right arm. "If that man knew me," quoth the devil, "he'd have paid me a compliment, and just with as much sincerity as he ever exhibited." The crowd now increased so rapidly that it became a mob; and, to say the truth, the persons composing it scarcely belied the epithet. Corporators and clergy, attorneys and tax-gatherers, lean curates and briefless barristers, merchants without credit, and shopkeepers who gave it, rushed into the presence of a statesman and a scholar, who seemed, as he surveyed the scene before him, to sigh at once over the memory of the past and the prospect of the future, and to say in sorrow, "Is this my native land?" Two very well-fed and very ill-bred worthies now disturbed the presence by their scramble for precedence, and attracted the attention of every one around them. The scowl with which they surveyed each other showed a hate too deadly for even the atmosphere of a court to mitigate—indeed royalty had already attempted it and failed. These rival courtiers were, in fact, representatives of the two factions which divide the country; and indeed of their disinterested object also—a selfish struggle for intolerant ascendancy. The first was a corporator, vain, ignorant, and prejudiced, a mixture of the sot and the harpy, whose nights had been spent in toasting the *Church* he never entered, and his days in extolling the *State* which he impoverished—a bloated emblem of that Juggernaut idolatry, which was the object of his worship only because it was the engine of his rapacity; habitual insolence was on his brow as he ascended those steps which, in better days, had been almost indented by the feet of his predecessors; those days, alas! were gone—he was obliged now to share his wages with heterodox servility, and the stupid sullenness of his demeanour showed that his presence at court arose merely from the force of habit—he came no longer in the confidence of gain, but from the fear of deprivation, and knelt (like the Indians at the shrine of their demon) from timidity rather than affection. The other was a dignitary of the ancient church: a full-grown child of the Sorbonne, matured before the starved theology of Maynooth had an existence, and of course exhibiting a judicious medley of Irish vulgarism and French vivacity; he fed his flock with the hopes of the next world, and only took in return the realities of this, assuming at once its sins and its superfluities. Orthodoxy itself might have envied him a paunch which seemed formed for pluralities, but with his own fraternity it was an evidence of the mortifications which 'the flesh' always proportionably engenders. He was the first of his creed that, since the battle of the Boyne, had found himself in the 'real presence' of royalty; and its effect was visible in the heavy alacrity with which he waddled into the anti-chamber; but the glance must have been superficial which did not trace in his exultation more than the effects of mere gratified vanity—the days gone by rolled back upon his vision—the martyred glories of his church re-ascended—his eye seemed to reflect the rekindled torch in which heresy was to perish, and all his affected humility had well nigh evaporated before its time, when the pious corporator hiccoughed out a curse upon "Pope and popery, James and slavery, wooden shoes and brass money."

It would be utterly impossible even to shadow out the characters which now crowded to inflict their accumulated visitation on the Viceroy. One thing, however, strongly struck the spectator—almost all of them had the look of creditors, though in reality most of them were debtors—each of them in fact had

* "The Duke of Rutland," says Mr. Hardy in his Life of Lord Charlemont, "was sent over to Ireland to *drink* the Irish into good humour." He died of the experiment.

bled his tailor for the court-dress, and seemed as if come to court to claim the cost of it. The Viceroy paid them all *with promises,* and did so as if he had been accustomed to it—the only wonder was, how even his proverbial urbanity sustained itself through such an ordeal; insensibility itself must have shrunk from the rankness of their adulation, and insincerity blushed at the lying insult of their loyalty. The devil himself turned upon his heel, half indignant at the spectacle—his interest in its continuance barely sufficed to console him—the whole affair seemed a burlesque upon sovereignty, and he could not forget that he was the truest and the oldest legitimate under the sun.

Passing rapidly across Essex-bridge he was accosted by a person who proved afterwards to be a felicitous combination of the Orangeman and the attorney—it was a congenial meeting, and they soon became acquaintances. "As you seem a stranger in our city, sir," quoth the attorney, "perhaps you would just step in and see the lawyers."—"It is a profession for which I have ever had a great affection," was the reply, when, at the moment, the hall of the four courts opened on them. It was a scene to fix and sadden the attention. There was youth, from out whose features Hope was breathing; and manhood, with its beam decaying from his brow; and age, whence it was scared entirely by the imps of fraud and avarice, that had changed its bloom to parchment, and its beauty into wrinkles. This place seemed the very palace of interest; the grave of virtue; the den whence scarce a light appeared that was not born of rottenness: there were barristers with little in their bags and less in their purses; denuded suitors, dragging the reluctant solicitor to taxation; sheriffs with a 'non est inventus' out of their pockets; and politicians with the purchase-money of their country in them! The din was deafening; just such as might have been expected from an assemblage where but few having any business of their own, each was discussing the business of somebody else. "How do all those gentry live," inquired Satan, "I have counted above five hundred?*"—"Most of them starve," answered the attorney, "but those who really live have places; there are two places, at least, to every practising barrister, who prays according to law, and who will fall down and worship the molten idol of the day! It was quite necessary:—when the property of the country became absentee by *act of parliament,* of course the business of the country followed it, and left the law hungry and vociferous: the echo might have grown too loud amid the emptiness of the island, and so the mouth was stuffed merely that the voice might be stifled." "What! are they all mute—all purchaseable? Is there not one tongue to articulate the name of Ireland?"—"No, not one: some speak for themselves; some for their sect; some for the new light; and some for the old darkness—not one for Ireland." "Mammon be praised!" exclaimed Satan, "but is Curran dead?"—"Aye," answered the attorney, "and an example to any romantic fool who may survive him: he spoke for the country, he thought for the country, he dreamed of the country, and would willingly have died for the country; and the country has not raised a stone to his memory! They even suffer his bones to moulder in a foreign churchyard: yet the infuriate brawlers, who toast him in their cups, and slander him in their sobriety, would fain persuade us they are the heirs of his patriotism, and baptize their odious and their selfish bigotry with the name of his enlarged and universal benevolence!" "Are ———, and ———, and ———, dead also?" was the next inquiry. "No, no; not dead, but promoted." The very devil started. "Aye," said the attorney, "you may well distrust me, but yet the fact is so; there are many worthies walking now around you, who denounced the Union as the ruin of their country, and its author as a patricide—who raved and ranted through the whole vocabulary of indignant patriotism, and yet who—when their prophecies were completed, when their country sunk into a pauper province, and the

* "There are, it is said, five hundred and thirty practising barristers in Dublin!!" *Irish Paper.*

man who they said made her so, rose upon her ruins,—knelt down before that very man, and begged the sportula of office from him, and live this instant on the gifts of his forgiveness—if, indeed, I should not rather call them of *his vengeance!*" Satan asked no more; he looked around the hall with the air of one who seemed to feel he was in the centre of his own property, or at least who had a strong reversionary interest therein, and he left it, laughing heartily at a Common Pleas pun, which preceded a judgment, and would have followed an execution.

The scene which he had witnessed left himself satisfied; he felt that his empire would endure, and for ever; for he felt that in this body alone had Ireland a chance of relief or vindication—this was the cradle of all the country valued: Grattan, Curran, Burgh, and Flood, and Daly, had lisped within these walls the infant speech of freedom—they were gone; caught up again into the heaven from whence they came, and not a rag from their mantles had fallen upon the survivors—their very names were perishing by a traitorous convention; hateful to the foreign junta they defeated, and equally reproachful to a native faction, unable or unwilling to imitate their virtues. They were gone; they who had breathed a fire into the forms of Ireland, and taught them they were men; but the lights of their creation died along with them, and others have arisen to warm intestine discord into life, or relume the faggot and the torch of bigotry! Unhappy country! when the torrents of the sky shall have descended on thee, and the fury of the ocean risen round thee, and the meteors that mislead, and the locusts that devour, and the fiends that afflict thee shall have perished in the deluge, then, and then only, shall the receding waters leave the olive a place amid thy vallies, or the dove of peace an asylum in thy bosom!

Not thus, however, would any one have deemed of Ireland, who cast but a passing glance on her beautiful metropolis; its streets, its squares, its quays, its public buildings, gave token of a city which should have been the seat of legislation and residence of royalty! All that was inanimate looked grand and opulent; but search beyond externals, and, like Lucian's statue, the interior was all poverty; yet thus it was; the eye that now feasted on all the magnificence of architecture, glanced the next moment upon rags and wretchedness. The mind that contemplated the stately colonnade shrunk at the houseless creature that shivered under its portico; and the passenger, when scrutinizing the statuary's skill, had only to look around and compare it with nature's genuine and unveiled proportions! The *still life* of this metropolis is picturesque and beautiful—its animation wretched and revolting. Erase the buildings, and you would say the people were paupers: on the other hand, blot out the people, and the architecture would tell you its inhabitants had been princes. Satan paused in wonder at the noble simplicity of the Provincial Bank—more guilty spirits had been there before him—spirits who, like him, had fallen from a height of greatness, not through ambition, his sublime though fatal error, but through avarice, the most mean and unredeemed of vices! Within these walls, ere now, wisdom deliberated, and eloquence thundered, and patriotism dared—there also speculation calculated, and dulness traded, and corruption triumphed—there a people's liberty was born—and,

> Just beloved and lost, admired and
> mourn'd,

there also it perished—that house once held the parliament of Ireland.

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"By the bye," observed Satan, "this place reminds me that I ought to take a peep at my own little Hohenlohe parliament," and off he set, post haste, to the Catholic Association. They were in full divan—all speaking together *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—it was in vain that the President declared he could not possibly hear more than two members at once, and appealed to the Secretary *pro tempore*, the regular officer being absent on his circuit—the learned deputy declared that there was a standing order on the books against more than one gentleman speaking at a time, but that there was nothing to prevent his discussing three subjects together. The

din was dreadful—broken metaphors and broken heads joined issue on the moment, and Old Nick, for the first time, felt inward gratitude that this people had established a half-way-house for themselves, between earth and his dominions. At length, a young barrister of about fifty observed, that as gratitude to their Protestant brethren had ever been the grand characteristic of the Catholics, and ought never to be lost sight of *so long as the aforesaid Protestant brethren could be of any use to them,* he had a proposal to make concerning the late discussion of their claims in the House of Commons. Mr. Plunket had urged their petition with his usual ability, and Sir Francis Burdett had, with equal ability, walked out of the house before the debate on it—he meant therefore to propose a vote of thanks to each of these gentlemen—the one for discussing, and the other for not discussing.* It was agreed upon all hands that the motion was manly, rational, and consistent, as 'it gave a triumph to neither party,' and it was carried accordingly. A long discussion then took place as to the person to whom they were to entrust their grievances during the ensuing session: this was at last terminated by a member's declaring that he had studied the whole Opposition physiognomically, and that certainly Mr. Brougham *looked a grievance* better than any man in the House of Commons—this was decisive—the grievances were then flatteringly committed to that gentleman; and a roving committee was at the same time appointed, to accumulate calamities throughout the country. A very animated debate next ensued upon the propriety of holding their future sittings during the evening. One gentleman observed that a debate *after dinner* † might possibly not be conducted with all the coolness requisite on such an occasion, and the society ought to recollect that every man's affairs in the country were in their keeping, as it was a standing rule that they should attend to other people's business quite as much as their own. Another member, in reply, remarked that for his own individual part he rather wished the sittings should be held *after dinner,* because he had an impediment in his speech, which generally went off after that meal; and besides there was no absolute necessity for any person being entirely *compos,* except the Secretary, who had to read the orders—every one knew the President might *stand sitting.* The Secretary very indignantly declared that if any stipulation of the kind were attached to the office he would immediately both resign himself, and report it to his principal, and he was firmly persuaded that no Irish gentleman would accept it on such a condition—there could be no reason why their officer should be *branded* as the only sober man in the society—it was by no means his wish to be so *particular.* A visitor from the British Catholic Board here ventured jocularly to propose that each member should pledge his honour not to take more than a *couple of bottles* of wine until after the adjournment. This proposal caused an universal commotion; it was instantly voted a most shameful national reflection, and a regulation was passed excluding all strangers for the future. The confusion which this little incident occasioned caused a premature adjournment—not however before the Secretary had given notice that he would relinquish even his temporary trust; and it was very generally expected that the person who had proposed him as an exception would hear more of it.

Such are the absurdities which intolerance begets upon endurance; and such are the freaks into which, when bigotry gains the ascendant, it delights to torture poor human nature. The men, who compose this motley mimickry, are some of them learned, some of them eloquent, most of them naturally honest and benevolent; but the persecution of ages has turned their heads—they have become almost mad through oppression, and wise authority justifies such a result. It is at once ludicrous and melancholy, however, to observe the fancied consequence into which their insanity bewilders them. There is scarcely a Roman Catholic rag-merchant, in the city of Dublin, who has not, in his own opinion, argued him-

* A fact.

† A fact.

self into a legislator—despair gives him courage, and ignorance gives him confidence—the orders of his trade are postponed to *standing orders*—he answers his customers with the *previous question*—his house becomes the scene of a *perpetual division,* and he takes his revenge upon the English law by incessant depredations on the English language. The Irish are naturally a comic people—*natio comœda est*—and one would really imagine that an establishment like this was a sort of sly posthumous revenge upon their parliament—the grave burlesque is perfect and irresistible—the House of Commons, for their own sake, should extinguish it by emancipation, and the blessings of the rescued Priscian would reward them. Unhappily, however, for the great cause in which these people profess to labour, their individual absurdities extend themselves to it, and operate as a ban upon the general body of the people—one of their last acts was a studied, written, vulgar insult on the heir apparent to the throne—a national mode of conciliation certainly.

A few moments unfolded to the visitor another, though not much different scene in the *Kildare-street Association.** The one displayed bigotry struggling for ascendancy, the other bigotry after having gained it. It is wonderful, however, to observe what a mild aspect intolerance can assume. The member who was speaking seemed demureness personified—his very face was pastoral. The hands were meekly crossed upon his bosom—the whites of his eyes alone were visible—the voice "piped and trebled" in the utterance as it whined out condemnation on every dissenting creed—the views and arguments were all of another world—and the speech ended with a petition to parliament for *more money!* A laudatory moan from the very hearts of the faithful seconded the proposition, and the speaker's countenance relapsed once more into its earthly expression. It proved to be an old acquaintance—an hour before, Satan had seen it in the courts when it was unmasqueraded—*the world* was upon it—sophistry sat in its contracted brow—a legal quibble nestled in every wrinkle—its tongue was clamourous in a wrong cause, and every nerve was strained, and every energy exerted to ensure its triumph—and all for —— a fee of five guineas! It is a strange fact, and one which goes far in proof of human disinterestedness, that this *heavenly* society is almost exclusively composed of lawyers.

Every doubt as to dominion was now satisfied—at least, so far as the

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* This association is one of the great sources of jealousy at present in Ireland; its founders allege that it has no other object than the diffusion of education and morality—its opponents, amongst whom the most furious are the Roman Catholic clergy, declare that its real purpose is proselytism. It must be confessed, that those who conduct it are not the most favourable to the claims of the Catholics, and certainly the zeal professed for their moral improvement does not quite correspond with the bigoted anxiety for their political degradation. While upon this subject, however, we cannot but lament the culpable negligence evinced, until very lately, by the Roman Catholic priesthood towards the intellectual instruction of the laity. They are now, it appears, in a state of actual fever in consequence of a declaration by Mr. North in Parliament, that such books as "*Moll Flanders*" formed manuals for the children of the peasantry in their hedge schools—it appears also, however, fortunately for the assertion, that the able and patriotic Captain Rock himself gives the very same list of hornbooks, including the disclaimed *Moll Flanders*, as the library of the Roman Catholic children. Such authority as Captain Rock's upon any Irish question is not to be disputed.—The present Chief Justice of Ireland is fond of relating a characteristic story upon this subject. A boy about ten years old, of whose moral capability of appreciating the value of an oath he had some doubt, came before him to give evidence; upon which the following dialogue occurred—"My little boy, do you go to church?" "No—I am a Roman."—"Well, do you go to chapel?" "Yes—*I play ball against the gable.*"—"Do you know your creed?"—"No."—"Or the commandments?"—"No."—"Or the Lord's Prayer?"—"No."—"Do you know your priest?"—"Yes, I *heard tell* of Father Phelim."—"Did you ever speak to him?"—"Yes, once."—"What did you say to him?"—"I *axed* him to give me a penny for *houlding* his horse, and he bid me *go be damned.*" It must be confessed, however, that many Catholic schools are now established, and the priesthood are fast redeeming themselves from a hitherto too just reproach.

metropolis was concerned. "Auld Clootie," clapped his wings, and crowing out, "Long live the system," soon soared above the spires of Dublin. As he rose into the elements, a laugh that seemed upborne upon a cloud of whiskey almost stunned and stupefied his faculties; it was from the Beefsteak Club in full chorus—one-half were bowing the Viceroy out of the room, and the rest were toasting "the exports of Ireland." Now these men were the magnates of the land, yet the "eloquent cup" only inspired them into discord—music, which has power to "soften rocks," has none over the "savage breast" of faction.

A mere point of time sufficed to exhibit the whole country to one whose "passage of a hemisphere was but as the waving of a wing." It lay outspread beneath him, and so far as nature was concerned, a beautiful picture it was. Hill and dale covered with a carpet of verdure—rivers without number fit for all the purposes of navigation—mountains of rifted rock that seemed to rise above the landscape, but to heighten its sweetness by the contrast—lakes of such extent that old Neptune would have seemed to claim dominion within the very bosom of the land, was it not that earth redeemed her empire by the little tufted islets that embellished them—such was the scene which the first morning's eye beheld in Ireland. Man, nature's last, and in that country, her worst production, had not yet defiled it. * * * *

It was strange to observe, as it were in a bird's-eye view, the varied population which deformed that surface—there was every form and grade of human wretchedness, from the slave, who shivered in the breeze without a rag to cover him, up to the petty despot, who heartlessly despoiled him of all he had left to give—the pittance of his labour. Each were pitiable, and it was hard to say which was most so, the plunderer, or the plundered—the one suffering from the penalty inflicted, the other from the anticipated reprisal. Though this outcast people are among the most patient that crawl under the canopy of heaven, still that reprisal, at times, has taken place—terrible to both, and difficult of election—the one swinging in chains upon his gibbet, the other lying murdered in his shroud of silk. The fault of this is laid, and most unjustly, upon the savage disposition of the lower orders of the people. The Irish peasant is truly a maligned and misrepresented character. Described to strangers as naturally vicious, he is, in fact, only the victim of a system which is so. By nature, he is a generous, and even a noble creature—his errors are conventional, forced on him by a policy as unwise as it is unfeeling; and then, by an argument as untrue as it is illogical—he is arraigned as the cause of evils, of which, in reality, he is but the effect. Driven by despair to deeds of horror, he is accused of cruelty—disheartened from industry by the denial of its rewards, he is accused of indolence—living in a country which he hears is free, he finds himself the bondsman of some hereditary absentee—belonging to a community which boasts itself Christian, he knows there is a penalty attached to his creed—he is condemned to hopeless misery in this world, and then impeded in securing a reversionary reparation in the next. Heaven is obscured to him, and earth is made a purgatory. If the Irish peasant ventures upon a little farm, it is instantly visited by worse than the plagues of Egypt—the non-resident landlord overloads it with rent—his pettyfogging agent requires a perquisite for forbearance—the Protestant parson takes its heterodox tithe—the Catholic priest gleans next in the name of God—and, last of all, comes some locust of taxation to lay it bare of every living thing, except the litter of children who howl the mountain echoes into hoarseness! What can be expected from such extremity of suffering? Nothing, except what actually does take place—periodical visitations of rape, massacre, and famine, succeeded by the stillness, not of peace, but of desolation. * * * It so happened that, when Satan was in the midst of his survey, he had a refreshing view of a practical part of the system—twelve fathers of families were dragged along to the shore, chained together, for instant transportation, followed by the cries of their widows and their orphans—never again, perhaps, were they to be-

hold the face of friend or kindred:*—but who can say they did not deserve the deprivation?—*they had dared to take a walk in the open air for half an hour after sunset, without being able to account satisfactorily for the excursion.*—Alas! alas! is there not in that Arab tribe of legislators, whose restless humanity roves across the ocean to convert the Hindoo and redeem the Hottentot—is there not one, whose sympathy can postpone its travels *to act* for a moment the Samaritan at home? Is the fellow-subject less deserving than the foreigner—the white man than the negro—the christian than the infidel? Away with that vagabond spirit of philanthropy which strides over the prostrate body of its neighbour to roam around the world in search of exotic calamities.—If the Christian religion be their stimulus, or its spirit their incentive, the very next scene was one by which their morals, their humanity, and their faith should be equally embarrassed—it was sufficient to make nature shudder and Christianity ashamed—the devil happened to look down upon a church-yard, as 'by law established'—a crowd of mourning friends and kindred were about to bid a last farewell to one they loved and honoured, and the pastor of their faith knelt down to offer over the grave his parting benediction. At the very moment when every heart was bowed and every eye was dimmed, another pastor—a Christian pastor†—entered at the head of an armed soldiery to drive heterodox affliction from the freehold of the church!!—As the military rushed across the grave, a few loose stones falling on the coffin seemed to speak the awful reproach of another world—it was echoed by the chuckle of the triumphant pluralist, whose very nose gave token of "the glorious memory," and before whose vision a mitre danced in the perspective! Three cheers from the soldiery completed the glories of the church militant, and the devil rebellowed them as far upward as he could, lest heaven should not hear them.—Soaring along he cursed Tom Paine and his labours, and wished within his heart the Turks would become such Christians as the Irish.

Elated with what he saw, Satan cast a farewell glance over the island, and departed. He felt that whatever appearances it might assume, it was his, and for ever—he felt that whatever green spots or peaceful intervals there might arise within it, still it was only a political volcano, filled with internal fire, and ready for a fresh eruption. A population, uneducated, impoverished, and oppressed—a government vacillating and divided—an establishment gorgeously provided for the few, by the reluctant privations of the many—a system of rackrent, tithing, and taxation almost without equivalent, and apparently without end—a clergy preaching lowliness and professing poverty, yet wallowing in wealth and shouting ascendancy—an absentee aristocracy, without either sympathy or pity, through the veins of whose tenantry the blood of the land is sucked—power struggling for the retention of its monopoly—superstition burning for its revenge and its aggrandisement—a selfish spirit of dissension in all, with scarce a redeeming quality of patriotism in any—these were the materials on which Satan built the foundation of his empire, and on these he relied, defying Prince Hohenlohe and all his works.

* See the accounts under the insurrection act in the south.

† See the recent occurrences in some parts of Ireland.

OBSERVATIONS ON "THE GHOST-PLAYER'S GUIDE,"

And on the invariable Tendency to Corpulence in Shakspeare's Ghosts:

TOGETHER WITH

CURSORY REMARKS ON SWEARING.

Mr. Umbra, who has written so aborately in favour of half-starved spirits, in the last number of the London Magazine, has clearly paid much attention to the condition in which the paunches of ghosts should be, when they visit the glimpses of the moon to hunt for glow-worms (a foolish light, by the way, to hunt by!) And, certes, he

has chalked out the path which ghosts should walk, as strictly as though they were about to do some spiritual-Barclay match of 1000 miles in 1000 hours;—but, having myself devoted much time and thought to Shakspeare's ghosts, and finding my conclusions to differ materially from those of Mr. Umbra, I am tempted to examine his essay in several of its parts, and to offer my simple notions on the sort of bodies which ghosts ought to be. Mr. Umbra would have them poor, airified, thin things, seen at a distance, and gliding to and fro on feet which "prate not of their whereabout;"—he would shoe them with felt, dress them in an atmosphere of blue gauze, and send them about, with nothing but the wind on their stomachs, to walk the night. I am not with Mr. Umbra, and, respectfully be it spoken, I think Shakspeare himself would protest (could he be consulted) he intended the senior Mr. Hamlet, the defunct Mr. J. Cæsar, Henry and Company at Bosworth, and Banquo at the banquet, to be all solid, substantial, positive people,—spirits in good case,—not exactly Lamberts of the air, but "the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials;" certainly not a set of whining vaporous Master Slenders and Master Silences, sneaking about the earth as though they were after henroosts and orchards. I am of Shakspeare's opinion;—and therefore let good-man Umbra look to his Essay! I shall not only entirely overthrow all his rules for famished ghosts, but shall show how incorrect he is in his ideas of spiritual attire. If indeed there is any thing on earth I understand, it is ghostly tailorship! Oh! I could devise such a pair of breeches for a spirit, as Banquo would jump at: they should be made of a stuff to wear well—everlasting, cut by the shears of Fate!

I have little to say in reply to the question of, "which character in Shakspeare is most difficult to play?" The Fool in Lear would puzzle the Fool in Life, but a sensible man might make something of the part: Hamlet, played "as he ought to be, not as he is," might perhaps be an answer to the question. The ghosts I think, enacted according to my infallible rules, are perhaps the easiest of adequate representation. At any rate there are a hundred characters more difficult;—Puck, Titania, Mustard-seed, Macbeth, Pease-blossom, Coriolanus, the Witches, &c. Mr. Umbra would except from the liability to answer the question, several of these characters as utterly *unrepresentable;* but surely it is not more difficult for Ariel to take a ground floor in a cowslip, than for the Ghost in Hamlet to sink in the earth, or to smell the morning air. "The King" is supposed to *smell the morning air;*—and, Ariel may be supposed to sneak into a flower. Or proper cowslips for the occasion can be had at Covent-Garden;—cowslips as capacious as cabriolets: or indeed very little creatures may be hired for Ariels. If fit bodies could not easily be obtained for certain characters, Romeo and Juliet could not be performed for want of an Apothecary; neither could Macbeth proceed in the paucity of a Fleance. But to the business in hand.

I pass over the general remarks on the poetical beauty of the Ghost in Hamlet,—which I believe no reader can deny; and come to the rules which Mr. Umbra lays down for all future Ghost-players, and which rules I shall take leave to demolish one by one, and with little remorse,—for can there be a more heinous sin than to erect a lying direction-post in our spiritual paths. Mr. Umbra's first rule is as follows:—

In the first place: under the present regime, the ghost marches in a mathematical right line across the stage, within truncheon's length of the foot-lights. Now this is about as ill-judged a proceeding as it is an unnecessary one. By this means, whatever unhappy defects the body corporal of the ghost may labour under, whether it be redundant in point of flesh, or curtailed in point of stature, whether it be supported on pins or pillars,—whatever be its defects, they are sure to be glaringly exhibited, while thus paraded before the audience, wantonly paraded, in the full blaze of the burners, and for the whole breadth of the stage. Besides, any lapse in the gait, a trip or a faux-pas, any flaw or fissure in the panoply, an ill-fitting greave, or a basin-shaped helmet, nay the very crackling of the buckram, can be recognized with the utmost facility, whilst the Apparition thus stalks, upon the very brow, I may say, of the orchestra, near enough to shake hands if he chose it, with his sub-

lunary acquaintances in the pit, and at a pace funereal, as if to invite an inquisition which he is seldom prepared to defy. Now there is not the smallest necessity that the Ghost should expose himself, with so much danger to the solemnity of the scene, in this barefaced manner; there is nothing in the part which calls upon him to display his person and accoutrements (both of which are generally of such a description as should court the shade) like a peripatetic brother at Bartholomew Fair. The first rule, then, to be observed by the judicious Ghost-player, is,—never to let his desire for admiration tempt him to the front of the stage, unless the mechanism of the piece compel him to transgress this salutary precept. Let the ghost always appear in the back ground; or, if necessary, let him walk down the stage by the side scenes, disappearing as distantly from the proscenium as possible. In short,—*let him always be at the most distant point of visibility, and be as dim, as shadowy, and indefinite, as is compatible with being seen.*

Now in *my* first place, why should not ghosts march in a mathematical right line across the front of the stage? or rather what could justify the ghost in glimmering indistinctly in at the back. He cannot indeed approach *too near* the foot lights, which are the only things that could supply the glow-worm's place or warrant the allusion to it; and as to his dress crackling, or his foot catching, the apprehension is wholly idle and groundless. The armour or clothing of a ghost is not necessarily ethereal —"in *complete* steel," that is the phrase; now I put it to any reasonable man to say whether a creature so habited is bound to walk as if he were in wool? Then the allusion to *stumbling* is beneath my notice;—and even if a false step were committed, could *that* be improper in a *fallen* spirit, who clearly must have been accustomed to it?—Mr. Umbra would keep the ghost ever in the back-ground, or set him sneaking down the side scenes on tiptoe, like a cat after a tomtit, as though forsooth the business of the scene would admit of it, or the speeches of the haunted warrant it: for instance, Horatio in the first scene says, "I'll cross it, though it blast me." And Marcellus anon exclaims "shall I strike at it with my partizan!" Now how could Horatio intercept a ghost at a distance, or Marcellus strike at a thing out of all reach. Horatio too, in describing the visit to Hamlet, says—

——— A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pè,
Appears before them,—and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length!

There is in truth no one passage which warrants the ghost in being kept in the back-ground. He is a stately, solemn, well-informed personage that does not blink the question (except when too rudely put by Horatio); but, having to *out* with a murder to his son, appears in his armour and original figure, and uses no disguise. What therefore becomes of the direction of Umbra, that he be always "*at the most distant point of visibility, and be as dim, as shadowy and indefinite, as is compatible with being seen.*

In the second place: our Ghost-players, instead of sweeping over the stage in a suit comporting with the dignity and darkness of the scene, generally choose to flaunt it in a crimson scarf, or a blanket-cloak tastily suspended from the shoulder after the manner of an hussar's hanging-jacket, or falling over the corslet like a waggoner's smock-frock. I speak of such ghosts as I have lately seen at our two great houses: if others of the fraternity show a better judgment in the choice of their wardrobe, they are to consider themselves as not affected by this criticism. But as for those gentlemen-ghosts who dress themselves out as if they were going to a masque or a fancy-ball, in garments foreign to their character, it is proper that I should inform them,—they quite mistake the matter. The second rule, promulgated by the Ghost-player's Guide, in allusion to this circumstance, is this, videlicet: that *a ghost should wear no flaring colours whatever,* but (if he must wear clothes at all), be as dark and as dismal as an alchemist or an undertaker, as muffled and mysterious as a monk or a mourner. This hint should be directed perhaps rather to the managers than to the performers, as it is not always in the power of a ghost to choose his own clothes. And I would earnestly beseech the managers of the two houses aforesaid, to convert a little of the superfluous bullion which blazes upon their scenery, and flickers upon the tops, tails, and toes, of their dancers, into a suit of apparel fit for a gentleman-ghost to appear in.

The Ghost ought to appear in a complete suit of armour: I should not contend that it be "steel," though the text so advises us, because this would be perhaps superfluous on account of the distance; but it should be a splendid and entire suit of warlike panoply,—burnished tin we will say. The effect might be heightened, if necessary, by a thin, gauzy, sombre raiment thrown over the armour, which would give a cloudy, indefined appearance to the figure; but by attending to the first rule of always keeping in the back ground, this part of the paraphernalia might be dispensed with. A crest of black and waving plumes would confer altitude and majesty where these qualifications rarely exist, scilicet, in the persons of ghost-players in general, who are for the most part fat little fellows of about five feet and an inch, with Canopus bellies and bandy legs.

Here Mr. Umbra is throughout quite at fault, and I must take the liberty of proving him to be so. But to the last sentence in the extract I must first reply, as it clearly proves that the author's notion of the Ghost is not such as a sensible man should entertain; it is to my understanding a covert objection to the comfortable and reasonable corpulence of the spirit, an objection which I will oppose so long as I have an ounce of flesh on my bones. I do solemnly assert that the Ghost in Hamlet ought to be fat, weighty, and impressive—not a thing to ride feather weight for a silver cup,—but a person that might "go to scale," and not be found wanting in the lists: a substantial, good, ghost! In the first place, to go back to the ghost's original, it is very clear from evidence on record that Hamlet's father was a man of rather a corpulent turn. His habits bespeak it. He describes himself as having been sleeping in his orchard—"*his custom always of an afternoon,*"—now we all know that men who sleep after dinner, are not your puny, wiry fellows,—but rogues that run to belly,—varlets that have considerable linings to their waistcoats. Old Mr. Hamlet was just one of these. His son, in referring to his picture, exclaims, "Could you on this fair *mountain* leave," &c. This mountain could have but one explanation! Besides, Hamlet himself, who may be expected to take after his father, is mentioned as being "*fat* and scant of breath," that is, pursy, like his parent;—full, and puffy at a little exertion. Having thus proved the ghost's original to have been, in existence, a gentleman of aldermanic person and propensities, I come to justify a transfer of the suet to his ethereal image. The ghost is described to Hamlet as "a figure *like* your father"—Horatio says, "I knew your father; these hands are not more like;" and, on its first appearance, Marcellus asks of Horatio "Is it not like the King?" to which the reply is "as thou art to thyself!" Hamlet knows his parent the moment the Ghost enters—and could all these speeches and confirmations be borne, if a poor silent withered anatomy of a man were to glide in "no more like my father, than I to Hercules!" The idea of a thin ghost is not to be endured. It is monstrous!

I agree not either with Mr. Umbra in his mode of apparelling our spirit. Why should "a ghost wear no flaring colours whatever"?—Suppose the old King Hamlet in his life-time to have admired a crimson scarf, or to have been partial to a loose cloak; would it be reasonable or fair in us to have expected his spirit to forsake a favourite colour or jacket? Oh no! "Let him, says Mr. Umbra, meaning the Ghost, "be as dark and as dismal as an alchemist or an undertaker." Zounds! (for I get nearly out of patience) Zounds! I say, how would such a dowdy spirit have been known as the King? What a pretty figure would such a long stick of slate pencil cut before the following description of his late lamented Majesty.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the Herald Mercury
New lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

Is a King, thus admirably fashioned, to be libelled by a gloomy old pope of a ghost, as Mr. Umbra would endeavour to make him? I do agree, I admit, with Mr. Umbra in this, that the dress ought to be armour—but I protest against its brightness being rendered sombre by gauze,—or the warlike panoply being "read at a

short notice" by tin! *Complete steel*—and complete steel only, I say! And let the Ghost ring his iron heel to the ground as he passes stately by. The airy vision should have the power of its fleshy forefather threefold!—and the steel attire, so divinely inhabited, ought to stalk by with additional energies. It should have the effect of a suit of armour going by steam!

Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Hor. Arm'd, my Lord!
Ham. From top to toe?
Hor. My Lord, from head to foot!

A ghost, so armed and so potential, was never intended to be a noiseless vapour moving about indistinctly and irresolutely. He is, throughout the play, described as a spirit awful, lofty of port, majestic, and imposing of gait! "We do it wrong," says Marcellus, "*being so majestical*, to offer it this show of violence." And Horatio appeals to it, not as to a flimsy half-seen dim-armoured sprite,—

What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes *march*?

Again, Marcellus says:

Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial *stalk* hath he gone by our watch!

And Horatio recollects the particular suit of armour the apparition wears, which he could never do under the abominable gauze with which Mr. Umbra would enshroud it:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.

I trust I have made it clear, on incontrovertible evidence, that the Ghost in Hamlet should be fat and imposing, that he should wear real armour, and keep as much in the eye of the lamps as possible.

It would, perhaps, be invidious to recommend any particular actor for this part; but, until a stouter gentleman of equal talent is seen, I shall be content with Mr. Egerton, who weighs somewhere about eighteen stone, and is of a serious cast. He, who could have performed the part without stuffing is gone; but I should think a good ghost might be got from the City.

The concluding passage in Mr. Umbra's letter runs thus:

To the above remarks I have but this to add, with a particular view to the play of Hamlet,—that the manner in which I have sometimes heard the Ghost utter the word "Swear!" when the prince invites Horatio and Marcellus to swear upon his sword, is a gross infraction of the decorum which should always be observed on the stage; it is bellowed through the side-scene by some fellow or other with a throat like a trombone, or in the tone of an enraged alderman. The voice should come from under the stage, as the text plainly expresses, and the greatest possible care should be taken to manage this scene, so as that the audience shall not laugh, instead of quake, through its representation.

I have yet to learn why a ghost's voice should be so exceedingly thin, airy, and tremulous. Hamlet does not remark that his father's voice is changed; and I therefore should incline to a full, wholesome, and manly voice for the King. Indeed, allowing a little for the solemnity of the hour, and conceding a paleness to the features, and a fixed lustre to the eye, I am not for having the Ghost vary a tittle from the gentleman whom he is destined to represent. I do not attach exactly the same meaning to the word "Swear!" here that all the commentators do; indeed, I find several allusions to the King's habit of swearing scattered throughout the play, as though Shakspeare would intimate to us that he was rather addicted to it in his lifetime.* Horatio says, "I'll cross it, though it bl—t me," by which he plainly shows that he remembered the consequence of *crossing* his Majesty. Hamlet himself exclaims on seeing him, "Be thou a spirit of health or goblin d—d!" as much as to convey that he would know his father by the reply: and he further inquires whether he brings "airs from Heaven, or bl—ts from Hell!" This is delicate ground to touch upon, and I therefore but touch

* I understand it is clearly shewn by several old tattered Danish manuscripts, that King Hamlet was descended from Otho or *Oatho* the Great.

on it. The manner, however, in which Hamlet receives his ghostly father's directions to "Swear" at his associates, is sufficiengly confirmatory of my reading of it. I see no reason therefore for the old gentleman mincing the word as Mr. Umbra directs.

A few words on Shakspeare's ghosts in general, and I have done. It may not have been observed, but it is a fact, that all Shakspeare's ghosts are fat and determined. Julius Cæsar is not only jolly himself, but hates all lean and hungry men. He wishes Cassius were fatter. Banquo is a merry gentleman who is craved for at the feast, as one who would do it justice, and who comes upon the wish. Indeed, it is quite clear to me, that Shakspeare wished his ghosts to be well embodied; and if I but add one ounce to the ribs of any of his spirits I shall not have written in vain.

HORRIDA BELLA.

THE RHAPSODIST.

NOON.

RAPT by her two gray steeds, the car of Morn
Bears her above the lark (his lofty song
Pouring from Heav'n's high crown): yet ere the cope
Be won, she hears, thickening upon her steps,
The snort and tread of Phœbus' rolling wain
Torn up the road of day; her pale-shod wheels,
Yea, ev'n the flaxen ringlets of the Dame,
Are blazing all to hindward!—On he whirls,
And scarce a chariot length between!—She burns,
And chides, and pants, and cries!—Over his team
Hyperion bends, loud-cheering; Phlegon* sweats,
And Æthon; Pyrois shakes himself to foam,
Whilst fierce Eoüs at the nostril breathes
His dragon-soul,—that these gray Matineers,
Their vantage ta'en, should win the goal of noon,
And bear the palm away!—'Tis won! 'tis won!—

Now turn thee from the glorious skies, (so bright,
The eagle blind-fold soars against the sun,)
To Earth's refreshing view: yet even her robe
Is golden green, almost too rich emblazed;
The hills, and the wide woodland, and the valleys,
Burn with excessive day, and light o'erflows
The general horizontal globe terrene.—
Now in the meads, ye Shepherds, now begin
To charm the listening hours; adown the vale
Let your sweet song go echoing. Where, I pray,
Where now's the woody Muse's worshipper?
The fond-eyed boy, that stealing summer's breath
Pours it within his pipe,—as down the side

* Phlegon, Æthon, Pyrois, and Eoüs, the four horses of the chariot of the Sun.

Of yon green hill he totters, carolling,
Each break of sun-light? Is he in the plains,—
Or basking on the napless mountain-top,—
Or treading down the deep grass of the vale?—
Hark!—from the bushes, all along the stream,
Melody rises, and the small waves steal
With footless motion, underneath the sound
Murmuring to each other: Hark, again!—
O silvery pipe! the honey-sucker bends
His course about the rose with double glee,
Chiming his hum to thy sweet thrill, and now,
(Drawn by the fine attraction of his ear,)
Along the brook wings up his winding way,
Where the lost waters wander from the song.—
How melancholy-wild the sylvan strain!
How sad poor Echo sighs! when to her ears
Come notes, her own Narcissus breathed of old
Amid the audient hills. This eloquent air
Trembles again!—Saturn once more holds sway!
The time's Arcadian, and the Naiads thus
Moan to their streaming urns;—or through their canes,
Sev'n-tubed, the Wood-maids sigh: Hark! hark! the sounds
Are true Parnassian,—the sweet reeds of Castaly
Do blow their hollow trumpets in the downs,
Waking the tender ear of Pity. O, rare!—
Apollo, sure, doth haunt this sacred glen,
Or the Thrax bard: for see! the lithe trees bow
Over the nook that shuts in half his soul
Who breathes it all mid their inclining leaves,
And wins them downward: Melody hath fill'd
So full a pipe, not since the shepherd-reign
Of wood-enamour'd Pan, or Sylvan, whom
Echo did answer with so sweet redound,
He never sang again.—But who is here?
Who but the Rhapsodist, amid the shades
Swelling his oat? Amid the sulky shades
That close the brow at the o'er-peering sun,
Mid their green darkness, deep-down in the dale,
He sings, moss-pillow'd; or beside the elm
Flinging its shadier horror o'er the stream,
He leans,—whilst the black waters at his feet
Stumble along their rocky way,—he leans,
Companion of the listening nightingale,
Who cons her nightly music from his notes,
Unseen herself the while, and mute. Now forth,
Forth comes the boy, tuning his pastoral flute
To gayer, yet as sweet-wild measures. Slow,
And turning oft, and piping, up the bourne
He thrids his violet walk, invisible
With many another flower of equal hue,
But scarce so sweet as this:—Sudden he stops!
To listen if the charmed valley sings.—

A smother'd roar seems to attend his song,
Involuntary harmony, soft-breathed and low,—
Of winds, and woods, and murmuring birds within,
Of streams, and reeds canorous; the dull drone
Fills up his ears, of the sand-number'd swarms
That the hot grass engenders, when, out-sung,
The loud-wing'd bee serves but to lead the choir.

Now drooping in the fervour of the glade
The wandering Minstrel turns: An odorous bank,
All willow-grown, descends into the stream,
And up its feet the little ripples climb
With emulous struggles,—then fall back, and laugh
At their own folly, and then glide away:
Hither he hies, his meadow-pipe y-slung
Carelessly from his neck, and lays him down
With head on hand, beneath the willow shade,
Curtain so green; and stretches forth his limbs
Athwart the couchant grass, as down as silk,
But fresh with unstol'n dew: Here may he lie,
And listen to the music of the groves,
And hear the soft waves lapping on the shore,
And catch the whispers wanton Zephyr breathes
Into the ear of love-sick flowers, and mark
The fractious melody the runnel makes
Down, far a-field, where it doth spit its foam
At sturdy rocks, and island tufts, amidst
Its liquid path,—breasting it, as it rolls
And wrangles through the bottom of the dell.

Here in the bosom of the woodland, he,
The Rhapsodist, doth ever love to dream
With Silence or the Muse: his summer bower
A Dryad girl doth weave; Oread or Faun,
Smooth-handed Faun, his dale or mountain lair:
Satyr doth pipe for him, when he is tired,
Amid the sounding groves; and those green Maids,
(O that he still might see them!—but they fled
All to their inner caves, when Man unveiled
Their rites mysterious to the vulgar eye,
And delicate unseen charms)—the Fountain Nuns,
Immured each one within her crystal cell,
Chaunt in his ears a never-ceasing song,
The still sweet burthen of their flowing wells.
Such is the joy of Noon,—to him whose soul
Is fitted for Elysium: He who finds
No pleasure in the Noon-tide hour shall weep,
For ever, in the doleful shades of Acheron.

JOHN LACY'S REPLY

TO

THE LETTER OF TERENTIUS SECUNDUS, A "DRAMATIST OF THE DAY."

Sir,—Your letter, addressed to me, in the March number of the London Magazine, gave me, I confess, no little surprise. When I wrote my first "Letter to the Dramatists," my object and expectation were, as I then expressed myself, merely to create a "nascent impulse towards legitimate dramatism;" I had no notion that before my "Postscript" was a moon old, the principles upheld in it and the six preceding letters would be subscribed to by a "Dramatist of the Day,"—and a "successful" one. This was far beyond what, to speak less courteously than honestly, I had hoped from the prejudice of the age and the pertinacity of your profession: the age is indisputably voluptuous, effeminate, and *sensual* (to use the characteristic word of a contributor of last month),—it will therefore naturally reject all poetry but that which ministers to this its morbid disposition; your profession (the poetic) has never been remarkable for lending an ear to any suggestion which seems to impeach its profane infallibility,—inspiration, if not contrary to reason, is generally looked upon as above it. This twofold consideration damped my confidence, though not my ardour; I wrote earnestly, but (which you would scarcely suspect from my language) I wrote dejectedly; it would have been impolitic then, but I now acknowledge the truth, that I had but a faint hope of any result whatever from my Letters. They were dictated rather by a wish to vent my sorrow and my spleen at the final demise of Tragedy, than by the hope of revivifying her, though I dissembled my real feelings. Anger, indignation, and chagrin, upon seeing Melpomene, as I thought, banished from the only stage she had ever trod, since Thespis turned mountebank, with a natural step and familiar dignity,—disdain upon finding her hereditary boards usurped by the sing-song Muse of Modern Poetry,—and the spirit of revenge, which felt a wretched gratification in condemning what I despaired of curing, in annihilating what I despaired of improving,—these were the passions which sharpened my pen whilst I wrote my six Letters to Dramatists. Your favour of March last proved that better feelings might have inspired me to undertake this work; I judged too harshly of the age and the Irritable Tribe. Hope, and not Despair, should have sat upon my goose-quill; the "white-handed" goddess, now pointing to the stage, tells me it *shall* be regenerated.

I know not how far the above honest confession will plead my excuse for the severity and unkindness towards the Dramatists of the Day, with which you charge me in your epistle. I might perhaps allege with some degree of truth, that I was "cruel only to be kind," for I well knew that the only instrument to be applied, with the most distant chance of correcting your errors, was the *scourge*. You, however, seem to have had a better appetite for the "*crustula.*" You say that I should have given you "time" and "encouragement." What! to confirm you in your mal-practices, and strengthen you in your false principles! For which of your good qualities should I have praised you? for your plot-work, your passion, your versification, your running dialogue, or your delineation of character? For none of these: your own letter allows, on the part of yourself and your Fraternity, that your interest in them all is not worth a laurel-leaf. For your *poetry*, then? it remains that I should have lauded you for this your excellent qualification. Why, Sir, if it were possible to put my Letters to music, they might be sung to a harp with one string,—and that string should sound nothing but *poetry! poetry! poetry!* So far from my Letters disallowing you the praise of being poets, they uniformly accuse you of being *nothing else.* If indeed you mean to say that, finding you so full of the poetical faculty, I should thence have encouraged you to hope for success in the drama, it is but replying,—that Milton, though he were clapped on the back by Aristotle or Longinus, would most pro-

bably never have written a good tragedy,—and you are answered. A better way, however, is to refer you to my first letter, where I declare my wish to encourage the dramatic spirit of the times; and to my last letter, where, as some have thought (and as you yourself, rather inconsiderately for your present charge against me, seem to think), I have scattered my incense with too liberal a hand at the shrine of Joanna Baillie and Minor Beddoes. Again, too, the mite of praise which I award to Professor Milman becomes in your eyes a mountain, which you accordingly blame me for setting to his credit. Finally; the second last paragraph of my Postscript imputes *some* dramatic spirit to Lord Byron, which he utterly disclaims, and you are not forward to attest:—Yet after this triple oblation of praise upon my part, and to every item of which you demur as too liberal, your letter still impeaches me of unkindness! I confess I am not in the practice of writing hymns or dedications; and, truly, the Dramatists of the Day deserved their disappointment, if they expected my Letters, or those of any other impartial critic on the same subject, to be sown as thick with compliments as an ode or an epitaph.

Now indeed is the time for encouragement. Not for your drama, —that merits nothing short of reprobation; but for having the good sense to despise it, and the candour to acknowledge that you despise it. We may take your letter as a proof that the Dramatists of the Day are beginning to see their error; and the consciousness of an error is the first step towards redeeming it. Now may we hope that you will desert those principles of dramatic composition which you tell us you despise; and now is the time for encouraging you to approach (in a modern way) that example from which you had so illimitably departed,—the Shaksperian or genuine drama. There are two grounds for encouragement; first, you seem to have found out that you have not been as yet legitimate dramatists; second, you seem to be pretty well aware (if I may take from your letter, Terentius, the sense of your fraternity) that you are, and always will be, excellent poets. Whether from discovering that you have been hitherto in a wrong path you will now pursue the right one; whether from being confessedly poets, you will ever become dramatists;—are questions upon which I had rather not hazard a prophecy. I have accomplished my object: the expectation, faint as it was, with which my Letters set out, is now fulfilled, —a "nascent impulse towards legitimate dramatism" has been created: with you it remains to nourish the momentum thus communicated into full operation. In one of my letters, I said that my satisfaction would be complete, if my arguments had converted *one* dramatist; your epistle, and the private acknowledgment of another of your profession, have more than given me that satisfaction. Contented with this, I shall henceforward leave the matter in your own hands, at the same time professing my willingness to assist, as far as lies within the compass of my humble abilities, to any legitimate endeavours which may be made by the Dramatists of the Day to regenerate the English Stage.

You may perhaps recollect, Terentius, that in the course of my letters I more than once disclaimed all pretension (superfluously you will say) —to infallibility. In truth, the vehemence of my nature, and a foolish propensity to speak in hyperbole, may well make me tremble for the rectitude of my conclusions and the accuracy of my opinions. Yet temerity is rather the characteristic of my language and imagination, than of my judgment, such as it is; and upon a reconsideration of all I have said in my Letters and Postscript on the subject of the drama, I am but little disposed to reverse any of my decisions made therein. There are one or two of these, Sir, (minor ones indeed) impugned by your letter, which, however, at the same time frankly acknowledges the general truth of my theory, and the rectitude of my principles with regard to the Tragic Drama. Upon these objections I mean to remark; more however with a view to elicit, by means of an amicable controversy, truth and a right understanding of these matters, than to vindicate my own irrefragability,—a thing as I before allowed, problematical in all cases and immaterial in this. First,

then, you deny, that of the three schools into which I have distinguished our national drama, your school, the Poetic to wit, is the *worst*. The Poetic school, i. e. that to which Cornwall, Haynes, Milman, Shiel, &c. belong, you deny to be inferior to the Rhetóric school, i. e. that to which Lee, Congreve, Addison, Young, Rowe, Southerne, &c, belong. That you should deny this is not at all miraculous; but that you should attempt to establish the very opposite assertion, by argument and example, is a specimen of hardihood, only agreeable to the character of one who is accustomed to "pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon," on the back of a soaring Pegasus;—that is, who can see excellence there, where no one but a poet would ever think of finding it. You must be pole asunder, indeed, from a man of plain common sense (viz. a downright poet), to dream of upholding such a fantastical opinion. I should like to see how our friend Nathaniel's lip curls, or even how Penitent Nicholas loops up his nose, when his ear-trumpet catches the sound of your presumption, above the moon, in the limbo of poets departed? But the reputation of such an attempt is the only reward you derive from it; its success is by no means proportionate to the boldness of the experiment. Notwithstanding your advocacy, the Poetic bench of our national drama is still lower by a breakneck step than the Rhetóric; if Nat. Lee had, by an anticipation of the fauxpas you moderns have made, fallen from one to the other, he never would have "torn a passion to tatters" for the benefit of another sublunary audience; they would have sworn he had lost (not his senses, poor fellow!) but his tongue, if his words had slipped over their ears after the dulcet fashion of Haynes or Milman. No, sir; take my word for it, Evadne is not equal to the Mourning Bride, nor Durazzo to Cato, though neither Congreve nor Addison ever kissed the hem of Melpomene's garment;—neither Shiel nor Haynes ever kissed her sacred toe, nor approached within Heaven's length of her footstool. You, sir (by whatever name you will be called), are not equal, as a dramatist, to Young or Southerne, though you may be a better poet than any one of the same century. In fact, here lies the error of your argument: because you are (at least you say so) better poets than the Rhetóric school, and because, as you justly observe, poetry is an essential instrument of perfect tragedy,—you hence conclude you are the better tragedists. A most unwarrantable conclusion, Sir! For though all the poetry that ever deafened the echoes of Parnassus were breathed through a dialogue, still, if that dialogue wanted *action*, it would not be drama; whilst, on the other hand, action alone is sufficient to constitute (not a perfect) but a reasonably effective drama. You say you are better tragedists than the Rhetóric school: prithee, Terentius, which of your tragedies will you compare, as an acting drama, with the Revenge. Is it Fazio, Evadne, Durazzo, or Mirandola? Which do you think, an hundred years hence, our great grand-children would prefer on the scene,—Rowe's Fair Penitent, or Haynes's Conscience? Speak openly, Terentius; whether, in your opinion, has the Temple of Fame or the trunk-maker's laboratory the best chance of the four modern tragedies above-said? But there is VIRGINIUS, you say! Ask the author of Virginius himself, whether he thinks his drama as good a play as Young's, and if he answer you in the affirmative, I shall have a much greater opinion of his vanity than of his discrimination. No, Terentius; the criterion which you seek to establish, and by which you think you can prove the superiority of the Poetic to the Rhetóric school of drama, is not a true criterion,—viz. the comparative houses brought by each school. *Novelty* might have brought a congregation of gapers to witness Evadne or Mirandola; satiety keeps them at home when the name of Zanga or Isabella stands rubric on the bills. How many round-eyed spectators, think you, would Evadne or Mirandola bring now to a theatre? Are they not already laid upon the highest shelf of the property-room, embalmed in a cob-web? And has not old Cato still one foot upon the stage, though the other has slipped "into the blind cave of eternal night?" Even Virginius is popular, partly because it is new, and chiefly

because a certain disciple of Roscius has made the character his own. But look a century into the future, and tell me whether the vindictive Moor or the stern Roman swallows the proscenium with greater applause? Can you not hear with your eyes?—God bellows to groundling and groundling to god, that Virginius is not fit to serve Zanga as a mute, much less to divide with him the palm of dramatic eloquence.*

I grant (or rather repeat): 1st, That the Rhetóric school is a bad school; 2d, That the Poetic school has emancipated itself from the grand error of the Rhetóric—hollow declamation. Hence I may fairly allow that the Poetic school has a better chance of attaining to perfect dramatism (i. e. finite perfection) than the Rhetóric ever had; inasmuch as the latter was deficient in poetic feeling, with which no art could supply it, whilst the former is deficient in action, which, although more necessary to drama than poetic feeling, is a quality of easier acquirement. But this has nothing to do with the comparative merits of the two schools as they now stand; the Rhetóric, though bad, is the best; its productions are better acting dramas than those of its successor, which has not as yet acquired for itself the quality of action. And if you assert, Terentius, that the Poetic, having emancipated itself from the error of the Rhetóric, and being free to pursue a better method, is therefore a better school, I will answer,—that when it *does* add action to its poetry, then, and then only, will I allow the Poetic to be the superior; but unfortunately for the *Io triumphe!* which I see now beginning to tremble on your lips at this my concession, then and then exactly will it *cease to be the Poetic*, merging into the legitimate and purely dramatic school. So long as it shall continue to be the Poetic, that is, so long as it shall continue to be deficient in action and redundant in poetry, so long will it be the worst, as it is the last, school of our tripartite national drama. In fact, having in your letter granted it to be utterly deficient in action, I do not see how you can properly call it dramatic at all, much less contend for its superiority to the Rhetóric, which is drama, though imperfect and wrong-headed. But you perhaps speak of your school more with reference to its capabilities, than its actual qualities; to what it may (with good conduct) be, than to what it is. In the same way you might assert that a sheet of white paper is better than a leaf of Lord Byron, because it *may* be inscribed some time or other by a better poet.

In one particular the Dramatists of the Day are, I acknowledge, superior to those of the Rhetóric school, viz. in poetic feeling. It is true, I did not in my Letters particularly specify this redeeming quality in your school, and it is equally true that I ought to have done so. My intention was, I assure you, to have mentioned it to your honor, at the conclusion of my subject; but, as you may have seen from my Postscript, I concluded my subject in the *middle* (Magazine limits not permitting me to expand it farther), and thus unwittingly defrauded you of a compliment, which I was as prepared to pay as you to receive. Nevertheless, had you been satisfied with merely asserting the superiority of your school in this respect, and with charging upon me, error, neglect, or unkindness, in omitting to particularise it,—I should most probably have cried you mercy and explained. But when, instead of this, you rashly impeach the justice of my decision which allots to you and your compeers lower seats in the dramatical synagogue than to Lee, Young, Rowe, and their contemporaries, I find myself much less in the vein to apologize for my own error, than to smile at yours.

Secondly: you complain that I "treat you unfairly in trying you by the standard of Shakspeare." Pardon me, Terentius; I do not try you by the standard of Shakspeare, if by this you mean — comparing your works with his. I never compared your works to Shakspeare's. No; God forbid! I never could have

* Besides, Virginius is not, strictly speaking, of the Poetic school, though cotemporary with it; there is very little poetry in Virginius. Thus your own elephant treads down your own ranks; Virginius succeeds, in great part, by its action and construction, thereby showing you how much can be done without the aid of poetry.

been guilty of such impiety. But I submit that the best way of illustrating your faults, is by setting them in opposition to the corresponding beauties in the best tragedies extant, i. e. Shakspeare's. This is what I have done; and if there had been more perfect dramas than Shakspeare's in existence, I would have chosen them for my modulus. Expound to me, Terentius, what benefit in point of instruction could you have derived from a faulty passage or erroneous principle in one of your works being confronted with another faulty passage or erroneous principle out of Fletcher or Massinger? Do we teach a young artist to paint from a Cartoon or a sign-post?

Thirdly: you dispute my assertion that "poetry is the *accident* not the *essence* of drama," contending that poetry is absolutely "essential" to tragedy. Here it is evident that we merely disagree (by your favor, X. Y. Z.) about the meaning of a word. I use the word "essence" in its philosophical, you in its popular acceptation. By the essence of any thing, I mean, that which makes the thing *be* what it is called. Now drama may certainly be drama, though written in the most pedestrian prose (v. g. the Gamester or George Barnwell); hence poetry is not the essence of drama, but the accident of it, i. e. that without which a thing may be what it is called. *Action* is the essence of drama, poetry is only essential to *perfect* drama, which I never contested. But even in a perfect drama, poetry is very often, and necessarily, impertinent,—or the dialogue could never proceed with sufficient rapidity. There is very little poetry, if any, in Venice Preserved, and not much in Richard III, yet the one is an effective, and the other (what may be called) a perfect tragedy. Besides, if poetry were strictly essential to drama, it must run through every sentence of a drama, or that sentence which it did not pervade would be undramatical; but there are numberless patches of dialogue in Shakspeare's four sublimest tragedies, which are not at all poetical, yet perhaps as essentially dramatic as they could be. (*Vide* the quotations from Othello in the fourth Letter to Dramatists.) Hence, poetry not being essential to every part of a perfect drama is therefore only incidental (or accidental) to the drama. You, when you assert that poetry is essential to drama, mean nothing more than that it should be frequently and boldly interwoven with the ground-work of drama, namely—action. In this sense of the word, I agree that poetry is indispensable to drama; yet nevertheless, poetry is no more the essence of tragic dialogue, than foam is the essence of a torrent; the torrent and the tragedy may both roll on, for a time, without either froth or poetry, and yet be veritable torrent and tragedy. But if either of them want *action*, then indeed the torrent degenerates into a standing pool, and the tragedy into a downright poem. This explanation serves, I hope.

Your remaining objections either have been anticipated in my Postscript or are not of that importance to require an answer. Lord Byron is a man of splendid genius; but it was not his genius which created our modern poetry. It had long been threatening to descend upon us in a flood, and had already overflowed through the several mouths of Macpherson, Wordsworth, Scott, &c. It would soon have found another funnel had his lordship never troubled Parnassus. As to the author of MIRANDOLA, if he, as you assert, heartily despises his tragedy, I may reckon upon him as a *third* convert, amongst the Dramatists of the Day, to my principles, —unless he perchance may be the other face under a hood with Terentius Secundus.

My most grateful acknowledgments for your dangerous advice—to write a drama myself; to "set you an example" (as you say) how to compose a drama, as I have given you one how to criticise it. I should gain nothing by this, Terentius; nothing but "my shame, and the odd hits" with which every "puny whipster" who "gets my (critical) sword" might favor me. Besides, I have already answered this demand upon me for a drama, in the last paragraph of my Postscript.

I remain, however,

A friend to you and your Fraternity,

JOHN LACY.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S SECOND VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.*

It is really a fortunate thing for wights like ourselves, who are obliged to read what comes out, and sometimes to review what we read, that the spirit of publication is not universal in the navy, if we may judge by the huge quarto now before us. It would be almost better for us to set out at once upon some new voyage of discovery ourselves, and, to say the truth, the cost of this volume would pay our expences for a considerable distance. Its perusal may defy most men's patience, and its purchase, most men's purses. There never was a more expensive trip, at least on paper; or one, after all, less to the purpose. The whole book, in fact, is merely a detail of what has *not* been done, and of what, of course, still remains to do. As a voyage of *discovery*, the expedition has entirely failed, and proves nothing except that which required no demonstration, namely, the talent, intrepidity, and zeal of Captain Parry, and the gallant officers and men under his command. What could be done, we have no doubt, has been done; but still we cannot see the necessity for Mr. Murray's publishing, in a Patagonian quarto, that the whole performance amounts to nothing, and charging the public four guineas and a half for the information. The whole amount really comes to this, that ice five feet thick is not easily broken through; that in excessive cold a man's nose may be frost bitten; and that, when a whole country is covered with snow, there is little chance of seeing any green in the landscape. The book is almost an exact *double* of the last; and is less entertaining, inasmuch as the natural charm attendant upon novelty is wanting. We shall endeavour to collect the most interesting fragments relative to the manners and customs of the Esquimaux, leaving our readers to change their five pound note, if they fancy it, for an account of the creeks and bays baptized in salt water, with the names of Mr. Gifford, (we presume of the Quarterly,) Mr. Barrow of the Admiralty, and such other gentlemen as have been thus *frost-bitten* into fame—we leave him all the nautical details into the bargain, which, considering they are *nautical*, are surprisingly *dry*.

In October, 1821, after encountering some danger, and enduring much fatigue, Captain Parry found from the appearances of the weather, that it was advisable to provide for the security of the ships during the winter, and they were accordingly drawn up into a secure station, close to an island which they called Winter Island. In order to get into a place of safety, the crews were obliged to saw a canal through the ice 300 yards in length, of a thickness nearly four inches. The result of their operations up to this period we think it best to give in the words of the enterprising navigator himself. "In reviewing," he says, "the events of this, our first season of navigation, and considering what progress we had made towards the attainment of our main object, it was impossible, however trifling that progress might appear upon the chart, not to experience considerable satisfaction. Small as our actual advance had been towards Behring's Strait, the extent of coast newly discovered, and minutely explored in pursuit of our object in the course of the last eight weeks, amounted to more than 200 leagues, nearly half of which belonged to the Continent of North America. This service, notwithstanding our constant exposure to the risks which intricate, shoal, and unknown channels, a sea loaded with ice, and a rapid tide concurred in presenting, had providentially been effected without injury to the ships, or suffering to the officers and men; and we had now once more met with tolerable security for the ensuing winter, when obliged to relinquish further operations for the season. Above all, however, I derived the most sincere satisfaction, from a conviction of

* Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1821, 1822, 1823, in His Majesty's Ships Fury and Hecla, under the Orders of Captain Parry, RN. FRS. Plates. Murray, 1824.

having left no part of the coast, from Repulse Bay eastward, in a state of doubt as to its connexion with the Continent. And as the main land now in sight from the hills extended no farther to the eastward than about a NNE. bearing, we ventured to indulge a sanguine hope of our being very near the north-eastern boundary of America, and that the early part of the next season would find us employing our best efforts in pushing along its northern shores." When the ships were laid up in such a situation as insured their safety, Captain Parry's next care was to provide such occupation and amusement for the men as might serve to employ their minds during the dreary interval of cold and darkness they were to endure, secluded from all civilized or indeed animate creation. In a moral point of view, it is unnecessary to point out the utility of such an expedient; but there is another motive given in the book of a merely physical nature, and one altogether new to us—the prevention of the scurvy. Captain Parry does not, however, leave the matter in doubt; "it was not (he says) simply as a general principle, applicable in a greater or less degree to all situations and societies, that the preservation of cheerfulness and good humour was in our case particularly desirable, but as immediately connected with the prevention of that disease to which our crews were most liable, and which, indeed, in all human probability we had alone any cause to dread. The astonishing effects produced by the passions of the mind, in inducing or removing scorbutic symptoms, are too well known to need confirmation or to admit doubt; those calculated to excite hope and to impart a sensation of pleasure to the mind having been invariably found to aid in a surprising manner the cure of this extraordinary disease, and those of an opposite nature to aggravate its fatal malignity." As a source therefore of rational amusement to the men, theatrical representations, similar to those detailed on a former occasion, were got up, and the parts were performed by the principal officers. On the ninth of November (says Captain Parry), who really seems to have caught the style of the great lessee, the officers performed the Comedy of the Rivals "to the infinite amusement of both ships' companies." There can be little doubt there was abundance of applause—independent of the natural admiration which sailors are very likely to feel for the performance of officers, a temperature, a degree or two above zero, is highly conducive to the approbation which testifies itself by any exertion of the *hands*—Nelson's motto, "*palmam* qui meruit, ferat" would have been a good device for the proscenium, and one to which the whole company would have been undeniably entitled. A school was also opened on the other evenings for the instruction of such of the seamen as could not read and write; and such was the attention paid by the scholars, that Captain Parry indulges in the honourable boast in his preface, "that on the return of the expedition to England there was not an individual belonging to it who could not read his Bible." There is not, perhaps, in the whole volume, a sentence more creditable than this to the good sense and good feelings of the gallant navigator, and we hope to see the time, when, free from all *cant*, as it appears in him, religion may become a joint and rival characteristic with the courage of the British navy.

On the first of February a tribe of Esquimaux approached the ships, and advanced to meet a party of the officers and men, with little apprehension. "They appeared," says the account; "at a distance to have arms in their hands, but what we had taken for bows and spears proved to be only a few blades of whalebone which they had brought, either as a peace offering or for barter, and which we immediately purchased for a few small nails and beads. Some of the women, of whom there were three or four, as well as two children, in this party, having handsome clothes on which attracted our attention, they began, to our utter astonishment and consternation, to strip, though the thermometer stood at 23° below zero. We soon found, however, that there was nothing so dreadful in this as we had at first imagined, every individual among them having on a complete double suit. The whole were of deer skin, and looked both clean and comfort-

able." The two parties soon became very friendly, and the Esquimaux seem to have been quite as forward in cultivating the intimacy as the Europeans. They proved themselves very bad merchants, bartering their own commodities for others, of the same description, much less in value. "For instance," says Captain Parry, "a single sewing needle of which they possessed abundance, not much inferior to our own, procured from them a large, well sharpened *parmà*, or knife, made of stout iron, for which, in point of absolute utility, a hundred needles would not have been a fair equivalent!" We need not say, however, that care was taken that they were not ultimately losers. In a short time the sailors obtained permission to accompany the natives to their huts, which were five in number, containing sixty inhabitants, and were actually within view of the ships, though they had not been discovered; this is remarked as matter of just surprise, when it is remembered how many eyes were continually on the look out for any thing that could afford variety or amusement in their dreary situation. The huts, says the account, were as regularly, and to all appearance as permanently, fixed as if they had occupied the same spot for the whole of the winter. In the construction of these huts, it seems, not a single material is used except snow and ice! After *creeping* through two low passages, having each its arched door-way, they came to a small circular apartment, of which the roof was a perfect arched dome. From this three door-ways, also arched, and of larger dimensions than the outer ones, led into as many inhabited apartments, one on each side, and the other facing them as they entered. The interior of these presented a scene no less novel than interesting. The women were seated on the beds at the sides of the huts, each having her little fire-place or lamp, with all her domestic utensils about her; the children crept behind their mothers, and the dogs, except the female ones which were indulged with a part of the beds, slunk away in dismay. The construction of this inhabited part of the huts was similar to that of the outer apartment, being a dome formed by separate blocks of snow, laid with great regularity and no small art, each being cut into the shape requisite to form a substantial arch, from seven to eight feet high in the centre, and having no support whatever but what this principle of building supplied. A cheerful and sufficient light was admitted by a circular window *of ice*, neatly fitted into the roof of each apartment. Nothing can be more neat and cleanly than these huts when they are new, in consequence of the beauty and purity of the materials which compose them—the floors are formed by a solid sheet of fine blue ice, and the partitions and walls of snow, without a stain. This is, however, only their early appearance; for the description given of them when the Esquimaux have done with them, and are about to emigrate to other habitations, is truly disgusting. The wretched appearance which the interior presents baffles all description. In each of the larger ones Captain Parry found many of the apartments either wholly or in part deserted, "*the very snow which composed the beds and fire-places!*" having been turned up that no article might be left behind. The bare walls, whose original colour was scarcely perceptible from lamp-black, blood, and other filth, were not left perfect, large holes having been made in the sides and roofs for the convenience of handing out the goods and chattels. Even in the best days of these habitations, if the weather becomes at all mild, there is a continual dripping from the roof, and the beds are thawed, so that the wretched inmates suffer dreadfully from catarrhs and coughs. There are some deplorable accounts given of their sufferings, as well from this cause, as from a want of provisions, to which latter emergency the absence of vegetable supplies, and their dependance upon the chace, renders them very subject. They live principally upon seals and walrus, a species of sea-horse, and the oil of these animals supplies their lamps with light during the darkness of the winter. Their methods of catching, them are exceedingly ingenious, and their industry incessant, not relaxing, as many savages do, when in possession of a large supply, but continually providing against the future. Indeed, they are compelled to this by the precariousness of their success;

and the straits to which they are occasionally reduced by the want both of food and light is truly distressing. At times, it appears, that whole families must have perished for want, but for the liberal allowances of bread-dust, &c. from the ships. It is curious enough that these people evinced little gratitude on receiving any thing, but were lavish in their thanks, when any gift was received from them. The following account of their cookery, and the inviting nature of their hospitality, we think it best to give in Captain Parry's own words. He had gone to one of their villages to cultivate, as far as possible, his acquaintance with the people, and was an eye-witness of the delicate scene, which he thus describes: "After distributing a number of presents in the first four huts, I found, on entering the last, that Pootooalook (really some of their names would do for a Russian general) had been successful in bringing in a seal, over which two elderly women were standing, armed with large knives, their hands and faces besmeared with blood, and delight and exultation depicted in their countenances. They had just performed the operation of dividing the animal into two parts, and thus laying open the intestines. These being taken out and all the blood carefully baled up and put into the *ootkooseek*, or cooking-pot, over the fire, they separated the head and flippers from the carcass, and then divided the ribs. All the loose scraps were put into the pot for immediate use, except such as the two butchers now and then crammed into their own mouths, or distributed to the numerous and eager by-standers for still more immediate consumption. Of these morsels the children came in for no small share, every little urchin that could find its way to the slaughter-house, running eagerly in, and between the legs of the men and women presenting its mouth for a large lump of raw flesh, just as an English child of the same age might do for a piece of sugar candy. Every now and then also a dog would make his way towards the reeking carcass, and when, in the act of seizing upon some delicate part, was sent off yelping by a heavy blow with the handles of the knives. When all the flesh is disposed of, for a portion of which each of the women from the other huts usually brings her ootkooseek, the blubber still remains attached to the skin, from which it is separated the last; and the business being now completed, the two parts of the hide are rolled up and laid by, together with the store of flesh and blubber. During the dissection of their seals, they have a curious custom of sticking a thin filament of skin, or of some part of the intestines, upon the foreheads of the boys, who are themselves extremely fond of it, it being intended, as I was afterwards informed, to make them skilful seal-catchers." On another occasion they had a similar opportunity of witnessing this operation, between which and the one just described there was little difference except that before a knife was put into the animal, as it lay on its back, they poured a little water into its mouth, and touched each flipper and the middle of the belly with a little lamp black and oil taken from the under part of the lamp. This ceremony was enacted with a degree of care and seriousness that bespoke its indispensable importance. One of the children upon this occasion ate three pounds of solid meat in the course of three hours! It may be inferred, from this description, that these people are strongly tinged with superstition, as indeed most barbarous nations are. Accordingly we find that one of their most distinguished personages is Ang-et-kook, or Chief Sorcerer. This gentleman, whose name was Ewerat, condescended, at Captain Parry's solicitation, to give a specimen of the skill which had obtained him this distinction: he made his lips quiver, moved his nose up and down, gradually closed his eyes, and increased the violence of his grimaces till every feature was hideously distorted,—a very superfluous performance certainly if the *likenesses* in this volume are at all accurate; he at the same time moved his head rapidly from side to side, uttering sometimes a snuffling sound, and at others a raving sort of cry. This buffoonery continued for twenty or thirty minutes, and at last left the performer in a state of drowsiness, with a stupid sullen stare upon his countenance, as indeed well it might. The women appeared to pay but lit-

tle attention to these things, and the performance ended with a hearty laugh from all parties.

Amongst this people there appears to be but little respect paid to the females, and of course there is little wonder that they do not respect themselves. A total want of chastity may be said to be their characteristic, and so careless were the husbands upon this score that they "offered their wives as freely for sale as a knife or a jacket." Still there is a semblance of restraint assumed in the presence of the men which is invariably flung off on their departure; and the ladies, it seems, employ their children as scouts to guard against surprize. It would appear from this as if the husbands were accommodating only so far as they received an equivalent. Amongst themselves, however, they make no scruple of exchanging wives for awhile as a matter of friendly convenience; and there is one instance given of this exchange having taken place in consequence of the expected accouchement of one of the ladies when the husband was about to undertake a long journey. The men in general had two wives, we suppose to guard against accidents of this kind; and two instances occurred of father and son having been married to sisters. The ceremony of betrothing is also common amongst them. The following ludicrous instance of the perfect freedom that reigns between the sexes in these chilly regions, is given by Capt. Lyon, as having occurred to himself during one of his excursions. He had made a bag of his blanket, into which he had thrust himself in order to obtain some warmth and repose after a wet and tiresome journey:—"Tired as I was," he says, "sleep was denied me, for I was obliged on the arrival of each new set of people, to answer their questions as to how I possibly could have got into the bag, the manner in which I had wrapped it round me for warmth leading them to suppose I was sewed up in it. My host and his wives having retired to another tent, and my visitors taking compassion on me, I went comfortably to sleep; but at midnight was awakened by a feeling of great warmth, and, to my surprise, found myself covered by a large deer skin, under which lay my friend, his two wives, and their favourite puppy, *all* fast asleep, and *stark naked!* (by the bye Captain Lyon has not told us what dress the favourite puppy indulged in when awake). Supposing this was all *according to rule*, I left them to repose in peace, and resigned myself to sleep." It would indeed be very difficult to determine between the happiness of Captain Lyon's sleeping or waking hours during this trip, if we may judge from the following sample of the amusements inflicted on him. "After noon," says he, "as I lay half asleep, a man came, and taking me by the hand desired Dunn to follow. (Mr. Dunn was a Scotch gentleman, and as appears by the sequel did not belie his country). He led to a tent which, from the stillness within, I conjectured was untenanted. Several men stood near the door, and on entering I found eighteen women assembled and seated in regular order, with the seniors in front. In the centre, near the tent-pole, stood two men, who, when I was seated on a large stone, walked slowly round, and one began dancing in the usual manner, to the favourite tune of 'Amna aya.' The second person, as I soon found, was the dancer's assistant, and when the principal had pretty well nigh exhausted himself, he walked gravely up to him, and taking his head between his hands, performed a ceremony called koonik, which is *rubbing noses*, to the great amusement and amidst the plaudits of the whole company. After this, as if much refreshed, he resumed his performance, occasionally, however, taking a koonik, to enliven himself and the spectators. The *rubbee*, if I may be excused the expression, was, at length, brought forward, and put in the place of the first dancer, who rushed out of the tent to *cool* himself—(a thing very easily done, we take it, in that climate). In this manner, five or six couples exhibited alternately, obtaining more or less applause, according to the oddity of their grimaces. At length, a witty fellow, in consequence of some whispering and tittering amongst the ladies, advanced, and *gave me the koonik*, which challenge I was obliged to answer by standing up to dance, and *my nose was in its turn most severely rubbed to the great delight of all pre-*

sent. Having been as patient as could be wished for above an hour, and being quite overpowered by the heat of the crowded tent, I made a hasty retreat, after having distributed needles to all the females, and exacting kooniks from all *the prettiest* in return. ('The *prettiest!!*' Mercy on us! the very appearance of their faces in the plates has haunted us in our sleep). A general outcry was now made for *Dunn*, a most quiet *North Countryman*, to exhibit also; but he, having seen the liberties which were taken with my nose, very prudently made his retreat, anticipating what would be his fate if he remained." We will venture to say, *considering where Dunn came from*, that he was snug *in his bag* in five minutes after his master's *first step*. Nay more, we will venture to prophesy that if, in the private theatricals, Dunn ever plays Hamlet, he will put his hand up to his nose, when he says "Aye, there's *the rub*" in the soliloquy.—We cannot take our leave of Captain Lyon, without observing that his embellishments give considerable interest to the book, and the extracts from his journal are well-written and entertaining.

For the sake of our female readers, we think it quite necessary to give some account of an Esquimaux lady, to whom Captain Parry has devoted a considerable portion of his work—really, if she was not a married woman, the account might afford a little scandal, at tea, of course out of compliment to her, in the *winter time*. This Venus is introduced to us very early, as striking them with having a remarkably soft voice, an excellent ear, and a great fondness for singing, "*for there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun.*" If this is to be acknowledged a symptom, many European ladies must be very fond of speaking. Almost every sheet of the book gives some proof of the favouritism in which *Iligliuk*, for so she was called, was held; and if the accounts are not too flatteringly drawn, she certainly must have been a very extraordinary person. Amongst her other perfections, we find that she kept her husband, "a fine, active, manly fellow, of about two-and-thirty," in complete order; and this, indeed, is a high qualification in a country where the gentlemen are described as administering a flagellation which sometimes draws blood from their better halves. Captain Parry gives the following anecdote of the disposition of the Esquimaux as exemplified in Iligliuk, "one of the most intelligent and interesting amongst them." "Some time before, Iligliuk, who, from the superior neatness and cleanliness with which she performed her work, was, by this time, in great request as a sempstress, had promised to sew for me a little model of a canoe, and had, in fact, sent it to me by the serjeant of marines, though I had not rightly understood from the latter from which of the women it came. Believing that she had failed in her promise, I now taxed her with it, when she immediately defended herself with considerable warmth and seriousness, but without making me comprehend her meaning. Finding that she was wasting her words upon me, she said no more till an hour afterwards, when the serjeant accidentally coming into the cabin, she, with the utmost composure, but with a decision of manner peculiar to herself, took hold of his arm to engage his attention, and then looking him steadfastly in the face, accused him of not having faithfully executed his commission to me. The mistake was thus instantly explained, and I thanked Iligliuk for her canoe; but it is impossible for me to describe the quiet yet proud satisfaction displayed in her countenance at having thus cleared herself from the imputation of a breach of promise." There are numberless instances given of the great superiority of this lady's disposition, and she seems to have fully deserved the preference thus given to her. We confess, we are somewhat surprised however, and disappointed, at not seeing some trace of her amongst the portraits; Captain Lyon seems good at a likeness—perhaps, however, it was left behind. Many accidents must happen in such a journey, and it must be very difficult to keep things compact. We have spoken so far of Iligliuk merely to gratify the curiosity of our fair countrywomen, and we now deem it only right to console them by showing, in Captain Parry's own words, that beauty has some features in common, at the tropic, the

equator, and the pole. "I am compelled to acknowledge," he says, "that in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head, for what female head is indifferent to praise, began to be turned with the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her, in our estimation, far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligliuk alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters, at the gangway, never thinking of refusing entrance to 'the wise woman,' as they called her." The account goes on then to narrate the various intellectual services which Iligliuk rendered, the gratitude which was returned, and, at length, alas, the giddiness of head, which, as the Captain says truly enough, sudden exaltation seldom fails to produce "in every child of Adam from the equator to the poles." That our readers may see how very similar the effects of good fortune are both at home and abroad, we give it in the instance before us, and in the words of the book. "The consequence was that Iligliuk was soon spoiled; considered her admission into the ship, and *most of the cabins*, no longer an indulgence, but a right; ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents; became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligliuk in February, and Iligliuk in April, were confessedly very different persons; and it was, at last, amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair so confidently expecting the notice of those around her; and she, who had, at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual." —It is, in our opinion, much more "amusing" to see a man of Captain Parry's experience and intelligence surprised at any such result. No matter in what country he may travel, he will find this, human nature—such examples are to be found everywhere—indeed, we would put it to himself whether he need go a single step from England—or even from the *Admiralty*, in search of a spoiled "child of Adam." The Esquimaux people seem to have much conciliated the favour of the gallant navigator, and we must confess the character in "domestic life," which he thus winds up, rather surprises us, considering a few of the interesting particulars which precede it. "It is here," he says, "as a social being, as a husband, and the father of a family, promoting, within his own little sphere, the benefit of that community in which providence has cast his lot, that the moral character of a savage is truly to be sought; and who can turn without horror from the Esquimaux peaceably seated, after a day of honest labour, with his wife and children in their snow-built hut, to the self-willed and vindictive Indian plunging his dagger into the bosom of the helpless woman, whom nature bids him cherish and support?" This is not an ill-drawn picture, and could hardly have been expected after the little incident narrated in page 380, of an elderly gentleman, of the name of Sheradeoo, settling a dispute between his *two wives* by slashing away with his knife at the forehead of the one, and the hands of the other. This is certainly mentioned as an unusual occurrence; but still it appears the ladies bore the operation with all the facility of custom, and so little brooked any inquiry into the cause of it, "that here, as elsewhere, it seemed most prudent not to interfere in the quarrels betwixt man and wife." The following is a pleasing picture of what one of these gentry can perform, "as a social being," "sitting down in his hut, with his wife and family, after a day of honest labour," in the eating and drinking line. Verily, one would suppose the "honest labour," was only beginning.—Observing that their appetites were rather pastoral, Captain Parry had

the following quantities of food and drink weighed out and measured to "a lad scarcely full grown," to observe what progress he would make in their demolition—he made a clear sweep of the entire in something less than twenty hours: viz.

Sea-horse flesh, hard frozen,	4 lbs.	4 oz.	
Ditto .... boiled	4	4	
Bread and bread dust	1	12	
Total ..	10	4	Solids.

Rich gravy soup,	1½ pint.	
Raw spirits	3 wine glasses.	
Strong grog....	1 tumbler.	
Water	1 gallon, 1 pint...	Fluids.

Certain it is," adds the account, "that, on a particular occasion of great plenty, one or two individuals were seen lying in the huts so distended by the quantity of meat they had eaten, that they were unable to move, and were suffering considerable pain solely from this cause." This would be a fine place to try the effect of Dr. Jukes's new instrument for sweeping out the stomach. It seems, indeed, both in water and on land, to be an excellent climate for an appetite. Captain Lyon, one day intending to have a treat for dinner, dipped a fine goose into the sea in order to soak or thaw it into freshness; on taking it up, however, he was spared the trouble of dressing it, as "myriads of small shrimps" had picked it so clean that it was a perfect specimen of anatomical preparation; the navigators turned this discovery to good account afterwards by enclosing any animals, of which they wished to preserve skeletons, in nets, and submitting them for a while to the surgery of the shrimps, who, in this art, seemed to unite great proficiency with great expedition.

As the Esquimaux depend entirely for their subsistence on what they can procure for themselves, it is very curious to observe the contrivances to which they have recourse, both in their fishing, and their hunting excursions. Captain Parry had frequently observed little mounds upon the ice, resembling our mole hills, without ever once suspecting that they were the work of the seals underneath, until he observed an Esquimaux watching one. If a native imagines there is a seal at work he immediately attaches himself to the place, and seldom leaves it till he has succeeded in killing the animal. For this purpose, he builds himself a snow-wall, about four feet high, to shelter him from the wind, and seating himself under the lee of it, deposits his spear, lines, and other instruments upon several little forked sticks inserted into the snow, in order to prevent the smallest noise being made in moving them when wanted. He also ties his knees together with a thong to prevent his clothes from rustling. Thus situated will he sit for hours together attentively listening to any noise made by the seal. When he supposes the hole to be nearly completed, he cautiously lifts his spear, to which the line has been previously attached; and, as soon as the blowing of the seal is distinctly heard, and the ice very thin, he drives the instrument down with both hands, and then cuts away with his knife the remaining crust of ice to enable him to repeat his wounds, and get him out. When they are in doubt whether a seal is at work below, they ascertain it by means of a very ingenious little instrument called a *keipkuttuk*. This is made of bone, with a point at one end, and a knot at the other, and is as fine as a slender wire in order that the seal may not see it; this they thrust through into the ice, and its motion informs them that the animal is at work; if it does not move they give up the attempt. When they observe a seal upon the surface of the ice, they lie down, and crawl feet foremost towards him, an operation of great fatigue and tediousness—one man lies concealed behind the other, and by scraping the ice with his spear, and moving his feet in imitation of their flappers, they generally deceive the animal until they get very close to him; lying then stationary for a short time, in order to render their appearance familiar to him, they suddenly spring upon their feet, and strike him with the spear; it will be inferred that this requires great skill and dexterity.

Not less ingenious is their method of procuring the rein deer, which is a principal article of their food, and great quantities of which are killed by them in the summer season. They drive them from the islands or narrow necks of land into the sea, and then

spear them from their canoes; or they shoot them from behind heaps of stones raised for the purpose of watching them, and imitating their peculiar bellow or grunt. One of their most cunning artifices consists in this; two men walk directly *from* the deer which they wish to kill, when the animal almost always follows them. As soon as they arrive at a large stone, one of the men hides himself behind it with his bow, while the other continuing to walk on, soon leads the deer within reach of his companions' arrows. They are also very careful to keep to leeward of the deer, and will scarcely go out at all after them when the weather is calm. They use traps for the wolves, foxes, and birds, all very ingeniously contrived. Their dogs are also of the greatest service to them, not only to hunt, but also to draw the sledge, and carry burthens. They are generally about two feet high, and scarcely distinguishable from the wolf. Indeed, they are so similar, that a question has arisen whether they are not wolves in a state of domestication. Mr. Skeoch made, at the request of Captain Parry, a skeleton of each, and the number of vertebræ was found to be the same in both. A trial was made of the skill in archery of these people, the mark being two of their own spears set upright in the snow, presenting a surface of about three inches and a half. They hit this every time at twenty yards, and the calculation was that at forty or forty-five they would hit a fawn if it stood still; their weapons are sufficient to inflict a mortal wound at more than that distance. The principal dependence of these poor people for food is on the walrus, and small seal in winter, to which in summer may be added, the rein-deer, musk ox, ("in the parts," says Captain Parry, *where this animal is to be found*," a circumstance which we, with great humility, suppose extends also to the other animals,) the whale, and two sorts of salmon." In winter, however, they are at times reduced to famine, as occurred more than once during the stay of the expedition.

Among the traits of the Esquimaux character, we should be inclined, from Captain Parry's experience, to place honesty amongst the principal. Latterly, indeed, some instances of a departure from this occurred, but it is not very surprising when we consider that they were placed in the midst of temptations—the greatest treasures, wood and iron, were spread out within their grasp; and, we fear, that higher and more civilized beings would scarcely at all times have resisted such an inducement. Captain Parry truly remarks, that they were as much tempted by these articles as an Englishman would have been, surrounded by heaps of gold and silver. Amongst themselves, there was no instance of a deviation from this virtue, and, it would appear from the following anecdote, that when they were led astray in their intercourse with the crew, and that was seldom, they were the victims not so much of a natural vice as of continual temptation. This occurred at Winter Island. "Some of the gentlemen of the Hecla had purchased two of their dogs which had on the preceding evening made their escape, and returned to the huts. After the departure of the Esquimaux to-day, we were surprised to find that they had left two dogs carefully tied up on board the Fury, which, on inquiry, proved to be the animals in question, and which had been thus faithfully restored to their rightful owners." In estimating this anecdote, we must not forget that their dogs are to them invaluable. There were other characteristics however of a different description; they were envious, ungrateful, selfish, and deceitful; when any of their little artifices were discovered, the only notice which they took of it was a general laugh. Towards the sick, old men and widows, they were unfeeling in the extreme, and this is much the worst part of their character. Their most amiable trait is the affection which they show for their children—nothing can exceed their kindness to them, and the child in return exhibits the greatest docility. "Even from their earliest infancy they possess that quiet disposition, gentleness of demeanour, and uncommon evenness of temper, for which in more mature age they are for the most part distinguished." Disobedience is scarcely ever known; a word, or a look from a parent is enough—they never cry from trifling accidents, and bear without a whim-

per what would cause an English child to sob for an hour. At eight years old the boys are brought to see the sealing excursions, and at eleven are rendered useful. It was at first imagined by the navigators, that the parents would not unwillingly have bartered away their children, but this proved afterwards to be a mistake. "Happening one day (says Captain Parry,) to call myself Toolooah's father, and pretend that he was to remain with me on board the ship, I received from the old man, his father, no other answer than what seemed to be very strongly and even satirically implied, by his taking one of our gentlemen by the arm, and calling him *his son*; thus intimating that the adoption which he proposed was as feasible and as natural as my own." This custom of adoption is very prevalent amongst them, and is scarcely reconcileable with the parental affection which we have already noticed. We have not room to enter into a very minute estimate of the qualities of this singular people—they seem free from the extremes either of vice or virtue—not remarkable for brilliant qualities, but then not sullied by those of an opposite character—not grateful, but not vindictive—if not very ardent in their friendship, still not very implacable in their enmities; good-natured and modest, not anxious to avoid the duties or perils imposed on them by their station, nor to arrogate superior praise even where superiority might well be claimed; though savages, they are unassuming and peaceable—"fishermen, not warriors"—with abundant courage however for arduous undertakings, often as Captain Parry says, "attacking a polar bear single-handed, or committing themselves to floating masses of ice which the next puff of wind may drift for ever from the shore;" in their domestic relations, with some few exceptions, social and orderly, doing their best, by the rude dance and song and innocent recreations, to cheer a life perilous and precarious, and soften the horrors of a relentless climate.

On the important subject of religion, these people seem to have no very distinct ideas. The notion of a God is not entertained amongst them. They are however, extremely superstitious, and fully believe in the preternatural agency of certain spirits with whom their sorcerers hold a mysterious intercourse. In sickness or famine, these conjurers, by means of a darkened hut, a peculiar modulation of voice, and the utterance of many unintelligible sounds, contrive to persuade their dupes that they are descending to the lower regions and extorting the requisite information. The traditional reverence in which these jugglers are held, and their skill in the performance of their mummery, effectually imposes on the multitude and prevents the detection of the imposture. So true it is, that there is no country in the world so poor, or no people so destitute, that wizards may not be found to make a gain of the sacred name of religion, and convert their pretended godliness to profit. Captain Parry excuses himself for not going more at length into these subjects, as his friend Captain Lyon, who is also about to publish a journal, had made them his more immediate and particular study. We may perhaps give an analysis of this work also, if we find that it contains any additional interesting information.

Having passed two winters in this inhospitable region, some appearance of the scurvy amongst the crews seems, and very justly, to have determined Captains Parry and Lyon not to risk a third, and indeed, this opinion seems to have been considerably strengthened, if not created, by the judgment of the medical officers. We have already said the result of the expedition had not been fortunate, and must refer our readers who are curious upon this point, to the book for the reasons assigned, which we have no doubt are very good ones. Indeed, it would be a gross act of injustice in us, if we did not, as a part of the nation, pay every tribute to the skill, patience, and perseverance, with which this expedition has been a second time conducted. Such men as Captains Parry and Lyon deserve well of their country, and their exertions seem to have been ably seconded by every individual attached to the service. A third expedition, we find, is on the eve of sailing, and we sincerely wish it success. If this passage should be discovered, it ought to be called Parry Passage, and a Colossus of ice

to which every winter might add, should be erected to his memory. No *Iligliuk*, however, should approach too near it for fear of *a thaw*.—Upon the whole, the thing which we chiefly dislike about this book, is the price of it—in these days of lithography the plates could have been given at a trifling expence, and every individual in the nation ought to have at least a fair chance (now out of the question) of perusing the details of an expedition, furnished at the public expence and for the public information. Speculation on such a subject is not creditable, and unfair to those gallant men with whose enterprise the whole nation should be acquainted.

THE TWO RAVENS.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

There were two ravens sat on a tree,
Large and black as black might be,
And one unto the other 'gan say,
Where shall we go and dine to-day?
Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea?
Shall we go dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land,
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek;
There they lie, one, two, and three,
I shall dine by the wild salt sea.

Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen and a new slain knight;
His blood yet on the grass is hot,
His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,
And no one kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet;
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.

Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,
I will pike out his bonnie blue een;
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
To theak yere nest when it grows bare;
The gowden down on his young chin
Will do to sowe my young ones in.

O cauld and bare will his bed be,
When winter storms sing in the tree;
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
He will sleep nor hear the maiden's moan;
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
The wild deer bound and foxes cry.

C.

ON THE MADNESS OF OPHELIA.

The mental distemper of Ophelia is that of sorrowing distraction, and is so correctly painted, as to leave no doubt of its having been drawn from suffering nature. The fair and gentle Ophelia, confiding in the sincerity of Hamlet, had listened to his addresses, and

——Suck'd the honey of his music vows,

sufficiently to imbibe the contagion of love.

Laertes, aware of the state of her affection, cautions her against the attentions of the Prince:—

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.—
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this *temple* waxes,
The inward service of the *mind and soul*
Grows wide withal.* Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself.————
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart:————
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister.

Polonius, her father, observes:—

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
What is between you? Give me up the truth.
Ophelia. He hath, my lord, of late made many
Tenders of his affection to me.

* * * * *

And hath given countenance to his speech,
My lord, with almost all the vows of heaven.

Polonius, placing little confidence in her lover's affection, peremptorily charges her "not to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet." And Ophelia, with affectionate duty, promises to obey his commands.

At a subsequent period, when Hamlet's malady is the subject of investigation, Polonius mentions to the King the conversation he had had with his daughter, and attributes Hamlet's derangement to the repulse given to him by Ophelia, adding—

You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.————
At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

The Queen, it seems, was by no means averse to their mutual attachment.

Queen. And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors.

Ophelia's answer, "Madam, I wish it may," shows that her love had not been diminished by the wholesome lessons of Laertes, or the harsh controul of her father. Her feelings, however, are on every occasion made subservient to the views of Polonius, who now bids her walk *alone* that she may have an interview with Hamlet.

———— Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.

* * * * *

I hear him coming—let's withdraw, my lord.

The conduct of Hamlet, during the remainder of the scene, excites strong feelings of sympathy towards the fair Ophelia, who is made to feel that all her hopes of reciprocal affection are for ever blighted.

Ophelia. My lord, I have remembrances of yours

* The form of man is admirably described as a temple raised for the worship of God in which the mind and soul are said to do service.

That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you now receive them.
Hamlet. No, not I,
I never gave you aught.
Ophelia. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

* * * * *

Hamlet. I did love you once.
Ophelia. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
Hamlet. You should not have believed me,
I loved you not.
Ophelia. I was the more deceived.
Hamlet. Get thee to a nunnery, &c. &c.

The distracted state of her lover's mind, manifesting itself in violent sallies, excites her alarm, and she exclaims—

——— O woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

The character of Ophelia has been justly considered as one of the most exquisite creations of the Great Master. When listening to the admonitions of her brother in the early part of the play, she is decked with all the gentleness and modesty which distinguish an affectionate sister and a virtuous woman. In obedience to her father's harsh commands, she opposes duty to love, and gives it mastery. She is next called on by him to become an instrument by which to ascertain the cause of her lover's madness. The political subserviency of Polonius in thus outraging his daughter's feelings, merely to obtain a smile from majesty, excites feelings of disgust and indignation. The beauteous, ingenuous, and *dutiful* Ophelia is directed to return, to the man of her heart, those precious tokens which the sweet breath of love had rendered doubly dear to her. Such a sacrifice would have proved of itself a severe trial of a daughter's duty; but the hapless Ophelia was doomed to still greater humiliation—to meanness and falsehood. Doating on Hamlet, whose affection for her does not appear to have suffered the slightest diminution, she is instructed to tax him with unkindness, and to assign that unkindness as the cause of her delivering back his presents:—

——— Their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to a noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

This humiliating declaration, involving at once the sacrifice of delicacy and of truth in the most *senseless coquetry*, Hamlet immediately perceives to have been prompted by Polonius, and instantly puts on his *fantastic* character, the more strongly to impress the King, through the report of Ophelia, with a notion of his madness. Unfortunately, the shafts intended for the guilty strike the innocent, and the poor Ophelia suffers all the misery consequent on a belief in her lover's distraction. If it were proper to digress from the subject immediately under consideration, much might here be said in praise of the extraordinary consistency and merit displayed by the author in developing the different characters of this exquisite tragedy. This one scene exhibits in rapid succession the mental disease, the natural disposition, and the crafty assumption of Hamlet; it at the same time engages our sympathy for Ophelia, and gives a finishing stroke to the inimitable sketch of the court sycophant and favourite.

How different are the conclusions drawn from the conduct of Hamlet in this scene, by the innocent Maiden and the guilty King.—Ophelia still having confidence in her lover's affection, for faith is easy when the heart is touched, and being incapable of deceit herself, attributes Hamlet's extravagance of behaviour to madness:—

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

* * * * *

And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy.†

Such is the conclusion of the lamenting lady; but the King, whose

† Ecstasy was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind.

own "offence is rank" and "smells to heaven," with all the cowardice of guilt exclaims—

Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form
a little,
Was not like madness. There's something
in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the dis-
close
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; he shall with speed to
England.

* * * * *

Haply the seas, and countries different
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him
thus
From fashion of himself.

The conflicts of duty and affection, hope and fear, which successively agitated Ophelia's gentle bosom, were of themselves sufficient to dissever the delicate coherence of a woman's reason. Her lover's ardent passion seemed to her to have subsided into cold indifference. Delicacy of sentiment had been succeeded by indecent scoffing and contemptuous insult, and when the hapless maiden saw her aged parent sink into the grave, not in the course of natural decay, but by the reckless infliction of that hand she had fondly hoped to unite with her own, her susceptible mind, unable to sustain such powerful pressures, sank beneath their accumulated weight:—

Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

In the madness of Ophelia there are no intervals of reason; she exhibits a state of continuous distraction, and though she is presented to observation in only two short scenes, the duration is sufficient for the effect; for the poet has contrived with exquisite skill to dart, through the cloud that obscures her reason, occasional gleams of recollection, to indicate that disappointed love and filial sorrow still agonize her tender bosom:

Ophelia. (Sings.)

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept, to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

* * * * *

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in a maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more perfect than the picture of disease given by Shakspeare in this scene of Ophelia's. Every medical professor who is familiar with cases of insanity, will freely acknowledge its truth. The snatches of songs she warbles contain allusions strongly indicative of feelings of an erotic* tendency, and are such as under the chaster guard of reason she would not have selected. This slight withdrawing of the veil, without disgusting by its entire removal, displays at once the pathological correctness and the exquisite delicacy of the Poet.

Throughout the short display of Ophelia's derangement, a mournful sympathy is kindled, and it is evidently heightened by our previous acquaintance with her beauty, gentleness, and modesty. The incoherent fragments of discourse, abrupt transitions, and absurd images, that ordinarily provoke levity, here awfully repress it:

They say that the owl was a baker's daughter.—Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

* * * * *

I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep to think they have laid him i'the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

That reader or spectator is little to be envied who could smile at Ophelia's distraction, which from gentle breasts must extort sighs, and sobs, and tears—those attributes

* From ἔρως, amor.

of feeling that ennoble our nature. If any thing could heighten our admiration of the Immortal Bard, after a careful examination of the life of the unfortunate Ophelia, it would be the exquisite contrivance of her death:

Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long-purples,
That liberal shepherds give another name,
But our cold maids do dead-men's-fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and endu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

There is something so exquisitely affecting in this draught of sorrow, that it is impossible not to drain the cup to the very *dregs*.

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.

* * * * * *

——— Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!

Shakspeare has displayed a knowledge and love of flowers in several of his plays; but in no instance has he shown his taste and judgment in the selection of them with greater effect, than in forming the coronet-wreath of this lovely maniac. The Queen describes the garland as composed of *crow-flowers, nettles, daisies*, and *long-purples;* and there ought to be no question that Shakspeare intended them all to have an emblematic meaning. "The crow-flower," is a species of lychnis, alluded to by Drayton, in his Polyolbion. It is the lychnis flos cuculi of Linnæus and Miller, and the l. plumaria sylvestris of Parkinson;—the l. cuculi flos of C. Bauhin. It is of considerable antiquity, and is described by Pliny under the name of odontitis. The more common English name is meadow-lychnis, or meadow-campion. It is sometimes found double in our own hedge rows—but more commonly in *France*, and in this form we are told by Parkinson, it was called "*The fayre Mayde of France.*" It is to this name and to this variety that Shakspeare alludes in the present instance.

The "long-purples" are commonly called "dead-men's-hands" or "fingers."

Our cold maids do dead-men's-fingers call them.

The "daisey" (or *day's-eye*) imports "the pure virginity," or "spring of life," as being itself "the virgin bloom of the year."

The intermixture of nettles requires no comment.

Admitting the correctness of this interpretation, the whole is an exquisite specimen of emblematic, or picture-writing. They are all *wild* flowers, denoting the *bewildered* state of the beautiful Ophelia's own faculties; and the order runs thus, with the meaning of each term beneath:—

CROW-FLOWERS.	NETTLES.	DAISIES.	LONG-PURPLES.
Fayre mayde	stung to the quick.	Her virgin bloom.	under the cold hand of death.

"A fair maid stung to the quick, her virgin bloom under the cold hand of death."

It would be difficult to fancy a more emblematic wreath for this interesting victim of disappointed love and filial sorrow.

——— Sweets to the sweet, farewell!
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have *strew'd* thy grave.

WILLIAM FARREN.

ABSTRACT OF SWEDENBORGIANISM:

BY IMMANUEL KANT.

——But now to my hero. If many a forgotten writer, or writer destined to be forgotten, is on that account the more deserving of applause for having spared no cost of toil and intellectual exertion upon his works, certainly Swedenborg of all such writers is deserving of the most. Without doubt his flask in the moon is full; and not at all less than any of those which Ariosto saw in that planet filled with the lost wits of men, so thoroughly is his great work emptied of every drop of common sense. Nevertheless there prevails in every part so wonderful an agreement with all that the most refined and consistent sense under the same fantastic delusions could produce on the same subject, that the reader will pardon me if I here detect the same curiosities in the caprices of fancy which many other virtuosi have detected in the caprices of nature; for instance, in variegated marble, where some have discovered a holy family; or in stalactites and petrifactions, where others have discovered monks, baptismal fonts, and organs; or even in frozen window-panes, where our countryman Liscow, the humourist, discovered the number of the beast and the triple crown; things which he only is apt to descry, whose head is preoccupied with thoughts about them.

The main work of this writer is composed of eight quarto volumes full of nonsense, which he presented to the world as a new revelation under the title of *Arcana Cœlestia*. In this work his visions are chiefly directed to the discovery of the secret sense in the two first books of Moses, and to a similar way of interpreting the whole of the Scripture. All these fantastic interpretations are nothing to my present purpose: those who have any curiosity may find some account of them in the *Bibliotheca Theologica* of Dr. Ernesti. All that I design to extract are his *audita et visa*, from the supplements to his chapters—that which he saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears: for these parts of his dreams it is which are to be considered as the foundation of all the rest. Swedenborg's style is dull and mean. His narrations and their whole contexture appear in fact to have originated in a disorder of his sensitive faculty, and suggest no reason for suspecting that the speculative delusions of a depraved intellect have moved him to invent them. Viewed in this light, they are really of some importance—and deserve to be exhibited in a short abstract; much more indeed than many a brainless product of fantastic philosophers who swell our journals with false subtilties; for a coherent delusion of the senses is always a more remarkable phenomenon than a delusion of the intellect; inasmuch as the grounds of this latter delusion are well known, and the delusion itself corrigible enough by self-exertion and by putting more check upon the rash precipitation of the judgment; whereas a delusion of the senses touches the original foundation of all judgment, and where it exists is radically incapable of all cure from logic. I distinguish therefore in our author his craziness of sense from his crazy wits; and I pass over his absurd and distorted reasonings in those parts where he abandons his visions, for the same reason that in reading a philosopher we are often obliged to separate his observations from his arguments: and generally, delusive experiences are more instructive than delusive grounds of experience in the reason. Whilst I thus rob the reader of some few moments, which otherwise perhaps he would have spent with no greater profit in reading works of abstract philosophy that are often of not less trivial import,—I have at the same time provided for the delicacy of his taste by the omission of many chimæras, and by concentrating the essence of the book into a few drops; and for this I anticipate no less gratitude from him than (according to the old story) a patient expressed towards his physicians—who had contented themselves with ordering him to eat the bark of the quinquina, when it was clearly in their power to have insisted on his eating up the whole tree.

Mr. Swedenborg divides his visions into three kinds, of which the first consists in being liberated from the body—an intermediate state between waking and sleeping, in which he saw—heard—and felt spirits. This kind he has experienced three or four times. The second consists in being carried away by spirits, whilst he continues to walk the streets (suppose) without losing his way*; meantime in spirit he is in quite other regions, and sees distinctly houses, men, forests, &c.; and all this for some hours long, until he suddenly finds himself again in his true place. This has happened to him two or three times. The third or ordinary kind of visions is that which he has daily when wide awake; and from this class his narrations are chiefly taken. All men, according to Swedenborg, stand in an intimate connexion with the spiritual world; only they are not aware of it; and the difference between himself and others consists simply in this—that his innermost nature is laid open, of which gift he always speaks with the most devout spirit of gratitude (Datum mihi est ex divinâ Domini misericordiâ). From the context it is apparent that this gift consists in the consciousness of those obscure representations which the soul receives through its continual connexion with the spiritual world. Accordingly he distinguishes in men between the external and the internal memory. The former he enjoys as a person who belongs to the visible world, but the latter in virtue of his intercourse with the spiritual world. Upon this distinction is grounded also the distinction between the outer and inner man; and Swedenborg's prerogative consists in this—that he stands already in this life in the society of spirits, and is recognized by them as possessing such a prerogative. In the inner memory is retained whatsoever has vanished from the outer; and of all which is presented to the consciousness of man nothing is ever lost. After death the remembrance of all which ever entered his soul, and even all that had perished to himself, constitutes the entire book of his life. The presence of spirits, it is true, strikes only upon his inner sense. Nevertheless this is able to excite an apparition of these spirits external to himself, and even to invest them with a human figure. The language of spirits is an *immediate* and unsymbolic communication of ideas; notwithstanding which it is always cloathed in the semblance of that language which Swedenborg himself speaks, and is represented as external to him. One spirit reads in the memory of another spirit all the representations, whether images or ideas, which it contains. Thus the spirits see in Swedenborg all the representations which he has of this world; and with so clear an intuition that they often deceive themselves and fancy that they see the objects themselves immediately—which however is impossible, since no pure spirit has the slightest perception of the material universe: nay they cannot gain any idea of it through intercourse with the souls of other living men, because their inner nature is not opened—i. e. their inner sense contains none but obscure representations. Hence it arises that Mr. Swedenborg is the true oracle of spirits, which are not at all less curious to read in him the present condition of the world, than he is to view in their memory, as in a mirror, the marvels of the spiritual world. Although these spirits stand in like manner closely connected with all other souls of living men, by a reciprocal commerce of action and passion, yet they are as little aware of this as men are aware of it. Spirits therefore ascribe to themselves as the product of their own minds what in fact results from the action of human souls upon them; just as men during their lives imagine that all their thoughts, and the motions of the will which take place within them, arise from themselves, although in fact they oftentimes take their origin in the spiritual world. Meantime every human soul, even in this life, has its place and station in this spiritual world, and belongs to a certain society which is always adapted to its inner condition of truth and goodness,—that is, to the condition of the understanding and the will. But the places of souls in relation to each other have nothing in common with the material world; and therefore the soul of a man in India is often in respect to spiritual situation next neighbour to the soul of another man in Europe; as on the contrary

very often those, who dwell corporeally under the same roof, are with respect to their spiritual relations far enough asunder. If a man dies, his soul does not on that account change its place; but simply feels itself in that place which in regard to other spirits it already held in this life. For the rest, although the relation of spirits to each other is no true relation of space, yet has it to them the appearance of space; and their affinities or attractions for each other assume the semblance of proximities, as their repulsions do of distances; just as spirits themselves are not actually extended, but yet present the appearance to each other of a human figure. In this imaginary space there is an undisturbed intercourse of spiritual natures. Mr. Swedenborg converses with departed souls whenever he chooses, and reads in their memory (he means to say in their representative faculty) that very condition in which they contemplate themselves; and this he sees as clearly as with his bodily eyes. Moreover the enormous distance of the rational inhabitants of the world is to be accounted as nothing in relation to the spiritual universe; and to talk with an inhabitant of Saturn is just as easy to him as to speak with a departed human soul. All depends upon the relation of their inner condition in reference to their agreement in truth and goodness: but those spirits, which have weak affinities for each other, can readily come into intercourse through the inter-agency of others. On this account it is not necessary that a man should actually have dwelt on all the other heavenly bodies in order to know them together with all their wonders.

One presiding doctrine in Swedenborg's ravings is this: corporeal beings have no subsistence of their own, but exist merely by and through the spiritual world; although each body not by means of one spirit alone, but of all taken together. Hence the knowledge of material things has two meanings; an external meaning referring to the inter-dependencies of the matter upon itself, and an internal meaning in so far as they denote the powers of the spiritual world which are their causes. Thus the body of man has a system of parts related to each other agreeably to material laws: but, in so far as it is supported by the spirit which lives, its limbs and their functions have a symbolic value as expressions of those faculties in the soul from which they derive their form, mode of activity, and power of enduring. The same law holds with regard to all other things in the visible universe: they have (as has been said) one meaning as things—which is trivial, and another as signs—which is far weightier. Hence by the way arises the source of those new interpretations of Scripture which Swedenborg has introduced. For the inner sense,—that is, the symbolic relation of all things there recorded to the spiritual world,—is, as he conceits, the kernel of its value; all the rest being only its shell. All spirits represent themselves to one another under the appearance of extended forms; and the influences of all these spiritual beings amongst one another raise to them at the same time appearances of other extended beings, and as it were of a material world. Swedenborg therefore speaks of gardens—spacious regions—mansions—galleries—and arcades of spirits—as of things seen by himself in the clearest light; and he assures us—that, having many times conversed with all his friends after their death, he had almost always found in those who had but lately died—that they could scarcely convince themselves that they had died, because they saw round about them a world similar to the one they had quitted. He found also that spiritual societies, which had the same inner condition, had the same apparition of space and of all things in space; and that the change of their internal state was always accompanied by the appearance of a change of place.

I have already noticed that, according to our author, the various powers and properties of the soul stand in sympathy with the organs of the body entrusted to its government. The outer man therefore corresponds to the whole inner man; and hence, whenever any remarkable spiritual influence from the invisible world reaches one of these faculties of the soul, he is sensible also harmonically of the apparent presence of it in the corresponding members of his outer man. To this head now he refers a

vast variety of sensations in his body which are uniformly connected with spiritual intuition; but the absurdity of them is so enormous that I shall not attempt to adduce even a single instance.——By all this a preparation is made for the strangest and most fantastic of his notions in which all his ravings are blended. As different powers and faculties constitute that unity which is the soul or inner man, so also different spirits (whose leading characteristics bear the same relation to each other as the various faculties of a spirit) constitute one society which exhibits the appearance of one great man; and in this shadowy image every spirit is seen in that place and in those visible members which are agreeable to its proper function in such a spiritual body. And all spiritual societies taken together, and the entire universe of all these invisible beings, appears again in the form of a hugest and ultra-enormous man mountain: a monstrous and gigantic fancy, which perhaps has grown out of the school mode of representing a whole quarter of the world under the image of a virgin sitting. In this immeasurable man is an entire and inner commerce of each spirit with all, and of all with each; and, let the position of men in reference to each other be what it may, they take quite another position in this enormous man—a position which they never change, and which is only in appearance a local position in an immeasurable space, but in fact a determinate kind of relation and influence.

But I am weary of transcribing the delirious ravings of a poor visionary, the craziest that has ever existed, or of pursuing them to his descriptions of the state after death. I am checked also by other considerations. For, although in forming a medical museum it is right to collect specimens not only of natural but also of unnatural productions and abortions, yet it is necessary to be cautious before whom you show them: and amongst my readers there may happen to be some in a crazy condition of nerves; and it would give me pain to think that I had been the occasion of any mischief to them. Having warned them however from the beginning, I am not responsible for any thing that may happen; and must desire that no person will lay at my door the mooncalves which may chance to arise from any teeming fancy impregnated by Mr. Swedenborg's revelations.

In conclusion I have to say that I have not interpolated my author's dreams with any surreptitious ones of my own; but have laid a faithful abstract before the economic reader, who might not be well pleased to pay seven pounds sterling for a body of raving. I have indeed omitted many circumstantial pictures of his intuitions, because they could only have served to disturb the reader's slumber; and the confused sense of his revelations I have now and then cloathed in a more current diction. But all the important features of the sketch I have preserved in their native integrity.——And thus I return with some little shame from my foolish labours, from which I shall draw this moral: That it is often a very easy thing to act prudentially; but alas! too often only after we have toiled to our prudence through a forest of delusions.

SKETCHES OF PAUL JONES.

We may safely conclude that no one will read "The Pilot," without feeling some interest and curiosity respecting the mysterious character who forms the prominent feature in the tale; and that particulars, however scanty, will be acceptable, of a man who for a time kept the coasts of the united kingdoms in a state of alarm; for, although his name is cautiously withheld, there are allusions to acts and circumstances which can apply to none but the once celebrated Paul Jones.

He was born and bred on the estate of Lord Selkirk, near Kircudbright; his father, by name Paul, a steady methodical Scotchman, being head gardener to Lord Selkirk, and young Paul acting in a subordinate capacity in the same establishment, as appears from the following story on re-

cord of father and son. In the gardens were two summer houses corresponding to each other. One day Lord Selkirk during his walks observed a man locked up in one of them, and looking out of the window —in the other summer house, looking out of the corresponding window appeared young John Paul. "Why are those lads confined?" said Lord Selkirk to the gardener. "My Lord, I caught the rascal stealing your lordship's fruit." "But there are two—what has your son done, is he too guilty." "Oh no, please your lordship, I just put him in for symmetry."

In this service he remained for some years; but at length being detected in certain knavish tricks which would have entitled him to confinement in the summer house on stronger grounds than symmetry, he was dismissed, and following the bent of a wild and ardent disposition, betook himself to a sea-faring life, for which his habits, and the practical knowledge gained by long residence near a sea port, had fully prepared him. He commenced his naval career as common sailor; but his talents soon rendering him conspicuous, he was appointed mate, and in these capacities made several voyages to the West Indies, where he finally became master of a vessel. Soon after the rupture between this country and America, happening to be at Piscataway, in New England, he was induced to desert his national colours and enlist under those of the revolutionists, prompted partly by a vindictive spirit, and partly by the predatory prospects offered by the approaching war—at the same time changing his name from John Paul to Paul Jones.

For this new sphere of action his enterprizing character and talents were admirably adapted; and these, added to his thorough knowledge of the northern coasts of England, soon brought him into notice, and pointed him out as a fit actor in the marauding schemes then in agitation. Accordingly, in the latter part of 1777 he was actively employed as Commander, in fitting out the Ranger* privateer, mounting 18 guns, besides swivels, and manned with a desperate crew of 150 men. In the course of the winter he put to sea, and made two captures on the European side of the Atlantic, both of which were sent into a French port. In the month of April, 1778, he for the first time appeared in the neighbourhood of his native place, and forthwith proceeded to execute a well digested plan for burning the town and shipping of Whitehaven. Having made the land, he cautiously kept in the offing to avoid observation, but at the close of evening, the necessary preparations being made, he stood in for the shore, and at midnight, having approached sufficiently near, his boats well manned, and armed by thirty daring fellows, in deep silence pushed off from the vessel. A small battery commanded the bay and entrance of the harbour; it was necessary to secure this before they could venture on ulterior measures; accordingly having made good their landing, the party rushed upon the garrison before any alarm could be given, and made them prisoners. The guns were immediately spiked, and every thing seemed to favour the final success of their enterprize. It was dead low water, and the vessels were laying side by side without a chance of preservation, should the flames once get head. Little expecting such a visit, no watches were on the look out, and the inhabitants were buried in sleep. In full security and confidence the armed force dispersed themselves, depositing matches ready primed amidst combustibles on the decks and rigging. Nothing more was required for their destruction than the signal for lighting the trains. At this critical moment a loud knocking was heard in the main street, and voices of alarm were heard in every direction. It was evident that they were discovered, and nothing remained but to commence in haste the work of destruction, for the alarm had now become general, and crowds were seen running towards the piers, attracted by the lights which the retiring party were hastily throwing on board the vessels; fortunately without effect, one only being seriously scorched, the crews and townsmen succeeding in extinguishing the flames before they reached the rigging,

* In some accounts she is called the Revenge.

Foiled in their attempt, the privateer's men regained their boats, and putting off, reached their ship in safety. On mustering, one only of the party was missing, and to him were the people of Whitehaven indebted for their preservation; for, influenced either by conscientious motives or self-interest, he quitted his companions when engaged about the harbour, and running up the main street, knocked at every door as he passed, roused the sleepers from their beds, and called upon them to rise and save their lives and property.

Having failed in this enterprize, Jones stretched across the Solway Firth, towards the coast of Scotland, and with the early dawn entered the river Dee, forming the harbour of Kirkcudbright. A little above its junction with the sea the river widens into a sort of estuary, and here on a promontory, or rather island, where the river is about a mile and a half in width, stands St. Mary's Isle, the Castle of Lord Selkirk, and here, within a short distance of a spot endeared to him by the strongest ties and earliest associations, soon after sun-rise Jones dropped his anchor, with feelings, if we may judge from the tenor of a letter which will be mentioned in the course of the following narrative of that day's proceedings, very different from those which the public gave him credit for, proving that, with all his failings, his heart was still susceptible of impressions which might have raised him, as much as his unjustifiable deeds had hitherto lowered him, in the estimation of his countrymen. Early in the morning, the privateer had been observed making her way up the river, her guns and warlike appearance attracting much attention and curiosity, for vessels of her description were seldom seen working up the intricate passage of the Dee. Not a suspicion was entertained of her real character, but the male part of the population conjectured her to be a visitor equally unwelcome—a ship of war coming up for the purpose of impressment. Accordingly at an early hour (Lord Selkirk being fortunately in London), Lady Selkirk was informed of the circumstance, and a request was made by the men servants that they might absent themselves for the purpose of concealment. The vessel had no sooner anchored, than she was observed to dispatch an armed boat. The crew on landing seemed to have no particular object in view; and after remaining some time, strolling up and down the country, took to their boat and returned on board. Before, however, the people had recovered from their first alarm, the boat was again observed to push off, and in a few minutes a strong body of armed men landed on the beach without interruption; not as before did they stroll about, but, forming in regular order, marched directly to the castle, which they immediately surrounded, and then, for the first time, a suspicion of the real character of such unexpected visitors was excited. Lady Selkirk, who, with her children, were the only members of the family then resident in the castle, had just finished breakfast, when she received a summons to appear before the officer commanding the detachment; she obeyed with considerable fear, which was not diminished upon a nearer view of the visitors, whose ferocious looks, and ragged dress, too plainly showed their hostile intentions; and, as it was evident that plunder was their object, the worst might be expected, in case of resistance. They were armed with every variety of weapon; muskets, pistols, swords; and one savage looking fellow bore an American tomahawk over his shoulder. Two officers had the charge of the party; one of them coarse and rude in language and behaviour; the other, on the contrary, was not only courteous and respectful—but even apologized to Lady Selkirk, regretting the unpleasant duty in which it was his unfortunate lot to appear as a principal. Their first inquiry was for Lord Selkirk: on being assured that he was not in the country some disappointment was manifested. After a short pause, the latter officer said he must then request her Ladyship to produce all her plate. She replied, that the quantity in the castle was very small, but what there was should be immediately given up; and accordingly the whole was laid before them, even to the silver tea-pot used at breakfast which had not been washed out. The officer on receiving it directed his men to pack up every article, again apologizing for his conduct on

an occasion which he called a dirty business, and then taking leave, at the head of his men returned to the vessel, leaving the family not a little rejoiced at their escape. Still, however, as the ship did not get under weigh, fears were entertained of a second visit, and Lady Selkirk lost no time in sending off her children, and removing whatever property was likely to become a source of temptation, to a place of security. Her fears were fortunately groundless, and in a few hours, she had the satisfaction of seeing the privateer under weigh without offering further molestation.

Some days afterwards she received a letter from Paul Jones himself, written in a romantic, almost poetical style. He entreated her pardon for the late affront, which he assured her was so far from being planned or sanctioned by him, that he had done every thing in his power to prevent its taking place; but his officers and crew insisted on the attempt, hoping to secure the person of Lord Selkirk, for whose ransom a considerable sum might be expected. This he declared was the object of their first visit, and having failed in it, they returned on board, when, after some murmuring, they insisted on again landing and plundering the house. To this he was obliged to consent, though with great reluctance, adding, as a proof of his innocence, that he would endeavour to purchase the plunder they had so disgracefully brought off, from the crew, and transmit (if not the whole) whatever he could procure, to her ladyship. Not hearing again for several years, all hope, of course, was given up of the fulfilment of his promise, when, to her great surprise, in the spring of 1783, the whole was returned, carriage paid, precisely in the same state in which it had been carried away, to all appearance never having been unpacked, the very tea leaves remaining in the tea-pot as they were left after the breakfast on the day of capture. The report of his landing, rapidly spread through the country, attended with every variety of exaggeration by the time it reached London. Lord Selkirk received it with the additional particulars, that his family were all made prisoners and his castle burnt to the ground. He immediately hurried to the north, and it was not till he had gone half way that he learned the real truth. On clearing the land, Jones stood to the westward, and towards evening, making the Irish coast, entered Belfast Loch, capturing or burning as he proceeded several fishing boats. He was soon observed by Captain Burdon, of the Drake sloop of war, of 14 guns and 100 men; conceiving the privateer to be a merchantman, a boat was dispatched for the purpose of impressing her crew. On coming alongside, the man of war's men immediately boarded, and were as immediately secured. Jones however did not think it prudent to persevere in his progress up the bay, in the presence of an armed vessel in the king's service, and accordingly put about. Captain Burdon's suspicions were immediatly excited by this measure and the evident detention of his boat, and not a moment was lost in giving chace and clearing for action. On coming up with the enemy, Captain Burdon opened a spirited fire, but owing to the darkness of the night he was unable to continue it with effect, and the vessels separated. But as soon as it was light the engagement was gallantly renewed, and continued for upwards of an hour, when Captain Burdon and his first Lieutenant being killed, twenty of his crew disabled, a topmast shot away, and the ship dreadfully cut up, the Drake was compelled to surrender. During the action the prisoners on board the privateer were kept in irons, but on its ceasing they were all sent on shore in the detained fishing boats. By this time, the coast on both sides the Channel being generally alarmed, Paul Jones felt it unsafe to remain in that quarter, and therefore hastened with his prize towards Brest, which port he succeeded in making without interruption. On his arrival, he communicated the result of his cruize to Dr. Franklin, the American representative, then resident in Paris, and it has been generally supposed that the Doctor, so far from approving, strongly censured his piratical attack upon St. Mary's Isle, insisting on his restoring such unjustifiable plunder. That this representation is not true to the full extent, the fact of the abovementioned letter, written a few

days after the event, is a sufficient proof.

In the course of the following winter, he appears to have exchanged the command of the Ranger for a frigate of 40 guns and 370 men, called the Bon Homme Richard, acting as commodore, with an additional force of the Alliance frigate, of 36 guns and 300 men, the Vengeance brig, of 14 guns and 70 men, and a cutter of 18 guns, all in the service of Congress; the Pallas, a French frigate of 32 guns and 275 men, was also added to the squadron.

Sailing from Port l'Orient in July 1779, he appeared off the coast of Kerry, where he landed a boat's crew in the hope of bringing off some sheep, but the country people assembling in defence of their property, secured the assailants, and sent them prisoners to Tralee jail. From thence he continued his course, and sailing north about, ran down the east coast of Scotland, capturing in his passage many valuable prizes, amongst others a store ship from Quebec, all of which he ordered to France. On the 14th of September, they were off Dunbar, and seen to capture two prizes close in shore. No competent force was at that time in the north, of which he seems to have been perfectly aware, for, dispatching the vessels of his squadron in different directions, he resolved on the bold and hazardous attempt of burning the shipping in Leith harbour, and collecting tribute from the defenceless towns on the Fifeshire coast; and, dashing up the Firth of Forth, he came in sight of Edinburgh on the evening of September 16. The wind blowing strong from the westward, and the tide running down, he came to an anchor under the island of Inch Keith, nearly opposite to Kirkcaldy; on the following morning he weighed, and endeavoured to beat up the Leith roads, but the breeze increasing to a gale, he sprung one of his top-masts, and was obliged to bear up, running down the Firth with such speed that he was soon out of sight. Foiled in his attempt, he rejoined his squadron, and proceeded to cruize off the coast of England, where on the 23d of September, he fell in with a British Convoy from the Baltic, escorted by his Majesty's ship, Serapis, Captain Pearson, of 44 guns, and Countess of Scarborough, armed ship of 20 guns, commanded by Captain Thomas Piercy, which meeting occasioned one of the most memorable actions ever recorded. Captain Pearson's conduct is, indeed, beyond all praise. We give it to the reader in his own words—being an official communication to the Admiralty.

Pallas Frigate in Congress Service, Texel, Oct. 6, 1779.

On the 23d ult. being close in with Scarborough about 12 o'clock, a boat came on board with a letter from the Bailiffs of that corporation, giving information of a flying squadron of the enemy's ships being on the coast, and of a part of the said squadron having been seen from thence the day before standing to the southward. As soon as I received this intelligence, I made the signal for the convoy to bear down under my lee, and repeated it with two guns; notwithstanding which, the van of the convoy kept their wind, with all sail stretching out to the southward, from under Flamborough Head, till between twelve and one, when the headmost of them got sight of the enemy's ships which were then in chace of them. They then tacked, and made the best of their way under the shore for Scarborough, and letting fly their top-gallant-sheets, and firing guns; upon which I made all the sail I could to windward, to get between the enemy's ships and the convoy, which I soon effected. At one o'clock we got sight of the enemy's ships from the mast head, and about four we made them plain from the deck to be three large ships and a brig; upon which I made the Countess of Scarborough's signal to join me, she being in shore with the convoy; at the same time I made the signal for the convoy to make the best of their way, and repeated the signal with two guns. I then brought to, to let the Countess of Scarborough come up, and cleared ship for action. At half-past five the Countess of Scarborough joined me, the enemy's ships then bearing down upon us with a light breeze at S.S.W, at six tacked and laid our head in shore, in order to keep our ground the better between the enemy's ships and the convoy; soon after which we perceived the ships bearing down upon us to be a two-decked ship and two frigates, but from their keeping end upon us on bearing down, we could not discern what colours they were under. At about twenty minutes past seven, the largest ship of the three brought to on our lee bow within musket shot. I hailed him, and asked what ship it was? They answered in English, the Princess Royal. I then asked where they belonged to? They answered evasively; on which I told them, if they did not answer directly, I would fire into them. They then an-

swered with a shot, which was instantly returned with a broadside; and after exchanging two or three broadsides, he backed his topsails, and dropped upon our quarter within pistol shot, then filled again, put his helm a-weather, and ran us on board upon our weather quarter, and attempted to board us, but being repulsed he sheered off, upon which I backed our topsails in order to get square with him again, which as soon as he observed, he then filled, put his helm a-weather, and laid us athwart hawse—his mizen-shrouds took our jib-boom, which hung him for some time, till it at last gave way, and we dropt alongside of each other head and stern, when the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides. In this position we engaged from half-past eight till half-past ten; during which time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matters, which they threw in upon our decks, chains, and in short into every part of the ship, we were on fire, not less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship; and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable at times, that we were able to get it extinguished. At the same time the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us during the whole action, and raking us fore and aft; by which means she killed or wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks. About half-past nine, either from a hand grenade being thrown in at one of our lower deck-ports, or from some other accident, a cartridge of powder was set on fire, the flames of which running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers that were quartered abaft the main-mast, from which unfortunate circumstance all those guns were rendered useless for the remainder of the action, and I fear the greatest part of the people will lose their lives. At ten o'clock they called for quarters from the ship alongside, and said they had struck. Hearing this I called upon the Captain to know if they had struck, or if he asked for quarter, but no answer being made, after repeating my words two or three times, I called for the boarders, and ordered them to board, which they did; but the moment they were on board her, they discovered a superior number laying under cover with pikes in their hands ready to receive them, on which our people retreated instantly into our own ship, and returned to their guns again till half-past ten, when the frigate coming across our stern, and pouring her broadside into us again without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and in short impracticable, from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer, with the least prospect of success: I therefore struck (our main-mast at the same time went by the board). The first lieutenant and myself were immediately escorted into the ship alongside, when we found her to be an American ship of war, called the Bon Homme Richard, of 40 guns and 375 men, commanded by Capt. Paul Jones; the other frigate which engaged us, to be the Alliance of 40 guns and 300 men; and the third frigate, which engaged and took the Countess of Scarborough, after two hours action, to be the Pallas, a French frigate of 30 guns and 275 men; the Vengeance, an armed brig of 12 guns and 70 men; all in Congress service, under the command of Paul Jones. They fitted out and sailed from Port L'Orient the latter end of July, and came north about. They have on board 300 English prisoners, which they have taken in different vessels, in their way round, since they left France, and have ransomed some others. On my going on board the Bon Homme Richard, I found her in the greatest distress; her quarters and counter on the lower deck entirely drove in, and the whole of her lower deck guns dismounted; she was also on fire in two places, and six or seven feet of water in her hold, which kept increasing upon them all night and the next day, till they were obliged to quit her, and she sunk, with a great number of her wounded people on board her. She had 300 men killed and wounded in the action; our loss in the Serapis was also very great. My officers and people in general behaved well; and I should be very remiss in my attentions to their merit, were I to omit recommending them to their Lordships' favour. I must at the same time beg leave to inform their Lordships, that Capt. Piercy, in the Countess of Scarborough, was not in the least remiss in his duty, he having given me every assistance in his power, and as much as could be expected from such a ship, in engaging the attention of the Pallas, a frigate of 32 guns, during the whole action. I am extremely sorry for the misfortune that has happened, that of losing his Majesty's ship which I had the honour to command; but at the same time I flatter myself with the hopes, that their Lordships will be convinced that she has not been given away, but on the contrary, that every exertion has been used to defend her; and that two essential pieces of service to our country have arisen from it—the one in wholly oversetting the cruise and intentions of this flying squadron; the other in rescuing the whole of a valuable convoy from falling into the hands of the enemy; which must have been the case had I acted any otherwise than I did. We have been driving about the North Sea ever since the action, and endeavouring to make to any port we possibly could, but have not been able to get into any place till to-day

we arrived in the Texel.—Herewith I inclose you the most exact list of the killed and wounded I have as yet been able to procure, from my people being dispersed among the different ships, and having been refused permission to muster them.

R. PEARSON.

P. S. I am refused permission to wait on Sir Joseph Yorke, and even to go on shore.

The killed were, 1 boatswain, 1 master's mate, 2 midshipmen, 1 quarter-master, 29 sailors, 15 marines.—Total 49.

Wounded—Second Lieutenant, Michael Stanhope, Lieutenant Whiteman, marines—2 surgeon's mates, six petty officers, 46 sailors, 12 marines.—Total 68.

Captain Piercy confirms this account; and adds, that at the beginning of the action he made sail to assist the Serapis; but finding her and the ships she was engaged with so close together and covered with smoke, so that he could not distinguish one from the other, he shortened sail and engaged the Pallas for near two hours, when, being so unfortunate as to have all his braces, great part of the running rigging, main and mizen top-sail sheets, shot away; 7 guns dismounted, 4 men killed and 20 wounded; and another frigate coming up, he saw it was in vain any longer to continue the contest, and was obliged to strike to such superior force.

The King was so well pleased with the behaviour of the two captains and their officers and men, that he conferred the honour of knighthood on Captain Pearson, and soon afterwards made Captain Piercy Post-Captain, and promoted the other officers. The service they had performed deserved indeed every reward; and so sensible were the Directors of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company of their obligations to these excellent officers for protecting the rich fleets under their care, that they voted their thanks to both; and as a further testimony of their approbation, requested Captain Pearson's acceptance of a piece of plate worth 100 guineas, and Captain Piercy of another valued at 50 guineas.

Although Captain Pearson was not permitted to go on shore, and make his case known to Sir Joseph Yorke, this Ambassador, by his representations to their High Mightinesses the States General, prevailed on them to cause the wounded seamen belonging to the Serapis and the armed ship to be landed; and farther urged them to detain, and to order to be delivered up, both the ships and their crews, "which," he said "the Pirate, Paul Jones of Scotland, who is a rebel subject, and a criminal of the state, had taken." This request was refused, and the only effect of his remonstrances was, that they would not allow the prizes to be sold there, but gave orders that they should depart from their ports as they came. The States General did not on this occasion behave with that spirit and dignity which so faithful an ally as Great Britain had been to them, had a right to expect. In spite of this pretended order that they should quit the Texel, however, they suffered them to remain; and it cost Sir Joseph Yorke infinite trouble to procure the release of the prisoners they had on board, every obstacle being thrown in his way, by their calling themselves sometimes French and sometimes Americans. At last, however, the prisoners were released; and the squadron, notwithstanding a long and close blockade, stole out in a dark night, and effected their escape to Dunkirk.

The appearance of Jones in so large a ship in the Firth of Forth, had excited, as may well be supposed, the greatest alarm; and the Admiralty, aware of the unprotected state of the northern part of the kingdom, directed a squadron, consisting of the Prudent of 64 guns, and some frigates, under the command of Captain Burnet, to proceed without delay from Spithead, for the protection of the Scotch metropolis. So strict indeed were his orders to make the best of his way, that Captain Burnet did not think himself justified in spreading his squadron as wide as he could; though had he done so, there is every probability that he would have intercepted Jones when beating about in the North Sea in his disabled state, before he was able to reach the Texel.

Having lost the Bon Homme Richard, he shifted his flag into the Alliance,* and the squadron no longer

* Or another of the same name, as when afterwards mentioned she is stated to mount only 28 guns, with 250 men.

acting in concert, each ship was left singly to shift for itself; and in January or February, 1780, Jones escaping the vigilance of our cruisers, reached Corunna, having on board Captain Gustavus Cunningham, a celebrated character, whose case in many points resembled his own.

Early in the disturbances with America Cunningham had taken an active part against his country, and rendered himself particularly obnoxious to Government; but at length he was fortunately captured in a private armed cutter which he commanded, and carried into New York. The Americans were so well aware of his services, and the danger to which he was now exposed, that they took every means in their power to procure his exchange; and as a last effort, sent a very strong remonstrance to Sir George Collier, then commanding the Raisonnable off New York, threatening severe retaliation: for which purpose, Henry Hamilton, Esq. Lieutenant-Governor of Dehors; Philip Degean, a Justice of Peace; and William Lambe, Captain of Volunteers; then prisoners, were singled out by the Governor of Virginia: a young gentleman of fortune, also, was put in irons and confined in a dungeon at Boston:—on all of whom it was determined to proceed in every respect as Cunningham should be treated in England. To their remonstrance Sir George Collier sent a firm and spirited reply, denying that any of his prisoners were treated with inhumanity; but adding that, as it was the practice of civilized nations to punish criminals in the usual course of justice, Gustavus Cunningham standing in that predicament, was therefore about to be sent to England, to receive that punishment from his injured country which his crimes should be found to deserve. He was accordingly put on board the Grantham packet from New York, which landed him at Falmouth, in July, 1779, and he was immediately lodged in the Castle; but no sooner was he confined, than his ingenuity exercised itself in contriving the means of escape—which he in a short time accomplished, by burrowing under the foundations.

From this time till 1783, little is known of Paul Jones; but in the month of December of that year he arrived in London from Paris, with despatches from Congress to John Adams, the American Resident. He had crossed the Atlantic from Philadelphia to France in the short space of 22 days; and after delivering his papers, he set out at three o'clock the following morning for Paris, to proceed to America.

During the peace his mind seems to have languished for active employment; and in March, 1788, being then at Copenhagen, he made an offer of his services to the Empress of Russia, and was accepted; but how or where he was employed does not appear: that he was unsuccessful, and gave no satisfaction to his employers, may however be inferred from his being under the necessity of retiring to Paris, where he spent the remainder of a life now drawing to its close. The revolution soon after broke out, and not finding employment in the deranged and useless state of the French navy, his spirits failed, and he sunk into such abject want, that Captain Blackden was obliged to raise a small sum by way of subscription in order to bury him; he died in the utmost poverty, in June, 1792.

Being a Scotchman, he was deemed a Calvinist, and as the laws relating to the interment of persons of that persuasion were not then abrogated, it was necessary to make an application to the National Assembly, who not only revoked these laws as far as they interfered with his case, but voted that a deputation of its members should attend his funeral. Whatever might be the reality, a semblance of attachment to the national religion yet remained, and a few of the Assembly objected to this mark of respect on account of his being a Protestant, but this idea was scouted by a vast majority; and the remains of Paul Jones were escorted to the grave by many who were well calculated to emulate the darkest and most desperate deeds of his eventful life.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

FROM THE DUTCH OF DIRK SMITS.

Een rei van Englen zag.

A host of Angels flying,
 Through cloudless skies impell'd,
 Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In Heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
 An infant newly born,
 O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendour:
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
 Greeted its birth above,
 And came, with looks of love,
From Heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—
 That little pearl which shone
 With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

V. D.

STANZAS TO M. F. M.

Oh! would that I were one of those
 Gay spirits, that with joy can taste
The stream of pleasure, while it flows,
 Nor think how long its course may last.

But I—I never pluck'd a flower
 To feast upon its breathing bloom;
'Twas but to think how brief an hour
 Would waste it in it's mouldering tomb.

E'en now, when lady, thou art nigh,
 The brightest I have ever met,
I meet thy darkly-gleaming eye
 With less of pleasure than regret.

Were it less bright, and thou less fair,
 Somewhat more human, less divine,
I then, perhaps I then might dare
 To think thou sometime might'st be mine.

But now, when on thy form I gaze,
 The beauteous Idol I adore,
I only think of those sad days,
 When I shall see that form no more!

ADVICE TO A YOUNG ESSAYIST.

A YOUNG man of talents, or education, or both, upon coming to London, is very apt to turn his eyes to the periodical press, from a pecuniary or an ambitious motive. It is indeed a happy circumstance that in this kingdom, genius and literary industry have a ready mart for their products; the friendless, the obscure, and the indigent youth, may acquire friends (i. e. friends good enough for all practical purposes, I speak not of Pyladeans), may spurn the low grounds of obscurity, and rise from indigence to independence, by the labours of that little, that inestimable little instrument—a *gray goose quill.* He who, by the sweet influence of his birth-star, has a motive merely intellectual, who by the merit, or iniquity, or good-fortune of his ancestors, is placed above these sublunary considerations, he to whom a love of fame,

The last infirmity of noble minds,

is the sole (O happy, happy he!) incentive,—may attain the object of his pursuit, even by so light and simple a thing as—a feather. To such, the *pueri ingenuique et nobiles,* I address myself,—especially to the former class; first, because I have a fellow-feeling for that class in particular, and second, because the other class is in some measure independent of the press, though perhaps equally anxious to be connected with it. As an Essayist, I have had myself some experience; probably more than is usual even with those of the same profession, having been some years since a supervisor also of Essays,—in fact an Editor. I am thus not ill-qualified to give advice upon the subject, and moreover feel a brother's wish to assist, as far as is in my limited power, those who are now, what I once was,—a wanderer, a stranger in this populous wilderness, an involuntary anchorite in this huge solitude of houses. I would premise, however, that I am not about proposing a *Recipe* for the composition of an Essay; the following observations have nothing to do with the *material* of essay-writing, but presuppose its existence in the mind or the memory of the novice. My counsel merely regards a few mechanical things, which, being observed, would facilitate the progress of the Essayist. If he be endowed with surpassing genius, or enriched with superior learning, he may with some reason despise the advice I offer; but before he does so, let him be morally *certain* that he has one at least of the above qualifications.

Perhaps it will be a more impressive method to give my reader some hints of how I proceeded myself, upon first tumbling in upon this living mass of society, like a drop of rain from the maternal bosom of its cloud, into the boundless and indifferent ocean.

I emanated in the year 18 . . from the learned ignorance of the university of ——, and came to London, without the knowledge and against the probable wish of my friends. Here I had *not one;* not even an acquaintance upon whose advice or assistance I could rely. Perhaps there never was a human being, worthy the name of a reasonable creature, less fitted than I by nature to contend with the world. Altogether ignorant of men and manners; of most unprepossessing phrase and address, by reason of a natural defect, which still attests the weighty arm of Destiny, crushing me with malignant inveteracy when I attempt to soar,—nay making me a very laughing-stock to the ignorant, and a painful theme of pity to the wise, when I am exposed to the one, or introduced to the other; of scrupulous and slowly-opening faculties moreover, upon which a subject dawns long, long before the full mental daylight clothes it in perfect brightness;—these, and many other circumstances which I omit to mention, rendered me peculiarly unfit to buffet my way through the sturdy ranks which block up the road to preferment. When I mention these particulars, it is merely to show that perseverance and the exercise of a little judgment will enable a man to overcome more obstacles than I hope present themselves to

any whom I am now specifically addressing.

Before this journey, I had seldom used my pen, though I had some inward presentiments that if ever the necessity came, I *could* use it; the sweet, small voice of Vanity, I suppose, whispered this in my ear. Upon reaching London, another young man, of more confidence in his own powers, would have immediately sprung at a Magazine or Review; nor do I condemn such a procedure —it may suit with some tempers, though it does not with mine. I made my first Essay in an humble, but respectable weekly periodical, as a gratuitous contributor; my papers were inserted, and my labours encouraged by salutary praise. Thanks, however, and even praises, were poorer diet than the chameleon's, for they were not as substantial as *air*, being given in print. I sent a Tale, something of the romantic kind, to a Magazine; it was refused. I sent another to another; this also was returned with a complimentary letter, —the thoughts were too refined, the subject too abstract, in other respects it was &c. &c. Three or four successive papers met with the same (I have no doubt, meritorious) fate. In a kind of hysterical fit of despair, I wrote a humorous letter of reproach to the Editor.

The difficulty, under my circumstances (and the reader will recollect that they were almost terrific—for having quitted my family, *pride* forbade return), the difficulty of bending up my spirits to a feat of jocularity was, as may well be supposed; tremendous: I did it however,—with Macbeth's "fatal vision" flitting before my eyes, and its point turned against my own breast. I did it, however. My letter was answered cautiously (for I believe the circumstances under which it was written had tinged it with something bordering on wildness), but upon the whole very favourably. To this reed I clung.

I had now another chance, and resolved not to throw it away: the bird that dwells amid the shades of Parnassus, like the Dove of the Ark, had brought me a hope-branch, and from that moment I knew that I should not die. I now began to consider—and here I would beg the young Essayist's most serious attention—that as yet, in all my attempts at composition, I had written, knowingly and premeditately, what *could not live* beyond the day. I had aspired merely to *equal* the general run of essays which I read promiscuously; never reflecting that I had *a character to make*; never reflecting that I had to fight up against the illegibility of written-hand, and the unwillingness of an Editor to give himself the trouble of decyphering what probably would not repay him in pleasure. I determined to write something which, (to compare small things with great) as Milton says, "the world should not willingly let die." I pursued my determination inflexibly; though in considerable embarrassments, delayed my piece till it was finished to my satisfaction (as far as an insatiable desire of perfection is satisfiable); and succeeded to my wishes. From a review of all these circumstances the first point of my advice is this: —that the incipient Essayist should write with a view to *immortality*; he should write, not as if he merely wished his piece to be *so* good that it might procure him a few guineas and an engagement, but so good that it may be remembered with applause after he himself in his mortal form is trampled in the dust and mingled with the dishonourable clay of sordid worldlings. I do not mean to say that he will attain this immortality; but unless he writes with a view to it, it is ten to one that his piece will never succeed. Editors are generally men of reading and talent themselves; they are accustomed to meet with fine writing in print, *good* writing is a common drug to them. Hence, a *written* contribution, merely equal to what they find in print every day, will appear much worse, and be accordingly rejected.

Secondly: I made the life-and-death paper which I spoke of above, as *short* as I possibly could. Let the probationer attend to this: I can assure him from my own experience, and from that of others who have exercised similar editorial functions, —that a *long* contribution almost damns itself. In the first place, amongst the accumulated variety of shorter pieces which crowd an Edi-

tor's table, the longer are inevitably postponed to the very latest and most weary perusal. For who would subject himself willingly to the task of reading half a dozen letter-paper sheets of Milton or Shakspeare in English hieroglyphic? And if he did read them, would not the task be very irksome, and the merits be seen, as through a glass, very darkly? What then must be the case, with a writer of this degenerate age, a petty contributor of the modern size of mind! The paper above-mentioned occupied but *three* pages of print. And another consideration should be, that lengthy diatribes are incompatible with the limited dimensions of a Magazine.

Thirdly: I wrote the said paper in as *plain and legible a character* as my pen could delineate,—on *ruled paper*, without *blot, blemish, or error.* I carefully erased every mistaken word with a penknife, and wrote its substitute with a *finely-nibbed pen*, so as that the whole should *read fluently*. There are some persons who cannot write well, either from habitual carelessness, want of past instruction, or natural defect of eye and mechanical power. Such persons I would strongly advise to have their pieces copied out by a capable friend, or (if such is not to be had) by a regular scribe. It affects an Editor with a sensation of ineffable disgust, when he opens an unsightly, unreadable scrawl—not to speak of the real difficulty of collecting the sense and estimating the quantity of genius therein contained. Let the Essayist also fold up his letter and communication *neatly*, but not coxcombically; and let it have the show of a gentlemanly and elegant correspondence. The Essayist may assure himself there is more in this, trifling as it may seem, than can well be described. I should not recommend it to his notice, were I not aware from experience of its necessity. Nor let any one say—"Who would be determined by such mechanical merits?"—Probably no one, at least no man of sense. But though he may not be *determined*, he may be inclined, one way or the other, by their presence or absence. I ask the objector —Does not a well-printed book *induce* him to examine it, and an ill-printed one *discourage* him, unless before-hand he knows that the former is worthless, and the latter valuable? Besides, is not a gentlemanly style of communication some proof of a cultivated mind? Is it not presumable that he who writes like a man of breeding thinks like a man of education? If illegible neatness be the fault of imbecility, slovenly plainness is the effect of vulgarity. Let both be avoided, but the former especially.

EDUCATION.

PLANS FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF BOYS IN LARGE NUMBERS.*

(*Continued from our last Number.*)

WE now pass to the other characteristics of the new system, which seem to lie chiefly in what relates to *economy of time, rewards and punishments*, the *motives to exertion*, and *voluntary labour*. For, as to the *musical performances* (which occur more than twenty times a day), we see no practical use in them except that they regulate the marching; and the marching it is said teaches to measure time: and measuring time accurately contributes "to the order and celerity with which the various evolutions of the school are performed," and also to the conquest of "serious impediments of speech." But the latter case not occurring (we

* Plans for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys in large Numbers; Drawn from Experience. London: 1822. 8vo.

presume) very frequently, and marching accurately not being wholly dependant on music,—it appears to us that a practice, which tends to throw an air of fanciful trifling over the excellent good sense of the system in other respects, would be better omitted. *Division into classes* again, though insisted on by the Experimentalist (see p.290—291) in a way which would lead us to suppose it a novelty in his own neighbourhood, is next to universal in England; and in all the great grammar schools has been established for ages. All that distinguishes this arrangement in his use of it—is this, that the classes are variable: that is, the school forms by different combinations according to the subject of study; the boys, who study Greek together, are not the same who study arithmetic together. Dismissing therefore these two arrangements as either not characteristic or not laudably characteristic, we shall make a brief exposition of the others. 1. *Economy of Time*:—" We have been startled at the reflection" (says the Experimentalist)—that if, by a faulty arrangement one minute be lost to sixty of our boys, the injury sustained would be equal to the waste of an hour by a single individual." Hence, as the Experimentalist justly argues, the use of classes; by means of which ten minutes spent by the tutor in explaining a difficult point to a class of ten boys become equal to 100 minutes distributed amongst them severally. Great improvement in the economising of time was on this system derived from exacting " an almost superstitious punctuality" of the *monitor*, whose duty it is to summon the school to all its changes of employment by ringing a bell. It is worthy of notice, but to us not at all surprising, that—" when the duty of the monitor was easy, and he had time for play, the exact moment for ringing the bell was but seldom observed: but when, as the system grew more complex, he was more constantly in requisition, it was found that with increased labour came increased perfection: and the same boy who had complained of the difficulty of being punctual when he had to ring the bell only ten times in the day, found his duty comparatively easy when his memory was taxed to a four-fold amount. It is amusing to see what a living timepiece the giddiest boy will become during his week of office. The succession of monitors gradually infuses a habit, and somewhat of a love of punctuality, into the body scholastic itself. The masters also cannot think of being absent when the scholars are waiting for them: and thus the nominal and the real hours of attendance become exactly the same."—2. *Motives to Exertion*. " After furnishing the pupil with the *opportunity* of spending his time to the greatest advantage, our next case was to examine how we had supplied him with *motives*" for so spending it (p. 92). These are ranged under five heads,—" Love of knowledge—love of employment—emulation—hope of reward—and fear of punishment,"—and according to what the Experimentalist rightly thinks " their order of excellence." The three last, he alleges, are stimuli; and of necessity lose their power by constant use. Love of employment, though a more durable motive, leaves the pupil open to the attractions of any other employment that may chance to offer itself in competition with knowledge. Love of knowledge for its own sake therefore is the main spring relied on; insomuch that the Experimentalist gives it as his opinion (p. 96) that " if it were possible for the pupil to acquire a love of knowledge, and that only during the time he remained at school, he would have done more towards insuring a stock of knowledge in maturer age than if he had been the recipient of as much learning as ever was infused into the passive school-boy" by any means which fell short of generating such a principle of exertion. We heartily agree with him: and we are further of opinion that this love needs not to be generated as an independent birth previously to our commencing the labour of tuition, but that every system of tuition in proportion as it approaches to a good one will inevitably involve the generation of this love of knowledge concurrently with the generation of knowledge itself. Most melancholy are the cases which have come under our immediate notice of good faculties wholly lost to their possessor and an incurable disgust

for literature and knowledge founded to our certain knowledge solely on the stupidity and false methods of the teacher, who alike in what he knew or did *not* know was incapable of connecting one spark of pleasurable feeling with any science, by leading his pupils' minds to re-act upon the knowledge he attempted to convey. Being thus important, how shall a love of knowledge be created? According to the Experimentalist, first of all (p. 97—to the word "zest" in p. 107) by combining the sense of obvious *utility* with all the elementary exercises of the intellect:—secondly (from p. 108—to the word "rock" in p. 114) by matching the difficulties of the learner exactly with his capacity:—thirdly (from p. 114—to the word "attention" in p. 117) by connecting with the learner's progress the sense of continual success:—fourthly (from p. 117—to the word "co-operation" in p. 121) by communicating clear, vivid and accurate conceptions. The first means is illustrated by a reference to the art of learning a language—to arithmetic—to surveying, and to the writing of "themes." Can any boy, for instance, reconcile himself to the loathsome effort of learning "*Propria quæ maribus*" by any the dimmest sense of its future utility? No, we answer with the Experimentalist: and we go farther even than the Experimentalist is disposed to do (p. 98); for we deny the existence of any future utility. We, the reviewer of this book, at eight years of age, though even then passionately fond of study and disdainful of childish sports, passed some of the most wretched and ungenial days of our life in "learning by *heart*," as it is called, (oh! most ironical misnomer!) *Propria quæ maribus*, "*Quæ genus*," and "*As in præsenti*," a three-headed monster worse than Cerberus: we *did* learn them *ad unguem*; and to this hour their accursed barbarisms cling to our memory as ineradicably as the golden lines of Æschylus or Shakspeare. And what was our profit from all this loathsome labour, and the loathsome heap of rubbish thus deposited in the memory? Attend, if you please, good reader: the first professes to teach the irregularities of nouns as to gender (i. e. which nouns having a masculine termination are yet feminine, &c.) the second to teach the irregularities of nouns as to number (i. e. which want the singular, which the plural), the third, to teach the irregularities of verbs (i. e. their deviations from the generic forms of the preterite and the supine): this is what they *profess* to teach. Suppose then their professions realized, what is the result? Why that you have laboriously anticipated a case of anomaly which, if it do actually occur, could not possibly cost more trouble to explain at the time of its occurrence than you are thus premising. This is as if a man should sit down to cull all the difficult cases of action which could ever occur to him in his relations of son, father, citizen, neighbour, public functionary, &c. under the plea that he would thus have got over the labour of discussion before the case itself arrived. Supposing that this could be accomplished, what would it effect but to cancel a benevolent arrangement of providence by which the difficulties of life are distributed with tolerable equality throughout its whole course, and obstinately to accumulate them all upon a particular period. Sufficient for the day is its own evil: dispatch your business as it arises, and every day clears itself: but suffer a few months of unaudited accounts, or of unanswered letters, to accumulate; and a mountain of arrears is before you which years seem insufficient to get rid of. This sort of accumulation arises in the shape of *arrears*: but any accumulation of trouble out of its proper place,—i. e. of a distributed trouble into a state of convergement,—no matter whether in the shape of needless anticipation or needless procrastination, has equally the practical effect of converting a light trouble (or none at all) into a heavy and hateful one. The daily experience of books, actual intercourse with Latin authors, is sufficient to teach all the irregularities of that language: just as the daily experience of an English child leads him without trouble into all the anomalies of his own language. And, to return to the question which we put—"What was our profit from all this loathsome labour?" In this way it was, viz. in the way of actual experience that we, the reviewer of

this book, did actually in the end come to the knowledge of those irregularities which the three elegant poems in question profess to communicate. Mark this, reader: the logic of what we are saying—is first, that, if they *did* teach what they profess, they would attain that end by an artificial means far more laborious than the natural means: and secondly that in fact they do *not* attain their end. The reason of this—is partly the perplexed and barbarous texture of the verse, which for metrical purposes, i. e. to keep the promise of metre to the mere technical scansion, is obliged to abandon all those natural beauties of metre in the fluent connexion of the words, in the rhythmus, cadence, cæsura, &c. which alone recommend metre as a better or more rememberable form for conveying knowledge than prose: prose, if it has no music, at any rate does not compel the most inartificial writer to dislocate, and distort it into non-intelligibility. Another reason is, that "As in præsenti" and its companions, are not so much adapted to the reading as to the writing of Latin. For instance, I remember (we will suppose) this sequence of "*tango tetigi*" from the "*As in P*," Now, if I am *reading* Latin I meet either with the tense "*tango*," or the tense "*tetigi*." In the former case, I have no difficulty; for there is as yet no irregularity: and therefore it is impertinent to offer assistance: in the latter case I *do* find a difficulty, for, according to the models of verbs which I have learned in my grammar, there is no possible verb which could yield *tetigi*: for such a verb as *tetigo* even ought to yield *tetixi*: here therefore I should be glad of some assistance; but just here it is that I obtain none: for, because I remember "*tango tetigi*" in the direct order, it is quite contrary to the laws of association which govern the memory in such a case, to suppose that I remember the inverted order of tetigi tango—any more than the forward repetition of the Lord's prayer ensures its backward repetition. The practical applicability of "As in præsenti" is therefore solely to the act of *writing* Latin: for, having occasion to translate the words "I touched" I search for the Latin equivalent to the English word *touch*—find that it is tango, and then am reminded (whilst forming the preterit) that *tango* makes not *tanxi* but "tetigi." Such a use therefore I might by possibility derive from my long labours: meantime even here the service is in all probability doubly superfluous: for, by the time that I am called on to write Latin at all, experience will have taught me that *tango* makes *tetigi*; or, supposing that I am required to write Latin as one of the earliest means for gaining experience, even in that case the very same dictionary which teaches me what is Latin for "*touch*" teaches me what is the irregular preterite and supine of *tango*. And thus the "upshot" (to use a homely word) of the whole business —is that an effort of memory, so great as to be capable otherwise directed of mastering a science, and secondly (because directed to an unnatural composition, viz. an arrangement of metre, which is at once the rudest and the most elaborately artificial), so disgusting as that no accession of knowledge could compensate the injury thus done to the simplicity of the child's understanding, by connecting pain and a sense of unintelligible mystery with his earliest steps in knowledge,—all this hyperbolical apparatus and machinery is worked for no one end or purpose that is not better answered by a question to his tutor, by consulting his dictionary, or by the *insensible* progress of daily experience. Even this argument derived from its utter uselessness does not however weigh so much with us as the other argument derived from the want of common sense, involved in the wilful forestalling and artificial concentrating into one long rosary of anomalies, what else the nature of the case has by good luck dispersed over the whole territory of the Latin language. To be consistent, a tutor should take the same proleptical course with regard to the prosody of the Latin language: every Latin hyper-dissyllable is manifestly accentuated according to the following law: if the penultimate be long, that syllable inevitably claims the accent; if short, inevitably it rejects it—i. e. gives it to the ante-penultimate. The determining syllable is therefore the penultimate; and for the due reading of Latin the sole question is about the quantity of the penultimate. Ac-

cording to the logic therefore which could ever have introduced "As in præsenti," the tutor ought to make his pupils commit to memory every individual word in which the quantity was not predetermined by a mechanical rule—(as it is e. g. in the gen. plural *ōrum* of the second declension, the *ērunt* of the third per. plurals of the preterite, &c. or the cases where the vowel is long by position). But what man of sense would forbear to cry out in such a case—"Leave the poor child to his daily reading: practice, under correct tuition, will give him insensibly and without effort all that you would thus endeavour to communicate through a most Herculean exertion." Whom has it cost any trouble to learn the accentuation of his own language? How has he learned *that*? Simply by copying others—and so much without effort, that the effort (and a very great effort) would have been *not* to copy them. In that way let him learn the quantity of Latin and Greek penultimates. That Edmund Burke could violate the quantity of the word "Vectigal" was owing to his tutor's ignorance, who had allowed him so to read it; that Lord North, and every other Etonian in the house, knew better—was owing not to any disproportionate effort of memory directed to that particular word, as though they had committed to memory a rule enjoining them to place the accent on the penultimate of the word vectigal: their knowledge no more rested on such an anticipation by express rules of their own experience, than Burke's ignorance of the quantity on the want of such anticipation; the anticipation was needless—coming from a tutor who knew the quantity, and impossible—coming from a tutor who knew it not. At this moment a little boy (three years old) is standing by our table, and repeatedly using the word *mans* for *men:* his sister (five years old), at his age, made the very same mistake; but she is now correcting her brother's grammar, which just at this moment he is stoutly defending—conceiving his dignity involved in the assertion of his own impeccability. Now whence came the little girl's error and its correction? Following blindly the general analogy of the language, she formed her plural by adding an *s* to the singular: afterwards every body about her became a daily monitor—a living *Propria quæ maribus*, as she is in her turn to her brother, instructing her that this particular word "*man*" swerved, as to this one particular point, from the general analogy of the language. But the result is just as inevitable from daily intercourse with Latin books, as to the parallel anomalies in that language. In proportion as any case of anomaly could escape the practical regulation of such an intercourse, just in that proportion it must be a rare case, and less important to be known: whatsoever the future experience will be most like to demand, the past experience will be most likely to have furnished. All this we urge not against the Eton grammar in particular: on the contrary, as grammars go, we admire the Eton grammar;* and love it with a filial partiality from early associations (always excepting, however, the three lead-mines of the Eton grammar, "Propria quæ maribus," &c. of which it is not extravagant to say, that the author, though possibly a good sort of a man in his way, has undoubtedly caused more human suffering than Nero, Robespierre, or any other enemy of the human race). Our opposition is to the general principle, which lies at the root of such treatises as the three we have been considering: it will be observed that, making a proper allowance for the smallness of the print, these three bodies of absurd anticipations of exceptions, are collectively about equal in quantity, and virtually for the effort to the memory far more than equal, to the whole body of the rules contained in the Accidence and the Syntax: i. e. that which exists on account of many thousand cases is put on the same level of value and

* Indeed an Etonian must in consistency condemn either the Latin or the Greek grammar of Eton. For, where is the Greek "*Propria quæ maribus*"—"*Quæ genus*"—and "*As in præsenti?*" Either the Greek grammar is defective, or the Latin redundant. We are surprised that it has never struck the patrons of these three beautiful Idylls, that all the anomalies of the Greek language are left to be collected from practice.

burthen to the memory, as that which exists on account of itself alone. Here lies the original sin of grammars, the mortal taint on which they all demand regeneration: whosoever would show himself a great artist in the profound but as yet infant art of teaching, should regard all arbitrary taxes upon the memory with the same superstition that a wise lawgiver should regard the punishment of death: the lawgiver, who sets out with little knowledge (and therefore little veneration) of human nature, is perpetually invoking the thunders of the law to compensate the internal weakness of his own laws: and the same spirit of levity disposes inefficient teachers to put in motion the weightiest machinery of the mind for the most trifling purposes: but we are convinced that this law should be engraven on the title page of all elementary books —that the memory is degraded, if it be called in to deliver any individual fact, or any number of individual facts, or for any less purpose than that of delivering a comprehensive law, by means of which the understanding is to *produce* the individual cases of knowledge wanted. Wherever exceptions or insulated cases are noticed, except in notes, which are not designed to be committed to memory, this rule is violated; and the Scotch expression for particularising, viz. *condescending upon*, becomes applicable in a literal sense: when the Eton grammar, e. g. notices *Deus* as deviating in the vocative case from the general law for that declension, the memory is summoned to an unreasonable act of condescension—viz. to load itself almost as heavily for one particular word in one particular case, as it had done by the whole type of that declension (i. e. the implicit law for all words contained under it, which are possibly some thousands). But how then would we have such exceptions learnt, if not by an act of the memory? Precisely, we answer, as the meanings of all the words in the language are learned: how are *they* learned? They are known, and they are remembered: but how? Not by any act or effort of the memory: they are *deposited* in the memory from daily intercourse with them; just as the daily occurrences of our lives are recorded in our memories: not through any exertion on our part, or in consequence of previous determination on our parts that we will remember them: on the contrary, we take no pains about them, and often would willingly forget them: but they stay there in spite of us, and are pure *depositions*, settlings, or sediments, with or without our concurrence, from the stream of our daily experience.—Returning from this long excursus on arbitrary taxations of the memory suggested to us by the mention of "*Propria quæ maribus*," which the Experimentalist objects to as disgusting to children before they have had experience of the cases in which it furnishes assistance (but which we have objected to as in any case barren of all power to assist), we resume the course of our analysis. We left the Experimentalist insisting on the benefit of directing the studies of children into such channels as that the practical *uses* of their labours may become apprehensible to themselves —as the first mode of producing a love of knowledge. In some cases he admits that the pupil must pass through "dark defiles," confiding blindly in his tutor's "assurance that he will at last emerge into light:" but still contends that in many cases it is possible, and where possible—right, that he should "catch a glimpse of the promised land." Thus, for example, to construe the language he is learning—is an act of "some respectability in his eyes" and its uses apparent: meantime the uses of the grammar are not so apparent until experience has brought him acquainted with the real cases to which it applies. On this account,—without laying aside the grammar, let him be advanced to the dignity of actual translation upon the very *minimum* of grammatical knowledge which will admit of it. Again, in arithmetic, it is the received practice to commence with "abstract numbers:" but, instead of risking injury to the child's intellect and to his temper by thus calling upon him to add together "long rows of figures" to which no meaning is attached, he is taught "to calculate all the various little problems which may be constructed respecting his tops and marbles, their price, and their comparative value." Here the Experimentalist turns aside

for about a page (from "while," p. 101—to "practicable," p. 102) to "acknowledge his obligations to what is called Mental Arithmetic—that is, calculation without the employment of written symbols." Jedediah Buxton's preternatural powers in this way have been long published to the world, and may now be found recorded in Encyclopædias: the Experimentalist refers also to the more recent cases of Porson and the American youth Zerah Colborn: amongst his own pupils it appears (p. 54) that this exercise is practised in the morning twilight, which for any other study would not furnish sufficient light: he does not pretend to any very splendid marvels: but the following facts, previously recited at p. 16 and 17, he thinks may astonish "those who have not estimated the combined power of youth, ardour, and practice." The lower classes calculate, purely by the mind without any help from pen or pencil, questions respecting interest; determine whether a given year be bissextile or not, &c. &c. The upper classes determine the age of the moon at any given time, the day of the week which corresponds with any day of any month, and year, and Easter Sunday for a given year. They will square any number not exceeding a thousand, extract the square root of a number of not more than five places, determine the space through which a body falls in a given time, the circumference and areas of circles from their diameters, and solve many problems in mensuration: they practise also Mental Algebra, &c. In mental, no less than in written, Arithmetic, "by assimilating the questions to those which actually occur in the transactions of life," the pupil is made sensible that he is rising into the usefulness and respectability of real business. The imitative principle of man is thus made to blend with the motive derived from the sense of utility. The same blended feelings, combined with the pleasur-
able to [illegible] of open air, are relied
upo t, than an [illegible] he love of know-
ledg found sufficient, [illegible] surveying.
In insists therefore that [illegible] aggre-
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boxers call it, between the boy and hi
tog

constructing maps and plans," that a sudden revelation is made to the pupils of the uses and indispensableness of many previous studies which hitherto they had imperfectly appreciated; they also "exercise their discretion in choosing points of observation; they learn expertness in the use, and care in the preservation of instruments: and, above all,—from this feeling that they are really *at work*, they acquire that sobriety and steadiness of conduct in which the elder school-boy is so often inferior to his less fortunate neighbour, who has been removed at an early age to the accompting-house."—The value of the sense of utility the Experimentalist brings home forcibly to every reader's recollections, by reminding him of the many cases in which a sudden desire for self-education breaks out in a few months after the close of an inefficient education: "and what," he asks, "produces the change? The experience, however short, of the utility of acquisitions, which were perhaps lately despised." Better then "to spare the future man many moments of painful retrospection," by educing this sense of utility, "while the time and opportunity of improvement remain unimpaired." Finally, the sense of utility is connected with the peculiar exercises in *composition*; "a department of education which we confess" (says the Experimentalist) "has often caused us considerable uneasiness;" an uneasiness which we, on our part, look upon as groundless. For starting ourselves from the same point with the Experimentalist and the authority he alleges—viz. that the *matter* of a good theme or essay altogether transcends the reflective powers and the opportunities for observing of a raw school-boy,—we yet come to a very different practical conclusion. The act of composition cannot, it is true, create thoughts in a boy's head unless they exist previously. On this consideration, let all questions of general speculation be dismissed from school exercises: especially questions of *moral* speculation, which usually furnish the thesis of a school-boy's essay: let us have no more themes on Justice—on Ambition—on Benevolence—on the Love of Fame, &c.: for all theses such as these which

treat moral qualities as pure abstractions, are stripped of their *human* interest: and few adults even could write endurably upon such subjects in such a shape; though many might have written very pleasingly and judiciously upon a moral *case*—i. e. on a moral question *in concreto*. Grant that a school-boy has no independant thoughts of any value; yet every boy has thoughts dependent upon what he has read—thoughts involved in it—thoughts derived from it: but these he will (*cæteris paribus*) be more or less able to express, as he has been more or less accustomed to express them. The unevolved thoughts, which pass through the youngest—the rudest—the most inexperienced brain, are innumerable; not detached—voluntary thoughts, but thoughts inherent in what is seen, talked of, experienced, or read of. To evolve these, to make them apprehensible by others, and often even to bring them within their own consciousness, is very difficult to most people; and at times to all people: and the power, by which this difficulty is conquered, admits of endless culture: and, amongst the modes of culture, is that of written composition. The true value of this exercise lies in the necessity which it imposes of forming distinct ideas—of connecting them—of disposing them into such an arrangement as that they can be connected—of clothing them in words—and many more acts of the mind: both analytic and synthetic. All that is necessary is—to determine for the young composer his choice of matter: require him therefore to narrate an interesting story which he has formerly read; to rehearse the most interesting particulars of a day's excursion: in the case of more advanced students, let them read one of the English state trials, where the evidence is of a complex character (as the trials on Titus Oates's plot), or a critical dissertation on some interesting question, or any thing in short which admits of analysis—of abstraction—of expansion—or exhibition in an altered shape. Subjects for all this are innumerable; and, according to the selection made, more or less opportunity is given for collecting valuable knowledge: but this purpose is collateral to the one we are speaking of: the direct purpose is to exercise the mind in unravelling its own thoughts, which else lie huddled and tangled together in a state unfit for use, and but dimly developed to the possessor's own consciousness.—The three other modes of producing a love of knowledge, which the Experimentalist relies on, viz. the proportioning the difficulties to the capacity of the learner, the pleasure of success, and the communication of clear, vivid, and accurate conceptions, are treated with good sense—but not with any great originality: the last indeed (to speak scholastically) contains the other three *eminenter*: for he, who has once arrived at clear conceptions in relation to the various objects of his study, will not fail to generate for himself the pleasure of success; and so of the rest. But the power of communicating "accurate conceptions" involves so many other powers, that it is in strictness but another name for the faculty of teaching in general. We fully agree with the Experimentalist (at p. 118), that the tutor would do well "to provide himself with the various weights commonly spoken of, and the measures of content and of length; to portion off upon his play-ground a land-chain, a rood," &c. to furnish "maps" tracing "the routes of armies;" "plates exhibiting the costumes" of different nations: and more especially we agree with him (at p. 135) that in teaching the classics the tutor should have at hand "plates or drawings of ships, temples, houses, altars, domestic and sacred utensils, robes, and of every object of which they are likely to read." "It is," as he says, "impossible to calculate the injury which the minds of children suffer from the habit of receiving imperfect ideas:" and it is discreditable in the highest degree to the majority of good classical scholars that they have no accurate knowledge of the Roman calendar, and no knowledge at all of the classical coinage, &c.: not one out of every twenty scholars can state the relation of the *sestertius* to th[illegible] *[illegible]na-rius*, of the Roma[illegible] and tog[illegible] the Attic *drachm*[illegible] figures" to whic[illegible] of them in E[illegible] attached, he is t[illegible]uch defects [illegible]calculate all the various [illegible] not ad[illegible] problems which may be constr[illegible]ury [illegible]respecting his tops and marbles, [illegible] in price, and their comparative va[illegible] a Here the Experimentalist turns[illegible]

subject however which we have here no room to enlarge upon.

Rewards and Punishments.—It has already been mentioned that corporal punishments are entirely abolished;* and upon the same principle all such disgrace as "would destroy self-respect." "Expulsion even has been resorted to, rather than a boy should be submitted to treatment which might lead himself and his school-fellows to forget that he was a gentleman." In this we think the Experimentalist very wise: and precisely upon this ground it was that Mr. Coleridge in his lectures at the Royal Institution attacked Mr. Lancaster's system, which deviated from the Madras system chiefly in the complexity of the details, and by pressing so cruelly in its punishments upon the principle of shame. "Public disgrace" (as the Experimentalist alleges, p. 83) "is painful exactly in proportion to the good feeling of the offender:" and thus the good are more heavily punished than the bad. Confinement, and certain disabilities, are the severest punishments: but the former is "as rare as possible; both because it is attended with unavoidable disgrace" (but what punishment is wholly free from this objection?) "and because, unlike labour, it is pain without any utility" (p. 183). The ordinary punishments therefore consist in the forfeiture of rewards, which are certain counters obtained by various kinds of merit. These are of two classes, *penal* (so called from being received as forfeits), and premial which are obtained by a higher degree of merit, and have higher powers attached to them. Premial counters will purchase *holidays*, and will also purchase *rank* (which on this system is of great importance). A conflict is thus created between pleasure and ambition, which generally terminates in favour of the latter: "a boy of fourteen, although constantly in the possession of marks sufficient to obtain a holiday per week, has bought but three quarters of a day's relaxation during the whole of the last year. The same boy purchased his place on the list by a sacrifice of marks sufficient to have obtained for him twenty-six half-holidays." The purchase of rank, the reader must remember, is no way objectionable—considering the means by which the purchase-money is obtained. One chief means is by study during the hours of leisure—i. e. by *voluntary labour*: this is treated of (rather out of its place) in Chap. VII. which ought to be considered as belonging to the first part of the work, viz. to the exposition of the system. Voluntary labour took its rise from the necessity of furnishing those boys, who had no chance of obtaining rank through their talents, with some other means of distinguishing themselves: this is accomplished in two modes: first, by giving rewards for industry exerted out of school hours, and receiving these rewards as the price of rank; making no other stipulation than one, in addition to its being "tolerably well executed"—viz. that it shall be in a state of completion. The Experimentalist comments justly at p. 187, on "the mental dissipation in which persons of talent often indulge" as being "destructive beyond what can readily be imagined" and as leading to "a life of shreds and patches." "We take care" (says he) "to reward no boy for fragments, whatever may be their excellence. We know nothing of his exertions until they come before us in a state of completion." Hence, besides gaining the "habit of finishing" in early youth, the boy has an interest also in gaining the habit of measuring his own powers: for he knows "that he can receive neither fame nor profit by instalments; and therefore "undertakes

* On this point there is however an exception made, which amuses us not a little. "In a few instances," says the Experimentalist, "it has been found or supposed necessary to resent insolence by a blow: but this may be rather called an assertion of private right, than an official punishment. In these cases a single blow has *almost* always been found sufficient, even the rarity of the infliction rendering severity unnecessary." He insists therefore that this punishment (which, we cannot but think, might have been commuted for a long imprisonment) shall not be called a punishment, nor entered on the public records as such: in which case however it becomes a private "turn-up," as the boxers call it, between the boy and his tutor.

nothing which he has not a rational hope of accomplishing." * A second mode of preventing rank from being monopolized by talents is by flinging the school into various arrangements, one of which is founded on "propriety of manners and general good conduct."

We have thus gone through a pretty full analysis, and a very accurate one, of the new system as contained in the three first chapters. Of the five miscellaneous chapters, the seventh or last but one, (on *voluntary labour*) has been interwoven with our analysis; and the eighth, which contains a comparison of public and private education, we do not purpose to notice; the question is very sensibly discussed; but it is useless to discuss any question like this, which is a difficult problem only because it is an unlimited problem. Let the parent satisfy himself about the object he has in view for his child, and let him consider the particular means which he has at his disposal for securing a good private education, and he may then determine it for himself. As far as the attainment of knowledge is concerned,—it is always possible to secure a good public education, and not always possible to secure a good private one. Where either is possible indifferently, the comparison will proceed upon more equal grounds: and inquiry may then be made about the child's destination in future life: for many destinations a public education being much more eligible than for others. Under a perfect indetermination of every thing relating to the child—the question is as indeterminable as—whether it is better to go to the Bank through Holborn or through the Strand: the particular case being given, it may then be possible to answer the question; previously it is impossible.——Three chapters therefore remain, viz.—Chap. IV. on Languages; Chap. V. on Elocution; and Chap. VI. on Penmanship.

Chap. IV. On the best method of acquiring Languages.—The Experimentalist had occasion to observe "that, in the Welsh towns which are frequented by the English, even the children speak both languages with fluency:" this fact, contrasted with the labour and pain entailed upon the boy who is learning Latin (to say nothing of the eventual disgust to literature which is too often the remote consequence), and the drudgery entailed upon the master who teaches Latin,—and fortified by the consideration, that in the former instance the child learns to speak a new language, but in the latter only to read it,—first drew his attention to the *natural* mode of learning languages, i. e. learning them from daily use. This mode never fails with living languages: but how is it to be applied to dead languages? The Experimentalist retorts by asking what is essential to this mode? Partly the necessity which the pupil is laid under of using the language daily for the common intercourse of life, and partly his hearing it spoken by those who thoroughly understand it. "Stimulus to exertion then, and good models, are the great advantages of this mode of instruction:" and these, he thinks, are secured even for a dead language by his system: the first by the motives to exertion which have already been unfolded; and the second by the acting of Latin dramas (which had been previously noticed in his Exposition of the system). But a third imitation of the *natural* method he places in the use of translations, "which present the student with a dictionary both of words and phrases arranged in the order in which he wants them," and in an abstinence from all use of the grammar, until the learner himself shall come to feel the want of it; i. e. using it with reference to an experience already accumulated, and not as an anticipation of an experience yet to come. The ordinary objection to the use of translations—that they produce indolent habits, he answers

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* The details of the system in regard to the penal and premial counters may be found from p. 23 to 29. We have no room to extract them: one remark only we must make—that we do not see how it is possible to ascribe any peculiar and incommunicable privileges to the premial as opposed to the penal counters, when it appears that they may be exchanged for each other "at an established rate."

thus: "We teach by the process of *construing;* and therefore, even with the translation before him, the scholar will have a task to perform in matching the English, word by word, with the language which he is learning." For this *natural* method of learning languages he alleges the authority of Locke, of Ascham, and of Pestalozzi. The best method, with those who have advanced to some degree of proficiency, he considers that of double translations—i. e. a translation first of all into the mother tongue of the learner, and a re-translation of this translation back into the language of the original. These, with the help of extemporaneous construing, i. e. construing any passage at random with the assistance of a master who supplies the meaning of the unknown words as they arise (a method practised, it seems, by Le Febvre the father of Madame Dacier, by others before his time, and by Condillac since)—compose the chief machinery which he employs for the communication of dead languages.

Chap. V. On Elocution.—In this chapter there is not much which is very important. To read well, the Experimentalist alleges, presupposes so much various knowledge, especially of that kind which is best acquired by private reading, and therefore most spares the labour of the tutor, that it ought reasonably to bestow high rank in the school. Private reading is most favourable to the rapid collection of an author's meaning: but for reading well—this is not sufficient: two great constituents of that art remain to be acquired—Enunciation and Inflection. These are best learned by Recitation. Thus far there is no great novelty: the most interesting part of the chapter is what relates to Stammering. This defect is held by the Experimentalist to result from inattention to rhythmus: so much he thinks has been proved by Mr. Thelwall. Whatsoever therefore compels the pupil to an efficient perception of time and measure, as for example, marching and music (p. 32), he resorts to for its correction. Stammerers, he observes, can all sing: let them be taught to sing therefore, if not otherwise corrigible: and from this let them descend to *recitative:* then to the recitation of verses distinguished by the simplicity of their rhythmus, marching at the same time and marking the accented syllables by the tread of the foot; from this to the recitation of more difficult verses; from that to measured prose; thence to ordinary prose; and lastly to narrative and dialogue.

Chap. VI. Of Penmanship.—This is a subject on which we profess no experience which could warrant us in contradicting a writer who should rest his innovations solely upon that ground: but the writer before us does not rely on the practical issue of his own experiment (he does not even tell us what that issue was), but on certain *à priori* arguments, which we conceive to be ill-reasoned. The amount of the chapter is this—that to write a good running hand is the main object to be aimed at in the art of caligraphy: we will go farther, and concede that it is the sole object, unless where the pupil is educated for a writing-master. Thus far we are agreed; and the question is—as to the best means of attaining this object. On which question the plan here proposed differs from those in use by the very natural error—that what is admitted to be the ultimate object, this plan would make the immediate object. The author starts from a false theory of the practice amongst writing-masters: in order that their pupils may write small and running hands well, writing-masters (as is well-known) begin by exacting from them a long praxis in large hands. But the rationale of this praxis escapes the Experimentalist: the large hand and the small hand stand related to each other, in the estimate of the masters, as a means to an end; whereas the Experimentalist supposes them to be viewed in the relation simply of two co-ordinate or collateral ends: on which false presumption he grounds what would on his own view be a very sound advice; for justly conceiving that the small hand is of incomparably more use in life, he argues in effect thus: let us communicate the main object, and then (if he has leisure and taste for it) let the pupil direct his attention to the lower object: "when the running hand is accomplished," says he, "the pupil may (if it be thought neces-

sary) learn to write the larger hands according to the received models." *When* it is acquired! "Aye, but in order that it *may* be acquired,"—the writing-master will reply, "I must first teach the larger hands." As well might the professor of dancing hold out as a tempting innovation to the public—I teach the actual dances, the true practical synthesis of the steps and movements, as it is in fact demanded by the usage of the ball-room: let others teach the analytic elements of the art—the mere useless steps—to those who have time to waste on superfluities. In either art (as in many others) that, which is first (or rather sole) in order of importance, is last in the order of attainment: as an object *per se*, the larger hand is not wanted at all, either before or after the running hand: if it does really contribute nothing to the more accurate formation of the letters, by compelling the pupil to exhibit his aberrations from the *ideal* letter more clearly because on a scale of greater magnitude (which yet in the second sentence of this chapter our Experimentalist himself admits), then let it be abandoned at once: for not doing this service, it does nothing at all. On the other hand, if this be its specific service, then it is clear that, being no object *per se*, but simply a means to an object, it must have precedency in the order of communication. And the innovation of our Experimentalist is so far (in the literal sense of that word) a *preposterous* inversion of the old usage: and this being the chief principle of his "plan" we desire to know no more of it; and were not sorry that (p. 178) we found him declining "to enter into a detail of it."—The business of the chapter being finished however, there yet remains some little matter of curiosity. 1. The Experimentalist affirms that "Langford's copper-plate copies, or indeed any other which he has seen, fail" if tried by a certain test: what test? Why this: that "the large hand seen through a diminishing glass, ought to be reduced into the current hand; and the current hand, magnified, ought to swell into a large hand." Whereas, on the contrary, "the large hands reduced appear very stiff and cramped; and the magnified running hand"—"appears little better than a scrawl." Now to us the result appears in a different light. It is true that the large hands reduced do not appear good running hands according to the standard derived from the actual practice of the world: but why? Simply because they are too good: i.e. they are *ideals* and in fact are meant to be so; and have nothing characteristic: they are purely *generic* hands, and therefore want *individualization:* they are abstractions; but to affect us pleasurably, they should be concrete expressions of some human qualities, moral or intellectual. Perfect features in a human face arranged with perfect symmetry, affect us not at all, as is well known, where there is nothing characteristic; the latency of the individual in the generic, and of the generic in the individual, is that which gives to each its power over our human sensibilities. And this holds of caligraphy no less than other arts. And *that* is the most perfect hand-writing which unites the *minimum* of deviation from the ideal standard of beauty (as to the form and nexus of the letters) with the *maximum* of characteristic expression. It has long been practically felt, and even expressly affirmed, (in some instances even expanded into a distinct art and professed as such,) that it is possible to determine the human *intellectual* character as to some of its features from the hand-writing. Books even have been written on this art, as e.g. the *Ideographia*, or art of knowing the characters of men from their hand-writings, by *Aldorisius:* and, though this in common with all other modes of *physiognomy*, as craniology, Lavaterianism (usually called physiognomy), &c. &c. has laboured under the reproach of fancifulness,—yet we ought not to attribute this wholly to the groundlessness of the art as a possible art—but to these two causes; partly to the precipitation and imperfect psychology of the professors; who, like the craniologists, have been over-ready to determine the *indicantia* before they had settled according to any tolerable theory the *indicanda;* i. e. have settled what A, what B, what C, shall *indicate*, before they have inquired what it was presumable upon

any systematic development of human nature would have a right *to be indicated;* and thus have assigned an external characteristic to a faculty of the third order—suppose (or perhaps a mere accidental effect of a faculty or a mere imaginary faculty), whilst a primary faculty went without any expression at all:—partly, I say, to this cause which is obviously not merely a subjective but also an accidental cause; and partly also to the following cause, which is objective (i.e. seated in the inherent imperfections of the art itself, and not removeable therefore by any future improvements to be anticipated from a more matured psychology); viz. that the human mind transcends or overflows the gamut or scale of the art; in other words, that the qualities—intellectual or moral, which ought to be expressed, are far more in number than the alphabet of signs or expressions by which they are to be enunciated. Hence it follows as an inevitable dilemma, that many qualities must go unrepresented; or else be represented by signs common to them with other qualities: in the first of which cases we have an art imperfect from defect, in the other case imperfect from equivocal language. Thus, for example, determination of character is built in some cases upon mere energy of the will (a moral cause); and again in other cases upon capaciousness of judgment and freedom from all logical perplexity (an intellectual cause). Yet it is possible that either cause will modify the hand-writing in the same way.

From the long analysis which we have thus given of the book recording this new system of education, it is sufficiently evident that we think very highly of it. In the hands of its founder we are convinced that it is calculated to work wonders; and so strong is the impression which his book conveys, that he is not only a man of very extraordinary talents for the improvement of the science of education, but also a very conscientious man—that, for our own parts, we should confide a child to his care with that spirit of perfect confidence which he has himself described at p. 74. There is an air of gentlemanly feeling spread over the book which tends still further to recommend the author. Meantime two questions arise on the system,—first, is it a good system? which we have answered:—secondly, is it a system adapted for general diffusion? This question we dare not answer in the affirmative, unless we could ensure the talents and energy of the original inventor in every other superintendant of this system.—In this we may be wrong: but at all events, it ought not to be considered as any deduction from the merits of the author—as a very original thinker on the science of education, that his system is not (like the Madras system) independent of the teacher's ability, and therefore not unconditionally applicable.—Upon some future occasion we shall perhaps take an opportunity of stating what is in our opinion the great desideratum which is still to be supplied in the art of education considered simply in its *intellectual* purposes—viz. the communication of knowledge, and the development of the intellectual faculties: purposes which have not been as yet treated in sufficient insulation from the *moral* purposes. For the present we shall conclude by recommending to the notice of the Experimentalist the German writers on education. Basedow, who naturalized Rousseau in Germany, was the first author who called the attention of the German public to this important subject. Unfortunately Basedow had a silly ambition of being reputed an infidel, and thus created a great obstacle to his own success: he was also in many other respects a sciolist and a trifler: but, since his time, the subject has been much cultivated in Germany: "Paedogogic" journals even, have been published periodically, like literary or philosophic journals: and, as might be anticipated from that love of children which so honourably distinguishes the Germans as a people, not without very considerable success.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE THORN.

'Tis a popular Legend, that the Nightingale, singing, leans upon a Thorn.

NIGHT's curtains are falling
Around her wide dome,
And mother-birds calling
Young wanderers home.

The humble-bee, singing,
Comes out of the rose,
And through the wood ringing
His curfew, he goes.

No pipe on the mountain,
No step in the vale;
The moon in the fountain
Looks splendidly pale.

Hush!—hush!—the dark river
Is lifting its waves
O'er shelves where for ever
The hoarse torrent raves.

O, no!—'tis the wild-flowers
Sighing for morn,
When again in sun-hours
Each bud shall be born.

Yon grove of sweet willows,
'Tis they that complain,
As the wind their green billows
Sweeps over again.

Yet the sounds are far sweeter
Than here can have birth!—
Such notes are far meeter
For heaven than earth.

Say, whence are those numbers?
Why waken they,—when
Even Sorrow hath slumbers?—
Look down in the glen.

The moon on the ripples
That wander below,
With her cold lip tipples
The waves as they flow:

There's a tree bending over
The roar of the stream,
Through its dark leafy cover
Shoots one little beam:

Look! look!—the boughs sighing
Lay open her rest;
'Tis a bird!—Is she dying?
There's blood on her breast.—

Know you not the wild story?—
Each night on that spray,
In musical glory
Lone wakes she the lay:

'Tis her fine fond madness
To sing thus forlorn;
And to deepen her sadness—
She leans on a thorn!

FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ;

OR,

The Old English Jesters.

No. VI.—TARLTON.

TARLTON'S JESTS. DRAWNE INTO THESE THREE PARTS.

1. HIS COURT-WITTY IESTS.
2. HIS SOUND CITY IESTS.
3. HIS COUNTRRY PRETTY IESTS.

FULL OF DELIGHT, WIT, AND HONEST MIRTH.

LONDON, PRINTED BY I. H. FOR ANDREW CROOK, AND ARE TO BE SOLD IN PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, AT THE SIGNE OF THE BEARE. 1638.

(Small quarto: containing five sheets, black letter).

Of this very rare volume an earlier edition, probably the first, had appeared in 1611, but the reprint of 1638 is of so seldom occurrence, that the late Mr. Malone, who was not very fond of extravagant doings at book auctions, gave five guineas and a half for one at Mr. Stanhope's sale, an "enormous price," as he notes on the blank leaf of his copy, now in the Bodleian library.

Richard Tarlton was born at Condover, in Shropshire, and, if we may believe Fuller* (who says, that some of his name and relations were living there when he wrote his *Worthies*), he was found in a field, keeping his father's swine, by a servant of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who accidentally meeting with him, as he was travelling on business for his Lord, entered into conversation, "and was so highly pleased with his *happy unhappy* answers," that he took him under his patronage, induced him to accompany him to London, and brought him to the court. He seems to have risen into favour with the Queen, and popularity with her subjects very rapidly. "Our Tarlton (says Fuller†) was master of his faculty. When Queen Elizabeth was *serious* (I dare not say *sullen*) and out of good humour, he could *undumpish* her at his pleasure. Her highest favourites would in some cases go to Tarlton, before they would go to the Queen, and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous access to her. In a word, he told the Queen more of her faults, than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all of her physicians." Heywood ‡ says of him; "heere I must needs remember Tarleton, in his time gratious with the Queene his soueraigne, and in the people's generall applause;" and Howes, the editor and continuator of Stow, tells us, that Elizabeth, at the suit of Sir Francis Walsingham, constituted twelve players at Barn Elms, allowing them wages and liveries as grooms of the chamber (a custom which lasted till Colley Cibber's time), and one of these was Tarlton. "Among these twelve players (continues Howes) were two rare men; viz. *Thomas Wilson,* for a quicke, delicate, refined, extemporall witte, and *Richard Tarlton,* for a wondrous plentifull, pleasant, extemporall wit, was the wonder of his tyme, and so beloued that men vse his picture for their signes." § One of these signs was in existence so late as the beginning of the last century, when Oldys saw it over an obscure alehouse in the borough of Southwark, which then went by the name of *The Tabor and Pipe Man.*||

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* *Worthies in Staffordshire,* (where Fuller places him, not having learned his birthplace in time to introduce him in the account of his native county) page 47.

† Ibid.

‡ In his *Apology for Actors,* London, 1612, 4to. Sign. E. 2. b.

§ *Annales or Chronicle,* London, 1615, folio, p. 697. Bishop Hall in his *Satires,* alludes to the frequency of Tarlton's portrait as a sign:

"Or sit with Tarlton on an alepost's signe."

|| *MS. notes to Langbaine.* The tabor seems to have been the usual accompanyment of the early clowns. In Twelfth-Night, Act III, Scene 1, the stage direction says, "Enter Viola and Clown with a tabor," and the wood-cut prefixed to the volume we are now noticing, gives a portrait of Tarlton with that instrument, and a long pipe. See this subject admirably treated on in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare,* &c. 1, 97, 2, 209.

There was something so irresistibly comick in Tarlton's countenance, that, although he did not utter a syllable, the spectators were delighted. Sir Richard Baker, speaking of Prynne, the puritanical opposer of all theatrical amusements, says * "Let him try it when he will, and come himself upon the stage, with all the scurrility of the wife of Bath, with all the ribaldry of Poggius or Boccace, yet I dare affirm he shall never give that contentment to beholders, as honest *Tarlton* did, though he said never a word;" and the same writer, in another work, † bears ample testimony to his merits, and concludes his commendation of Allen and Burbage by declaring that "to make their comedies complete, they had Richard Tarleton, who for the part, called the clowne's part, never had his match, never will have." We will conclude these contemporary testimonies in praise of our comedian by an extract from Dr. Cave's treatise, *De Politica,* printed in quarto, at Oxford, 1588, who writes, "Aristoteles suum Theodoretum laudavit quendam peritum tragœdiarum actorem, Cicero suum Roscium, nos Angli TARLETONUM, in cujus voce et vultu omnes jocosi affectus, in cujus cerebroso capite lepidæ facetiæ habitant."

From the volume of Tarlton's Jests now before us, a good many particulars relating to himself may be gleaned.

He was for some-time an actor at the Bull in Bishopsgate-street, and the following is given as an instance of his wit and ready humour: it is also a proof of the licence used by favourite performers in those days, and the buffoonery they descended to, in order to excite merriment.

An excellent Iest of Tarlton suddenly spoken.

At the Bull, at Bishopsgate, was a play of Henry the Fift, ‡ wherein the judge was to take a box on the eare, and because he was absent that should take the blow, Tarlton himselfe (euer forward to please) tooke vpon him to play the same judge, besides his owne part of the clowne: and Knel then playing Henry the Fift, hit Tarlton a sound boxe indeed, which made the people laugh the more because it was he. But anon the judge goes in, and immediately Tarlton (in his clowne's cloathes) comes out, and askes the actors what newes; O (saith one) hadst thou been here, thou shouldest haue seen Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the eare. "What! man," said Tarlton, "strike a judge?" "It is true, yfaith;" said the other. "No other like," said Tarlton, "and it could not be but terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me, that methinkes the blow remaines still on my cheeke, that it burns againe." The people laught at this mightily; and to this day I huae heard it commended for rare; but no maruell, for he had many of these. But I would see our clownes in these dayes doe the like: no, I warrant ye, and yet they thinke well of themselues too." §

Tarlton, besides his occupations as player, jester, and clown, kept an ordinary in Paternoster-row, and afterwards the sign of the Saba, ‖ a tavern in Gracious (Grace-church) street. He was also married, his wife being a widow named Katharine, and as report went, none of the best either for temper or reputation.

How Tarlton would have drowned his Wife. **

Vpon a time as Tarlton and his wife (as passengers) came sailing from Southampton

* *Theatrum triumphans.* London, 1670, 8vo. p. 34.

† *Chronicle of England.* London, 1674, folio, p. 500.

‡ There is no clown in Shakspeare's *King Henry V.* consequently Tarlton's practical witticism must refer to some previous drama with a similar title. A play so called was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594; Shakspeare's *Henry V,* according to Malone's calculation, was not written before 1599.

§ *Jests.* Sign. c. 2, b.

‖ The *Saba,* translated *Sheba* in the authorized versions of the Bible, and subsequently corrupted into the *Bell-Savage:*

In heore land is a cite
On of the noblest in Christiante:
Hit hotith *Sabba* in langage,
Thennes cam *Sibely savage*
Of al theo world theo fairest quene,
To Jerusalem, Salamon to seone.

Adam Davie's *Romance of Alexander.* See Douce's *Illustrations,* vol. i. p. 98. Boswell's Shakspeare, vol. xi. p. 430. Weber's *Romances,* 1, 263: 3, 328.

** *Jests.* D. 3, b.

towards London, a mighty storme arose and endangered the ship, wherevpon the captaine thereof charged euery man to throw into the seas the heauiest thing hee could best spare, to the end to lighten some-what the ship. Tarlton, that had his wife there, offered to throw her ouer-board: but the company rescued her; and being asked wherefore he meant so to doe, he answered: "She is the heauiest thing I haue, and I can best spare her."

During the summer it appears that the players left London, being prohibited from exhibiting in the metropolis, and went to the various fairs, large towns, and gentlemen's seats, in different parts of England. From one part of the book we learn, that a single waggon sufficed to carry the dresses and decorations of the whole company, and probably the actors themselves to boot. Being on one of these expeditions in Kent, Tarlton and his boy got as far as Sandwich, on their return to London, where their money failing them, our jester was fain to have recourse to his wits for a conveyance. After spending two days at the best inn, and in the best manner, he makes his boy mutter certain mysterious words before the host and his family, which led them to suppose Tarlton was a seminary priest in disguise.—"Lord, Lord (said the boy), what a scald master doe I serue! As I am an honest boy I'll leaue him in the lurch, and shift for myselfe; here's adoe about penance and mortification!" Such exclamations exciting the suspicions of the innkeeper, he communicated his fears to the constable, and the two worthies being anxious to secure the reward offered for the detection of Roman Catholic Priests, seized him in his chamber, (where, to keep up the joke, he was discovered on his knees crossing himself,) paid his reckoning, and bore his charges up to London. There they took him before recorder Fleetwood, who knowing him, received him very kindly, and dismissed his accusers "with fleas in their ears," for being such egregious fools; though we must own there was ample ground for suspicion.

We hasten now to give a few extracts from the *Jests* of this celebrated personage:

How Tarlton plaid the Drunkard before the Queene.

The Queene being discontented, which Tarlton perceiuing, took vpon him to delight her with some quaint iest: whereupon he counterfaited a drunkard, and called for beere, which was brought immediately. Her Maiestie noting his humor, commanded that he should haue no more; for (quoth shee) he will play the beast, and so shame himselfe. Feare not you (quoth Tarlton), for your beere is small enough. Whereat her Maiestie laughed heartily, and commanded that he should haue enough.

Tarlton's Opinion of Oysters.

Certaine noblemen and ladies of the court being eating of oysters, one of them seeing Tarlton, called him, and asked him if he loued oysters? No (quoth Tarlton), for they be vngodly meate, vncharitable meate, and vnprofitable meate. Why? quoth the courtiers. They are vngodly, sayes Tarlton, because they are eaten without grace; vncharitable, because they leaue nought but shelles, and vnprofitable, because they must swim in wine.*

Tarlton's answer to a Courtier.

Tarlton being at the court all night, in the morning he met a great courtier coming from his chamber, who espying Tarlton, said, "Good morrow, M. Didimus and Tridimus!" Tarlton being somewhat abashed, not knowing the meaning thereof, said, "Sir, I vnderstand you not, expound, I pray you." Quoth the courtier, "Didimus and Tridimus is a fool and a knaue." "You ouerloade me," replied Tarlton, "for my backe cannot beare both; therefore take you the one, and I will take the other; take you the knaue, and I will carry the foole with me."

Tarlton's Answer to a Nobleman's Question.

There was a nobleman that asked Tarlton what hee thought of souldiers in time of peace? "Marry (quoth he) they are like chimneys in summer."

Tarlton's Iest to an vnthrifty Courtier.

There was an vnthriftie gallant belonging to the court, that had borrow'd fiue pounds of Tarlton; but having lost it at dice, he sent his man to Tarlton to borrow fiue

* The oyster-eater of the present day would not consider his dish improved by the introduction of wine sauce, and yet such was the custom in Queen Elizabeth's reign. It was considered necessary, to prevent their disagreeing when eaten raw. Cogan, who wrote a very learned and no less entertaining treatise "for all those that haue a care of their health," which he entitled *The Haven of Health*, and in which he advises on Labour, Meat, Drink, Sleep, and Venus, prefers oysters before all other shell fish, but he gives his readers this caution—"if they be eaten raw *they require good wine* to be drunke after them to helpe digestion," and he recommends red wine or sack as best for that purpose. *Haven of Health*, London, 1596, 4to. p. 146.

pounds more, by the same token he owed him already fiue pounds. "Pray tel your master (quoth Tarlton) that if he will send me the token, I will send him the money: for who deceiues me once, God forgiue him: if twice, God forgiue him: but if thrice, God forgiue him, but not me, because I could not beware.

Tarlton died in 1588, and was buried at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, on the 3d of September.* In August 1589, Kyrkham, the stationer, had license to print "A Sorrowfull newe Sonnette, intitled Tarlton's Recantation, vpon this theame, gyuen him by a gent. at the Bel Savage without Ludgate (nowe or els neuer) beinge the laste theme he songe." These *themes* allude to a custom on the stage much in vogue in Tarlton's time. When the play was over, or between the acts, it was permitted to any of the audience to propose certain themes or subjects, to which the clown, or other performer, gave some humorous rejoinder: in one of the jests, we are told that "it was Tarlton's custome for to sing ex-tempore of theames giuen him," and from another we learn a personal defect in this celebrated performer, which if it did not add to his good looks, probably heightened the drollery of his countenance:

Tarlton's answer in defence of his flat nose.

I remember I was once at a play in the country, where, as Tarlton's vse was, the play being done, euery one so pleased to throw vp his theame. Amongst all the rest, one was read to this effect, word by word:

Tarlton, I am one of thy friends, and none
of thy foes.
Then I prethee tell how cam'st by that flat
nose?
Had I beene present at that time on those
banks,
I would haue laid my short sword ouer his
long shankes.

Tarlton, mad at this question, as it was his property sooner to take such a matter ill then well, very suddenly returned him this answere:

Friend or foe, if thou wilt needes know,
marke me well,
With parting dogs and bears, then by the ears,
this chance fell.
But what of that, though my nose be flat,
my credit to saue,
Yet very well, I can by the smell
scent an honest man from a knave.

Tarlton was the author of one play called *The Seven Deadly Sins:* the piece itself is supposed to have been lost, but Mr. Malone recovered the plan or scheme of it, which he printed in his Supplement to Shakspeare, 8vo. 1780, and which has since been appended to the History of the Stage prefixed to the variorum editions of our great bard, who was thought by Mr. Malone to have been one of the performers in Tarlton's drama.

Tarlton is thus described by Henry Chettle in *Kind Heartes Dreame,* 4to. 1592. "The next by his sute of russet, his buttoned cap, his taber, his standing on the toe and other trickes, I knew to be either the body or resemblance of Tarlton, who living, for his pleasant conceites was of all men liked, and dying, for mirth left not his like."

He had many epitaphs written on him. Camden gives us the following:†

Hic situs est cujus vox, vultus, actio possit
Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum:

and in *Wits Bedlam,* 8vo. 1617, we have—

ON TARLTON.

Here within this sullen earth,
Lies *Dick Tarlton,* lord of mirth;
Who in his graue still laughing, gapes,
Syth all clownes since haue beene his apes:
Earst, he of clownes to learne still sought,
But now they learn of him they taught.
By art far past the principall,
The counterfet is so worth all.

But the greatest curiosity relative to Tarlton has lately been discovered. It is a copy book, of various sorts of penmanship, executed on vellum, by *Davies of Hereford,* one of the most celebrated writing-masters of his day. In the capital letter T, Davies has executed a drawing of Tarlton, most admirably limned, with his pipe, tabor, &c. bearing sufficient resemblance to the wood-cut prefixed to his Jests, to leave no doubt of its identity, even if his name did not appear, as it does in the following lines written on the page opposite to the portrait, with which we shall conclude the present article:

Tarlton beholde, that played the contrye
clowne,
None lyke to hym in citie, courte or towne:
His clownish grace, his gesture, and his porte,
Did much delight the best and meanest sorte,
I greatelie doubt that I shall neuer see
One counterfeate the clowne so well as hee.

* Ellis's *History of Shoreditch,* London, 1798, p. 211.

† *Remaines concerning Britaine,* London, 1629, 4to p. 344.

MEXICAN WONDERS; A PEEP INTO THE PICCADILLY MUSEUM;

BY JACOB GOOSEQUILL, IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

My dear Sir,—You ask me to give you a short account of the Exhibition so much talked of at the Egyptian Hall. A *short* account, Sir! In the whole circle of your acquaintance, you could not perhaps select any one less fit than myself to give a short account of any thing. Unless I have the privilege of laying myself out whenever I choose, of embellishing the plain narrative with my own impertinent observations, I can do little or nothing in the way of description. However, as you have made the request, I will comply with it as briefly as possible.

The Goddess of Curiosity led Columbus by the nose a much greater way than ever she led a much greater fool, viz. myself. Nevertheless, I had enough of his inquisitive disposition to draw me, last week, from my "bed of asphodel" (in plain English, my soft bottomed ottoman) towards that part of America which has just been translated to Piccadilly. The importance into which the Mexican empire is now rising seems to have been deeply felt and duly weighed by Mr. Bullock. He has consulted his own interest in the public gratification, and I have no doubt will eventually fill his own pockets quite as full as our heads, by means of his exhibition. Amongst the many non-gratuitous establishments of the same kind within the metropolis, Bullock's Museum, in my mind, certainly holds the first place: there is a spirit of philosophy embarked in it which raises it far above the standard of a common exhibition. We are introduced neither to a painted city or a solitary landscape, to an army of soldiers or a company of wild beasts, to a giantess or a dwarf, but to the natural world itself, as it exists, or at least to a fac-simile of it, as palpable and familiar as art can make it. I know of nothing short of a bona-fide dishumation of the city of Mexico, and its suburbs, from their place among the Andes, carrying with them, at the same time, their live and dead stock, together with their overhanging firmament and surrounding scenery, which could represent these objects so effectually as an exhibition constructed on the plan of Mr. Bullock's. Some time ago I had the pleasure of descending into the Catacombs of Egypt in my way to Hyde-park, and shortly after took a morning's walk to the Esquimaux, returning in time for dinner to my lodgings at St. James's. Thus, for a few pence, I was enabled to satisfy my curiosity, without either travelling to Grand Cairo, like the Spectator, or making a voyage to the North Seas, like Captain Parry. This power of changing our horizon without changing our latitude we owe to Mr. Bullock; and I sincerely hope he will live long enough to give us a view of every thing worth seeing on the habitable globe, until it may be said that the whole world has shifted, piecemeal, through the two great rooms in Piccadilly.

Upon entering these chambers, last week, I appeared to have left the Old World outside the door; I had taken a "Trip to Mexico" without even the ceremony of asking Neptune for a soft wave, or Eolus for a fair wind; I had, in fact, stepped from Burlington-arcade into the middle of America. Every thing was new; nothing reminded me of Old England,—save and except that I had to pay half-a-crown for a couple of sixpenny catalogues, whereby my voyage to Mexico cost me nearly double what it ought. This forcibly reminded me that I could not be very far from *Westminster-abbey*, and that Great Britain's local deity, Mammon, in the shape of a door-keeper, was still close at my elbow, picking my pocket. However, even Charon expects a penny for rowing us over the Styx,—and why should not Mr. Bullock receive forty times as much for taking us over more than forty times as wide a water—the Atlantic Ocean?

Upon walking into the upper room, which contains the reliques of Ancient Mexico, I was mightily struck by the close resemblance many of them bore to the antiquities of Egypt. There was a Zodiac of Denderah, under the title of the Great Kalendar Stone of Mexico, and otherwise known to the Indians by the name of Montezuma's Watch. It weighs five tons, and I cannot help remarking, that if Montezuma's breeches pocket was proportional to his watch, and Montezuma himself proportional to

his breeches, Montezuma must have been a very great man indeed. In the centre of the stone is the Sun, round which the Seasons are represented in hieroglyphics, outside of which again are the names of the eighteen Mexican months of twenty days each, making up a year of 368 days. It would appear from this that the Mexicans had made some advances in astronomy, when Cortez and his priests reduced them by civilization to their primitive state of ignorance. Then there is the statue of an Azteck Princess; the lady is represented sitting on her feet, her hands rest on her knees, and give her the appearance of the front of the Egyptian Sphinx, to which the resemblance of the head-dress greatly contributes. A bust of a female in lava looks very like the Isis of Old Nile, with a crown of turretry on her head. Canopus, also, the round-bellied divinity of the East, stands here in the shape of a stone pitcher; and some hieroglyphical paintings of the Ancient Mexicans, on paper of Maguey, or prepared deer-skin, add considerably to the circumstantial evidence afforded by the other objects. But the most remarkable proof in support of the hypothesis that the Mexicans and Egyptians were formerly but one people, is the existence of the pyramids in the valley of Otumba, about thirty miles from Mexico. One of these is higher than the third of the great pyramids at Ghiza. They are called Teocalli, are surrounded by smaller ones, consist of several stories, and are composed of clay mixed with small stones, being encased with a thick wall of amygdaloid,—just in the manner of the structures at Cairo and Saharah. Taking the above hypothesis as established by these resemblances, the much contested question concerning the purpose for which these artificial mountains were constructed is at once set to rest, by the Mexican tradition, which assigns them as the mausolea, or burial-places of their ancestors. A miniature pyramid, about four feet high, in a corner of the room, gives the spectator a good idea of these monstrous types of human vanity.—At the west-end of the same room (which is fitted up so as to convey some notion of the Temple of Mexico) is a colossal Rattle-snake, in the act of swallowing a female victim; this Idol of the people is confronted by another amiable figure, at the east-end, representing Teoamiqui, the goddess of war. Her form is partly human, and the rest divided between rattle-snake and tiger. The goddess has moreover adorned her charms with a necklace composed of human hearts, hands, and sculls; and before her is placed the great Sacrificial Altar, on the top of which is a deep groove where the victim was laid by the priest. This, and many other objects in the room, are sculptured with a degree of precision and elegance, the more surprising as the use of iron was unknown to Mexico, when invaded by the Spaniards.

In the lower room is a panoramic view of the city of Modern Mexico, with a copious assortment of the animal, vegetable, mineral, and artificial productions of that kingdom: the aloe, the cactus, the maguey (called by Purchass, the "tree of wonders") the tunnal or prickly pear tree, the cacao, the banana, &c.; humming-birds as small as humble-bees, and frogs as big as little children; Spanish cavaliers in wax, and dolphins of all colours but the true ones; native gold and silver, with many other less attractive valuables. But to me the most interesting object in this collection of foreign curiosities, was a living specimen of the Mexican Indian,—Jose Cayetana Ponce de Leon,—whose family name, by the bye, being that of the discoverer of Florida, is not a little contradictory of his alleged Indian descent. He is in the costume of his country, has a fine, sun-burnt, intelligent countenance, wears his hair *a la mode de sauvage,* down in his eyes, and his hat, like a quaker, on the top of his head. He appears sensible, and is very communicative; several pretty women entered into conversation with him while I was there, and he supported the ordeal firmly, notwithstanding the brightness of their eyes and the swiftness of their tongues. If you are fluent in Spanish, Italian, or the vernacular Mexican, go and speak to him yourself, in any or all of these languages. For my part, I "can no more" (as we say in a tragedy) at present. Your's, my dear Editor,

JACOB GOOSEQUILL.

ON WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

The evening before last was one of intense enjoyment. It was spent in listening unto those mighty spirits, whom Landor has been awakening and calling forth from their graves. And in truth it was a goodly, a most noble company. There was the lion heart of Richard, the mild grace of Sidney, Cromwell's iron mask, the good-humoured gossip of Burnet, the serene and cloudless magnanimity of Kosciusko; there was Milton's severe imagination, and Bacon's piercing fancy, and the humble wisdom of Hooker's heart, and Lady Jane Grey's majestic purity, and Anne Boleyn's playful innocence and simplicity, equalling that of childhood; many more were the lofty, and the keen, and the gentle, and the meditative spirits that rose up before me, and discoursed most eloquently, until the splendid pageant was at length closed by Cicero, shedding the farewell beams of a light, that never before burnt so brightly and so steadily, upon the world which he was leaving. It was as if the influence of a mightier spring had been breathing through the intellectual world, loosening the chains, and thawing the ice-bound obstruction of death, as if it had been granted to the prayers of genius, that all her favorite children should be permitted for a while to revisit the earth. They came wielding all the faculties of their minds with the mastery they had acquired by the discipline and experience, by the exercises and combats of their lives, and arraying their thoughts in a rich, and elastic, and graceful eloquence, from which the dewy light of the opening blossom had not yet passed away. I resigned myself altogether to the impressions which thronged in upon me from every thing that I heard; for not a word was idle, not a syllable but had its due place and meaning; if at any moment the pleasure was not unmingled, at least it was very greatly predominant throughout; if there was a good deal questionable and some things offensive in the matter, the manner was always admirable; and whenever a stone against which I might have stumbled lay in my path, I stepped over it or aside from it, and would not allow myself to feel disgust, or to be irritated and stung into resistance. My own peculiar opinions and prejudices, my sympathies and antipathies were put to sleep for a while, and I floated without struggle or effort down the stream, following every inlet and winding of the banks, and whirled round by every eddy. It is good and wholesome thus occasionally to disencumber and disencrust the mind from the stiff and heavy coating of its own individuality, and lay it bare to all the influences of nature. So much in our likings and dislikings, in our belief and unbelief, is merely arbitrary and conventional, we are so apt to confound the accidental with the necessary, the modes and customs of society with the principles and laws of nature, that it is beneficial for us now and then to hear our most cherished notions assailed, whereby we may be led to examine the strength of their foundations; it is well now and then to slacken the cables wherewith we are moored, to let the frozen surface of our minds be broken up, that the stream may flow freely, even though the consequence may be a temporary flood. There may be much wisdom and much good in activity; but there is much also in a "wise passiveness." Unless the earth receive into her bosom the fertilizing power of water, she brings forth nothing.

The feelings, thus aroused by my intercourse with these newly arisen tenants of the grave, were still on the ebb, when Frank Hargrave accosted me during my walk yesterday. Hargrave was the best cricket-player and the best versewright of his time at Eton, and had shown the same quickness and adroitness, whether the thing to be struck off was a ball from his bat or an hexameter from the anvil of his imagination. At Oxford he gained some prizes, a first-class degree, much eclat, and a little knowledge; and when he left college, those ancient spinsters, who are always on the look out to herald the rising generation, and try to make amends for the forlornness unto which

chance has doomed them, by constituting themselves stepmothers unto every child of genius, but who, wanting one faculty of their favorite quadrupeds, that of seeing in the dark, are forced to kindle their wicks from every passing lamplighter, had heard of his acquirements and achievements, and throughout the West End of London for six whole days chaunted the praises of the youthful prodigy. Nothing at all like him had ever been heard of, since the week before. On the strength of his reputation he betook himself to diplomacy; and in those days amongst the dreams of his ambition built up for himself a ladder, at the top of which he was to step into an undersecretaryship. Sometimes too the House of Commons acted a part therein, standing before him like a dim misty vision of Babel, wherein he might hope before he died to add to the confusion of tongues. But long since these aspiring hopes withered and perished. The wear and tear of half a dozen years in an office, and the glitter and fritter of half a dozen years in literary coteries, have a good deal changed his character and his views. The dust-cloud of his ambition has sunk to the ground, and he is now content to become a fixture at his desk, and to be confined like soda water in its stone bottles, provided he may occasionally explode in a sarcastic or scurrilous article for the Quarterly Review. By such means he brings himself back to the recollection of his ancient patronesses; Hargrave's very clever attack on some enemy to church and state is talked of until the dust begins to tinge the cover wherein it is wrapt; and he has more than once obtained a smile of approbation from the minister whose cause he has been maintaining.

Not that Hargrave was originally hard-hearted, or even ill-natured. In society he is companionable, lively, can toss a jest lightly to and fro, or sharpen the point of a story, and, if he were not somewhat too flippant at times, might be called exceedingly pleasant. But when he takes his pen in hand, the hues of his mind deepen, the tones grow louder and harsher. He feels within himself no consciousness of strength; he cannot therefore be calm; but tries to conceal his weakness by his violence. He is afraid that his wit will be blunt, unless it is perpetually drawing blood. There is much too in the circumstances of his life, which has tended to deaden all that ever was kindly about him, and which threatens before long to reduce him unto a state not unlike that of the nettle, when he will sting every body whom he touches, unless he be grasped strongly and somewhat roughly. His occupation is not one that fosters a healthy and genial temperament of the mind; it is without the satisfaction that arises from a free voluntary subjugation of the will under the law of duty, for it is almost without the characteristics of free-agency; it is too menial and too mechanical; no visible, tangible, lasting result brings with it the comfort and delight always felt at the contemplation of that which is our own offspring, a portion of ourselves sent forth upon the waves of time and space. He is ever toiling, but no trace of his toil remains; for he is only one of the least important wheels in the enormous machine whereby the administration of England is carried on. He writes or transcribes what others dictate, and when his task is accomplished, his papers are made over to his neighbour, who turns them to account and then puts them into the fire. No wonder then that Hargrave is delighted to behold himself in print, and when some metaphor or sarcasm of his own meets his eye a month after its issuing from his brain, no wonder he welcomes it as an earnest and promise of immortality.

Add to this that the society, wherewith he is now chiefly conversant, is merely superficial and altogether barren. The never-ceasing friction going on therein grinds all the feelings to powder. His family live in a distant county; his occupations in Downing-street have estranged him from all with whom he had been most intimate at school or college; and it is very rarely that any thing like friendship takes root at a later period of life, unless it be from the participation in some action of moment or some great endurance. But from all such violent influences Hargrave was sheltered; and there is no

one now whom he loves well enough, or of whose esteem he is sufficiently confident, to talk with him of common things in a common way; no one unto whom, if a secret wish or a secret grief were ever to disturb him, it can be entrusted; no one to support him if he faulters; no one to reprove him if he errs. His heart therefore has become obsolete by disuse; and, feeling but little for himself, he cannot sympathize with the feelings of others. Moreover, there will occasionally come across him a thought that he was born for better things, especially at those moments when he is induced to reflect more seriously, and to call forth those faculties of the mind which have not yet entirely fallen away. He cannot then conceal from himself how little his present manner of life is answerable to the promise of his youth, how far it is beneath what he once wished and hoped for. But he strives to stifle these repinings, and to quench all self-reproach, by turning his evil eye from himself upon his neighbour, and, to get rid of the gall and bitterness of his heart, opens the sluices and discharges it upon the first person who comes athwart his path.

Thus admirably fitted for becoming a critic, he crowns all his other qualifications by possessing a more than common share of the prejudices and bigotry of our times; prejudices and a bigotry which spring not, like those of former ages, from a warm and full, but from a cold and dry, heart, as it were the pimples that are generated from poorness of blood. For of all the characteristics of this self-termed liberal age, none is more remarkable than its illiberality; the universal unwillingness to make the slightest allowance for any difference of opinion; the supercilious intolerance of all who are any thing more than mere fac-similes of ourselves; the persecution of them, not indeed by wrath and the sword, but by contempt and the pen. We have lost indeed the faith in the infallibility of the church, but we have substituted for it a faith in the infallibility of ourselves. *Every thing that is not with us is against us*, cry both the radical and the loyalist, both the political economist and the churchman; and the same words are graven upon Hargrave's soul. All who object to any thing in the discipline or administration of our church are rank atheists with Hargrave; all who think that our constitution is susceptible of the slightest improvement, that our laws are not perfect, that our expenditure may be diminished, are radicals and traitors; and any measures may fairly and honorably be resorted to for their speedy and effectual extirpation.

Some months had elapsed since our last meeting; we were both intending to dine on the town; and we resolved to spend the evening together. Should the hours prove too long-lived, they might be killed at the opera, where, if the music be dull, Hargrave, from his knowledge of every fair face that looks for admiration from the boxes, is an excellent companion. But this resource was not needed. With the impressions of the preceding evening still fresh upon me, I could not let an hour pass without allusion to the work by which they had been produced. Hargrave had read the "Imaginary Conversations," and was too clever not to find out that the arm which is stretched forth therein is an arm of might. But this had only increased his aversion to a writer whose opinions were so utterly repugnant to his own. During the first fever of his disgust, he had given vent to it in a bitter criticism, for which he entertained the same extravagant regard that most authors feel for a three days' old bantling. "If I can but manage to get it published," he said to me, "Landor is done for. The Imaginary Conversations will rot in the warehouse. I grant you that there is hardly a work in our own language, or even in Latin or French, comparable to them in style; I grant you that many of the characters are admirably delineated; that the volumes are full of the keenest wit; that, where a loftier tone is assumed, one might fancy that Apollo himself was speaking, so pure and radiant and piercing is the language on which the thoughts are borne. But this matters not. Such thoroughly detestable principles must be put down. No mercy must be shewn to so fierce an antagonist of church and state. The strength he has displayed only makes his attack more dangerous, and therefore more criminal. I would give the world if I could but render this one great service to

my country. Nobody understands how to catch the ear of London so well as myself. Let me but whisper a few sounds into it, and the business is done. The tone of conversation will be set for the next fortnight. The question asked by every lady from sixteen years old and upwards of her neighbour after the first glass of wine, will be, 'have you seen the savage book that has just come out;' and the answer will be 'No, but I have read the Review. Pray how did you like Almack's the other night.' Thus some will abuse, and many will laugh, and still more will grin or simper; and Landor and his work will be dead and buried in a month, and it will then be impossible to revive them. You remember how your favorite Lakists, how Keats and Shelley, have been extinguished by Reviews. You still insist that they were very great poets; but even supposing that you are in the right, this availed them nothing: for the world cares not about poetry. Nor was their fate owing to the power of the critic, which in no instance was very remarkable; but to what you call the predominance of bad passions and bad feelings, of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; to the love of sneering in the world; to the repugnance against acknowledging any marked intellectual superiority; to the utter impossibility of struggling against a laugh. The mob cannot recognize a king, unless he be preceded by his heralds. Put the Lord Mayor into a dung-cart, and who will follow him? Only let me apply my lips for a quarter of an hour to the speaking-trumpet of a popular Review, and, I repeat it, Landor may pack up for oblivion. But I am somewhat unluckily circumstanced. The Quarterly, for which I designed my article, is pre-engaged; a gentleman cannot write in Blackwood; and a thing of the sort has not body enough to set sail without convoy; nor would it if printed by itself exercise a tenth part of the influence."

I felt some curiosity about a composition of which Hargrave spoke with so much confidence. Accordingly we adjourned to his lodgings; and he there began reading as follows:

"Verily this is a strange work. Exclamations of surprise and disgust coursed each other across our lips, while we were engaged in perusing it; and we arose from it half in indignation, half in amazement, and went about interrogating all our literary friends, Who and what is Mr. Savage Landor? Is he a real living man? Was he born after the flesh of a father and a mother? Was he bred up in a Christian land, mixing with other boys in their studies and their games? Or is he, as seems more probable, only an incarnation of Caliban? Do no tusks rise from his mouth, like promontories perpetually washed by the foam boiling over from his lips? Are not his hands armed with claws? Has he no tail? Surely these Imaginary Dialogues must be an importation from some land of monsters. Yes, we have it; they can be nothing else than the first spawn from the genius of New Holland; of the land of the kangaroo and of the ornithorynchus paradoxus.

"Our inquiries about the birth, parentage, and education of this black star which has lately risen above the literary horizon were not very successful. One friend fancied he had seen *Landor* somewhere rhyming with *gander*. A second had heard of some Latin poems by a man of the same name, which were said to be full of false quantities, and other insults over language, but to contain here and there some neat prettyish lines. A third pointed out a note on one of Lord Byron's recent dull ballads, the Island, wherein he calls Mr. Landor 'the author of some Latin poems which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity.' A fourth told me he must be a friend of Southey, who has dedicated one of his epics to a certain Mr. Landor. The three former pieces of intelligence were just what we had expected. The rhyme was so evident, for more reasons than one, that it was impossible to miss it. Nothing was more natural than that all the laws of language should be set at defiance by one who cares for no laws either human or divine. That Mr. Savage Landor has no very distinct notions as to the limits which, in civilized society, it has been deemed decorous should never be overstepped by the licence of expression, is sufficiently evident from not a few passages in his Imaginary Conversations. But

we must confess, it did somewhat surprise us, that our most moral and most loyal laureate should have publicly called such an open contemner of man and God, his friend. It is however the natural failing of all men who have an antiquarian turn of mind to be more anxious about what is strange than what is really valuable; many of Mr. Southey's works have been a good deal disfigured by the unwelcome intrusion of sphinxes and monks and birds of Paradise; and it is not impossible that, during his researches about South America, he should have fallen in with some Patagonian rather more intelligent than the generality of his countrymen; and this Patagonian may be Mr. Savage Landor."

Hargrave had already cast his eyes more than once towards me to watch the effect of his exordium, and he now paused as if awaiting my remarks. They were however confined to the observation that I believed he would find two or three sidecuts at Landor in Don Juan, mixed up with the ribaldry there poured out upon Wordsworth and Southey, and to asking whether he had noticed the powerful chastisement inflicted on the Noble Lord in the Imaginary Conversations.

"Oh yes!" he cried; "you mean the admirable jokes near the end of the dialogue with Delille about the land,

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute.

I wish I could always laugh at Landor's wit with equal heartiness. He has turned that much admired imitation of Goethe, for such they say it is, inside out, and laid bare all its flaws and patches. I hope for the honour of your favorite German, that he is not liable to the same censures."

"They move him," I replied, "just as little, as the wind moves Mont Blanc. In truth, the imitation is so slight that it is scarcely worth speaking of. Lord Byron may possibly have taken the first idea of the opening to the Bride of Abydos from Madame de Staël's account of Goethe's song, and he may have been led to introduce the citron from seeing it mentioned there. But I much doubt whether at that time he could read German, and feel confident that he had not seen the original, which is exquisitely simple and beautiful, even independently of the dramatic pathos arising from the character of the marvellous child by whom it is sung, the inimitable, mysterious Mignon. Having never been satisfied with any translation of it that has fallen under my eye, I amused myself the other morning in adding one to the number of failures. It will, however, prove to you that there is no foundation in this instance for the charge of plagiarism; for I have aimed to be as faithful as I could; and have been careful to preserve the metre of the original—a practice which ought to be followed in all poetical translation, where the genius of the language will admit of it. For in all poems that deserve to be translated, the metre must be a constituent part in the beauty of the original; and in the present instance the substitution of anapaestic for iambic rhythm completely changes the character of the poem.

"Know'st thou the land in which the citron blows?
Amidst dark leaves the golden orange glows,
A gentle wind breathes from the deep-blue sky,
All still the myrtles stand, the laurels high:—
Know'st thou that land well?
Thither, thither,
Oh my beloved, let us go together.

Know'st thou the house? Its roof on pillars lay,
Its hall was bright, its chambers light and gay;
And marble shapes stood round and look'd at me;
Poor simple child, what have they done to thee?
Know'st thou that house well?
Thither, thither,
Oh my protector, let us go together.

Know'st thou the mountain with the misty shroud?
The mule treads slowly through the dank grey cloud:
In caverns dwell the serpent's ancient brood:
The rocks dash down, and o'er them rolls the flood:
Know'st thou that mountain?
Thither, thither,
Our way lies. Father, let us go together.

"Goethe, you see, has in the first stanza, wherein Mignon invites her beloved to Italy, selected objects at once beautiful in themselves and characteristic of the country whither they are to lure him—the *blossom* of the citron, the golden orange glowing amidst the dark leaves. There is an equal propriety in the following stanzas: in the character of her protector, William Meister is to be captivated by the description of the Italian villa; but no images, save those of gloom and horror, have any charm or fascination for the old man."

"Would," said Hargrave, "that our poets could discover that images have a relative, as well as a positive beauty, and that, however good in themselves, they are not equally good at all times and in all places. At present, if they lay their hands on a violet-tuft, they stick it full of tulips and roses; if on a sweet-briar, they hang it round with lilies and pinks. Their poems are nosegays, instead of plants in blossom. The absurdity of Lord Byron's two lines must now, after its complete exposure in this dialogue, be apparent to the blindest discernment; and yet I would wager that they have been repeated many thousand times for beautiful, and that the reciter had a vague confused notion, that there must be some meaning behind such very pretty words. With such utter slovenliness do nine people out of ten read poetry."

"Very true!" I answered. "One thing however may be learnt from Lord Byron's misapplication of the citron; that poets ought not to borrow of one another. Whenever they try to mix up the produce of another mind with that of their own, the result is usually wanting both in beauty and in truth. It is in most cases a very clumsy piece of patchwork. Mignon will supply us with another instance. For it is evident that when our illustrious unknown novelist was delineating Fenella, in his Peveril of the Peak, this wonderful creation of Goethe's was floating before his eyes; it is equally evident that the copy is feeble and exaggerated, and many thousand degrees below the original. The character is not the native growth of the author's mind, and is only half assimilated with the beings by whom it is surrounded; hence in order that its weakness may be concealed, it is overdone. Never indeed does that great writer seem to me to have failed so entirely, not even when he was metamorphosing Fouqué's lovely Undine into the White Lady of Avenel.

"But I was referring you to another passage in the Imaginary Conversations, of which the meaning, if you were not led to examine it narrowly, may perhaps have escaped you. Still if you will look over the account given by Burnet of Mr. George Nelly (vol. i. p. 160), you will perceive that at least the main part of it is designed for the noble satirist, who of late, whenever he has caught scent of Landor, has run after him to bark at his heels; and I leave you to decide which of the combatants puts in the strongest and neatest blows. The first part is in allusion to the quarrel with Southey, in which so much inkshed took place a couple of years ago; and with your knowledge of literary scandal you will not fail to discern many other palpable hits."

Hargrave handed me the volume, and I read to him the following passage:

Who would have imagined that the youth who was carried to his long home the other day, I mean my Lord Rochester's reputed child, Mr. George Nelly, was for several seasons a great poet? Yet I remember the time when he was so famous an one, that he ran after Mr. Milton up Snow-hill, as the old gentleman was leaning on his daughter's arm from the Poultry, and, treading down the heel of his shoe, called him a rogue and a liar, while another poet sprang out from a grocer's shop, clapping his hands, and crying "*Bravely done! by Belzebub! the young cock spurs the blind buzzard gallantly!*" On some neighbour representing to Mr.

George the respectable character of Mr. Milton, and the probability that at some future time he might be considered as among our geniuses, and such as would reflect a certain portion of credit on his ward, and asking him withal why he appeared to him a rogue and liar, he replied: "I have proofs known to few: I possess a sort of drama by him, entitled Comus, which was composed for the entertainment of Lord Pembroke, who held an appointment under the king, and this very John has since changed sides, and written in defence of the Commonwealth."

Mr. George began with satirizing his father's friends, and confounding the better part of them with all the hirelings and nuisances of the age, with all the scavengers of lust, and all the link-boys of literature; with Newgate solicitors, the patrons of adulterers and forgers, who, in the long vacation, turn a penny by puffing a ballad, and are promised a shilling in silver, for their own benefit, on crying down a religious tract. He soon became reconciled to the latter, and they raised him upon their shoulders above the heads of the wittiest and the wisest. This served a whole winter. Afterwards, whenever he wrote a bad poem, he supported his sinking fame by some signal act of profligacy, an elegy by a seduction, an heroic by an adultery, a tragedy by a divorce. On the remark of a learned man, that irregularity is no indication of genius, he began to lose ground rapidly, when on a sudden he cried out at the Haymarket, *there is no God*. It was then surmised more generally and more gravely that there was something in him, and he stood upon his legs almost to the last. *Say what you will*, once whispered a friend of mine, *there are things in him strong as poison, and original as sin*. Doubts however were entertained by some, on more mature reflection, whether he earned all his reputation by this witticism: for soon afterwards he declared at the Cockpit, that he had purchased a large assortment of cutlasses and pistols, and that, as he was practising the use of them from morning to night, it would be imprudent in persons who were without them either to laugh or to boggle at the Dutch vocabulary with which he had enriched our language. In fact, he had invented new rhymes in profusion, by such words as *trackschuyt*, *Wageninghen*, *Skiermonikoog*, *Bergen-op-Zoom*, and whatever is appertaining to the market-places of fish, flesh, fowl, flowers, and legumes, not to omit the dock-yards, and barracks, and gin-shops, with various kinds of essences and drugs.

Now, Mr. Hardcastle, I would not censure this: the idea is novel, and does no harm: but why should a man push his neck into a halter to sustain a catch or glee?

Having had some concern in bringing his reputed father to a sense of penitence for his offences, I waited on the youth likewise, in a former illness, not without hope of leading him ultimately to a better way of thinking. I had hesitated too long: I found him far advanced in his convalescence. My arguments are not worth repeating. He replied thus:

"I change my mistresses as Tom Southern his shirt, from economy. I cannot afford to keep few; and I am determined not to be forgotten till I am vastly richer. But I assure you, doctor Burnet, for your comfort, that if you imagine I am led astray by lasciviousness, as you call it, and lust, you are quite as much mistaken as if you called a book of arithmetic a bawdy book. I calculate on every kiss I give, modest or immodest, on lip or paper. I ask myself one question only; what will it bring me?" On my marveling and raising up my hands, "You churchmen," he added, with a laugh, "are too hot in all your quarters for the calm and steady contemplation of this high mystery."

He spake thus loosely, Mr. Hardcastle, and I confess, I was disconcerted and took my leave of him. If I gave him any offence at all, it could only be when he said, *I should be sorry to die before I have written my life*, and I replied, *Rather say before you have mended it*.

"But, doctor," continued he, "the work I propose may bring me a hundred pounds." Whereunto I rejoined, "That which I, young gentleman, suggest in preference will be worth much more to you."

At last he is removed from among the living: let us hope the best; to wit, that the mercies which have begun with man's forgetfulness will be crowned with God's forgiveness.

When I stopped, Hargrave was involuntarily repeating, "*strong as poison and original as sin*." "I would give my little finger to have said that. Cribb himself never put in such a blow. The whole too is admirable; and I think I recognize an old enemy in the Newgate solicitor, the patron of adulterers and forgers. This shall ring in his ears, if he be not upon his guard. But let me return to my review."

"Mr. Savage Landor however, whatever he may be, whether an Englishman, or a New Hollander, or a Patagonian, has advanced considerably beyond the rest of the world in his notions of his own importance, though

in another respect he seems pretty nearly to keep pace with them, to wit, in his ignorance of himself. Had he lived in ancient times, Apollo would have been spared the trouble of uttering his command of self-knowledge from heaven. For no man who ever put two thoughts together could see Mr. Landor without crying out, Know thyself! It is as natural as that darkness should awaken our attention to the beauty and value of light. No work has come under our notice, since we mounted the critical throne, of which the whole tone and spirit is so arrogant, so over-weening, so self-satisfied, so dogmatical; indeed it must require a very peculiar combination of circumstances to produce such an essential oil of egotism. Unless we knew that the surest criterion of true knowledge is humility, Mr. Landor would almost persuade us, that he must know something. The result in which the wisest of ancient philosophers terminated his speculations, was, that he knew nothing. Mr. Landor, in every page of these volumes, cries aloud in the accents of a Billingsgate Stentor, *I know all things*. But Mr. Savage Landor is not Socrates. He throws his assertions fearlessly and regardlessly right and left, nor cares what principles he is assailing, or what ruin he may occasion. He stamps, and thinks he penetrates into the centre of the earth; he jumps, and fancies he has caught hold of the sun. He is always the same, whatever may be his subject, whether it be the government of Tuscany or of tenses, rhythm or the Holy Alliance, gardening or legislation, architecture or metaphysics, etymology or theology. With a mind essentially unphilosophical and incapable of just or accurate reasoning, and possessing a very slight acquaintance with even the commonest elementary principles of knowledge, he is equally positive and imperious upon every topic, and seems to conceive that, as he says almost blasphemously of Pope Sixtus the fifth, he possesses 'the omniscience of the Godhead.' (Vol. i. p. 174.) Indeed in one passage he says, that his 'two fingers have more power than the two houses of Parliament.' (Vol. i. p. 126.)

"The next most remarkable characteristic of our author's mind is one, which, after the manner of classical antiquity, we may call eponymic, his savageness. His sponsors appear to have been gifted with a kind of prophetic intuition, which, while the fire-cheeked brat lay sprawling and squalling before them, impelled them to name him Savage; for he was to be fierce in wrath, and a man of terror unto much people. In one respect indeed, he is more fortunate than Sampson, as not having to look abroad for a weapon wherewith to satiate his fury. No jaw could serve him so well as his own. Every page, almost every sentence in his dialogues, is red-hot. His fist is always clenched; his teeth are always gnashed together; no tiger ever sprang upon its prey more bloodthirstily; no serpent ever spat more venom or hissed more loudly than Mr. Savage Landor. Nor is there any discrimination in his violence; or, if it be greater at one time than at another, it is when the object of his attack is most precious and most venerable in the estimation of all good and pious men. The rising of his gall, like that of the mercury in the barometer, is a sure indication of fine weather; but unfortunately this is the only thing mercurial about it. As the serpent was condemned to be the foe of man rather than of the beasts of the field, in like manner has Mr. Landor doomed himself to be the especial foe of whatever is most noble and majestic. He is never so much himself, as when he is wounding the heel of Achilles. Kings, according to him, are 'feræ naturæ' (vol. ii. p. 80); and their 'thrones are constructed on the petrifaction of the human heart.' (Vol. ii. p. 30.) One of the objects to which he looks forward most anxiously is, to 'put the bishop's bench on three legs,' which by one of the strange combinations of his antilogical head is, 'to empty our poor-houses! fill our manufactories! and pay our debt!!!' (Vol. ii. p. 48.) Or perhaps, for it is difficult to find a path through chaos, our author means, that all these four ends, which he looks upon as equally desirable, are to be attained by 'communing with our own hearts in our chamber, and being still.' Physician, heal thyself! Be still! be still! Mr. Landor! It is the only way in which you can assist, or rather the only way in which you will not obstruct us, in

emptying our poor-houses, filling our manufactories, and paying our debt. Your political speculations and schemes would carry us farther than ever from this goal; and are only saved from being ruinous by their utter inapplicability. For if they emptied our poor-houses, it would be by pouring forth their inmates upon the highway; if they filled our manufactories, it would be with plunderers; if they paid our debt, it would be by a bankruptcy.

"It was to be expected, that a man, who speaks thus irreverently concerning the ministers of religion, should entertain somewhat singular notions about the nature of religion itself. Accordingly, in one place we learn, that 'Religion, *if good and effectual*, is only a thing that lessens the number of hangmen!!' (Vol. ii. p. 40.) If Mr. Savage Landor be fortunate enough to escape one, we are afraid that it will not be owing to his religion. But what will our readers imagine this religion to be? We never should have guessed it, had we not been told in another passage, that the only thing 'worthy to be called religion;' that is to say, 'the only thing that can lessen the number of hangmen,' is—'a belief in the transmigration of souls!!!' This extraordinary declaration is to be found in vol. i. p. 238. Really we must have been right in our conjecture: the soul of Caliban must have transmigrated into Mr. Savage Landor. He feels an inward certainty that this doctrine is a physical truth; and his head being none of the clearest, nor well understanding the distinction between the subjects of experiential knowledge and religious belief, he starts up and cries out, *the doctrine is true, and if you don't believe it you have no religion.*

"Is it to be wondered at, is it to be regretted after this, that the constitution, the laws, the institutions, the policy of England should be the perpetual theme of Mr. Landor's virulent abuse? We can quote only a few of his extravagances upon this topic. 'Our penal laws are most iniquitous and atrocious.' Mr. Landor assures us, 'I have read the laws of England,' (what! the whole fifty enormous volumes of the Statutes at Large!) '*repeatedly*, and *studied them attentively*. I find them dilatory, uncertain, contradictory, cruel, ruinous. Whenever they find a man down they keep him so, and the more pertinaciously the more earnestly he appeals to them. Like tilers, in mending one hole, they always make another. There is no country in which they move with such velocity where life is at stake, or, where property is to be defended, so slowly. I have hardly the courage to state these facts, and want it totally to hazard a reflection on them.' (Vol. i. p. 175) We really should like to know what can have been the reflection which Mr. Landor 'totally wanted courage to hazard.' On another occasion Mr. Landor, who likes to boast of his learning, though there is no evidence of it in these volumes, except half a dozen random quotations from half a dozen out of the way books, which every body has forgotten on account of their worthlessness, and any body desiring to make a parade of useless erudition may take down for ten minutes from the shelves of a public library, declares, 'I have read whatever I could find written on the English constitution. It appears to me, like the Deity, an object universally venerated, but requiring a Revelation.' (Vol. ii. p. 74.) The absurdity of this last sentence can only be surpassed by its profaneness. True however it is that Mr. Landor is almost as ignorant of the English constitution as of religion; but his blindness is not of a kind that can be enlightened by Revelation. Witness the following description of the House of Commons. 'The ancient families push forward persons of the best talents they happen to pick up, whether at a ball or an opera, at a gaming-table, or a college-mess, who from time to time mount into the upper chamber and make room for others: but it is understood that in both chambers they shall distribute honours and places at the command of their patrons. The ostensible heads are not of ancient or even respectable parentage. The more wealthy and powerful peers send them from their boroughs into the House of Commons, as they send race-horses from their stables to Newmarket, and cocks from their training-yards to Doncaster. This is, in like manner, a pride, a luxury, a speculation.' (Vol. ii. p. 82.) Witness again this account of the House of Lords. 'The chamber of peers in England is the dormitory of freedom and of genius. Those who enter it have eaten the lotus and forgot their country.' (Vol. ii. p. 83.)

"Our readers will now be better prepared to encounter Mr. Savage Landor's opinions of all our greatest statesmen; of all those to whose wisdom and firmness, under Heaven, Europe is indebted for her preservation through the jacobinical deluge of blood, and for the re-establishment of good order and independence and felicity in all her regions; of those who will ever stand amongst the foremost in that halo of angelic spirits which encircles and protects our beloved England. He does not, indeed it is impossible that he should, admire Edmund Burke. He picks out a single phrase, *another-guess*, from those works which will be the manual of all true statesmen, in order that he may call him 'vulgar and ignorant;' and after insinuating, what does little credit to Mr. Landor's discernment, that he was Junius, adds, 'Burke writes better when he writes for another' (than when he wrote the Reflections, or the Letter to a Noble Lord, or the Letters on a Regicide Peace) 'and any character suits him rather than his own.' (Vol. ii. p. 161.) Pitt he calls 'the weakest of mortals!' (Vol. ii. p. 85.) 'the most insidious of republicans, and the most hostile to aristocracy. Jealous of power, and distrustful of the people that raised him to it, he enriched and attached to him the commercial part of the nation by the most wasteful prodigality both in finance and war, and he loosened from the land all the leading proprietors, by raising them to the peerage. Pitt possessed not the advantage possessed by insects, which, if they see but one inch before them, see that inch distinctly.' (Vol. ii. p. 241.) Nor is his illustrious rival treated a whit more courteously. Franklin says of Pitt and Fox; 'they are persons of some reputation for eloquence; but if I conducted a newspaper in that country, I should think it a wild speculation to pay the wiser of them half a crown a-day for his most elaborate composition. When either shall venture to publish a history, a dialogue, or even a speech of his own, his talents will then be appreciated justly. God grant that England may never have any more painful proofs, any more lasting documents of their incapacity.' (Vol. ii. p. 27.) And the preface closes with the following most extraordinary and most arrogant passage.

"Wherever ground is dug for any purpose, there spring up plants of various kinds, from that purpose altogether alien; most of them are thrown away, a few collected: thus I, occupying my mind in enquiries and speculations which may amuse my decline of life, and shew to others the features of the times in which we live and have been living, at one moment write for business, at another for relaxation, turn over many books, lay open many facts, and gather many fancies which I must relinquish on the road. Should health and peace of mind remain to me, and the enjoyment of a country, where, if there is none to assist, at least there is none to molest me, I hope to leave behind me completed the great object of my studies, an orderly and solid work in history, and I cherish the persuasion that Posterity will not confound me with the Coxes and Foxes of the age.

"As to our late lamented minister, Lord Londonderry, with a singularly happy and judicious selection of time and person, Aristotle is made to narrate a long flat story, how once upon a time he dined with Metanyctius (as our author in the plenitude of his wit is pleased to denominate Prince Metternich), and how Metanyctius, by the offer of a large sum of money, induced him to forego all the claims of England to the repayment of the Austrian loan. (Vol. ii. 334—336). Most unluckily for Mr. Landor, at the very moment when his Conversations were issuing from the press, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his admirable financial statement was informing the nation that, though in consequence of various transactions which have occurred since the loan was first made, we can in no wise claim the money as a right, yet the honorable and upright feelings of the Austrian Emperor had induced him to pay us back a considerable sum. It is rare for slander of the sort to receive complete and immediate refutation; in the present instance the contradiction was beforehand with it; and if ever a calumny was born smothered this has been so.

"In an earlier dialogue (vol. ii. p. 105—107), Pericles is represented giving to Sophocles a still duller account of a person whom Mr. Landor is pleased to call Chlorus, and who, we suspect from one or two passages, was designed for the same illustrious minister, who, after overthrowing the French colossus, gave peace and tranquillity to Europe at the Congress of Vienna. To be sure it is something strange and almost unaccountable even

in Mr. Landor, to embark Pericles in a feature of calumny against Lord Londonderry: for we must believe that Mr. Landor, limited as are his attainments, is aware that Pericles and Lord Londonderry were not contemporaries. Nor can we make sure of having hit his meaning; so obscure is his wit, or what he supposes to be such. His jokes often grub like moles underground; at other times fly about like bats in the dark. They seem afraid of showing their faces. He forgets, or never knew, that the beauty of wit is its sparkling and brilliancy; and a book, from which he might learn many other things, would also teach him, that a joke must not be hid under a bushel, or it will go out. We are rather more confident that the would-be witty description of Anædestatus, (a name that our author ought assuredly to have kept for himself, as no one since Thersites can dispute his paramount claim to it) which is given by Demosthenes to Eubulides (vol. i. p. 215—218) was meant for the first of living statesmen, the most eloquent of living men; for him, who has but to open his lips and the assembled Commons of England hang from his words like bees from the blossoms of a lime-tree, breaking off from their attention only to indulge in irrepressible laughter at his exquisite humour and poignant wit, or to applaud the beautiful and most symmetrical diction wherein he arrays his irrefragable and triumphant logic. Demosthenes is summoned from the tomb to deride him unto whom Demosthenes would have delighted to listen; and the head and front of his offending, the marrow of this attack made by the first orator of past times against the first orator of the present, is, that there is to be found in some monkish Latin poet a verse slightly resembling that very pretty line in Mr. Canning's Oxford prize, 'Candida purpureos interstrepit unda lapillos,' which gives what may be looked upon as a prophetic description of his peculiarly felicitous eloquence and pure clear and lively flow of words.

"Really, when a man presumes to attribute his own puny conceptions unto Aristotle, Pericles, Demosthenes, and their compeers in immortal glory, he might at least in common decency make them the organs of the wisest and brightest thoughts that he can furbish up; he might at least deck them out in his Sunday best; if he cannot array them in splendour, at all events he may let them be cleanly. What then shall we say of a writer, who has loaded them with the dregs and garbage of his mind, who has converted them into sewers for all the filth of his imagination, who has made Aristotle and Pericles, and Demosthenes, the mouthmates of Cobbett, and Wooller, and Hone! But Mr. Landor has altogether mistaken his cue. He cannot think with the noblest of the human race; he cannot think for them; and he ought not to desecrate their names by applying them to a litter like that which he has just pigged. The best and friendliest advice that we can give him is, to be silent and never again put pen to paper. But long experience has taught us that such counsel, though in most cases it is that both of wisdom and of kindness, is very little heeded by authors. Mr. Landor, we make no doubt, will continue to write Imaginary Conversations; but before he publishes another volume, he should take a journey to the Antipodes. He should look for worthies with whose feelings he is more familiar, whose intellects are more on a level with his own, Cleon and Mark Antony and Marat and Jack Cade. Let him give us a dialogue between Balaam and his ass, between Judas Iscariot and Pontius Pilate, and, as a fitting consummation for the labours of his life, between Beelzebub and Satan.

"And in truth many of Mr. Landor's chiefest favorites are among those who possess the greatest influence and authority at the court of the last mentioned potentate. As he hates all whom good and reasonable men admire and love, it is natural enough that he should be fond of those whom good and reasonable men neither admire nor love. He is particularly anxious to apologize for Tiberius, whom Tacitus has unaccountably belied, and 'the tenderness of whose grief estranged his mental powers;' so that his only failing according to Mr. Landor was too soft a heart. Poor angel! Nero, he assures us, was 'a *most* virtuous and beneficent prince,' who was 'extremely beloved,' and who burnt Rome out of his exceeding philanthropy, 'from the necessity of purifying the city after an endemical disease.'

(Vol. ii. p. 97). Thus Robespierre's atrocities have been vindicated, thus all the demoniacal horrors of 1793 and 1794 have been justified, because they contributed to keep back and prune an over-luxuriant and redundant population; and thus, so long as man has an evil heart to beguile his reason, and reason to frame excuses for his evil heart, there never will be wanting an apologist for sin. The Yankee philosopher Franklin is, as might be expected, a marvellous darling with Mr. Landor; and all our countrymen are to bow down unto the earth before this renowned Jonathan. In one place he is called 'a far more illustrious character than any Englishman has shown himself within the recollections of the living' (vol. ii. p. 116); and there is a long and most wearisome dialogue between him and the equally unparalleled Yankee hero, unto whom 'we are principally indebted for what little is left of freedom in the world' (vol. ii. p. x), in which England is placed under the lash, and the knife is held to her throat. Another of Mr. Landor's idols, our inimitable, panoptic, chrestomathic, six-sense-possessing, science-confounding, language-bewildering, old-words-in-a-new-and-very-strange-signification-making-use-of, new-odd-words-out-of-a-strange-jumble-of-Latin-and-Greek-ever-coining, philosopher of Queen-square, is pronounced to be 'the *only true philosopher* of his nation since Locke.' (Vol. ii. p. 224.) Verily this *true philosophy*, wherewith he has been fed by Locke, undergoes a most extraordinary change before it is again emitted by Mr. Bentham, whose mind, we suspect, must, as it were to verify his materialism, be constituted like the stomach of other men; for however wholesome or delicious are the viands that enter into it, what proceeds from it is neither savoury to the taste nor comely to look upon. To close this list of worthies, the 'Imaginary Conversations' are dedicated to a certain Major-General Stopford, who, we learn, has married a relative of Mr. Savage Landor, we hope, for his sake, a person of somewhat milder disposition than her kinsman. The other virtues of this said Major-General Stopford appear to consist in his disregard for the laws of his country, and in his being at present engaged in jacobinizing, and, we dare say, in pillaging South America.

"But it is well nigh time to have done. We have thought it our duty to place before our readers this exposure of Mr. Landor's Imaginary Conversations, lest perchance any amongst them should be goodnatured enough to give ear unto the authoritative tone in which they are written. But having now chained him down, and pared his claws, and pulled out his front teeth, we are glad to retire from the disgusting operation, and to wash from our hands the blood wherewith they have been bespattered. What we have done, has been for the peace and comfort of society, not from any pleasure that we derive from such a task; nor have we any wish to employ ourselves in flaying the whole carcase. We therefore let pass extravagances and absurdities, on which it would be easy to inflict the chastisement they merit. We say nothing of assertions like the following which lift up their heads in every page, though a single step might crush them, like so many toads. 'Kingship is a profession which has produced the most contemptible of the human race.' (Vol. i. p. 36). 'The only good performed by monarchs in 2000 years is the abolition of the Jesuits and of the Inquisition.' (Vol. i. p. 108). 'The little town of Sicyon produced a greater number of great artists in both painting and sculpture than all the modern world.' (Vol. i. p. 108). &c. &c. &c. &c.

"Nor shall we throw away many words upon the outward form of the work. Where the materials presented to us are such as we have shewn the contents of this volume to be, it is of little consequence in what dishes they are served up, whether of gold or silver or pewter or brass. Poison ceases not to be poison, from being drunk out of the costliest goblet. But the filthiest diseases are the most catching: lest therefore it should chance to become infectious, we wish to enter our solemn protest against the practice of writing dialogues in prose; and we do so for the following reasons. There are two kinds of composition, prose and verse, as there are two faculties of the mind, the reason and the imagination. Verse is the language of the imagination, prose that of the reason. Now so long as each of these faculties confines itself within its own domains, the world goes on prosperously,

and litterature thrives; but the moment they begin to encroach upon each other's territories, monsters of every kind arise from the unnatural union. While the imagination is content to dream about imaginary worlds, without concerning itself about the realities of life, it contributes not a little to our amusement, and, if we are not much the better or wiser, or richer for it, at least we are not the worse. To be sure, it does not heighten the prosperity or strength or wealth of a nation, it does not increase the revenue, it does not assist in paying the national debt; but it keeps the indolent from falling quite asleep, and supplies an innocent occupation for many who might otherwise be engaged in mischief. When however men take it into their heads to look at the objects around them, not with their bodily eyes, but with what they are pleased to call their mind's eyes, and not content with writing poems want to act them, the world becomes deluged with sentimental extravagances and Jacobinical bloodshed. And, on the other hand, when instead of applying their reason to the uses and purposes of social life, and to the investigation of all the important results which arise from two and two being equal to four, they launch it out into the infinity of speculative existences, the fruits are either mystical bigotry or rank atheism.

"Evils of a like nature ensue from the commixture of prose with verse, from confounding the properties which belong to the one with those which ought to be peculiar to the other. Infinite mischief would be avoided, if people were to confine prose composition within its proper limits; if those wanton dancing girls, the muses, were kept carefully shut out from the forum; if they were compelled, whenever they unclose their lips, to speak in metre, and to leave plain English to sober matter-of-fact men of business, for the collection of facts in histories, for the demonstrations whereby science augments the comforts of social life, and for the rational precepts of a calm moral religion. A man would then know what he is doing when he opens a book. The first glance would give him notice, whether he is to call his fancy into action, or his understanding; and if such activity suited not the temper of his mind, he might lay the volume aside. An author's intention would no longer be a riddle, which it requires time and ingenuity to solve; but we should perceive forthwith whether he actually means what he says, or is only beguiling us with the visions of a luxuriant and heated imagination. At present when a poor simple-headed and simple-hearted reader happens to entangle himself in the folds of a philosophical dialogue, whether it be of Plato or of Pomponius Mela, of Lucian or of Mr. Landor, he is utterly bewildered and knows not which way to turn. One speaker says one thing, the second contradicts him point-blank, a third differs from the two who preceded him, and so on to the end of the calendar, till we are involved in a maze of infinite obscurity, without guide-post or lamp-post or compass, like an ass amidst a dozen bundles of hay, or a man having to find out a road amongst the stars. What good was ever done by all the philosophical dialogues, which the world has seen, put together? The fiction in them destroys the effect of the truth; the truth in them renders the fiction dull. Who was ever the wiser for reading the dialogues of Plato, or Pythagoras, or Heraclitus, or St. Augustine, or Lucian, or Thomas Aquinas, or Bishop Berkeley? Not a soul, we will venture to assert; but many have been the foolisher; many have been perplexed and misled by them; many a sound head has broken its knees in attempting to cross them. Such men as these are to real sound practical philosophers what children are to men. For children are liable to a similar indecision; they in like manner confound imagination with reason, and substitute the one for the other. One perpetually sees children sitting and chattering *Imaginary Dialogues*. They will talk for their dolls or their dogs, or their horses or their horsewhips, indeed for any thing except themselves. They seem as if they had not got minds of their own. The reason is, that they have not had time to make them up. When they grow older, they learn better, and put away these childish things. In like manner, if we turn from the aforementioned idlers and triflers, to those philosophers who have been truly great and sensible and useful to those who have looked at the world as it is without troubling their heads about what it is not, to Bacon, and Locke, and Newton, and Paley, and

Reid, and Stewart, and Beattie, and Adam Smith, and Malthus, and Ricardo, we are no longer harassed with these puerile unintelligible vagaries, but are told what's what in plain straightforward words, which he who runs may understand. We have no longer to poke our noses about like trufle-dogs in the hope of at length grubbing up an atom of truth; but travel along as much at our ease as in a stage-coach, and are carried to our journey's end with the least possible wear and tear of our thinking powers.

"Truth is one and simple; and we cannot see the use of splitting it into five quarters, nor how the erecting half a dozen fences of error before it will assist any body in getting at it. After a ray of light has been refracted, it presents every object under a false colouring. A philosophical dialogue does exactly the same. Instead of mixing up its ingredients in a wholesome medicinal draught, it doses us with them one after the other: we make twice the number of wry faces, and the effect is nothing like so good. In the best supposable case, that the argument is really maintained with some degree of vigour on every side, still it is merely a sham fight; the result is foreknown and predetermined, and might have been come at without all this manoeuvring and skirmishing, these marches and countermarches, this brandishing of wooden swords, and firing of pea-shooters. We cannot bear the sight of a mine laid to blow up a mouse, or an army drawn up to take a pigstye by storm. But in the far greater number of instances it is yet worse. There is nothing so good even as the mouse-mine, or the attempt to storm a pigstye. Most dialogues are only monologues split into pieces. The characters are nothing else than images of the author's own dearly beloved self in the mirror of his own vanity. Such is especially the case in the Imaginary Conversations before us. Mr. Savage Landor is so enamoured of his own charms, that he has stationed himself in the centre of the Café des Mille Colonnes, to the amazement and amusement of the landlady and the waiters, who have seen no creature of the same species since the Cossacks were at Paris. Here he first bows to himself in one glass, then curtsies to himself in a second, drinks some *eau de vie* to himself in a third, grins at himself in a fourth, gnashes his teeth at himself in another, foams at the mouth in another, and so on, till at length in an irrepressible transport of amorous fury he rushes at himself in another, the spectators know not whether it be to kiss and hug himself or to knock himself down, and the image, the original, and the fragments of the mirror are strewn all together upon the floor. He stands, like a bull in a narrow dale, roaring at the echo of his own voice; every succeeding peal becomes louder and louder, more furious and yet more furious; and he is at last driven mad by the repercussion of his own terrestrial thunder.

"We are sorry that it is so; we are sorry that our duty has compelled us to speak thus harshly; and the more so, because there is evidence that Mr. Landor might have been capable of better things. Passages occur here and there in these volumes betokening that he is not without wit; now and then we meet with observations which, if not original, acquire an air of originality from the strength of the expressions; and once or twice, when he has mistaken his way and deviated into the paths of truth, he has written almost eloquently. His strong sarcasms against the abominations of the Roman Catholics would be just and approvable, if he had always taken due care to limit the application exclusively unto them. The dialogue between Sir Philip Sidney and Lord Brooke contains some pretty sentiments neatly and almost elegantly worded. The character of our old friend, Jupiter-Scapin (vol. i. p. 138—144) is certainly not the feeblest attempt hitherto made to analyse that Messiah of Hell; and the following description of the retreat from Moscow will convince our readers that the praises we have been bestowing are not a piece of groundless and excessive good-nature.

"In the retreat from Moscow Bonaparte provided only for his own security; the famished and the wounded were without protection. Those, to the amount of forty thousand, who supplied the army with occasional food by distant and desperate excursions, were uninformed of its retreat: they perished to a man, and caused to perish by their disappearance a far greater number of their former comrades. Forty miles of road were excavated in the snow. The army seemed a phantasmagoria: no sound of horses feet was

heard, no wheel of waggon or artillery, no voice of man. Regiment followed regiment in long and broken lines, between two files of soldiers the whole way. Some stood erect, some reclined a little, some had laid their arms beside them, some clasped them; all were dead. Several of these had slept in that position, but the greater part had been placed so, to leave the more room, and not a few, from every troop and detachment, took their voluntary station amongst them. The barbarians, who at other seasons rush into battle with loud cries, rarely did so. Skins covered not their bodies only but their faces, and, such was the intensity of cold, they reluctantly gave vent, from amidst the spoils they had taken, to this first and most natural expression of their vengeance. Their spears, although often of soft wood, as the beech, the birch, the pine, remained unbroken, while the sword and sabre of the adversary cracked like ice. Feeble from inanition, inert from weariness, and somnolent from the iciness that enthralled them, they sank into forgetfulness with the Cossacks in pursuit and coming down upon them, and even while they could yet discern, for they looked more frequently to that quarter, the more fortunate of their comrades marching home. The gay and lively Frenchman, to whom war had been sport and pastime, was now reduced to such apathy, that, in the midst of some kind speech which a friend was to communicate to those he loved the most tenderly, he paused from rigid drowsiness, and bade the messenger adieu. Some, it is reported (and what is unnatural is, in such extremity, not incredible) closed their eyes and threw down their muskets, while they could use them still, not from hope nor from fear, but part from indignation at their general, whose retreats had always been followed by the total ruin of his army; and part, remembering with what brave nations they had once fought gloriously, from the impossibility of defeating or resisting so barbarous and obscure an enemy.

"Napoleon moved on, surrounded by what guards were left to him, thinking more of Paris than of Moscow, more of the conscripts he could enroll than of the veterans he had left behind him.

"Would that Mr. Landor had always dipped his pen as here in the ink of truth! He would then have written equally well throughout; he would have merited and obtained the esteem of all orthodox churchmen and loyal Englishmen; and his work might have been placed by them between Bishop Tomline's Life of Pitt and his Elements of Christian Theology, on the same shelf with Bishop Marsh's Michaelis, the Antijacobin, and the Pursuits of Literature, and not very far from the Quarterly Review. Such honours, we fear, are now utterly beyond his reach. But if he is excluded from Paradise, he has been excluded by his own act and deed. For wantonly and wilfully, with his eyes open upon what he was doing, he has associated himself with Mr. Hazlitt and Lady Morgan, and is become the third wide-mouthed, gaping, barking head of the Jacobinical Cerberus."

While Hargrave was reading this critical anathema, I had tired of watching the triumph that darted from his eyes, and the spite that every now and then contracted his lips, and, so far as my interest in the subject would allow me to withdraw my thoughts from it, reflected half in sorrow, half in wonder, on the writhings and convulsions of intellect beneath the fascination of party-spirit, whereof so deplorable an instance was before me. Under this mental infatuation, the man, who half an hour before had been speaking of Landor with the praise which he deserves, was now forfeiting his judgment, and giving the lie to his better feelings. So possessed was he with the hatred and fear of jacobinism and atheism, that he conceived every step taken to annihilate them sanctified by the intention. Like the worst bigots of former times, he thought that no faith should be kept with heretics; and, like them, perhaps beguiled himself into the notion, that what he was doing must be acceptable unto God. Alas, similar feelings are too prevalent in our days from the literary bloodhound down to the literary cur.

Civility however obliged me to allow that there was some point and some strength in the attack. "You have picked out the most violent and offensive passages; and, they are of a kind, as Wordsworth in his letter about Burns, finely expresses it, 'which, if torn away from the trunk that supports them, are apt to wither, and, in that state, may contract poisonous qualities; like the branches of the yew, which, while united by a living spirit to their native tree, are neither noxious, nor without beauty; but, being dissevered and cast upon the ground, become deadly to the

cattle that incautiously feed upon them.' For my own part, I would rather twine a garland of flowers than a crown of thorns. But I am sorry that your article is not likely to see the light. For I think it will do Landor more good than harm. Suppose that you send it to the LONDON MAGAZINE. Your opinions indeed are not altogether conformable to the general spirit of that work. But my friend, the Editor, is so candid and truly liberal a man, that I doubt not he will grant you admittance. Or give me the manuscript; and I will exert my interest with him in your behalf."

"Here it is;" said Hargrave; "get it printed if you can. As I cannot make use of my lungs in swelling the cry of my own pack, I will even try what success awaits me when I shall have pitched my tent upon neutral territory. And, under the rose, I shall not be sorry to see myself for once in my own natural shape. When I send anything to the Quarterly, it is so cropped, and curled, and stayed, and laced, and painted, before it is allowed to make its debut in public, I scarcely know my own child again. Forsooth a number of that Review always looks to me like one of Tom Wilmot's drawers full of starched neckcloths; the only difference is, that in the former many of the articles seem to have been starched without having been washed. The pleasure I shall derive from beholding my own real self will almost make amends for my being read by a couple of Countesses and half a dozen spinsters the less. But how, mean you, shall I be of use to Landor? You can hardly think that there is any very great chance of my making a convert of him and bringing him over to the right side; and yet what other good can I ever do him?"

"No, my dear Hargrave," I replied; "with all my admiration for your talents, I do not think you will ever make Landor a tory. But you may do him good of another kind, and without exactly designing it. You may induce some people to read his Conversations, whose notice they might otherwise have escaped: you may call their attention to passages they might have overlooked; you may suggest to them allusions and under-meanings, where they might have failed to detect them. You may increase the circulation of his work, its notoriety, its reputation. As to its fame, that cannot be affected by any thing you or I can do. It will live as long as English literature, as long as the world. Perhaps however his book is deficient in those artifices which are most successful in procuring immediate popularity, in the gauds and gilding that dazzle the public eye. Its taste is too severe and classical; its language too definite and pure: it is not a work to be dozed over in bed, or when lying on a sopha after a last night's debauch. It contains neither opiates nor drams. It represents not the beautiful horrors, the sentimental atrocities, of adultery and murder, the sublimity of breaking all the ten commandments. It is not, like too many works of our age, written for the sake of being read to kept mistresses. Its spirit is severely and almost sternly masculine; indeed the author's predilection for the writers of Greece and Rome, and his daily familiarity with them, appear in some degree to have tinged his mind, and led him to neglect the gentler half of his readers more than is customary, or perhaps right, now that woman is become an intellectual animal. At least I should say so, if there were not in these volumes that perfect description of the best English womanhood by Dupaty (vol. i. p. 193); if there were not that couple of loveliest and purest orient pearls, the dialogue between Lady Jane Grey and her instructor, and that between Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. Let those who can read these two dialogues, especially the latter, without admiration and delight, abstain henceforward from knocking at the gate of poetry. They will not, they cannot gain admittance. Nature has forbidden it. This Anne Boleyn has been already welcomed as their companion by Antigone, and Imogen, and Ophelia, and Desdemona. It is impossible to say more. Observe however the delicacy of the means whereby the effect is produced. Deep as is the pathos, it is neither painful nor overpowering; for it is controuled and chastened by the delight arising from the contemplation of such beauty. There is nothing sensual, nothing sentimental about

it. The angelic purity, the innocence, the kindliness, the affectionate simplicity of the sufferer elevate her far beyond the reach of evil; and the wave seems to darken and to swell, only for the sake of raising up the foam that crowns it and heightening the brightness of its spotless white. Let such as conceive poetry to consist in imagery, look at this dialogue. Imagery here would have been unbecoming. In certain states of feeling, we allow fancy to roam abroad and to play and dally at will, and to cull every flower that crosses her path; in others, as is the case in Lear, the mind, unable to support the sight of its own darkness and confusion and dissolution, casts its eyes outwards, and darts around its gaze upon every side, and hunts for that sympathy in lifeless things which the living deny, and endeavours to strengthen and console itself with the belief that all nature is disturbed by the same convulsions which have heaved up the waters from its own central abysses. But Anne Boleyn is far too simple-hearted to speak otherwise than simply. And by the by, it is the general character of the female mind to be much simpler and more straightforward than the male. Women look *at* things as they are, and present themselves to view; men try to look *into* them, and *through* them, and *roundabout* them, and *behind* them, and *under* them. Hence women speak more directly; men more circuitously, by associations, or allusions, or analogies, or relations, or inferences. And this distinction ought, I think, to be preserved in poetry; where the language of the female characters ought on the whole to be less fanciful than that of the male. If you will examine Shakspeare for the purpose, you will probably find that such is the case. At least, if it is not, the remark is good for nothing. In Landor's Dialogue there is but one image. It is of exquisite loveliness; and it occurs, where Anne Boleyn, being driven to frame an excuse for her gaiety, can do so more delicately by an allegory than in plain words. Turn over the next leaf. What can be more deeply pathetic than her last words to Henry? 'Love your Elizabeth, my honoured Lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call me; do not chide her; think how young she is.' And yet the emotion is such as might be partaken by a celestial spirit. The mother looks forward with resignedness, almost with hope, to the time when she shall be forgotten by her daughter. How simple too, and how beautiful is the anecdote of Cornelia in p. 371.

"You join with me, I perceive, in wishing that there were more of the same kind. But a garden must have a variety of flowers. No volume, since that wherein Shakspeare's plays were collected, has been published containing so much that is excellent of such various kinds: at least I can remember none. You bestowed due praise upon the style. It is, I hesitate not to declare my opinion, though the work be not yet a month old, the best wherewith I am acquainted in our language. It combines in an extraordinary degree many of the best qualities which distinguish our best writers in former ages, the dignity and almost the soaring flight of Milton's prose with the ease and elegance and classicalness of Middleton, and the precision, plain-spokenness, and downright good English of Swift. And yet this conveys but a very inadequate notion. If you wish for a specimen of perfect rhythm, such as might have been deemed scarcely attainable in a language, which, like ours, is one more of thought than of sound, read the last speech of Kosciusko; read the conversation between Sidney and Brooke, calm and serene as a summer evening; read the Cicero, who in English has all the excellences which he had in Latin, and has lost his vagueness, his redundance, and his monotony. Landor never sacrifices sound to sense, or sense to sound. His syllables keep time to his thoughts; his thoughts never lag behind his syllables.

"Of Landor's wit you have spoken harshly, and, it appears to me, unjustly. It is indeed of a very peculiar kind, and almost unique; but it is often most intense and keen and profound. I will allow that it is more remarkable for depth and strength, than for lightness or grace; yet in its own way nothing can surpass it. Witness the Porson, who, it has been observed to me, says more

good things and better things here than he ever did in his lifetime, whether sober or drunk. Witness parts of the Cromwell, the President of Buonaparte's Senate, the Burnet, in all of which however the wit often becomes characteristic, in other words, becomes humour. Witness half the Dupaty, many of the jokes in the Delille, the somewhat exaggerated but most witty dialogue between Louis XIV and his Confessor, the greater part of the Puntomichino, Hofer's description of a carriage as that wherein 'a man, instead of two legs, goes upon eight or sixteen, with a varnished plank betwixt and another man's rear at his nostrils.' Witness much in the Alfieri, the two stories told by Magliabechi of Mr. Harbottle, and of Santa Maria Bagnesi, which are wit's concentrated essence, and the inimitable irony throughout the conversation between Home and Hume, which is full of first-rate touches, though it may perhaps require an eye that can see beyond the surface to discern some of them. In many of these passages you find what may be termed a superfetation of wit. The wit is not content to stream forth in one direction only, but emits sparks on all sides, and gushes out at every pore like the juice of some fully ripe fruit. Almost every clause in every sentence is charged; a new joke lies in ambush at each step; the paragraph has eyes not only in the head, but all over the body, and even in the tail; and is armed cap-à-pè, like a lobster. This prodigality is visible in almost every page of the two volumes; and proves that the treasury from which it is supplied must be almost inexhaustible. All is solid, substantial, massy; nothing is hammered out into leaf. Sentence after sentence is tossed out and made nothing of, from each of which most writers would spin out materials for a whole essay. Accordingly when Landor has to narrate any incident, the condensation of the style reminds one forcibly of Tacitus; as for instance, the anecdote in the note at page 219 of the first volume, or the truly sublime description which you quoted of the retreat from Moscow.

"You complained that these dialogues were only monologues cut into parts, as it were amphisbaenas with their two heads chattering each in response to the other. It is true that some of them are less dramatic than others: for some are designed rather to express opinions, others more to represent character. In general, when the speakers really possessed any very marked qualities, those qualities have been faithfully preserved in the representation. I have already had occasion to speak of several instances where this has been done; and will now only request you to tell me whether the living Burnet ever related a story in every thing so characteristic of himself as that of Sir Humphrey Hardcastle; and to read over the conversation between Bacon and Hooker. One should have guessed that no two minds could well be more dissimilar than that which flows along in the majestic stream of the Ecclesiastical Polity, and that which rushes headlong in the Alpine torrents before us. And yet we find here all the gravity and subtilty, and simplicity and humility of the original, and that everlasting celestial flame, which burns but consumes not, as it were emblematic of the eternal peace unto which it leads. Many of the touches also in the Bacon are admirable, though I somewhat doubt whether the passage about the malmsey be not too ill-bred, and whether the end be not too much like going off in an explosion. Often, however, the author's main object has been to communicate his own sentiments upon sundry questions of literature, politics, and morals; and he has chosen rather to express them in dialogue than monotonously by talking right an end. For my own part, I am disposed to feel the same preference, and to think that dialogue, in its various modifications, comprehending amongst them letters, is far the best method of conveying any philosophical discussion: that is to say, if we use the word philosophy more in its ancient acceptation, and do not mean thereby, as is now the custom in England, a treatise on the steam engine, or the blow pipe, or on the nature and business of the pancreatic juices. It would however lead me much too far at present to state the grounds of this opinion; nor is it necessary to do so; since that portion of your attack was by

far the weakest, as might have been expected from one who, like yourself, is not very familiar with more abstract inquiries. Nor should I altogether agree with you in raising all the philosophers whom you call men so far above the heads of those whom you call children. But enough of this for the present.

"I would gladly have spoken of Landor's Latin inscriptions and hendecasyllables. His former compositions in that language are perhaps the most truly classical, the most genuine antiques, produced since the revival of letters; and the same spirit is to be found in these; though you perhaps might complain that they are not *purple* enough, and resemble Catullus more than the Musæ Etonenses. I grieve also to pass over the few gems of English poetry, scattered, too sparingly, alas, among these pages, but evidently by the same magician who bound and almost shut up the soul of poetry in Count Julian.

"But your patience must be already exhausted; and were I to say even a tenth part of what would naturally arise out of the Imaginary Conversations, you would have to bid farewell to sleep for to-night. I will therefore only touch on one more point, and have done. It is indeed of such importance, that it must not be left unnoticed. What is the tendency of these Imaginary Conversations? Is it good or bad, moral or immoral? If it be the latter, as you seem to believe, all I have said is worse than worthless; all the merits of the work would be no better than the brightness of hellfire; and Landor, whatever may be the strength and outward beauty of his mind, must be cast down upon the carcase of Voltaire. In truth, I should pity the Frenchman, if that were to happen. But it never will. Even granting that there be some opinions in common between them, the resemblance is only superficial. The heart of the Englishman is sound, and such as becomes the countryman of Milton and of Algernon Sidney. If his indignation burst forth at times with too much violence, if once or twice it be misplaced; it is always excited by that which is, or which he fully believes to be, foul and depraved and pernicious. Some of the opinions may be paradoxically expressed; it is natural enough for one who always speaks so strongly, sometimes to speak too much so; but it is seldom, if ever, that there is not a spark of truth at the centre. And with what feelings do we rise from the perusal of the whole work? With an ardent glow for all that is pure and generous and noble and high-minded and self-devoting, and a detestation of all that is mean and base and false and selfish and cruel. There is much, very much I admit, with which I disagree; there is no little which appears to me to be exaggerated, mistaken, perverse. But I almost love the book the more for this perversity, as we often love a child the more for its waywardness or a mistress for her faults. With this feeling I now take leave of it, wishing it all health and prosperity. It is a work which seems framed to take the world by storm. As Wordsworth says in his fine sonnet to a ship just under sail,

Where it comes, the winds must blow."

"I am not afraid of that," said Hargrave. "Only print my Review, and the ship will sink." "The trial shall be made;" I replied.—"But you will let me blow a counterblast, if I can." Hargrave gave me his permission, and we parted.

J. C. H.

SONG.

Thou tell'st me that the Rose is dead,
  Which late I gave to thee;
That all its summer-bloom has fled,
  And all its fragrancy.
But, oh! I cannot marvel now
  It met such swift decay:
How could it live, my fair, when thou
  Hadst stol'n its breath away?

If those poor faded leaves could speak,
  Sure they would claim once more
The timid blush upon thy cheek,
  Which was their own before.
And they would bring pale violets too,
  At Cupid's court to swear,
Thine eyes had robb'd them of the hue
  That violets love to wear.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

The Oratorios and the Concerts Spirituels have terminated with the season of Lent; though in so far as religion is concerned, there appears to be no good reason why the Wednesdays and Fridays of this solemn period should be selected for such performances, except indeed it be to show that the character of the present times no longer demands any such observances as were thought indispensable when these ence sacred concerts were originally instituted. If, however, this breach of custom shall be esteemed to merit censure, that censure must be carried back through a long succession of years, or fall upon those who have permitted the changes we now witness. The present proprietor has this year rather retrograded than advanced—he has brought back more of the ancient gravity instead of stretching further into licence. He has separated the sacred from prophane, and has produced more than one oratorio new to this country. Since the Abbé Stadler's *Jerusalem Delivered, The Star of Bethlehem*, an English adaptation of some of the finest parts of the masses of Haydn and others, and *The Prophecy*, the work of Mr. Wade, an amateur, have been given—the latter with considerable success. Mr. Wade's production is pleasing from its melody, and its airy structure, and although professors are not always ready to admit the claims of dilettanti composers, it has won applause, even from rigid professional judges.

The season, upon the whole, has been as successful as could be anticipated; and indeed when we regard the immense quantity of good music, and the increase of those engaged in the orchestra, it would be strange if these concerts were not, in the general meaning of the term, popular; they are too as cheap as they are attractive. This year there is not a single English name of reputation (except those of Mr. Vaughan and Mr. W. Knyvett, whose style is too chaste and sober to hit the taste of the mixed audience of a theatre) which is not to be found in the bills. The three acts seldom embrace less than from thirty to forty vocal pieces, which consist of the most approved in each separate style. To these are appended concertos on the principal instruments, and chorusses are interspersed. All this may be enjoyed in a respectable manner, for three shillings and sixpence, or in a more humble situation for two shillings, or even one, while the boxes are open to the higher classes of society. Musical pleasure, of an elevated cast, circulates so freely from no centre as from these performances. Indeed, London contains no other concert of general resort. In this point of view they become very important vehicles, not only of amusement, but for the cultivation of taste.

On the last two nights, two very young females of the name of Cawes produced a great *effect*. We heard these lasses about twelve months since in private, in various styles, and it required no very deep philosophy to pronounce that such would be the case. The eldest is a little more than fifteen, the youngest not so old by two years, and they really are wonderful girls. They sang a quick comic duet of Mosca's, "*Io di tutto son contento*," with a power, brilliancy, articulation, and expression, which, for their years, is astonishing. The youngest has a prodigious volume, and unites the compass of a contralto and soprano with extraordinary facility and a power of comprehension and humour that will probably make her the Storace of her day. The eldest is a legitimate soprano, and in manner resembles Madame Ronzi de Begnis.—They are pupils of Sir George Smart, and do him infinite credit. They made their first appearance within the last few months at York and at Newcastle, where they were well received, and at no places could their talents be more impartially or better judged.

At this season, when the musical world teems with incidents, it is not allowed us to enter into a minute discussion of the errors of manner, which propagate errors of judgment with such infinite rapidity. This is a task, however, we may attempt when events of interest are less rife. But it is a duty not to let the sub-

ject pass absolutely without observation, for our singers are daily receding farther from expression, and indulge in every species of absurd extravagance with more unbridled licence than ever. The canons of science are set at nought. It is shocking to listen to the monstrous competitions in folly which every night are applauded to the skies. The attempts of sopranos and tenors to outdo each other are only to be likened to the challenges of vaulters and posture-masters, who strive to exceed each other, where

> "Each last fool's as welcome as the former."

"They sang," said a young lady of refined taste, after attending a series of nights, "some of the music in *Macbeth*, and this I really enjoyed more than all the rest. The singers ornament and flourish to such a degree that it becomes absolutely sickening, and it is a relief to one's ears to hear music sung plainly." And this is the judgment which good sense and sound taste must pronounce:—to hear Mr. Braham and Mr. Sinclair overbawling, out-gingling, and out-shrieking each other, is so absolutely nauseous, and at the same time so ridiculous, that the reception the audience affords would be perfectly astonishing did we not know that it is the effect of mere surprise. Few, now-a-days, are found to compare past and present sensations. The tests of fine performance are disregarded. The case is thus argued:—this is new, and it appears wonderful: these are *the* great singers. In Braham energy is still left and power, such as it is,—for Sinclair nature has done much, which art (falsely so called) has not quite obliterated. Such singing may be termed *vocal instrumentation*, and though not the best of its kind, the few who hear and know what is better, can make no way in so mixed a multitude, even did they think it worth while to express their dissatisfaction. Our diurnal critics mystify honest Mr. Bull and his worthy family by their ignorant jargon of praise, and thus the very worst taste is sanctioned and perpetuated. "Laud we the gods!" say Messrs. B. and S.—aye, and gratefully and justly too, for the gods laud them to excess.

The King's Theatre seems to be in strange confusion, notwithstanding the superior talent engaged. Rossini and Catalani have, it is thought, more of the repulsion, which is the general property of musical supremacy, than is usually found. Madame Colbran is eclipsed by Madame Catalani, and Madame Catalani will not sing Rossini's music; Garcia has been ill; Madame Ronzi is confined, —so that there has been a perpetual change of pieces without any beneficial results. *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* and *Ricciardo e Zoraide* have been got up to supply the place of *Il Fanatico*, clogged too as it has been with the onerous demand for Catalani's services. Madame Pasta is soon to appear in *Otello* (on Saturday, April 24); and then comes Rossini's new opera, which is not yet, however, in rehearsal. Madame Caradori brings out *Il Don Giovanni* for her benefit, when Garcia is to play the Libertine.

On the last night of the Concerts Spirituels, the feeling of the public was strongly excited by Madame Catalani's not appearing according to the promise of the advertisements; and before the beginning of the second act the dissatisfaction had risen to such a height, that the public insisted upon her presence. She came, and was attended by an English gentleman, who was her apologist, and who pleaded, that she then rose from a sick bed to obey the call of the public.—The plea was powerful, and was, as all such pleas are, accepted. Madame Catalani laid her hand expressively first on her throat, and lastly on her heart, smiled through her tears, curtsied, and retired. We happen to know that she was perfectly well the preceding day; and as the name of her former medical attendant, Mr. Charles Clarke (whose authority would have silenced all doubt) was replaced by that of a Mr. Bertin, there was probably no very dangerous indisposition, although it was very sudden. It is most probable she took cold from the chill of the preceding concerts.

These concerts have languished over their six Fridays; and indeed they owe the partial support they have received to Madame Catalani, Mr. Clementi, and Miss Love. Mr. C. produced some new symphonies, at which he presided, and they exhi-

bit throughout the strongest proofs of the unabated fire and genius of this extraordinary man, together with the maturity of science, which such and so long a life of study only can ripen. He is now in his seventy-second year, and appears to retain the activity of youth, both intellectually and personally. Nor has the Opera-house been the only sphere of his later glory. At a recent Philharmonic he presided at one of his symphonies, and was received with enthusiasm by that most scientific of all the audiences of the metropolis. No composer in Europe enjoys more universal respect among the professors of art; and when it is remembered that his first opera was produced more than half-a-century ago, it affords a very interesting instance of faculties preserved by habits of temperance and study.

If, as has been assumed, these Concerts owe their existence to the estimate conductors of the Opera-house made of the attractions of Madame Catalani, it should seem their computations were somewhat too sanguine. In truth, both her appearance on the boards of the King's Theatre and in the orchestra may be considered to demonstrate the incipient declination of her fame, however little her powers are damaged. The general sentiment, as well as the particular symptoms, confirms the opinions we gave last month. She has played seldom, has been indisposed, and has condescended to sing between the acts at Covent-garden, for Mr. Kemble's benefit, where, it must be allowed, she was hailed as a goddess. The fact is, she has set too great a price upon her own head. She is undoubtedly transcendant, but her ambition (or that of others by whom she is directed) grasps at more than is allowed even to the greatest powers to accomplish. She would be manager and conductor; she would direct; and she would share;—she aims at the absorption of so much, that she practically proclaims "I am all in all!" To this neither managers nor conductors, singers nor the public, will accede. Madame Catalani, though a wonder, is no longer a new wonder,—neither is she, for the same reason, the fashion, or the lion of the day. Her ascendancy is past. We do not say these things without proofs: it is not long since she laid a plan for engaging a corps of singers and instrumentalists, for the purpose of usurping the management of a very numerous and sweeping series of country festivals. She has failed in all but two, viz. Newcastle and Cambridge, at which latter place she is to give to Addenbrooke's Hospital one-fifth of the receipts in return for the patronage, and to absorb the remaining four-fifths.—A part of the engagements are announced: Miss Stephens, Miss George, Messrs. Phillips, Kellner, and Placci, are her coadjutors. The musical world will read in this list almost the *pis aller* of the London orchestras and the Opera-house (with the exception of Miss Stephens); and the patrons of music at Cambridge will hardly, we should think, feel satisfied at such a selection of performers for a Grand Festival. The veil is too thin and too transparent.

Miss Love has attracted a good share of public attention by her performance of some of Handel's songs. It is curious that amongst those she has selected is the bass air, *Tears such as tender fathers shed,* from *Deborah.* Her voice is a remarkably fine contralto, and her expression excellent.—Practice would make her a first-rate singer in this department.

When Madame Pasta was here about six years ago, she was by no means in the first class, but her reputation has spread marvellously since that period, and the biographer of Rossini is as loud in her praises as he is in his censure of the Colbran. All those who have heard her of late at Paris concur in speaking of her as a singer of the finest possible expression.

A pianoforte player of very extraordinary promise has started up in the person of a boy of the name of *Aspull,* only eight years of age. He not long since played before his Majesty and the Court, and on the 28th of March he had a Benefit Concert. The precocity of children in music is not now either so rare or so surprising as it once was, but this is certainly a child of singular talent. He plays with great rapidity and neatness; but there are impossibilities to such hands, and these unfortunately he is made to attempt to surmount. Thus, in Moscheles' *Fall of Paris,*

there was one variation, which almost demanded a reach of fourteen notes. Such passages he missed, and indeed from defect of natural growth much of this piece was very imperfect. This is not the fault of the boy, but the error of those who direct his studies.

At this concert also appeared Mr. Chatterton, a young man, we believe, from Portsmouth, or its vicinity. He played the harp with a great deal of taste and execution, and his deficiency was only in tone—a defect which, it is observed, acquaintance with London orchestras soon supplies. He was well received. Here also Mr. Clementi conducted.

Amongst the most attractive of the Benefit Concerts has been the farewell night of Mr. Ries, on the 8th of April, who, after most singular crosses, from the ravages of war in his own country (Germany), and in those where he encountered hostile armies, found peace, encouragement, and fortune in this Island. Whilst traversing the Continent (for he went to Russia) he was twice forced into the Conscription, but was released on account of a defect of sight. Thus the want of a physical power procured a release which superior intellect could not have obtained for him. Mr. Schlesinger played with considerable eclat, and is to be regarded, in some sort, as the person to whom Mr. Ries wishes to bequeath his honours, as an instructor. Mr. Ries's recommendation will probably have a good deal of weight and authority. The Concert was exceeding well attended. Mr. Ries retires to his native home, where we understand he purposes still to amuse himself by composition. He quits England, accompanied by the regrets and the best wishes of a large circle of friends and scholars, and by the regard of the musical public at large, who have always esteemed him highly, both as a writer and a performer.

Poor Griesbach, the oboist, who lies so ill as never to be again likely to resume his profession, has had a Benefit, under the sanction and protection of the Directors of the Ancient Concert. This is honourable to the royal and noble amateurs, and we trust that their old and favourite servant has felt the consolation of their efforts in his behalf.*

On the night of the Earl of Darnley's direction at the Ancient Concert, Mr. Wheeler, a young bass singer, was brought out. His voice has no great volume, but it is well toned, and his manner has a good share of polish. A successor worthy to fill the place of poor Bartleman has not yet, however, appeared.

The concerts for individuals will now be general. Last year there was not a single night in May or June, with the exception of those of the Philharmonic or Ancient Concerts that was not so occupied. The market was, however, clearly over supplied, and it may be questioned whether this season will present an equal number, though professors have certainly not decreased. In but too many instances they act merely as advertisements, and unfortunately as very expensive advertisements. The public appetite has been so pampered, and has been trained to such excess, that the very large disbursements which attend these attempts must eventually operate to deter all but those whose claims are very general, from the risk. Another circumstance which militates against success, is the frequent disappointments audiences experience. In the majority of instances, the singers assist each other gratuitously. It not seldom happens that, profitable engagements offering, they send an excuse at a late hour. It is very rare, indeed, to hear either the singers or the music that have been announced, and never in the order specified. The public ought not to endure these impositions and impertinences, for such they are. Those who pay their half guineas have a just title to the fulfilment of the terms of the compact on the other side.

The musical world has been not a little interested in the legal dispute between Mr. Morris, the proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, and Mr. and Miss Paton. Mr. Paton, it

* We have been told, and we believe the fact, that after a public performance, some years since, in a provincial town, Mr. Braham having heard that this excellent musician was involved in some temporary distress, enclosed 20*l.* in a note to Mr. Griesbach, with thanks for the pleasure his playing had that morning afforded him.

seems, signed an article, in which he *agreed* that his daughter should sing for a certain salary for one season, and *consented* that she should enter into a subsequent engagement at the close of the first year for two more, at an augmented rate. The *agreement* was duly kept, the *consent* was for some time evaded, and, at length, refused altogether. For this breach of faith, Mr. Morris brought his action against Mr. Paton, and was nonsuited, upon the interpretation of the words *agree* and *consent*. We are no lawyers, but we apprehend the true intent and meaning in an honourable understanding of the contract, was that in so far as Mr. Paton was concerned, he would use his influence with his daughter, and in so far as Miss Paton, that she knew the terms, and intended to fulfil them, both being parties to the deed. We cannot, therefore, perceive how *in foro conscientiæ* either of them stands acquitted, though the point of law be in their favour; and, as Miss Paton has not been very scrupulous about engagements in other cases, it is to be apprehended that managers will look carefully in future to the terms of any agreement she may enter into. It is pity that *any* sort of suspicion should attach to the exercise of such undoubted ability.

NEW MUSIC.

The principal new publications are:—

Two Rondos for the pianoforte, composed by Ignace Moscheles. Books 1 and 2. The subjects from the ballet "Les Portraits;" also by Moscheles. These pieces partake of the character of the other compositions of the master, namely, strength and energy, tempered by a cultivated taste, and natural elegance of mind. The interest never languishes, but is preserved by frequent changes in the construction and sentiment, united with spirit and flowing melody. A Russian air, with variations by the same composer, is quaint and original rather than pleasing.

Mr. Bochsa has a brilliant Fantasia and variations on the Scotch air, *Kelvin Grove*, which has become popular at the theatre by the performance of Mr. Braham. The lesson is not in Mr. Bochsa's best manner, and requires the fire and energy of his own style of playing to make it very effective; but though its intrinsic merits as a composition are few, it has enough of dec ded character to give it a rank above commonplace productions. A *Rondino à la Hongroies*, also by the same hand, is a light and easy lesson.

Mr. Cianchettini's *Irish Fantasia* upon the airs *Savournah Deelish* and *The Legacy*, has less of fancy in its composition than in its style of performance. This is observable in the numerous marks of expression, the changes of measure and rythm, and in the abundance of ornament. In composing for Catalani, Mr. Cianchettini has adapted his works to that singer's peculiar manner of gracing and execution, and these peculiarities have affected his productions for the pianoforte. The slow Irish air affords an illustration of this remark. Nice attention to the effects and expression of vocal art is necessary to fine instrumental performance, and Mr. Cianchettini's Fantasia will gain or lose by the knowledge or ignorance of the performer in this branch of the science.

An Italian serenade with variations, by Mr. Kiallmark, is one of his best works: the subject is melodious and graceful, and the variations light, smooth, and brilliant.

The Moon Beam, being No. 6 of a series of Hibernian airs for the pianoforte, by Mr. Burrowes, is fully equal to the former numbers of the work.

Mr. Calkin has arranged *The Maid of the Valley*, with variations for the pianoforte. This composition, in common with the other works of the master, has most of the qualities which will render it popular as a lesson for practice or amusement amongst those who do not seek the highest rank in art. His six numbers of French airs, with variations, are a series of very agreeable pieces of the same description.

Moralt's Introduction and Rondoletta, and Dussek's March and Waltzes, are easy and simple pieces for learners.

Mr. Bruguier's eighth divertimento contains two airs, by Rossini, *Vieni oh Stella*, and *Fra il Padre e fra l'amante.*

Mozart's fifth symphony, arranged for the pianoforte, with accompaniments for the flute, violin, and violoncello, by Hummel, is published.

The fourth volume of the excellent selection of glees, published under the title of *Convito Harmonico*, is just out. Knowing, as we well do, the extreme care, and the good taste and ability of its editor, Mr. Samuel Webbe, jun. we should have anticipated an equal degree of excellence with the former volumes, its precursors, and we are not disappointed. There are many of the most excellent standard compositions, both of an early and a recent date, though the former naturally predominate. But every succeeding book adds to the value of the collection as a whole, inasmuch as it assists in completing this very classical concentration of the beauties of the British Harmonists.

April 22.

DIALOGUES OF THREE TEMPLARS
ON POLITICAL ECONOMY,
CHIEFLY IN RELATION TO THE
PRINCIPLES OF MR. RICARDO.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

Et æquiori sane animo feres, cum hic de primis agatur principiis, si superstitiose omnia examinavi,—viamque quasi palpando singulaque curiosiùs contrectando, lente me promovi et testudineo gradu. Video enim ingenium humanum ita comparatum esse—ut facilius longe quid *consequens* sit dispiciat, quam quid in naturâ *primo* verum; nostramque omnium conditionem non multum ab illâ Archimedis abludere—Δος πυ ςω, και κινησω την γην. Ubi primum figamus pedem, invenire multo magis satagimus, quam (ubi invenimus) ulterius progredi.

Henricus Morus in Epist. ad Cartesium.

Principle of Value continued.

Phæd. In our short conversation of yesterday, *X.*, you parried an objection brought forward by Philebus in a way which I thought satisfactory. You reduced him to an absurdity, or what seemed such. In fact, I did verily believe that you had slaughtered Philebus: and so I told him. But we have since reconsidered the matter, and have settled it between ourselves that your answer will not do; that your "absurdity" in fact is a very absurd absurdity: Philebus will tell you why. I for my part shall have enough to do to take care of a little argument of my own, which is designed to meet something that passed in our first dialogue. Now my private conviction is—that both I and Philebus shall be cudgeled: I am satisfied that such will be the issue of the business. And my reason for thinking so is this—that I already see enough to discern a character of boldness and determination in Mr. Ricardo's doctrines which needs no help from sneaking equivocations; and this with me is a high presumption that he is in the right. In whatever rough way his theories are tossed about, they seem always like a cat to light upon their legs. But notwithstanding this, as long as there is a possibility that he may be in the wrong, I shall take it for granted that he is—and do my best to prove him so.

X. For which, Phædrus, I shall feel greatly indebted to you. We are told of Trajan—that, in the camp exercises, he not only tolerated hard blows but courted them: "alacer virtute militum, et lætus quoties aut cassidi suæ aut clypeo gravior ictus incideret. Laudabat quippe ferientes, hortabaturque ut auderent." When one of our theatres let down an iron curtain upon the stage as a means of insulating the audience from any fire amongst the scenery, and sent men to prove the strength of this curtain by playing upon it with sledge hammers in the sight and hearing of the public,—who would not have laughed at the hollowness of the mummery, if the blows had been gentle—considerate—and forbearing? A 'make-believe' blow would have implied a 'make-believe' hammer and a 'make-believe' curtain. No!—hammer away, like Charles Martel: "fillip me with a three-man beetle:" be to me a *malleus hæreticorum*; come like Spenser's Talus—an iron man with an iron flail, and thresh out the straw of my logic: rack me; put me to the question: get me down: jump upon me: throttle me: put an end to me in any way you can.

Phæd. I will, I will my dear friend: any thing to oblige you. So now tie yourself to the stake, whilst we bait you. And you begin, Philebus: unmuzzle.

Phil. I shall be brief. The case of the hat is what I stand upon: and, by the way, I am much obliged to you *X.* for having stated the question in that shape: it has furnished me with a very manageable formula for recalling the principle at issue.

The wages alter from two different causes—in one case because there is the same quantity of labour at a different rate; in an other case because there is a different quantity at the same rate. In the latter case it is agreed that the alteration settles upon price. In the former case you affirm that it will *not:* I affirm that it will. I bring an argument to prove it: which argument you attempt to parry by another. But in this counter argument of yours it strikes me that there lurks a *petitio principii.* Indeed, I am sure of it. For observe the course of our reasoning. I charge it upon your doctrine as an absurd consequence—that, if the increase of wages must be paid out of profits, then this fund will at length be eaten out; and, as soon as it is, there will be no fund at all for paying any further increase: and the production must cease. Now what in effect is your answer? Why, that as soon as profits are all eaten up, the production *will* cease. And this you call reducing me to an absurdity. But where is the absurdity? Your answer is in fact an identical proposition: for, when you say—"*As soon as* profits are absorbed"—I retort, Aye, no doubt, '*as soon*' as they are; but when will that be? It requires no Ricardo to tell us that, *when* profits are absorbed, they will be absorbed; what I deny is—that they ever *can* be absorbed. For, as fast as wages increase, what is to hinder price from increasing *pari passu?* In which case profits will never be absorbed. It is easy enough to prove that price will not increase, if you may assume that profits will not remain stationary. For then you have assumed the whole point in dispute; and after *that* of course you have the game in your own hands: since it is self-evident that if any body is made up of two parts P and W, so adjusted that all which is gained by either must be lost by the other, then *that* body can never increase.

Phæd. Nor decrease.

Phil. No, nor decrease. If my head must of necessity lose as much weight as my trunk gains, and *versâ vice,* then it is a clear case that I shall never be heavier. But why cannot my head remain stationary, whilst my trunk grows heavier? This is what you had to prove, and you have not proved it.

Phæd. Oh! it's scandalous to think how he has duped us: his '*reductio*' turns out to be the merest swindling.

X. No, Phædrus,—I beg your pardon. It is very true I did not attempt to prove that your head might not remain stationary: I could not have proved this *directly* without anticipating a doctrine out of it's place: but I proved it *indirectly* by showing that, if it were supposed possible, an absurdity would follow from that supposition. I said, and I say again, that the doctrine of wages will show the very supposition itself to be absurd: but, until we come to that doctrine, I content myself with proving that—let that supposition seem otherwise ever so reasonable [the supposition namely that profits may be stationary whilst wages are advancing]—yet it draws after it one absurd consequence, viz. that a thing may be bigger than that to which it is confessedly equal. Look back to the notes of our conversation, and you will see that this is as I say.—You say, Philebus, that I prove profits in a particular case to be incapable of remaining stationary by assuming that price cannot increase: or if I am called upon to prove that assumption—viz. that price cannot increase, I do it only by assuming that profits in that case are incapable of remaining stationary. But, if I had reasoned thus, I should not only have been guilty of a *petitio principii* (as you alleged)—but also of a circle. Here then I utterly disclaim and renounce either assumption: I do not ask you to grant me that price must continue stationary in the case supposed: I do not ask you to grant me that profits must recede in the case supposed. On the contrary, I will not have them granted to me: I insist on your refusing both of these principles.

Phil. Well, I *do* refuse them.

Phæd. So do I. I'll do any thing in reason as well as another. "If one knight give a testril —."

X. Then let us suppose the mines from which we obtain our silver to be in England.

Phæd. What for? Why am I to suppose this? I don't know but you have some trap in it.

X. No: a Newcastle coal mine,

or a Cornwall tin mine will answer the purpose of my argument just as well. But it is more convenient to use silver as the illustration: and I suppose it to be in England simply to avoid intermixing any questions about Foreign Trade. Now when the hat sold for eighteen shillings, on Mr. Ricardo's principle why did it sell for that sum?

Phil. I suppose, because the quantity of silver in that sum is assumed to be the product of four days' labour in a silver mine.

X. Certainly: because it is the product of the same quantity of labour as that which produced the hat. Calling 20 shillings therefore 4 ounces of silver, the hat was worth 9-10ths of 4 ounces. Now when wages advance from 12*s.* to 14*s.*, profits (you allege) will not pay this advance but price. On this supposition the price of the hat will now be — what?

Phil. Twenty shillings; leaving, as before, six for profit.

X. Six shillings upon 14 are not the same *rate* of profit as 6 upon 12: but no matter: it does not affect the argument. The hat is now worth 4 entire ounces of silver, having previously been worth 4 ounces *minus* a tenth of 4 ounces. But the product of 4 days' labour in a silver mine must also advance in value for the same cause. Four ounces of silver, which is that product, will now have the same power or value as 22.22 shillings had before. Consequently the 4 ounces of silver, which had previously commanded in exchange a hat and the 9th of a hat, will now command a hat and two ninths, fractions neglected. Hence therefore a hat will, upon any Anti-Ricardian theory, manifestly buy 4 ounces of silver; and yet at the same time, it will not buy 4 ounces by 1-5th part of 4 ounces. Silver, and the denominations of it's qualities being familiar, make it more convenient to use that metal: but substitute lead, iron, coal, or any thing whatsoever,—the argument is the same, being in fact a universal demonstration that variations in wages cannot produce corresponding variations in price.

Phæd. Say no more, *X.*: I see that you are right; and it's all over with our cause, unless I retrieve it. To think that the whole cause of the Anti-Ricardian economy should devolve upon me! that fate should ordain me to be the Atlas on whose unworthy shoulders the whole system is to rest. This being my destiny, I ought to have been built a little stronger. However, no matter! I heartily pray that I may prove too strong for you: though at the same time I am convinced I shall not. Remember therefore that you have no right to exult if you toss and gore me, for I tell you beforehand that you will. And, if you do, that only proves me to be in the right—and a very sagacious person; since my argument has all the appearance of being irresistible, and yet such is my discernment, that I foresee most acutely that it will turn out a most absurd one. It is this: your answer to Philebus issues in this—that a thing A is shown to be at once more valuable and yet not more valuable than the same thing B. Now this answer I take by the horns: it is possible for A to be more and yet not more valuable than the same thing. For example, my hat shall be more valuable than the gloves; more valuable, that is, than the gloves were; and yet not more valuable than the gloves; not more valuable, that is, than the gloves now are. So of the wages: all things preserve their former relations, because all are equally raised. This is my little argument: what do you think of it? Will it do?

X. No.

Phæd. Why, so I told you.

X. I have the pleasure then to assure you that you are perfectly right. It will *not* do. But I understand you perfectly. You mean to evade my argument that the increase of wages shall settle upon profits: according to this argument, it will settle upon price and not upon profits: yet again on price in such a way as to escape the absurdity of two relations of value existing between the very same things. But, Phædrus, this rise will be a mere metaphysical ens and no real rise. The hat, you say, has risen: but still it commands no more of the gloves, because they also have risen.—How then has either risen? The rise is purely ideal.

Phæd. It is so, *X.*: but that I did not overlook: for tell me—on Mr. Ricardo's principle, will not all things double their value simultane-

ously, if the quantity of labour spent in producing all should double simultaneously?

X. It will, Phædrus.

Phæd. And yet nothing will exchange for more or less than before

X. True: but the rise is not ideal for all that, but will affect every body. A pound of wheat, which previously bought three pounds of salt, will still buy three pounds: but then the salt-maker and the wheat-maker will have only one pound of those articles where before he had two. However the difference between the two cases cannot fully be understood, without a previous examination of certain distinctions which I will make the subject of our next dialogue; and the rather, because apart from our present question, at every step we should else be embarrassed as all others have been by the perplexity attending these distinctions.—Meantime as an answer to your argument the following consideration will be quite sufficient. The case which your argument respects is that in which wages are supposed to rise? Why? In consequence of a *real* rise in corn or something else. As a means of meeting this rise, wages rise: but the increased value of wages is only a means to an end, and the laborer cares about the rise only in that light. The end is—to give him the same quantity of corn suppose. That end attained, he cares nothing about the means by which it is attained. Now your ideal rise of wages does not attain this end. The corn has *really* risen: this is the first step. In consequence of this an ideal rise follows in all things, which evades the absurdities of a real rise—and evades the Ricardian doctrine of profits: but then only by also evading any real rise in wages, the necessity of which (in order to meet the real rise in corn) first led to the whole movement of price.—But this you will more clearly see after our next dialogue.

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH.

On the Use and Abuse of two celebrated Distinctions in the Theory of Value.

X. Now, gentlemen, I come to a question which on a double account is interesting: first, because it is indispensable to the fluency of our future progress that this question should be once for all decided: secondly, because it furnishes an *experimentum crucis* for distinguishing a true knowledge of Mr. Ricardo's theory from a spurious or half knowledge. Many a man will accompany Mr. Ricardo thus far, and will keep his seat pretty well until he comes to the point which we have now reached—at which point scarcely one in a thousand will escape being unhorsed.

Phæd. Which one most assuredly will not be myself. For I have a natural alacrity in losing my seat, and gravitate so determinately to the ground, that (like a Roman of old) I ride without stirrups—by way of holding myself in constant readiness for projection: upon the least hint, anticipating my horse's wishes on that point and throwing myself off as fast as possible; for what's the use of taking the negative side in a dispute where the horse takes the affirmative? So I leave it to Philebus to ride through the steeple-chase you will lead him; his be the honor of the day—and his the labor.

X. But *that* cannot be: Philebus is bound in duty to be dismounted, for the sake of keeping Mr. Malthus with many others in countenance. For at this point, Phædrus, more than at any other almost, there is a sad confusion of lords and gentlemen that I could name thrown out of the saddle pell-mell upon their mother earth.

Phil. So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing.

I suppose I may add—

—— Heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory.

Meantime, what is it you allude to?

X. You are acquainted, I doubt not, Philebus, — with the common distinction between *real* and *nominal* value: and in your judgment upon that distinction I presume that you adopt the doctrine of Mr. Malthus.

Phil. I do: but I know not why you should call it the doctrine of Mr. Malthus: for, though he has re-urged

it against Mr. Ricardo, yet originally it belongs to Adam Smith.

X. Not so, Philebus: *a* distinction between real and nominal value was made by Adam Smith, but not altogether *the* distinction of Mr. Malthus. It is true that Mr. Malthus tells us (Polit. Econ. p. 63), that the distinction is "exactly the same." But in this he is inaccurate: for neither is it exactly the same; nor, if it had been, could Mr. Malthus have urged it in his Political Economy with the same consistency as its original author. This you will see hereafter. But no matter: how do you understand the distinction?

Phil. "I continue to think" with Mr. Malthus "that the most proper definition of real value in exchange, in contradistinction to nominal value in exchange, is the power of commanding the necessaries and conveniences of life, including labour, as distinguished from the power of commanding the precious metals."

X. You think, for instance, that if the wages of a laborer should in England be at the rate of five shillings a-day and in France of no more than one shilling a-day, it could not therefore be inferred that wages were at a high real value in England or a low real value in France: until we know how much food, &c. could be had for the five shillings in England and how much in France for the one shilling, all that we could fairly assert—would be, that wages were at a high *nominal* value in England and at a low *nominal* value in France: but the moment it should be ascertained that the English wages would procure twice as much comfort as the French, or the French twice as much as the English, we might then peremptorily affirm that wages were at a high *real* value in England on the first supposition or in France on the second:—this is what you think?

Phil. It is, and very fairly stated. I think this, in common with Mr. Malthus; and can hold out but little hope that I shall ever cease to think it.

X. Why then, know this,
Thou think'st amiss:
And, to think right, thou must think o'er again.

Phæd. But is it possible that Mr. Ricardo can require me to abjure an inference so reasonable as this? If so, I must frankly acknowledge that I am out of the saddle already.

X. Reasonable inference! So far from *that,* there is an end of all logic if such an inference be tolerated. *That* man may rest assured that his vocation in this world is not logical who feels disposed (after a few minutes' consideration) to question the following proposition; viz. That it is very possible for A continually to increase in value—in *real* value, observe—and yet to command a continually decreasing quantity of B: in short that A may acquire a thousand times higher value and yet exchange for ten thousand times less of B.

Phæd. Why then "Chaos is come again!" Is this the unparadoxical Ricardo?

X. Yes, Phædrus: but lay not this unction to your old prejudices, which you must now prepare to part with for ever, that it is any spirit of wilful paradox which is now speaking: for get rid of Mr. Ricardo, if you can, but you will not therefore get rid of this paradox. On any other theory of value it will still continue to be an irresistible truth, though it is the Ricardian theory only which can consistently explain it. Here, by the way, is a specimen of paradox in the true and laudable sense—in that sense according to which Boyle entitled a book *Hydrostatical Paradoxes:* for, though it wears a *primâ facie* appearance of falsehood, yet in the end you will be sensible that it is not only true—but true in that way and degree which will oblige him who denies it to maintain an absurdity. Again therefore I affirm that, when the laborer obtains a large quantity of corn for instance, it is so far from being any fair inference that wages are then at a high real value—that in all probability they are at a very low real value: and inversely I affirm that, when wages are at their very highest real value, the laborer will obtain the very smallest quantity of corn. Or, quitting wages altogether (because such an illustration would drive me into too much anticipation), I affirm universally of Y (that is, of any assignable thing whatsoever) that it shall grow more valuable *ad infinitum,* and yet by possibility ex-

change for less and less *ad infinitum* of Z (i. e. of any other assignable thing).

Phæd. Well, all I shall say is this: am I in a world where men stand on their heads or on their feet?—But there is some trick in all this: there is some snare. And now I consider,—what's the meaning of your saying "by possibility?" If the doctrine you would force upon me be a plain—broad—straightforward truth, why fetter it with such a suspicious restriction?

X. Think for a moment, Phædrus, what doctrine it is which I would force upon you: not, as you seem to suppose, that the quantity obtained by Y is in the *inverse* ratio of the value of Y: on the contrary, if that were so, it would still remain true that an irresistible inference might be drawn from the quantity purchased to the value of the thing purchasing, and *vice-versâ*, from the value of the thing purchasing to the quantity which it would purchase. There would still be a connexion between the two: and the sole difference between my doctrine and the old doctrine would be this—that the connexion would be no longer *direct* (as by your doctrine) but *inverse*. This would be the difference, and the sole difference. But what is it that I assert? Why that there is no necessary connexion at all or of any kind between the quantity commanded and the value commanding. My object is to get rid of your inference, not to substitute any new inference of my own. I put therefore an extreme case. This case ought by your doctrine to be impossible. If therefore it be *not* impossible, your doctrine is upset. Simply as a possible case, it is sufficient to destroy *you*. But, if it were more than a possible case, it would destroy *me*. For if, instead of demonstrating the possibility of such a case, I had attempted to show that it were a universal and necessary case, I should again be introducing the notion of a connexion between the quantity obtained and the value obtaining, which it is the very purpose of my whole argument to exterminate. For my thesis is—that no such connexion subsists between the two as warrants any inference that the real value is great because the quantity it buys is great, or small because the quantity it buys is small; or, reciprocally, that—because the real value is great or small—therefore the quantities bought shall be great or small. From, or to, the real value in these cases I contend that there is no more valid inference than from, or to, the nominal value with which it is contrasted.

Phil. Your thesis then, as I understand it, is this: that if A double its value, it will not command double the quantity of B. I have a barouche which is worth about 600 guineas at this moment. Now if I should keep this barouche unused in my coach-house for five years, and at the end of this term it should happen from any cause that carriages had doubled in value—*my* understanding would lead me to expect double the quantity of any commodity for which I might then exchange it, whether *that* were money, sugar, besoms, or any thing whatsoever. But *you* tell me—no. And *vice versâ*, if I found that my barouche at the end of five years obtained for me double the quantity of sugar, or besoms, or political economists, which it would now obtain—I should think myself warranted in drawing an inference that carriages had doubled their value. But you tell me—no; "Non valet consequentia."

X. You are in the right, Phædrus: I *do* tell you so. But you do not express my thesis quite accurately, which is—that if A double its value, it will not *therefore* command double the former quantity of B. It may do so: and it may also command five hundred times more, or five hundred times less.

Phæd. Oh! tempora, oh mores! Here is my friend *X.* that in any other times would have been a man of incorruptible virtue; and yet, in our unprincipled age, he is content to barter the interests of truth and the "majesty of plain-dealing" for a brilliant paradox or (shall I say?) for the glory of being reputed an accomplished disputant.

X. But, Phædrus, there could be little brilliancy in a paradox which in the way you understand it will be nothing better than a bold defiance of common sense. In fact, I should be ashamed to give the air of a para-

dox to so evident a truth as that which I am now urging, if I did not continually remind myself that—evident as it may appear—it yet escaped Adam Smith. This consideration, and the spectacle of so many writers since his day thrown out and at a fault precisely at this point of the chace, make it prudent to present it in as startling a shape as possible; in order that, the attention being thoroughly roused, the final assent may not be languid or easily forgotten. Suffer me therefore, Phædrus, in a Socratic way, to extort an assent from your own arguments—allow me to drive you into an absurdity.

Phæd. With all my heart: if our father Adam is wrong, I am sure it would be presumptuous in me to be right; so drive me as fast as possible.

X. You say that A, by doubling its own value, shall command a double quantity of B. Where, by A, you do not mean some one thing in particular, but generally any assignable thing whatever. Now B is some assignable thing. Whatever therefore is true of A will be true of B.?

Phæd. It will.

X. It will be true therefore of B—That, by doubling it's own value, it will command a double quantity of A?

Phæd. I cannot deny it.

X. Let A be your carriage; and let B stand for six hundred thousands of besoms, which suppose to express the value of your carriage in that article at this present moment. Five years hence, no matter why, carriages have doubled in value: on which supposition you affirm that in exchange for your barouche you will be entitled to receive no less than twelve hundred thousands of besoms.

Phæd. I do: and a precious bargain I shall have of it; like Moses with his gross of shagreen spectacles. But sweep on, if you please; brush me into absurdity.

X. I will. Because barouches have altered in value, that is no reason why besoms should *not* have altered?

Phæd. Certainly: no reason in the world.

X. Let them have altered: for instance, at the end of the five years, let them have been doubled in value. Now because your assertion is—this, simply by doubling in value, B shall command a double quantity of A,—it follows inevitably, Phædrus, that besoms—having doubled their value in five years—will at the end of that time command a double quantity of barouches. The supposition is that six hundred thousand at present command one barouche: in five years therefore, six hundred thousand will command two barouches?

Phæd. They will.

X. Yet at the very same time, it has already appeared from your argument that twelve hundred thousand will command only one barouche: i. e. a barouche will at one and the same time be worth twelve hundred thousand besoms and worth only one-fourth part of that quantity. Is this an absurdity, Phædrus?

Phæd. I must admit that it is.

X. And therefore the argument from which it flows, I presume, is false.

Phæd. It is: scavenger of bad logic! I confess that it is.

Phil. You confess? So do not I. You die "soft," Phædrus: give me the cudgels, and I'll die "game" at least. The flaw in your argument, X. is this: you summoned Phædrus to invert his proposition, and then you extorted an absurdity from this inversion. But this absurdity follows only from the particular form of expression into which you threw the original proposition. I will express the same proposition in other terms, unexceptionable terms, which shall evade the absurdity. Observe. A, and B, are at this time equal in value: That is, they now exchange quantity for quantity. Or, if you prefer your own case, I say that one barouche exchanges for six hundred thousand besoms. I choose however to express this proposition thus: A (one barouche) and B (six hundred thousand besoms) are severally equal in value to C. When therefore A doubles its value, I say that it shall command a double quantity of C. Now mark how I will express the inverted case. When B doubles its value, I say that it shall command a double quantity of C. Now these two cases are very reconcileable with each other. A may command a double quantity of C at the same time that B commands a double quantity of C without involv-

ng any absurdity at all. And, if so, the disputed doctrine is established —that a doubled value implies a doubled command of quantity; and reciprocally that from a doubled command of quantity we may infer a doubled value.

X. A and B, you say, may simultaneously command a double quantity of C in consequence of doubling their value; and this they may do without absurdity. But how shall I know *that*, until I know what you cloak under the symbol of C? For if the same thing shall have happened to C, which my argument assumes to have happened to B (viz. that its value has altered), then the same demonstration will hold: and the very same absurdity will follow any attempt to infer the quantity from the value or the value from the quantity.

Phil. Yes, but I have provided against *that:* for by C I mean any assignable thing which has *not* altered its own value. I assume C to be stationary in value.

X. In that case, Philebus, it is undoubtedly true that no absurdity follows from the inversion of the proposition as it is expressed by you. But then the short answer, which I return, is this: your thesis avoids the absurdity by avoiding the entire question in dispute. Your thesis is not only not the same as that which we are now discussing; not only different in essence from the thesis which is *now* disputed; but moreover it affirms only what *never* was disputed by any man. No man has ever denied that A by doubling its own value will command a double quantity of all things which have been stationary in value. Of things in that predicament it is self-evident that A *will* command a double quantity. But the question is whether universally, from doubling its value, A will command a double quantity; and inversely whether universally, from the command of a double quantity it is lawful to infer a double value. This is asserted by Adam Smith, and is essential to his distinction of nominal and real value: this is peremptorily denied by us. We offer to produce cases in which from double value it shall *not* be lawful to infer double quantity. We offer to produce cases in which from double quantity it shall *not* be lawful to infer double value. And thence we argue that *until* the value is discovered in some other way, it will be impossible to discover whether it be high or low from any consideration of the quantity commanded: and *vice versâ* of the quantity commanded—that, *until* known in some other way, it shall never be known from any consideration of the value commanding. This is what we say: now your "C" contradicts the conditions: "*until* the value is discovered in some other way, it shall never be learned from the quantity commanded." But in your "C" the value is already discovered; for you assume it: you postulate that C is stationary in value: and hence it is easy indeed to infer that because A commands double quantity of "C" it shall therefore be of double value: but this inference is not obtained from the single consideration of double quantity—but from *that* combined with the assumption of unaltered value in C, without which assumption you shall never obtain that inference.

Phæd. The matter is clear beyond what I require: yet, X, for the satisfaction of my "game" friend Philebus, give us a proof or two *ex abundanti* by applying what you have said to cases in Adam Smith or others.

X. In general it is clear that, if the value of A increases in a duplicate ratio, yet if the value of B increases in a triplicate ratio,—so far from commanding a greater quantity of B, A shall command a smaller quantity: and if A continually goes on squaring its former value, yet if B continually goes on cubing its former value,—then, though A will continually augment in value, yet the quantity which it will command of B shall be continually less, until at length it shall become practically equal to nothing.* Hence therefore I deduce

1. That when I am told by Adam

* The reader may imagine that there is one exception to this case, viz. if the values of A and B were assumed at starting to be = 1: because in that case the squares, cubes, and all other powers alike, would be = 1; and thus, under any apparent alteration, the real relations of A and B would always remain the same. But this is an impossible and unmeaning case in Political Economy, as might easily be shown.

Smith that the money which I can obtain for my hat expresses only its *nominal* value, but that the labour which I can obtain for it expresses its *real* value,—I reply that the quantity of labour is no more any expression of the real value than the quantity of money: both are equally fallacious expressions, because equally equivocal. My hat, it is true, now buys me x quantity of labour,—and some years ago it bought only $\frac{x}{2}$ quantity of labour. But this no more proves that my hat has advanced in real value according to that proportion, than a double *money* price will prove it. For how will Adam Smith reply to him who urges the double money value as an argument of a double real value? He will say—No: non valet consequentia. Your proof is equivocal; for a double quantity of money will as inevitably arise from the sinking of money as from the rising of hats. And supposing money to have sunk to one-fourth of its former value, in that case a double money value—so far from proving hats to have risen in real value—will prove that hats have absolutely fallen in real value by one half; and they will be seen to have done so by comparison with all things which have remained stationary: otherwise they would obtain not double merely but four times the quantity of money price. This is what Adam Smith will reply in effect. Now the very same objection I make to labour as any test of real value. My hat now obtains x labour: formerly it obtained only one half of x. Be it so: but the whole real change may be in the labour: labour may now be at one half its former value: in which case my hat obtains the same real price; double the quantity of labour being now required to express the same value. Nay, if labour has fallen to one-tenth of its former value,—so far from being proved to have risen 100 per cent. in real value by now purchasing double quantity of labour, my hat is proved to have fallen to one-fifth of its former value: else, instead of buying me only x labour, which is but the double of its former value ($\frac{x}{2}$), it would buy me $5\,x$, or 10 times its former value.

Phil. Your objection then to the labour price as any better expression of the *real* value than the money price—would be that it is an equivocal expression, leaving it doubtful on which side of the equation the disturbance had taken place, or whether on both sides. In which objection, as against others, you may be right: but you must not urge this against Adam Smith: because on his theory the expression is not equivocal: the disturbance can be only on one side of the equation, viz. in your hat. For as to the other side, the labour, *that* is secured from all disturbance by his doctrine that labour is always of the same value. When therefore your hat will purchase x quantity of labour instead of half x, the inference is irresistible—that your hat has doubled its value. There lies no appeal from this: it cannot be evaded by alleging that the labour may have fallen: for the labour cannot fall.

X. On the Smithian theory it cannot: and therefore it is that I make a great distinction between the error of Adam Smith and of other later writers. He, though wrong, was consistent. That the value of labour is invariable—is a principle so utterly untenable, that many times Adam Smith abandoned it himself implicitly, though not explicitly. The demonstration of its variable value indeed follows naturally from the laws which govern wages; and therefore I will not here anticipate it. Meantime, having once adopted that theory of the unalterable value of labour, Adam Smith was in the right to make it the expression of real value. But this is not done with the same consistency by Mr. Malthus at the very time when he denies the possibility of any invariable value.

Phil. How so? Mr. Malthus asserts that there is one article of invariable value; what is more, this article is labour—the very same as that formerly alleged for such by Adam Smith: and he has written a book to prove it.

X. True, Philebus, he has done so; and he *now* holds that labour is invariable, supposing that his opinions have not altered within the last 12 months. But he was so far from holding this in 1820, at which time it was that he chiefly insisted on the distinction between nominal and real value, that he was not content with the true arguments against the pos-

sibility of an invariable value—but made use of one, as I shall soon show you, which involves what the metaphysicians call a *non-ens*—or an idea which includes contradictory and self-destroying conditions. Omitting however the inconsistency, in the idea of *real* value, as conceived by Mr. Malthus, there is this additional error engrafted upon the Smithian definition—that it is extended to "the necessaries and conveniences of life" in general, and no longer confined exclusively to labour. I shall therefore, as another case for illustrating and applying the result of our dispute,

2. Cite a passage from Mr. Malthus's Political Economy, p. 59. "If we are told that the wages of day-labour in a particular country are, at the present time, four-pence a-day, or that the revenue of a particular Sovereign, 700 or 800 years ago, was 400,000*l.* a-year; these statements of nominal value convey no sort of information respecting the condition of the lower class of people in the one case, or the resources of the sovereign in the other. Without further knowledge on the subject, we should be quite at a loss to say—whether the labourers in the country mentioned were starving or living in great plenty; whether the king in question might be considered as having a very inadequate revenue, or whether the sum mentioned was so great as to be incredible.* It is quite obvious that in cases of this kind, and they are of constant recurrence, the value of wages—incomes—or commodities estimated in the precious metals will be of little use to us alone. What we want further is some estimate of a kind which may be denominated real value in exchange, implying the quantity of the necessaries and conveniences of life which those wages—incomes—or commodities will enable the possessor of them to command."

In this passage, over and above the radical error about real value, there is also apparent that confusion which has misled so many writers between *value* and *wealth*; a confusion which Mr. Ricardo first detected and cleared up. That we shall not be able to determine from the mere money wages whether the laborers were "starving or living in great plenty"—is certain: and that we *shall* be able to determine this as soon as we know the quantity of necessaries, &c. which those wages commanded, is equally certain; for in fact the one knowledge is identical with the other, and but another way of expressing it: we must of course learn that the laborer lived in plenty, if we should learn that his wages gave him a great deal of bread, milk, venison, salt, honey, &c. And as there could never have been any doubt whether we should learn *this* from what Mr. Malthus terms the real value, and that we should *not* learn it from what he terms the money value,—Mr. Malthus may be assured that there never can have been any dispute raised on that point. The true dispute is—whether, after having learned that the laborer lived in American plenty, we shall have at all approximated to the appreciation of his wages as to real value: this is the question: and it is plain that we shall not. What matters it that his wages gave him a great deal of corn, until we know whether corn bore a high or a low value? A great deal of corn at a high value implies wages of a high value; but a great deal of corn at a low value is very consistent with wages at a low value. Money wages, it is said, leave us quite in the dark as to real value. Doubtless: nor are we at all the less in the dark for knowing the corn wages—the milk wages—the grouse wages, &c. *Given* the value of corn, *given* the value of milk, *given* the value of grouse, we shall know whether a great quantity of those articles implies a high value or is compatible with a low value in the wages which commanded them: but, *until* that is given, it has been already shown that the quantity alone is an equivocal test — being equally capable of co-existing with high wages or low wages.

Phil. Why then it passes my comprehension to understand what test remains of real value, if neither

* Hume very reasonably doubts the possibility of William the Conqueror's revenue being 400,000*l.* a-year, as represented by an ancient historian, and adopted by subsequent writers.—*Note of Mr. Malthus.*

money price nor commodity price expresses it. When are wages, for example, at a high real value?

X. Wages are at a high real value when it requires much labor to produce wages; and at a low real value, when it requires little labor to produce wages: and it is perfectly consistent with the high real value—that the laborer should be almost starving; and perfectly consistent with the low real value—that the laborer should be living in great ease and comfort.

Phil. Well, this may be true: but you must allow that it sounds extravagant.

X. Doubtless it sounds extravagant to him who persists in slipping under his notion of value another and heterogeneous notion, viz. that of wealth. But, let it sound as it may, all the absurdities (which are neither few nor slight) are on the other side. These will discover themselves as we advance. Meantime I presume that, in your use and in every body's use of the word value, a high value ought to purchase a high value, and that it will be very absurd if it should not. But as to purchasing a great quantity, *that* condition is surely not included in any man's idea of value.

Phil. No, certainly; because A is of high value, it does not follow that it must purchase a great quantity: that must be as various as the nature of the thing with which it is compared. But having once assumed any certain thing, as B, it does seem to follow that—however small a quantity A may purchase of this (which I admit, may be very small—though the value of A should be very great), yet it does seem to follow from every body's notion of value that this quantity of B however small at first must continually increase, if the value of A be supposed continually to increase.

X. This may "seem" to follow: but it has been shown that it does *not* follow: for if A continually double its value, yet let B continually triple or quadruple its value, and the quantity of B will be so far from increasing that it will finally become evanescent. In short, once for all, the formula is this: let A continually increase in value, and it shall purchase continually more and more in quantity—than what? More than it did? By no means:—but more than it would have done, but for that increase in value. A has doubled its value. Does it *therefore* purchase more than it did before of B? No: perhaps it purchases much less; suppose only one-fourth part as much of B as it did before: but still the doubling of A's value has had its full effect: for B has increased in value eight-fold; and, but for the doubling of A, it would instead of one-fourth have bought only one-eighth of the former quantity. A therefore, by doubling in value, has bought not double in quantity of what it bought before, but double in quantity of what it would else have bought.

The remainder of this dialogue related to the distinction between "relative" value, as it is termed, and "absolute" value: clearing up the true use of that distinction. But this being already too long, the amount of it will be given hereafter,—with a specimen of the errors which have arisen from the abuse of this distinction.

DIALOGUE THE FIFTH.

On the immediate uses of the new theory of Value.

X. The great law, which governs exchangeable value, has now been stated and argued. Next, it seems, we must ask—what are its uses? This is a question which you or I should not be likely to ask: for with what colour of propriety could a doubt be raised about the use of any truth in any science? still less, about the use of a leading truth? least of all about the use of *the* leading truth? Nevertheless such a doubt *has* been raised by Mr. Malthus.

Phæd. On what ground or pretence?

X. Under a strange misconception of Mr. Ricardo's meaning. Mr. Malthus has written a great deal, as you may have heard, against Mr. Ricardo's principle of value: his pur-

pose is to prove that it is a false principle: independently of which, he contends that—even if it were a true principle—it would be of little use (vid. the foot-note to p. 54 of "The Measure of Value.")

Phæd. Little use? in relation to what?

X. Aye, *there* lies the inexplicable mistake: of little use as a *measure* of value. Now this is a mistake for which there can be no sort of apology: for it supposes Mr. Ricardo to have brought forward his principle of value as a standard or measure of value; whereas Mr. Ricardo has repeatedly informed his reader that he utterly rejects the possibility of any such measure: thus at p. 10, edit. 2d, after laying down the *conditio sine quâ non* under which any commodity could preserve an unvarying value, he goes on to say – "of such a commodity we have no knowledge, and consequently are unable to fix on any standard of value." And again at p. 343 of the same edition, after exposing at some length the circumstances which disqualify "any commodity or all commodities together" from performing the office of a standard of value, he again states the indispensable condition which must be realized in that commodity which should pretend to such an office; and again he adds immediately—"of such a commodity we have no knowledge." But what leaves this mistake still more without excuse—is, that in the third edition of his book Mr. Ricardo has added an express section (the sixth) to his chapter on value, having for its direct object to expose the impossibility of any true measure of value. Setting aside indeed these explicit declarations, a few words will suffice to show that Mr. Ricardo could not have consistently believed in any standard or measure of value. What does a standard mean?

Phæd. A standard is that which stands still whilst other things move, and by this means serves to indicate or measure the degree in which they have advanced or receded.

X. Doubtless: and a standard of value must itself stand still or be stationary in value. But nothing could possibly be stationary in value upon Mr. Ricardo's theory unless it were always produced by the same quantity of labour: since any alteration in the quantity of the producing labour must immediately affect the value of the product. Now what is there which can always be obtained by the same quantity of labour? Raw materials, for reasons which will appear when we consider Rent, are constantly tending to grow dearer by requiring more labour for their production: manufactures, from the changes in machinery which are always progressive and never retrograde, are constantly tending to grow cheaper by requiring less: consequently there is nothing which upon Mr. Ricardo's theory can long continue stationary in value. If therefore he had proposed any measure of value, he must have forgotten his own principle of value.

Phil. But allow me to ask, if that principle is not proposed as a measure of value, in what character *is* it proposed?

X. Surely, Philebus, as the *ground* of value; whereas a measure of value is no more than a *criterion* or test of value. The last is simply a *principium cognoscendi,* whereas the other is a *principium essendi.*

Phil. But wherein lies the difference?

X. Is it possible that you can ask such a question? a thermometer measures the temperature of the air: that is, it furnishes a criterion for ascertaining its varying degrees of heat; but you cannot even imagine that a thermometer furnishes any *ground* of this heat. I wish to know whether a day's labour at the time of the English revolution bore the same value as a hundred years after at the time of the French revolution; and, if not the same value, whether a higher or a lower. For this purpose, if I believe that there is any commodity which is immutable in value, I shall naturally compare a day's labour with that commodity at each period. Some for instance have imagined that corn is of invariable value: and, supposing me to adopt so false a notion, I should merely have to inquire what quantity of corn a day's labour would exchange for at each period, and I should then have determined the relations of value between labour at the two periods. In this case I should have used corn as the measure

of the value of labor: but I could not rationally mean to say that corn was the *ground* of the value of labor: and, if I said that I made use of corn to *determine* the value of labor, I should employ the word "determine" in the same sense as when I say that the thermometer determines the heat—viz. that it ascertains it, or determines it to my knowledge (as a *principium cognoscendi*). But, when Mr. Ricardo says that the quantity of labor, employed on A, determines the value of A,—he must of course be understood to mean that it *causes* A to be of this value, that it is the *ground* of its value, the *principium essendi* of its value: just as when, being asked what determines a stone to fall downwards rather than upwards, I answer that it is the earth's attraction—or the principle of gravitation, meaning that this principle *causes* it to fall downwards, and if in this case I say that gravitation "*determines*" its course downwards, I no longer use that word in the sense of *ascertain:* I do not mean that gravitation *ascertains* it to have descended: but that gravitation has *causatively* impressed that direction on its course: in other words, I make gravitation the *principium essendi* of its descent.

Phæd. I understand your distinction: and in which sense do you say that Mr. Malthus has used the term Measure of Value; in the sense of a ground, or of a criterion?

X. In both senses: he talks of it as "*accounting for*" the value of A, in which case it means a ground of value; and as "*estimating*" the value of A, in which case it means a criterion of value. I mention these expressions as instances: but the truth is that throughout his essay entitled "*The Measure of Value Stated and Illustrated*"—and throughout his Political Economy (but especially in the second chapter entitled "*The Nature and Measures of Value*"), he uniformly confounds the two ideas of a ground and a criterion of value under a much greater variety of expressions than I have time to enumerate.

Phil. But, admitting that Mr. Malthus has proceeded on the misconception you state, what is the specific injury which has thence resulted to Mr. Ricardo?

X. I am speaking at present of the uses to be derived from Mr. Ricardo's principle of value. Now, if it had been proposed as a measure of value, we might justly demand that it should be "ready and easy of application" to adopt the words of Mr. Malthus (Measure of Value, p. 54): but it is manifestly not so: for the quantity of labor employed in producing A "could not in many cases," (as Mr. Malthus truly objects) "be ascertained without considerable difficulty:" in most cases, indeed, it could not be ascertained at all. A measure of value however, which cannot be practically applied, is worthless: as a measure of value, therefore, Mr. Ricardo's law of value is worthless: and if it had been offered as such by its author, the blame would have settled on Mr. Ricardo: as it is, it settles on Mr. Malthus, who has grounded an imaginary triumph on his own gross misconception. For Mr. Ricardo never dreamed of offering it as a standard or measure of value, or of tolerating any pretended measure of that sort—by whomsoever offered.

Thus much I have said for the sake of showing what is *not* the use of Mr. Ricardo's principle in the design of its author; in order that he may be no longer exposed to the false criticism of those who are looking for what is not to be found nor ought to be found* in his work. On quitting this part of the subject I shall just observe that Mr. Malthus, in common with many others, attaches a most unreasonable importance to the

* At p. 36 of "*The Measure of Value*" (in the foot-note) this misconception of Mr. Ricardo appears in a still grosser shape; for not only does Mr. Malthus speak of a "concession" (as he calls it) of Mr. Ricardo as being "quite fatal" to the notion of a standard of value—as though it were an object with Mr. Ricardo to establish such a standard; but this standard moreover is now represented as being gold. And what objection does Mr. Malthus make to gold as a standard? The identical objection which Mr. Ricardo had himself insisted on in that very page of the third edition to which Mr. Malthus refers.

discovery of a measure of value: I challenge any man to show that the great interests of Political Economy have at all suffered for want of such a measure, which at best would end in answering a few questions of unprofitable curiosity: whilst, on the other hand, without a knowledge of the *ground* on which value depends, or without some approximation to it, Political Economy could not exist at all—except as a heap of baseless opinions.

Phæd. Now then, having cleared away the imaginary uses of Mr. Ricardo's discovery, let us hear something of its real uses.

X. The most important of these I expressed in the last words I uttered: *That,* without which a science cannot exist, is commensurate in use with the science itself: being the fundamental law, it will testify its own importance in the changes which it will impress on all the derivative laws. For the main use of Mr. Ricardo's principle, I refer you therefore to all Political Economy. Meantime I will notice here the immediate services which it has rendered by liberating the student from those perplexities which generally embarrassed him on his first introduction to the science: I mention two cases by way of specimen.

1. When it was asked by the student—what determined the value of all commodities: it was answered that this value was chiefly determined by wages. When again it was asked—what determined wages? it was recollected that wages must obviously be adjusted to the value of the commodities upon which they were spent; and the answer was in effect that wages were determined by the value of commodities. And thus the mind was entangled in this inextricable circle—that the price of commodities was determined by wages, and wages determined by the price of commodities. From this miserable Διαλληλος (as the logicians call it) we are now liberated: for the first step, as we are now aware, is false: the value of commodities is *not* determined by wages: for wages express the value of labor; and it has been demonstrated that the value of labor does not determine the value of its products.

2. A second case, in which Mr. Ricardo's law has introduced a simplicity into the science which had in vain been sought for before, is this: all former economists, in laying down the component parts of price, had fancied it impossible to get rid of what is termed *the raw material* as one of its elements. This impossibility was generally taken for granted: but a celebrated economist of our times, the late Mr. Horner, had (in one of his papers published in the Edinburgh Review) expressly set himself to prove it. "It is not true," said Mr. Horner, "that the thing purchased in every bargain is merely so much labor: the value of the raw material can neither be rejected as nothing, nor estimated as a constant quantity." Now this refractory element is at once and in the simplest way possible exterminated by Mr. Ricardo's law of value. For upon the old system, if I had resolved the value of my hat into wages and profits, I should immediately have been admonished that I had forgotten one of the elements: "wages, profits, and raw material, you mean"—it would have been said. Raw material! Well, but on what principle is this raw material itself to be valued? or on what other principle can it be valued than that on which the hat was valued before? Like any other product of labor, its value is determined by the quantity of labor employed in obtaining it: and the amount of this product, or its value in something else (i. e. in the product of some other equal labor) is divided between wages and profits as in any case of a manufactured commodity. The raw material of the hat is beaver: if in order to take the quantity of beavers which are necessary to furnish materials for a thousand hats, four men have been employed for 25 days—then it appears that the raw material of a thousand hats has cost 100 days' labor which will be of the same value in exchange as the product of 100 days' labor in any other direction: as, for example, if 100 days' labor would produce two thousand pair of stockings of a certain quality,—then it follows that the raw material of my hat is worth two pair of such stockings. And thus it turns out that an element of value, which Mr. Horner and thousands of others have sup-

posed to be of a distinct nature and to resist all further analysis, gives way before Mr. Ricardo's law, and is exterminated: an admirable simplification, which is equal in merit and use to any of the rules which have been devised from time to time for the resolution of algebraic equations.

Phæd. It is well you made this explanation: for it has saved Mr. Ricardo from an objection which I had stored up against him. Amongst my goods and chattels I am seised or possessed of two pairs of silk stockings of which one cost double the price of the other. Now I happen to know that the labor of manufacturing the superior pair was not double in quantity to the labor bestowed on the other, or as 6 to 3, but only as 6 to 4; the raw material of the superior pair having been in price to that of the inferior pair as 6 to 2. Upon your present explanation it appears that the labor previously employed in obtaining the raw material had been in the two cases as 6 to 2. Consequently the *total* labor spent on the superior pair was 12 x; on the inferior 6 x—i. e. as 2 to 1; and the diminished proportion of labor in the final stage of manufacturing was compensated by the higher proportion in the previous stage of producing the raw material.

X. Doubtless. There are however more complex cases which cannot be resolved so easily without a knowledge of the laws of rent. And this would be anticipating that subject out of its proper place: on which account I will not here allege them. Here then I have given two specimens of the uses which arise from a better law of value; again reminding you however that the main use must lie in the effect which it will impress on all the other laws of Political Economy. And reverting for one moment, before we part, to the difficulty of Philebus about the difference between this principle as a *principium cognoscendi* or measure and a *principium essendi* or ground,—let me desire you to consider these two *essential* marks of distinction—1. That all respectable economists have doubted or denied the existence of a true measure of value: but no man can doubt the existence of a ground of value. 2. That a measure is posterior to the value: for, before a value can be measured or estimated, it must exist: but a ground of value must be antecedent to the value, like any other cause to its effect.

DIALOGUE THE SIXTH.

On the Objections to the New Law of Value.

X. The two most eminent economists, who have opposed the Ricardian doctrines, are Mr. Malthus and Colonel Torrens. In the spring of 1820 Mr. Malthus published his Principles of Political Economy, much of which was an attack upon Mr. Ricardo; and the entire Second Chapter of 83 pages (*On the Nature and Measures of Value*) was one continued attempt to overthrow Mr. Ricardo's theory of Value. Three years afterwards he published a second attack on the same theory in a distinct essay of 81 pages, entitled The Measure of Value Stated and Illustrated. In this latter work, amongst other arguments, he has relied upon one in particular which he has chosen to exhibit in the form of a table. As it is of the last importance to Political Economy that this question should be settled, I will shrink from nothing that wears the semblance of an argument; and I will now examine this table: and will show that the whole of the inferences contained in the seventh, eighth, and ninth columns are founded on a gross blunder in the fifth and sixth: every number in which columns is falsely assigned.

Mr. Malthus's *Table illustrating the invariable Value of Labor and its Results*, (From p. 38 of The Measure of Value Stated and Illustrated. Lond. 1823.)

N. B. The sole change, which has been made in this reprint of the original Table, is the assiging of names (*Alpha*, *Beta*, *&c.*) to the several cases for the purpose of easier reference and distinction.

Case.	1 Quarters of Corn produced by Ten Men.	2 Yearly Corn Wages to each Laborer.	3 Yearly Corn Wages of the whole Ten Men.	4 Rate of Profits under the foregoing Circumstances.	5 Quantity of Labor required to produce the Wages of Ten Men.	6 Quantity of Profits on the Advances of Labor.	7 Invariable Value of the Wages of a given Number of Men.	8 Value of 100 Quarters of Corn under the varying Circumstances supposed.	9 Value of the Product of the Labor of Ten Men under the Circumstances supposed.
		Qrs.	Qrs.	Per Ct.					
Alpha	150	12	120	25	8	2	10	8.33	12.5
Beta	150	13	130	15.38	8.66	1.34	10	7.7	11.53
Gamma	150	10	100	50	6.6	3.4	10	10	15
Delta	140	12	120	16.66	8.6	1.4	10	7.14*	11.6
Epsilon	140	11	110	27.2	7.85	2.15	10	9.09	12.7
Zeta	130	12	120	8.3	9.23	0.77	10	8.33	10.8
Eta	130	10	100	30	7.7	2.3	10	10	13
Theta	120	11	110	9	9.17	0.83	10	9.09	10.9
Iota	120	10	100	20	8.33	1.67	10	10	12
Kappa	110	10	100	10	9.09	.91	10	10	11
Lambda	110	9	90	22.2	8.18	1.82	10	11.1	12.2
My	100	9	90	11.1	9	1	10	11.1	11 1
Ny	100	8	80	25	8	2	10	12.5	12.5
Xi	90	8	80	12.5	8.88	1.12	10	12.5	11.25

* This is an oversight, and not an error of the press: for 7.14 would be the value of the 100 quarters on the supposition that the entire product of the ten men, viz. 140 quarters, went to wages: but the wages in this case (Delta) being 120 quarters, the true value on the principle of this Table is manifestly 8.33.

SECTION I.

Phæd. Now *X.*, you know that I abhor arithmetical calculations; besides which I have no faith in any propositions of a political economist, which he cannot make out readily without all this elaborate machinery of tables and figures. Under these circumstances I put it to you as a man of feeling, whether you ought to inflict upon me this alarming pile of computations; which, by your gloomy countenance, I see that you are meditating.

X. Surrender yourself to my guidance, Phædrus, and I will lead you over the hill by so easy a road that you shall never know you have been climbing.—You see that there are nine columns; *that*, I suppose, does not pass your skill in arithmetic. Now then to simplify the matter, begin by dismissing from your attention every column but the first and the last; fancy all the rest obliterated.

Phæd. Most willingly: it is a heavenly fancy.

X. Now look into the first column, and tell me what you see there.

Phæd. 150s and 140s and other ill-looking people of the same description.

X. Well, these numbers express the products of the same labor on land of different qualities. The quantity of labor is assumed to be always the same, viz. the labor of ten men for a year (or one man for ten years, or twenty men for half a year, &c.) The producing labor, I say, is always the same; but the product is constantly varying. Thus in the case Alpha the product is 150 quarters: in the cases Delta and Epsilon, when cultivation has been compelled by increasing population to descend upon inferior land, the product of equal labor is no more than 140 quarters; and in the case Iota it has fallen to 120 quarters. Now upon Mr. Ricardo's principle of valuation I demand to know what ought to be the price of these several products which vary so much in quantity?

Phæd. Why, since they are all the products of the same quantity of labor, they ought all to sell for the

X. Doubtless; not however of necessity for the same money price, since money may itself have varied, in which case the same money price would be really a very different price; but for the same price in all things which have *not* varied in value.—The Xi product therefore which is only 90 quarters, will fetch the same real price as the Alpha or Gamma products which are 150.—But, by the way in saying this, let me caution you against making the false inference—that corn is at the same price in the case Xi as in the case Alpha or Gamma: for the inference is the very opposite; since, if 90 quarters cost as much as 150, then each individual quarter of the 90 costs a great deal more. Thus suppose that the Alpha product sold at four pounds a quarter; the price of the whole would be 600*l.* Six hundred pounds therefore must be the price of Xi or the 90 quarters: but *that* is 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* a quarter. This ought to be a needless caution: yet I have known economists of great name stand much in need of it.

Phæd. I am sure *I* stand in need of it, and of all sort of assistance; for I am "ill at these numbers." But let us go on: what you require my assent to—I understand to be this: that all the different quantities of corn expressed in the first column will be of the same value, because they are all alike the product of ten men's labor. To this I *do* assent: and what next? Does any body deny it?

X. Yes, Mr. Malthus: he asserts that the value will *not* be always the same: and the purpose of the ninth column is to assign the true values; which, by looking into that column, you may perceive to be constantly varying: the value of Alpha, for instance, is twelve and five-tenths; the value of Epsilon is twelve and seven-tenths; of Iota—twelve; and of Xi—eleven and twenty-five hundredths.

Phæd. But of what? Twelve and five-tenths of what?

X. Of any thing which, though variable, has in fact happened to be stationary in value: or, if you choose, of any thing which is not variable in value.

Phæd. Not variable! But there is no such thing.

X. No: Mr. Malthus however says there is: labor he asserts is of unalterable value.

Phæd. What! does he mean to say then that the laborer always obtains the same wages?

X. Yes, the same real wages: all differences being only apparently in the wages, but really in the commodity in which the wages are paid. Let that commodity be wheat: then, if the laborer receives ten quarters of wheat in 1800—and nine in 1820, that would imply only that wheat was about 11 per cent. dearer in the latter year. Or let money be that commodity: then, if the laborer receives this century 2*s.* and next century 3*s.* this simply argues that money has fallen in value by 50 per cent.

Phæd. Why so it may: and the whole difference in wages may have arisen in that way, and be only apparent. But then it may also have arisen from a change in the *real* value of wages—that is, on the Ricardian principle, in the quantity of labor necessary to produce wages. And this latter must have been the nature of the change, if Alpha, Iota, Xi, &c. should be found to purchase more labor: in which case Mr. Ricardo's doctrine is not affected; for he will say that Iota in 1700 exchanges for 12 and Kappa in 1800 for 11, not because Kappa has fallen in that proportion (for Kappa, being the product of the same labor as Iota, *cannot* fall below the value of Iota), but because the commodity for which they are exchanged has risen in that proportion.

X. He will: but Mr. Malthus attempts to bar that answer in this case, by alleging that it is impossible for the commodity in question, viz. labor, to rise or to fall in that or in any other proportion. If then the change cannot be in the labor, it must be in Alpha, Beta, &c.; in which case Mr. Ricardo will be overthrown: for they are the products of the same quantity of labor, and yet have not retained the same value.

Phæd. But, to bar Mr. Ricardo's answer, Mr. Malthus must not allege this merely, he must prove it.

X. To be sure: and the first seven columns of this table are designed to prove it.—Now then we have done with the ninth column, and also with the eighth; for they are both mere corollaries from all the rest, and linked together under the rule of three.—Dismiss these altogether; and we will now come to the argument.

SECTION II.

The table is now reduced to seven columns, and the logic of it is this: the four first columns express the conditions, under which the three following ones are deduced as consequences: and they are to be read thus, taking the case Alpha by way of example:—Suppose that (by *column one*) the land cultivated is of such a quality that ten laborers produce me 150 quarters of corn; and that (by *column two*) each laborer receives for his own wages 12 quarters; in which case (by *column three*) the whole ten receive 120 quarters; and thus (by *column four*) leave me for my profit 30 quarters out of all that they have produced, i. e. 25 per cent.: Under these conditions, I insist (says Mr. Malthus) that the wages of ten men as stated in column three, let them be produced by little labor or much labor, shall never exceed or fall below one invariable value expressed in column seven: and accordingly by looking down that column you will perceive one uniform valuation of 10. Upon this statement it is manifest that the whole force of the logic turns upon the accuracy with which column three is valued in column seven. If that valuation be correct, then it follows that under all changes in the quantity of labor which produces them wages never alter in real value; in other words, the value of labor is invariable.

Phæd. But of course you deny that the valuation is correct?

X. I do, Phædrus: the valuation is wrong, even on Mr. Malthus's or any other man's principles, in every instance: the value is not truly assigned in a single case of the whole fourteen. For how does Mr. Malthus obtain this invariable value of ten? He resolves the value of the wages expressed in column three into two parts; one of which, under the name "*labor*," he assigns in column five; the other, under the name "*profits*," he assigns in column six: and column seven expresses the sum of these two parts; which are always kept equal to ten by always compensating each other's excesses and defects. Hence, Phædrus, you see that—as column seven simply expresses the sum of column five and six—if those columns are right, column seven cannot be wrong. Consequently it is in column five and six that we are to look for the root of the error: which is indeed a very gross one.

Phil. Why, now, for instance, take the case Alpha,—and what is the error you detect in that?

X. Simply this—that in column five, instead of 8, the true value is 6.4; and in column six, instead of 2, the true value is 1.6; the sum of which values is not ten but eight: and that is the figure which should have stood in column seven.

Phil. How so, *X.*? In column five Mr. Malthus undertakes to assign the quantity of labor necessary (under the conditions of the particular case) to produce the wages expressed in column three, which in this case Alpha are 120 quarters. Now you cannot deny that he has assigned it truly: for when ten men produce 150 (by column one) i. e. each man fifteen, it must require eight to produce 120: for 120 is eight times fifteen. Six men and four tenths of a man, the number you would substitute, could produce only 96 quarters.

X. Very true, Philebus: eight men are necessary to produce the 120 quarters expressed in column three. And now answer me: what part of their own product will these eight producers deduct for their own wages?

Phil. Why (by column two) each man's wages in this case are twelve quarters: therefore the wages of the eight men will be 96 quarters.

X. And what quantity of labor will be necessary to produce these 96 quarters?

Phil. Each man producing fifteen, it will require six men's labor and four tenths of another man's labor.

X. Very well: 6.4 of the eight are employed in producing the wages of the whole eight. Now tell me, Philebus,—what more than their own wages do the whole eight produce?

Phil. Why as they produce in all 120 quarters, and their own deduction is 96, it is clear that they produce 24 quarters besides their own wages.

X. And to whom do these 24 quarters go?

Phil. To their employer for his profit.

X. Yes: and it answers the condition expressed in column four: for a profit of 24 quarters on 96 is exactly 25 per cent. But, to go on,—you have acknowledged that the 96 quarters for wages would be produced by

the labor of 6.4 men. Now how much labor will be required to produce the remaining 24 quarters for profits?

Phil. Because fifteen quarters require the labor of one man (by column one), 24 will require the labor of 1.6.

X. Right: and thus, Philebus, you have acknowledged all I wish. The object of Mr. Malthus is to ascertain the cost in labor of producing ten men's wages (or 120 quarters) under the conditions of this case Alpha. The cost resolves itself, even on Mr. Malthus's principles, into so much wages to the laborers and so much profit to their employer. Now you or I will undertake to furnish Mr. Malthus the 120 quarters not (as he says) at a cost of ten men's labor, (for at that cost we could produce him 150 quarters by column one) but at a cost of eight. For six men and four tenths will produce the whole wages of the eight producers; and one man and six tenths will produce our profit of 25 per cent.

Phæd. The mistake then of Mr. Malthus, if I understand it, is egregious: in column five he estimates the labor necessary to produce the entire 120 quarters; which, he says, is the labour of eight men: and so it is, if he means by labor what produces both wages and profits; otherwise not. Of necessity therefore he has assigned the value both of wages and profits in column five. Yet in column six he gravely proceeds to estimate profits a second time.

X. Yes; and, what is still worse in estimating these profits a second time over—he estimates them on the whole 120: i. e. he allows for a second profit of 30 quarters; else it could not cost two men's labor (as by his valuation it does); for each man in the case Alpha produces fifteen quarters. Now 30 quarters added to 120 are 150. But this is the *product* of ten men, and not the *wages* of ten men: which is the amount offered for valuation in column three, and which is all that column seven professes to have valued.

SECTION III.

Phæd. I am satisfied, *X.* But Philebus seems perplexed. Make all clear therefore by demonstrating the same result in some other way. With your adroitness, it can cost you no trouble to treat us with a little display of dialectical skirmishing. Show us a specimen of manœuvring: enfilade him: take him in front and rear; and do it rapidly and with a lighthorseman's elegance.

X. If you wish for variations, it is easy to give them. In the first argument, what I depended on was this—that the valuation was inaccurate. Now then, *secondly*, suppose the valuation to be accurate; in this case we must still disallow it to Mr. Malthus: for in column 5 and 6 he values by the quantity of producing labor: but that is the Ricardian principle of valuation, which is the principle that he writes to overthrow.

Phæd. This may seem a good *quoad hominem* argument. Yet surely any man may use the principle of his antagonist in order to extort a particular result from it?

X. He may: but in that case will the result be true, or will it not be true?

Phæd. If he denies the principle, he is bound to think the result *not* true; and he uses it as a *reductio ad absurdum*.

X. Right: but now in this case Mr. Malthus presents the result as a truth.

Phil. Yes, *X.*; but observe: the result is the direct contradiction of Mr. Ricardo's result. The quantities of column first, vary in value by column the last: but the result, in Mr. Ricardo's hands, is—that they do *not* vary in value.

X. But, if in Mr. Malthus's hands, the principle is made to yield a truth,—then at any rate the principle is itself true: and all that will be proved against Mr. Ricardo is—that he applied a sound principle unskilfully. But Mr. Malthus writes a book to prove that the principle is *not* sound.

Phæd. Yes, and to substitute another.

X. True: which other, I go on *thirdly* to say, is actually employed in this table. On which account it is fair to say that Mr. Malthus is a *third* time refuted. For, if two inconsistent principles of valuation be employed, then the table will be vicious because heteronymous.

Phil. *Negatur minor.*

X. I prove the minor (viz. that two inconsistent principles *are* employed) by column the ninth: and thence also I deduce a *fourth* and a *fifth* refutation of the table.

Phæd. Bravo! Now this is a pretty skirmishing.

X. For in column the last I say, that the principle of valuation employed is different from that employed in column 5 and 6. Upon which I offer you this dilemma: it is—or it is not: choose.

Phil. Suppose I say, it is?

X. In that case, the result of this table is a case of *idem per idem;* a pure childish tautology.

Phil. Suppose I say, it is not?

X. In that case, the result of this table is false.

Phil. Demonstrate.

X. I say that the principle of valuation employed in column 9 is—not the quantity of producing labor, but the quantity of labor commanded. Now, if it is, then the result is childish tautology, and identical with the premises. For it is already introduced into the premises as one of the conditions of the case *Alpha* (viz. into column 2) that 12 quarters of corn shall command the labor of one man: which being premised, it is a mere variety of expression for the very same fact to tell us in column 9 that the 150 quarters of column the first shall command 12 men and five tenths of a man: for 144, being 12 times 12, will command 12 men, and the remainder of six quarters will command the half of a man. And it is most idle to employ the elaborate machinery of nine columns to deduce, as a learned result, what you have already put into the premises and postulated amongst the conditions.

Phæd. This will therefore destroy Mr. Malthus's theory a fourth time.

X. Then, on the other hand,—if the principle of valuation employed in column 9 is the same as that employed in columns 5 and 6, that principle must be the quantity of producing labor—and not the quantity of labor commanded. But in this case the result will be false. For column 9 values column the first. Now, if the 150 quarters of case *Alpha* are truly valued in column first, then they are falsely valued in column the last; and, if truly valued in column the last, then falsely valued in column the first. For by column the last the 150 quarters are produced by the labour of 12½ men: but it is the very condition of column the first, that the 150 quarters are produced by 10 men.

Phæd. Ha! ha! ha! this is *rate*, as our friend O' H. says. Here we have a fifth refutation. Can't you give us a sixth, *X.*?

X. If you please. If Mr. Malthus's theory be good, it shall be impossible for any thing whatsoever at any time to vary in value. For how shall it vary? Because the *quantity* of producing labor varies? But *that* is the principle which he is writing to overthrow. Because the *value* of the producing labor varies? But *that* is impossible: for he writes to prove that labour cannot vary in value.

Phil. Yes, it *shall* vary:—how? because the *quantity* of labor commanded shall vary.

X. But how shall *that* vary: A can never command a greater quantity of labor, or of any thing which is presumed to be of invariable value, until A itself be of a higher value. To command an altered quantity of labor, which (*on any theory*) must be the *consequence* of altered value, can never be the *cause* of altered value. No alterations of labor therefore, whether as to quantity or value, shall ever account for the altered value of A: for they are either insufficient or impossible (quoad Mr. Malthus).

Phil. Grant this, yet value may still vary: for profits may vary.

X. So that if A rise, it will irresistibly argue profits to have risen?

Phil. It will: because no other element can have risen.

X. But now column 8 assigns the value of a uniform quantity of corn, viz. 100 quarters. In case Alpha 100 quarters are worth 8.33. What are 100 quarters worth in the case Iota?

Phil. They are worth 10.

X. And *that* is clearly more. Now if A have risen, you have allowed that I am entitled to infer that profits have risen: Now what are profits in the case Iota?

Phil. By column 4 they are 20 per cent.

X. And what in the case Alpha?

Phil. By column 4, 25 per cent.

X. Then they have fallen in the case Iota: but because A has risen in case Iota from 8.33 to 10 it is an irresistible inference on your theory that they ought to have risen.

Phæd. Ha! ha! Philebus, this is *rate:* go on, *X*, and skirmish with him a little more in this voltigeur style.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE.

The Pair of Spectacles!

The Easter holidays have been cloyed with the usual sweetmeats of pantomime—and Mr. Farley, and, we presume, Mr. Wallack, have been producing their great romantic mince-pies for the mouths of children *above* the age of 2. Both our great melo-dramatists, we suspect, have been bitten by Mr. Bullock, as both their structures are Egyptian: If Mr. Farley squats himself on the peaked-point of a pyramid, Mr. Wallack is not to be outdone, but comes in, mounted on an alligator, and covered with hieroglyphics, like one of Bartley's bills. The Nile is spread before the pit at each house; and we see none but *crocodile-tiers* at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. If we did not know that Farley was head horror-man at one theatre, and Wallack chief *spirit-merchant* at the other, we should conjecture that Bartley was the author of the Spirits of *the Moon* at Covent Garden, and *the Spirit of the Star* at Drury Lane. He knows all about the planets, and might be expected to set a comet on its legs, and turn Lucifer to account. However, the marvels are sufficiently marvellous, and after Young's Hamlet, and Macready's Virginius, three hours of camel, lizard, pyramid and sand, are, it must be owned, lively and entertaining. Green and gold are the colours "worn by the riders."

"The Spirits of the Moon" is perhaps rather better and brighter than the "Spirit of the Star." It ought to be so. In the first scene we see a deal of Nile palpitating about the stage; and a moon-minor turned to a moon-major; or, to make it clearer by means of a circulating medium, we behold a kind of sky-sixpence expand into a luminous dollar, out of which a spirit comes, that, with other spirits of a lesser coinage, makes the waters get about their business—and allows the business of the drama to proceed. The plot of the piece is, "*as* you were." Farley is a villain, with several subterranean vaults, like the Westminster Wine Company; Mrs. Vining, a loud voiced mother, motherly to a degree; Miss Beaumont, pretty and plaintive, rather overdressed, like a pullet at the Free-masons';—Mr. T. P. Cooke, a virtuous bad assistant,—mysterious,—and addicted to listening at the side scenes. All the characters are after one mother for a length of time, and virtue wins by half a neck at last. But Miss Love is *not* herself—for the first time, we believe, in the memory of man, she is habited in male attire,—and alas! she sneaks about as though she were only hunting for a petticoat. What a pity she ever lifted the drapery a foot above the ancle! Her knee, to be sure, is still curtained—but she is not turned like Miss Tree, and should still keep to the muslins and the ginghams. They have only one Miss Foote at Covent-Garden; but they have several Miss Legs!

It is needless to criticise the language or the acting:—the latter was a good deal the better of the two. Young Grimaldi, in a white body jacket, plays off several antics at the end of the first act; which were intended for dancing hyeroglyphics, we suppose. We were right well puzzled! The scenery throughout is rare and opulent in moonlights and sunlights. The scene-painter is the great performer indeed, and, in the Easter hunt after that wily thing, popular favour, generally comes in for the *brush!*

At Drury-Lane, the same fine scenery is lavished on the public; and the performers undergo similar difficulties with their rival Egyptians at Covent-Garden. Harley plays a coward inimitably well, but it is an easy part to play. There are some most effective scenic inventions; and for once, we think Covent-Garden is a little surpassed in this department. What will Holloway say to this? —Oh Grieve, go Grieve!

We have had no other novelties; but as soon as the moon and stars are out, we shall have the usual weekly allowance of new tragedies and operas. Kean's boots will get mildewed!

By the bye, we should not omit to say that the Covent-Garden play-bill has a word that no one can pronounce and that would go twice round Mrs. Davenport's waist. In the Drury-Lane bill, there is also a Greek word, but it is not a quarter so perplexing.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

April 24.

WE have been deliberating for some time past upon what in the world we were to do this month for foreign intelligence. Every Continental Power seems, to us newsmongers, to be in a provoking apathy —there is not even a plot or a rebellion to fill up a page with. The consequence is, our diurnal contemporaries are obliged to invent wars and rumours of wars to-day, in order to have an opportunity of filling a column or two to-morrow with a contradiction—this we cannot do, because our ingenuity on the first of May could not be counteracted until the first of June, and of course an entire month's mischief might ensue. It is wonderful to see the effects of this information-famine in the country—one of the editors, who we suppose is not in an advertising district, declares, in a state of absolute despair, that "there are not even births, marriages, or burials," and that, in short, "Nature herself seems at a stand." Under these circumstances we are reduced to the necessity of inserting the King of France's speech, for which we hope our readers will forgive us. We would not do it if we could—but as some excuse we may be allowed to quote, in extenuation, the effect which a Paris paper, the Etoile, attributes to it. "We must renounce," it says, "the hope of depicting the impression produced by the speech of his Majesty! What an empire does the voice of a son of Henry the Fourth exercise over the hearts of Frenchmen! His Majesty and his august family must, *long after their departure*, have heard the unanimous cries of Live the King; Live the Bourbons; Live the Duke of Bourdeaux!" It certainly would appear from this as if the son of Henry the Fourth had very excellent ears as well as a fine voice!—We are only surprised that the Ultra scribe did not say at once, "He must have heard the cries long after he was out of hearing:"—to be sure, poor Sheridan in his "Critic," gives as a reason for not seeing the English fleet, that it was "out of sight;" but with a French flatterer that would be precisely the reason why *a king* should see it. In order to preserve for the Morning Post a fine model for the next opening of Parliament we think it right to give also in the words of the "Etoile," the preliminaries to the Royal oration—they are French all over. "A quarter of an hour after the opening of the gates of the Louvre all places were occupied by a crowd of ladies, whose elegant dresses formed round the saloon a rain-bow shaded with a thousand colours. At twelve the Peers, in grand costume, were introduced; a moment after the Deputies were introduced. While the deputations of the two Chambers went to receive the King, their Royal Highnesses Madame, the Duchess of Angoulême, the Duchess of Berri, and the Duchess of Orleans, followed by their ladies, came to occupy the seats prepared for them on the King's left. *The King appears!* Acclamations of enthusiasm salute the ADORED MONARCH! His Majesty testifies by several gracious inclinations how much he is moved by these marks of attachment. (We had by a curious chance written the word '*marks*,' *masks*—and we were strongly inclined to let it so stand, remembering, as we do, how much more suddenly and decisively his Majesty 'moved,' after the return from Elba, having just before received many similar 'marks of attachment' from the very same men who grew hoarse afterwards shouting 'Vive Napoleon!') Their Royal Highnesses Monsieur and the Duke of Angoulême are placed on stools (we wonder they are not described) on the right and left of the throne. His Serene Highness the Duke of Orleans is seated farther removed. The Prince de Talleyrand, Grand Chamberlain (oh, Vicar of Bray, Vicar of Bray, rest in peace hereafter!) is on a stool at the foot of the throne; the King's Ministers, the Marshals, and the great Dignitaries, occupy seats a little lower. The King, addressing the Peers, says, 'Messieurs les Pairs,' be seated.—The Lord Chancellor says to the Deputies, 'Messieurs les Deputés,' the King *permits* you to be seated." After this flourish comes the speech, which we here present to our readers.

"*Gentlemen*,

"I am happy to be able to congratulate you on the benefits which Divine Providence has bestowed on my people, on my army, and on my family, since the last sitting of the Chambers.

"The most generous, as well as the most just of enterprises, has been crowned with complete success.

"France, tranquil at home, has nothing more to fear from the state of the Peninsula; Spain, restored to her King, is reconciled with the rest of Europe.

"This triumph, which offers such sure pledges to social order, is due to the discipline and bravery of a French army, conducted by my son, with as much wisdom as valour.

"A part of this army has already returned to France; the other shall not remain in Spain, except for the time necessary to secure the internal peace of that country.

"It is to you, Gentlemen, it is to your patriotism, that I wish to owe the establishment of so satisfactory a state. Ten years of experience have taught all French-

men not to expect true liberty except from the institutions which I founded in the Charter. This experience has at the same time led me to recognize the inconveniences of a regulatory disposition, which requires modifying, in order to consolidate my work.

"Repose and fixed purpose are, after long struggles, the first necessity of France. The present mode of renewing the Chamber does not attain this object. A project of law will be laid before you for a septennial renewal.

"The short duration of the war—the prosperous state of the public revenue—the progress of credit, give me the satisfaction of being able to announce to you that no new tax, no new loan, will be necessary to cover the expences of the year just past.

"The resources appropriated for the current service will suffice. Thus you will not find any obstacle in anterior expences, in the way of ensuring the service of the year, the budget of which will be laid before you.

"The union which exists beween my allies and me, my friendly relations with all other States, guarantee a long enjoyment of general peace. The interests and the wishes of States agree in removing every thing which might trouble it.

"I have hope that the affairs of the East, and those of Spanish and Portuguese America, will be regulated for the greatest advantage for the states and people whom they interest, and for the greatest developement of the commercial relations of the world.

"Already numerous channels are regularly opened to the products of our agriculture and our industry; sufficient maritime forces occupy the stations most suited for the efficacious protection of this commerce.

"Measures are taken to ensure the payment of the capital of the *rentes* created by the State in times less favourable, or to obtain their conversion into stock, bearing interest more conformable with those of other transactions.

"This operation, which must have a happy influence on agriculture and commerce, will, when it is completed, allow the reduction of taxes, and the closing of the last wounds of the Revolution.

"I have made known to you my intentions and my hopes. It is in the improvement of our internal situation that I shall always look for the power of the State and the glory of my reign.

"Your concurrence is necessary to me, Gentlemen, and I rely on it. God has visibly seconded our efforts: you may attach your names to an era happy and memorable for France. You will not reject such an honour."

The readers of this speech must observe how carefully his Majesty steers clear of involving himself on the subject of South America. Not a single word is said as to his own intentions one way or the other, and indeed we have very little doubt, if his Majesty could do it without ships, which are unfortunately requisite, that we should soon see an expedition fitted out to put down the revolutionary principles of the new world—there would be quite as good a justification for it as in the case of Spain. As to Spain herself, she is restored to tranquillity, and yet a considerable part of the French army has been left behind to preserve the "internal peace of the country." A strange kind of tranquillity which can only be maintained at the point of the bayonet! There is an utter silence as to any act of amnesty, any liberal constitution, any plan, in fact, to render a residence in Spain endurable hereafter to a human being. These are things of course in which the son of St. Louis is not at all involved. The state of the French finances is such as to afford matter of congratulation to that country; but to the wise foresight of the exile of St. Helena must this be attributed, and therefore we find the fact merely noticed in the speech.—What an uproar of jubilates there would have been, could the son of St. Louis have said with any face—"We have done it." A financial operation has, however, taken place, which seems to have given much dissatisfaction—a reduction of the Rentes. This is said by the discontented to be a plan to benefit the emigrants, by a distribution of stock, at the expence of the nation. We have neither inclination nor information to enter into the controversy. There is a very disgraceful attempt making to exclude B. Constant from the Chamber, on the ground of *incivism*. It seems, the forefathers of Mr. Constant were obliged to fly from France on account of their religious opinions; subsequently to the revolution, however, all such emigrants were restored to their civism provided they conformed to a specified rule; this the family of Constant did; but the Ultras have had a committee appointed, in the base hope of detecting some informality, and thereby driving from the French Chamber one of the few friends of freedom left in it. This requires no comment.

The accounts from Spain represent that country as in a deplorable state. The Royal Volunteers are committing every depredation possible wherever they have power, and indeed it seems very difficult to restrain them. An attempt has been made to purify the Spanish troops in some degree; and by way of experiment how far the attempt succeeded, they were entrusted with the garrison duty of Madrid on the 31st of March; the French, however, were obliged to resume their stations on the 1st of April, so that even one day's power was considered too much with which to entrust them. Indeed the time of Bourmont, the French general, is stated to be fully occupied in the protection of the few Liberals

remaining in the capital; upwards of two hundred families had applied for passports for France. The beloved Monarch himself was rusticating at one of his country seats, meditating an act of amnesty, which is to be promulgated in the *Greek Kalends.* He seems, however, rigidly to adhere to his professed determination of not acknowledging the Constitutional loans, and as it is likely to ruin a great many people, there is every probability that he will maintain it. There is in the Royal Treasury such a want of money, that every day brings forth some fresh report of a new Royalist Loan, but we should imagine few will be found to give a state new credit in the face of its avowed intention of not paying its old debts. This is certainly little encouragement to a lender.

The Greeks are going on as favourably as the friends of freedom could wish. The fortress of Coron has fallen into their hands, and those dissensions which had operated against their cause are fast subsiding. An agent from this country has just departed to them with a supply of 40,000*l.* The Porte, it is said, is highly indignant at our declaration of war at this moment against Algiers, supposing that it will impede the Turkish operations against Greece. There is also a rumour, that the negotiations between that power and Russia have lately met with unexpected obstacles, and that the Porte is endeavouring to evade fulfilling its agreement with respect to Moldavia and Wallachia; we hope sincerely this may be the case, as it will prove highly advantageous to the Greeks; the statement rests, however, merely on rumour, and is of such obvious impolicy on the part of Turkey, that it is very improbable. It is also said, that the Holy Allies, seeing every reason now to suppose that the Greeks will be successful, and fearing the erection of a Republic in their neighbourhood, are inclined to found a liberal Monarchy in that country! The Emperor Alexander is supposed to wish for the restoration of the exiled family to the throne of Sweden, and the transfer of Charles John to that of Greece. Some such arrangement is not improbable.

Even of the proceedings in Parliament, the Easter recess, one of unusually long duration, has left us a deficiency. The principal debates in the House of Commons have been upon the Alien bill, which, after much spirited discussion, has passed through that assembly. The arguments upon which ministers founded their proposal of this certainly unpopular measure, were detailed in the speeches of Mr. Canning and Mr. Peel. It was contended by them, that it never had been the policy of this country to offer an indiscriminate residence to foreigners, and a reference was made to certain measures of Henry VIII and Elizabeth. (Not times certainly which we should ever wish to see drawn into a precedent on the score of political or popular freedom.) During the last ten years only 17 persons had been sent out of this country and not one at the request of any foreign power; a free ingress was allowed to foreigners, and the number resident had increased from 24,000 in 1821, to 26,500 in 1824. It was also contended that the principle of giving the government a controul over aliens more rigorous than over native subjects, was not only just and necessary, but recognized by all states, ancient and modern, from the highest despotism down to the most excessive democracy. Without an Alien bill, it would be impossible for England to maintain her neutrality; she would, in fact, place herself at the head of all the discontented in Europe, or, still worse, would become the arena for every party, liberal and despotic. If this bill and the foreign enlistment bill were once got rid of, there was but little doubt that, on Ferdinand's showing a little strength, we should soon see him aided by the Capitalists of this country, fitting out in our own ports an expedition to crush the rising liberties of South America. The home minister added, that from the inquiries which his official situation enabled him to make, he was convinced, if this measure was withdrawn, that within three months parliament would not only regret it, but feel compelled to resort to another equally summary, and perhaps more severe. In proof of the extreme mildness with which ministers exercised their power, Mr. Canning stated, that within the last fortnight he had discovered a plot carrying on by some aliens here, with means no way contemptible, likely to prove very injurious to their native country. Ministers sent for the principal mover, acquainted him with the discovery, and he admitted its truth. They merely warned him to be more careful in future, and sent an account of the plot to the government, carefully concealing the names of the parties. This occurrence took place when they were deliberating on the subject of the continuance of the bill, and it determined them. It was, however, the intention of government to let it expire at the end of two years, and then to propose a more permanent measure, and one more favourable to foreigners. Even at present it was intended in some degree to relieve them, by exempting all foreigners who had resided in this country for the last seven years, from the operation of the bill; this it was calculated would include at least 10,000 persons.

These arguments were met by the opponents of the measure with a declaration that if ministers took any credit to themselves for permitting the ingress of foreigners into England, they must be contented to share it with the Emperor of Morocco, who had offered an asylum to those Spaniards who were ordered to quit Gibraltar

within four days. If the arguments for the continuance of the bill were valid, the very same would hold good for its permanency, at least, until the demon of revolution was laid in the Red Sea. Arguments of the same kind had been used in 1802, 1814, 1816, 1818, and 1820, by Lord Londonderry, who said the elements of revolution were still at work on the Continent, and such arguments would never be wanting so long as ministers chose to use them. The fact was, the members of the Holy Alliance looked upon this bill as part and parcel of their own bad system, and its enactment rendered England the ally of that band of conspirators against the liberties of the world. When it was asked whether aliens were to be permitted to plot here against their own government, the answer was, Yes certainly, and much more danger was there from the plots forming by powerful tyrants against their people, than by poor defenceless refugees against those tyrants. If, however, ministers really intended the prevention of such plots, they would have made them the subject of a penal enactment, and not have required an arbitrary power, so that, in fact, such an argument was merely a pretence. The conduct of ministers in the recently discovered conspiracy required and met no aid from the alien act, and might have been the same even though that act never had existence. Mr. Denman, whose opposition to this measure has been uniform and ardent, proposed ineffectually various clauses to mitigate its severity or restrict the time of its operation. He alluded indignantly to the treatment which some of the faithful followers of Napoleon had met from the government of this country, and said, that such a bill went only to multiply such acts of abuse and oppression. The learned gentleman paid a high compliment, however, to the Foreign Secretary, for the liberal opinions which he had expressed in that house on the subject of Sir Robert Wilson, observing that "of all the liberal opinions and enlightened views which he had as yet avowed, there were none which had made him (Mr. Canning) so entirely popular as the language which he had thus uttered—so honourable to the object to which he applied it, so much more honourable to himself"—(in this sentiment the house appeared fully to concur, and indeed, they but echo on this occasion the general voice of the country.) The bill was then read a third time, and passed by large majorities on every division.

On the motion of Sir John Newport, an address was voted to the King, praying that he would be pleased to appoint commissioners to inquire into the nature and extent of the instruction afforded by the institutions for education in Ireland. This motion was not opposed by government, so that there is little doubt a commission will now be issued on this important subject. Mr. Peel pledged himself that the government would, in the selection of its members, seek no other object than that of giving the greatest efficacy to the commission, and satisfying the desires of the house for the improvement of the people of Ireland. Various opinions were expressed in the course of the debate, as to the necessity of extending the benefits of education in that country in such a way as would least interfere with the religious opinions of the people. Mr. J. Smith very truly, and very forcibly declared that "England could not go on long without a more intimate union with Ireland, and government must first give its inhabitants the means of education, then the means of employment, and lastly, a participation in the privileges of the Constitution." There cannot certainly be the least doubt, that the first step must be to *unbrutify* the people; at present they are as totally unfit for freedom, as a human eye would be for the full glare of the sun, immediately after the removal of a cataract; their minds must be gradually prepared for it.

In consequence of some highly disgraceful acts in Ireland, to which it is not necessary here to do more than allude, Mr. Plunket has brought in a bill for the regulation of Irish Roman Catholic burials. As the law now stood, the protestant clergyman was bound to perform the act of burial himself. The present act was intended to repeal that law, and to secure to dissenters of all denominations the right of interment according to their own forms and ceremonies. His proposed act was, in fact, a charter of toleration. By its provisions, the protestant clergyman was to be applied to; if he thought proper to refuse permission, he was bound to state in writing to the applicant the cause of his refusal, and forthwith to certify the same to his Ordinary or the Bishop of his diocese, who forwarded it again without delay to the Lord Lieutenant or government of the country. Thus, there could be no reason to apprehend refusal on the existing ground—that of difference of religion; and still less any danger of a frivolous objection, because it would be known that that objection was at once to go before authority. This bill has since passed through the House of Commons; but it appears very little likely to give satisfaction to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, if we may judge from some proceedings on the subject in that country, and from a petition signed by two respectable Catholic gentlemen now in London, and presented to the house by Mr. Hutchinson. The petition declares that "though the principle of toleration is distinctly recognized in the terms of the bill, nevertheless, its provisions not only render such principle inoperative, but introduce new enactments more intolerable and obnoxious than those which they affect to remedy; that the operation of the bill would be to

excite the clergy of the established church to the exercise of an odious jurisdiction—to taunt the great body of the people of Ireland, both lay and ecclesiastical, upon the degradation to which the law proscribes them, on account of their professing the Roman Catholic faith—to produce constant and immediate collision between the clergy of the different communions—and to increase that spirit of disunion and discontent already so perniciously prevalent in Ireland." Upon this petition, it is none of our duty to offer a single remark, but certainly such public Catholic bodies as exist in Ireland seem very strongly imbued with its spirit—the "*Charter of toleration*" has actually proved worse than an apple of discord. Mr. Plunket, who went over before the third reading, must have been rather surprised at the reception his "easement of burial" bill, as he quaintly termed it, met with. We observed, in one of the Dublin papers, the Morning Post, a jeu d'esprit on the subject, which is characteristic enough of a people, disposed to turn the most serious occurrences into a subject of merriment.

"*Form of a requisition under a late act.*

"To the very pious A. B.: incumbent of the parish of C. D.: &c. &c.

"I *write* to say, good Mr. Rector,
My uncle is as dead as Hector;
He died the first, and left us word
He'd like his funeral on the third;
So, if at home, pray send us leave
To pay for making of a grave;
And when you're paid, we beg to know
When you'll allow the corpse to go."

Note.—The above form is for an uncle, but may easily be altered to answer any other deceased person. It is to be remarked, "that if the clergyman should refuse to grant you the permission required, he is bound to return your money, so that you can have both money and corpse to yourself; or if you prefer it, you can write to the Lord Lieutenant, to know whether the deceased is to be buried or not." Mr. Plunket is said not only to be a wit himself, but highly to relish wit in others; we doubt much, however, whether he will see the pleasantry of the above. Indeed, it is to be feared that his "charter of toleration" will turn out any thing but "an *easement*" to the living, whatever it may do to the dead.

The Slave Trade Piracy Bill has passed into a law, Mr. Canning declaring on the third reading that he had the authority of Mr. Wilberforce, who was absent from indisposition, for announcing his acquiescence in the measure, and his opinion that it was the most effectual one which could be taken for the suppression of the traffic in slaves. Sir James Mackintosh, after expressing his satisfaction on the occasion, eulogized the conduct of the United States for having led the way in declaring the slave trade, piracy.

It has appeared by a question put on the subject in the House of Commons, that a very interesting literary discovery has lately been made among the state papers,—a manuscript of Milton's. Mr. Peel stated "that it was a theological work, entitled 'De Dei cultu,' treating of the truths of the Christian religion, and, no doubt, as far as evidence could go, authentic. How the manuscript had come into the situation where it was discovered, nobody could guess; it had, however, been submitted to the King, who had commanded its publication, which was now in progress." Wood, in his Athenæ Oxonienses, mentions the existence of this work, as does also Birch, in his Life of Milton, but no one could hitherto afford any clue to its discovery. Wood had said, that it was last seen in the possession of Mr. Cyriac Skinner,* a friend of the poet's; and, on the envelope, which surrounded it, there was an address on it—"to Mr. Skinner, merchant." It would not have been a bad joke to have printed this, in the first instance, anonymously, and entrapped the Giffords and Jefferys into a review of it.

* The following interesting and noble sonnet addressed by Milton to this gentleman may not be unacceptable at this moment to many of our readers.

Cyriack, this three years day, these eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side:
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

Several petitions have been presented to the House of Commons against the proposed expenditure of half a million of money in the erection of new churches. Sir Isaac Coffin gave as a reason for his support of the vote, that he was quite alarmed at the late increase of "those devil-killers, called Methodists." They were such "rooting men," he said, that if they once burrowed into any man's house, they soon made their way into every part of it. Mr. Butterworth soon after presented a petition from certain religious fishmongers in London, praying for a repeal of the statute of William, allowing the sale of mackerel on Sundays, as inconsistent with their notions of morals and piety.

On the proposal of the annual vote for the education of the poor in Ireland, Mr. Hume strongly objected to the entrusting the sum proposed in the hands of the Kildare-street Association, on the ground, that the system adopted in that school was such as to prevent the Roman Catholic parents from sending their children there. The society was very ably vindicated in a maiden speech of very great promise by Mr. North, a gentleman who has just been returned, it is said, under the auspices of Mr. Canning. The vote was ultimately agreed to.

During the discussion of the estimates Mr. Hume called the attention of the House to the extortion of Fees by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster for the admission of the public into the Abbey. The system pursued called forth very severe animadversion from all the members, and Mr. Bennett declared he would gladly vote a sum of money for the removal of the monuments, which, being erected by the nation, the public had an undoubted right of access to. We sincerely wish this were done. The fees demanded at our public buildings have long been the reproach of this country in the eyes of foreigners.

In the House of Lords there has been but one debate of any interest, and that one took place on a motion of Lord Darnley's, on the state of Ireland,—an unfailing subject. Lord Liverpool went into the subject at length, and after panegyrizing the character of the Irish people declared that no country had ever behaved more liberally to another *than England had to Ireland.* This was the only *new fact* which the debate elicited. It is unnecessary for us to recapitulate topics which have been insisted on over and over again for the last twenty years, and which are very likely to keep fresh for twenty years longer. Lord Lansdown made a very liberal and able speech. The motion, however, was, as usual, lost, by a majority of 57 to 17. It will come on again, no doubt, next year,

While upon the debates of the House of Commons, we forgot to mention a very important motion made by Mr. G. Lamb, for the allowance of counsel to persons indicted for felony. The motion was lost after an able speech in support of it from Sir James Mackintosh and another from Mr. Denman, persons whose situations, as judges, must have rendered them the very best authorities on the subject. The refusal of this privilege has always struck us as a gross anomaly in our law, and indeed we need pretend to no great liberality on the subject when we find Judge Jeffries himself declaring that "it is a hard case, certainly, that a man may have counsel, and his witnesses sworn if he is tried for a twopenny trespass; and that yet the same is refused to him in a case which affects his life." It would be difficult to answer this.

There is no domestic news of any interest. The state of Ireland by no means proves that the people of that country duly estimate the liberality with which Lord Liverpool says they are treated. There were two hundred prisoners discharged from the gaol of Cork this assizes *by proclamation!* A most amazing fact, and proving to demonstration one of two things: either that the committals were most scandalous, or that the prosecutors are afraid to come forward and give evidence. What a state of things! There is now a regular society of Deists established in the city of Dublin! They have printed their rules, of which, having procured a copy, we shall publish some extracts next month. Yet Mr. Plunket, we hear, is in Dublin.

AGRICULTURE.

The cold and wet weather, which, with the exception of one or two fine days in the latter part of the month, continued throughout March, very much retarded the farmer's customary operations. The barley and oat sowing is consequently very backward, particularly the former. The nipping winds at the former part of the present month have considerably checked the early luxuriance of the pastures and meadows: they have now a black and singed appearance. The last week has, however, been so favourable that the farmer is rapidly making up for his lost time, and the barley sowing is in full activity. The young wheats do not look so well as might have been expected from the mildness of the winter, the cold winds last month having affected them, particularly in open situations. Some warm showers would alter their appearance for the better. In the Welsh counties, sheep are said to have done very unkindly, the extreme moisture of the weather having rotted a great many. The lambing season has, however, upon the whole, been very prosperous; but the lateness of the grass, and the want of turnips combined, have caused the ewes to fall off in their milk. Beans in cold clayey soils are considered as destroyed.

The trade for long wool has improved, and a further advance is expected. It is selling at from 28*s*. to 30*s*. per tod.

The corn market has continued dull, although the arrivals have been under the usual quantity. A great push was made a few days since by the holders of foreign corn to raise the markets so as to open the ports for bonded wheat. The price rose consequently, in the week beginning April 12, about three shillings per quarter; but since that period, the millers have taken alarm at the return of 16,902 quarters at 72*s*. 2*d*. (the London average of the second week, which regulates the importation) lest the bonded wheat should be liberated. The trade is now dull for wheat, and barley and oats are equally at a stand; and flour still maintains its former quotation.

Mr. Huskisson's proposed measure to permit those merchants who have foreign wheat in warehouses to convert it into flour, and to export it to foreign countries, or to our own colonies, has already excited the attention of the agriculturists. Mr. Huskisson argues that it would be beneficial to the home consumer, to the merchant holding the corn, to the colonies where it may be exported, and, lastly, to the country generally, because it would bring so much dead capital into play. Upon this subject, Mr. Ellman, jun. of Southover, has addressed a letter to the Right Hon. Gentleman. Mr. Ellman contends that this measure would release no less a quantity than 460,000 bushels of flour, or 90,000 sacks, duty free. Because, calculating that the foreign wheat weighs 56 lb. per bushel, it would yield at the rate of 5½ bushels per quarter of wheat. Government would thus have only 4½ instead of 5½ bushels returned for a quarter of wheat, and will be losers (supposing the wheat to be let out at 17*s*. per quarter duty) of 70,000*l*. The 90,000 sacks will also be an ample supply for Mark-lane for three months. With respect to the exportation of the flour, Mr. Ellman argues that there was no demand, because, if there was such a demand as to make the exportation advantageous, why was not the flour now under lock exported? Again, that the flour thus ground from the bonded wheat would be replaced by a very inferior article made from inferior British wheat, and would be neither fit for exportation, nor for storing. Under these circumstances, it is contended that, if the bill does pass, 5½ bushels, or 300 lb. weight of flour, ought to be required to replace every quarter of wheat; but even in that case, it will be injurious to the English farmer.

The average price of wheat in the twenty-four maritime counties, for the week ending April 10, was for wheat 63*s*. 3½*d*; barley 35*s*. 9¼*d*.; oats 24*s*. 1¾*d*.

The arrivals have averaged, during the last four weeks—wheat 5581 quarters; barley 5471 quarters; oats 18,753 quarters; flour 5838 sacks; peas 833 quarters.

Smithfield Market is exceedingly dull, both for beasts and mutton; the former fetched from 3*s*. 4*d*. to 4*s*. 2*d*.; and the latter, from 3*s*. 8*d*. to 4*s*. 4*d*. per stone. The lamb trade is good, and the [illegible] not glutted.

April 23.

COMMERCE.

April 23, 1824.

Cotton.—The demand for cotton in the London market has been good during the last four weeks, but without any sensible rise in the prices. The most extensive sales were in the week succeeding the 6th, amounting to 4800 bales, viz.—2000 Bengals 5½*d*. to 6¼*d*. ordinary to good fair; 1800 Surats 6*d*. to 6½*d*. middling to fair; 190 Madras 6⅛*d*. to 6¾*d*. ordinary to fair; 60 Pernams 10⅝d.; 60 Paras 9½*d*.; 200 Sea Islands 12¾*d*. to 14¼*d*.; 28 New Orleans 8¾*d*.; 420 Boweds 7¼*d*. to 8⅛*d*. ordinary to good fair; 20 Demarara 12¼*d*.—all in bond; and 20 Egyptian 11¼*d*. duty paid. The Surats and Bengals were taken chiefly for re-sale, with a few for export; the Brazils for home consumption; and the Americans for export.

In the ensuing week, the known sales were only 1400 bales, but it was reported that considerable business had been done in East India descriptions, the particulars of which did not transpire. The report of the Liverpool market was favourable. The sales in four weeks, ending April 17, were 50,200 bales, the arrivals 35,315 bales.

Sugar.—At the close of last month the market was extremely heavy, and the eagerness of the holders to sell, caused a reduction in the prices. It seems that the stock in the West India warehouses continued to accumulate, while the weekly deliveries decreased. In the first week of this month, several holders of Muscovades resolved to sell, parted with them at very reduced prices; brown Demerara 54*s*., brown Jamaica 55*s*., the middling were even lower in proportion than the brown; very good quality might be had at 56*s*. to 58*s*. These low prices, however, considerably increased the demand, but at first without effecting a rise, as the holders readily sold at the previous currency. The demand continuing, a general improvement of 1*s*. to 1*s*. 6*d*. took place, and the holders became firm; and it was the general opinion that Muscovades had reached the lowest point of depression. The prices of refined have been very low, even in proportion to those of raw sugars. Last week more business was done, and prices were rather higher. Molasses 25*s*. 6*d*. Very little has been doing in foreign sugars, except in the

second week of this month; white Havannah, middling to good was 34*s.* to 39*s.* Brazil 34*s.*

Coffee.—The market has been declining ever since our last report, till the demand was a little revived by favourable reports from the continental markets; but at the beginning of this week, the mails bringing the intelligence that the demand had proved only temporary, and had again subsided, the effect was immediately felt here; the holders, however, are less anxious to press sales, and the leading houses seem disposed to keep back their coffee till the prices shall advance. Towards the close of Tuesday's market, there were many inquiries for St. Domingo, and 61*s.* and 62*s.* were offered for good ordinary; but there were no sellers.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The spirit market has remained in a very depressed and languid state, and the prices have been nominal. There are sellers of brandy at 2*s.* 10*d.* free on board, to arrive. The first accounts of the appearance of the vines are looked for with some anxiety.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—In the two first articles little has been doing to affect the prices. Tallow is now advancing; the nearest quotation for yellow candle tallow is, to-day, 34*s.* 9*d.* for new parcels here, 33*s.* 6*d.* to 34*s.* 6*d.* for old, for May delivery 35*s.* 6*d.* for July and August shipments 37*s.*

Indigo has advanced from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound.

Silk.—Italian raw silks are about 2*s.* and thrown 7*s.* per pound lower than before the plans of the Chancellor of the Exchequer were brought forward.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

The Bride of Florence; a Play, in Five Acts; illustrative of the Manners of the Middle Ages; with Historical Notes, and Minor Poems. By Randolph Fitz-Eustace.

An Account of the Present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa

The Three Brothers, or the Travels and Adventures of the Three Sherleys, in Persia, Russia, Turkey, Spain, &c—Printed from the Original MSS. with Additions and Illustrations from very rare contemporaneous Works and Portraits of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Lady Sherley. In 1 vol. 8vo.

A volume of Sermons by the late Rev. J. R. Vernon.

Sancho, the Sacred Trophy, and the unparalleled Operations of Episcopacy, with a Presbyter's Hat. By the Rev. S. H. Carlisle.

Ingenious Scruples (chiefly relating to the Observance of the Sabbath) answered in Eight Letters, from a Father to his Daughter. By Alicia Catherine Mant.

Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman. A new Edition. In 1 volume, with Engravings.

Directions for Studying the Laws of England, by Roger North, youngest Brother to Lord Keeper Guilford Now first Printed from the Original MS. in the Hargrave Collection, with Notes and Illustrations. By a Lawyer. 8vo.

The Periodical Press of Great Britain and Ireland; or an Inquiry into the State of the Public Journals, chiefly as respects their Moral and Political Influence.

Instructions to Mothers and Nurses on the Management of Children, in Health and Disease; comprehending Popular Rules for regulating their Diet, Dress, Exercise, and Medicines; together with a variety of Prescriptions adapted to the use of the Nursery.

Sketches of the most Celebrated Picture Galleries in England; with Criticism on Marriage à la Mode.

The Life of the Right Hon. B. Sheridan. 4to. By Thomas Moore, Esq. Author of Lalla Rookh.

The Life of Shakspeare, with Essays on the originality of his Dramatic Plots and Characters, and on the Ancient Theatres nd Theatrical Usages. By Augustine Skottowe. 2 vols. 8vo.

Prose Pictures: a Series of Descriptive Letters and Essays. By Edward Herbert, Esq. With Etchings, by George Cruikshank.

Memoirs, Facts, Occurrences, Observations, and Opinions, collected and preserved. By L. M. Hawkins.

Conversations on Geography and Astronomy, illustrated with Plates, Wood-cuts. &c. By the Author of Conversations on Botany. 1 vol. 12mo.

Descriptive Poems, &c. By Thomas Wilkinson, of Yanwath, Westmoreland.

The Human Heart. In 1 vol. post 8vo.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

History and Biography.

Essay towards the History of Arabia antecedent to the Birth of Mahommed. By Major David Price. 4to. 25*s.*

Memoirs of Goethe, Written by Himself. 2 vols. 1*l.* 4*s.*

Howard's Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 8vo. 16*s.*

A Summary View of America, being the Result of Observations and Inquiries in a Journey in the United States. By an Englishman. 8vo 10*s* 6*d*.

Historical Memoirs on La Vendée. By Madame de Sapinaud. Foolscap 8vo. 5*s*.

Biography of the British Stage. 9*s*.

Naval Battles, from 1744 to the Peace in 1814, critically Reviewed and Illustrated. By Charles Ekins, Rear Admiral CB. K.W.N. 4to. 3*l*. 3*s*.

Memoirs of Jeanne d'Arc, and her Times. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 1*l*. 16*s*.

The Englishman's Library, comprising a Series of Historical, Biographical, and National Information. 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.

Miscellaneous.

Dr. Bostock's Elementary System of Physiology. Vol. I. 8vo. 15*s*.

The Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt. 12mo. 5*s*.

Translation of the Pharmacopæia of the Royal College of Physicians, 1824, with Notes and Illustrations. By Richard Phillips, FRS. L. and E. &c. 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.

History of Ancient and Modern Wines. 4to. 3*l*. 3*s*. Proof Impressions of the Cuts, 3*l* 3*s*.

Relics for the Curious. 2 vols. Foolscap, 10*s*.

Illustrations of the Historical Romances of the Author of Waverley. In 24 Plates, 8vo. 2*l*. 10*s*.

A Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste. By M. M'Dermot. 8vo. 12*s*.

The Wonders of Elora. By John B. Seely. 8vo. 16*s*.

Smith's Narrative of the Atrocities of the Pirates. 4*s*. 6*d*.

A Plan of Algiers and its Environs; with an enlarged Plan of the Mole, and a View of the Batteries, from a Sketch by Major Gosset, R.E. 3*s*.

Letters from an Absent Brother, (the Rev. Daniel Wilson,) containing some Account of a Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Switzerland, Northern Italy and France, in the Summer of 1823. In 2 vols. 8vo. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Hall's Satires, with Notes, by J. W. Singer. Small 8vo. 9*s*.

Boaden's inquiry into the Authenticity of the Portraits of Shakspeare. 8vo. 15*s*.

Secreta Monita Societatis Jesu; the Secret Instructions of the Jesuits. 12mo. 3*s*.

Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy. By the Author of "Sketches of India." 8vo. 12*s*.

The Italian Interpreter. By S. A. Bernardo. Pocket volume. 6*s*. 6*d*. half-bound.

A Practical Manual for the Preservation of Health, and the Prevention of Diseases incidental to the Middle and Advanced Stages of Life. By Sir Arthur Clarke, MD. 5*s*. 6*d*.

A Table of the Comparative Heights of the Principal Mountains in the World, above the Level of the Sea; showing also the Altitudes of the principal Towns, &c. with the Passes of the Alps. By James Wyld, Geographer to the King, &c. 2*s*. 6*d*.

A Table of the Comparative Lengths of the Principal Rivers in the World, from their respective Sources to the Sea. By J. Wyld, Geographer to the King, &c. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Novels and Tales.

Annaline, or Motive Hunting. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 10*s*.

Zoe: an Athenian Tale. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Much to Blame, a Tale. 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l*. 1*s*.

History of Matthew Wald, by the Author of Valerius. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Highlander: a Tale. By the Author of the Hermit in London, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l*. 1*s*.

Trials; a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l*. 1*s*.

Poetry.

The Birds of Aristophanes. Translated into English Verse, with Notes, by the Rev. H. F. Cary, A.M Author of the Translation of Dante. 8vo. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain; Selected and Translated, with Critical and Historical Remarks, by John Bowring, Esq. Post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Old English Drama, No. II. containing, The Ball, a Comedy, by G. Chapman and J. Shirley. 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus. Translated, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, by John Symmons, Esq. A.M. late Student of Christ Church, Oxford. 8vo. 8*s*.

Theology.

Works of the Right Rev. W. Beveridge, DD. Bishop of St. Asaph. With a Memoir, &c. by Thomas Hartwell Horne, M.A. 9 vols. 8vo. 5*l*. 8*s*.

Liturgical Considerations, or an Apology for the Daily Service of the Church. By the Rev. W. Shepherd. 12mo. 5*s*.

Christian Researches in the Mediterranean from 1815 to 1820. By the Rev. W. Jowett, MA. 3d. Edit. 8vo. 10*s*.

The Cottage Bible and Family Expositor, containing the Authorized Translation of the Old and New Testament; with Practical Reflections and Short Explanatory Notes calculated to elucidate difficult and Obscure Passages. Part I. 1*s*.

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A Third Course of Practical Sermons. By the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Voyages and Travels.

Extracts from a Journal Written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the Years 1820-21-22. By Capt. Basil Hall. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*.

Travels in Brazil. By Drs. Spix and Von Martius. Vol. I. and II. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*

Selections from Humboldt's Works respecting the Climate, Productions, and Mines of Mexico. By John Taylor, Esq. 8vo. 12*s.*

A Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Holland, and Germany, &c. in 1821, By Charles Tennant, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.*

Travels in Egypt, Greece, Spain, &c. By William Rae Wilson, Esq. 8vo. 18*s.*

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. R. J. B. Henshaw, of Queen's College, Oxford, has been appointed Domestic Chaplain to the Dowager Marchioness of Hertford.—The Rev. Thomas Foster, Chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford, has been presented, by the Dean and Chapter of that Cathedral, to the Vicarage of Cassington, Oxfordshire.—The Rev. Thomas Lea, MA. of Trinity College, Oxford, Rector of Bishops' Itchington, Warwickshire, has been instituted to the Rectory of Tadmarton, Oxfordshire.—The Rev. Sir Henry Dryden, Vicar of Ambrosden, in Oxfordshire, to the Vicarage of Leeke Wootton, Warwickshire, and Diocese of Litchfield and Coventry.—Rev. J. P. Newby, BA. of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the consolidated Livings of Enderby cum Whetstone, Leicestershire.—The Rev. Walter St. John Mildmay, AB. has been presented by Lady Mildmay, of Dogmersfield Park, to the Rectory of Mottistone, with the Vicarage of Shorwell annexed, in the Isle of Wight, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Newbolt.—The Rev. Walter St. John Mildmay, AB. has also been presented to the Rectory of Shorwell, in the Isle of Wight, vacant by the death of the Rev. Nicholas Earle.

OXFORD.—Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. Christopher Lipscomb, Fellow of New College, and lately appointed Bishop of Jamaica.

Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. George Chandler, some time Fellow of New College, Grand Compounder

The whole number of Degrees in Lent Term was—DD. two; DCL. two; BD. five; MA. thirty-five; BA. forty-nine. Matriculations, 112.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Rev. J. S. Hewett, MA. formerly Fellow of Clare Hall, now Chaplain of Downing College and Rector of Rotherhithe, Surrey, admitted Doctor in Divinity.

BIRTHS.

March 23.—At Bissrons, near Canterbury, the Marchioness of Ely, a son.

— Lately, Lady Doyles, of Springwood Park, a daughter.

April 1.—In Upper Seymour-street, the lady of the Hon. Wm. Jervis, a daughter.

— In Cumberland-street, the lady of Admiral Sir R. King, Bart. a son.

4. At the Government House, Jersey, the lady of his Excellency, Major-Gen. Sir Colin Halkett, KCB. and GCH. a daughter.

5. At Stockwell, the lady of Major-Gen. George Cookson, a son.

16. At Stanley Hall, Shropshire, the lady of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart. a son.

— The lady of Lieut. Col. Samuel Hall, CB. a son.

18. At Clapham Common, Mrs. J. H. Butterworth, a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 20.—At Marylebone Church, Sir C. R. Blunt, Bart. of Heathfield Park, Sussex, to Mrs. Abmuty, of Hereford-street, widow of the late Richard Abmuty, Esq.

24. At Marylebone Church, by the Rev. Samuel Johnes, Knight, Sir W. E. Rouse Boughton, Bart. of Downton Hall, Shropshire, and Rouse Lench, Worcestershire, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Thos. Andrew Knight, Esq. of Downton Castle, Herefordshire.

— At St. George's, Octavius Wigram, Esq. son of Sir Robert Wigram, Bart. to Isabella Charlotte Knox, third daughter of the Bishop of Derry.

27. At Barnborough, near Doncaster, James Pickering Ord, Esq. of Langton Hill, Leicestershire, to Isabella Frances Hawkwood, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Rich. Hawkwood, and niece to Walter Fawkes, Esq of Farnley.

30. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, John Edward Gray, Esq. only son of John Gray, Esq. of Wombley Park, Middlesex, to Susannah Elizabeth, only daughter of Henry Revell Reynolds, Esq. of Bedford-row.

31. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Dean of Carlisle, J. Sweatman, jun. of Thornhaugh-street, Bedford-square, to Mary, youngest daughter of Thos. Chevalier, Esq. of South Audley-street.

April 3.—At Brighton, Capt. Mahir, of Tipperary, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Henry Francis Wintle, Esq. of Walworth, Surrey.

6. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Francis Tuke, Esq. of Crutched Friars, to Emily, eldest daughter of W. Marshall, Esq. of Norwood Lodge, Surrey.

7. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Dean of Canterbury, G. F. Lockley, Esq. to Harriet Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Capt. John Bentham, of the Royal Artillery.

— Thomas Robinson, eldest son of A. Ramsey Robinson, Esq. of Kensington, to Frederica, only daughter of the late Sir George Brathwaite Boughton, Bart. of Poston Court, Herefordshire. The young couple eloped from Brussels. where Lady Brathwaite and her daughter where residing.

8. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Chalfont Blackden, second son of B. Blackden, Esq. of Hughenden, Bucks, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Rev. G.. Worsley, Rector of Stonegrave, in the county of York.

— At St. James's, Jesse Cole, Esq. to Letitia Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late De Courcy Ireland, Esq. and niece to the Hon. Sir Edmund Stanley, Chief Justice, &c. Madras.

9. At Pontefract, Samuel Bamford Hamer, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Anne, widow of the late Joseph James Swaby, of Chapel House, and only daughter of Thomas Clark, Esq. of Kurtingley, Yorkshire.

10. At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Turner, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of Embassy to the Ottoman Porte, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of J. Mansfield, Esq. MP. for Leicester.

Lately, H. G. Ward, Esq. to Emily, second daughter of Sir John Swinburne, Bart.

— At Littleham, the Rev. Whitworth Russell, son of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Russell, Bart. to Frances, daughter of Vice-Admiral Carpenter.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, Sir F. L. Blosse, Bart. to Elizabeth eldest daughter of the Right Hon. W. C. Plunkett, Attorney-General.—And J. Plunkett, Esq. his eldest son, to Charlotte, daughter of the Lord Chief Justice, the Right Hon. Charles, Kendall Bushe.

DEATHS.

March 4.—At Herringfleet Hall, Suffolk, Elizabeth, wife of A. Merry, Esq.

17. Jesse Ainsworth, Esq. of Wicken Hall, near Rochdale, Lancashire.

19. At his seat, Wenvoe Castle, Glamorganshire, Robert Jenner, Esq. in his 47th year.

21. At Streatham Park, Thomas Harrison, Esq.
— In Upper Gower-street, William Clay, Esq. in his 71st year.
22. At Bath, Lieutenant-Col. Hill, of the Royal Marines, aged upwards of 90, the oldest Officer in his Majesty's service.
— At Foston Hall, Derbyshire, C. Broadhurst, Esq.
— At Clapham Common, Battersea, in her 65th year, after a long illness, Hannah, wife of Geo. Scholey, Esq. Alderman.
24. In his 85th year, Sir George Chetwynd, Bart. of Grendon Hall, Warwickshire, and Brocton Hall, Staffordshire, more than 60 years one of the Clerks of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council.
— At Eastbourne, aged 87, Mrs. Mortimer, relict of John Hamilton Mortimer, Esq.
26. At the Rolls House, the Right Hon. Sir Thos. Plumer, Master of the Rolls, ECL. of University College, Oxford. His remains were interred in the Rolls Chapel on the 1st of April.—Lord Gifford has since succeeded to his office.
— At his residence, Gloucester Lodge, Weymouth, W. Young, Esq. in his 76th year.
27. In Grosvenor-square, George Musgrove, Esq. late MP. for Carlisle, Vice-President of the Magdalen Hospital, &c. aged 84.
30. At his Apartments in the British Museum, in his 70th year, the Rev. Thomas Maurice, Assistant Keeper of the MSS. at that Institution. Mr. Maurice was well known in the literary world by a variety of publications, both in prose and verse, but particularly by his "Indian Antiquities," and "History of Hindostan," works which exhibit great diligence of research, and intimate acquaintance with a department of history comparatively little known in Europe.
April 1.—Suddenly, Lord Coleraine, well known as the celebrated Colonel Hanger.
— At Hillingdon, Middlesex, aged 78, Thomas Hussey, Esq. of Guttrim, in the county of Meath, formerly MP. for Aylesbury.
3. In Gloucester-place, Anne, wife of Joseph Tasker, Esq. of Fitzwalters, Essex, in her 25th year.
— At his father's, in South Audley-street, Thos. Grove, Jun. Esq. late Lieutenant-Col. of the Coldstream Guards.
— In Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly, aged upwards of 70, William Cooke, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law, Author of "Conversation," a poem, the "Life of Macklin," the "Life of Foote," &c. Mr. Cooke was a native of Cork, at the Grammar-school of which city he received his education. After the death of his first wife he married the sister of Major Galway, Commander of Trichinopoly.
5. In Somerset-street, Portman-square, the Hon. Elizabeth Turnour, wife of the Hon. and Rev. John Turnour, MA. and daughter of the late W. Richardson, Accountant-General of the East India Company.
7. At Knightsbridge, Colonel Robert Ellis, late of the 25th Light Dragoons.
— Joanna, youngest daughter of the late Benj. Bass, Esq. of Barnard Castle, Durham.
8. At Walthamstow, in his 61st year, William Matthew Raikes, Esq.
9. Aged 20, Benjamin, son of the Right Hon. John Radcliff.
— At Great Abshot House, Hants, aged 70, John Blagrove, Esq. of Jamaica, and of Auberwyke House, Bucks.
— In Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, Major Doveton, of the Madras Establishment, and MP. for Lancaster.
— At Dincroft House, near Staines, Samuel Jerram, Esq. aged 48.
11. At Finchley, Thos. Harrison Andrews, Esq. in his 67th year.
13. At Netherby, Cumberland, aged 62, Sir James Graham, Bart.
— Of Apoplexy, Robert Galloway Mackintosh, Esq. of Guilford Street.
— At her father's, at Ongar, Miss Jane Taylor, author of "Essays in Rhyme," "Display, &c."
15. At Hastings, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, John Slegg, Jun. of Bernard Street, Russell Square.
17. John Steyner, fourth son of Charles Bosanquet, of Hampstead Heath, in his 22d year.
18. After a short illness, Edward Jones, Bard to the Prince of Wales, aged 72. He was a native of Merionethshire, and about 30 years ago published a work entitled, "Relics of the Bards," which contained much valuable historical information;—also a collection of Welsh Airs, arranged for the harp, an instrument on which he performed after the manner of his forefathers, playing the treble with his left hand, and the bass with the right. He possessed a library of rare books, both manuscript and printed, many of which he lately disposed of. He was a Member of the Royal Society of Musicians, the Governors of which, hearing that he was totally unable to follow his professional pursuits, granted him an annuity of 50l., but he lived to enjoy only the first receipt of their bounty.
Lately, at Bath, G. H. W. F. Hartopp, MP. for Dundalk.
20. At the age of 77, Mr. John Murdoch, the early teacher and friend of the celebrated Burns. His latter years were passed in indigence, and a Subscription had recently been set on foot for his relief. Mr. Murdoch was Author of a work entitled, "The Dictionary of Distinctions," 1811, and some Publications relative to the study of the French Language
21. In Harley Street, Cavendish Square, aged 71, John Dixon, Esq. of Gledhow, in the county of York, and of Rainham Hall, in the county of Norfolk, Col. of the First West York Militia.
— On board the Fury Discovery Vessel, off Deptford, Lieut. Johnston, who destroyed himself by firing a double barrelled gun through his head. He was a son of Gen. Johnston, and was about 30 years of age.
22. At his house in the Circus, at Bath, in his 87th year, the Rev. Dr. Richard Beadon, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Lady Caroline Macdonald, daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe.

ABROAD.

At Serampoor, aged 35, Henry Allen Williams, Commercial Resident at Jungpoor, and eldest son of Henry Thomas Williams, of Park Crescent, Portland Place.
At the Cape of Good Hope, whither he had repaired from Madras, for the benefit of air, Peter Cherry, Chief Judge of the Provincial Court of Circuit, Chittoor; in his 51st year.
At Dresden, in his 72d year, Baron Just, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty, the King of Saxony, to the Court of Great Britain; after 50 years of honourable and devoted service.
At Altona, A. W. Von Gustenburg, one of the Veterans of German literature, in his 84th year.
At Paris, March 26, George Heron Lynn, Esq. of Southwick Hall, Northamptonshire.
At Berhampoor, Elizabeth, wife of Lieut. A. Taylor, 38th Regt. of Foot, and eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. John Taylor, of Leominster, Herefordshire.
At Genoa, 29th of March, Charlotte, wife of Major Gen. James Gubbins, in her 41st year.
At Rome, drowned in the Tiber, by her horse falling in, Miss Bathurst, niece to Lord Aylmer, aged 17. Her father, Mr. Bathurst, who was Embassador at the Court of Prussia, some years ago, suddenly disappeared while travelling through a forest on his way to Hamburgh, nor was his body, or any trace of him, ever found.
At Rome, in her 65th year, Emily, Duchess Dowager of Devonshire, sister to the present Earl of Bristol, and sister-in-law to the Earl of Liverpool, by his first Countess. Her Grace's death is a severe loss to the Arts, at Rome, which she was liberal in encouraging to the very extent of her fortune; and whose stores she considerably enriched by rescuing from destruction many precious relics and monuments of antiquity:—great sums were expended by her in extensive excavations in that city. Her remains will be brought to England, and will lie in state at Devonshire House.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1824.

CONTENTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

The continuation of The Templars' Dialogues on Political Economy is unavoidably postponed. Our friend X. Y. Z. we are sorry to say, is too ill to be able to follow up the subject this month; but we hope to see it resumed in our next Number.

An old Correspondent sends us the following note to correct the account, given in our last, of Paul Jones's Birth-place.

"I thank you, and Mr. ——, for the communication respecting Paul Jones. Mr. —— seems to have followed the popular story of Paul's early years; for I am well aware that he is generally described as the son of Lord Selkirk's gardener. And truly a mistake of some twenty miles of barren coast is, after all, no very important matter, unless to the natives, who, God help them, only produce, perhaps once in seven centuries, a man whom the world thinks worthy of remembrance, and may be unwilling to be deprived of him in the haste of biography. You may inform Mr. —— that Paul was born at Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean; and that so far from dying in wretchedness, his sisters, of whom he left two, obtained considerable property by the event. I have often heard of his opulence, and never of his poverty—though I do not mean to say, that the wily Caledonian was not capable of pretending extreme poverty, in order to cheat those very liberal gentlemen, the French Convention, out of his burial money, to enrich his friends in Scotland."

This is the little poem we promised last month:

KITTY.

Inferior charms let others praise
In many an amorous ditty;
My humble pen, my simple lays,
I dedicate to Kitty.

Of all the beauteous maids I've seen
In country, town, and city,
On London flags, or village green,
None equals lovely Kitty.

The old, the young, the gay, the grave,
The wise man and the witty,
Each owns himself her humble slave,
And sighs for beauteous Kitty.

But still, alas! they sigh in vain;
Nor love she grants, nor pity:
But views them all with fix'd disdain—
Cruel, though beauteous Kitty!

At the first glance of her bright eyes,
Those roving black banditti,
My vanquish'd heart became her prize,
And I a slave to Kitty.

I've pleaded oft, to win the fair,
Like Scarlett, Brougham, or Chitty,
But vain, alas! is all my care,—
So obstinate is Kitty!

Even when she frowns, the frowning maid
Must still be reckon'd pretty,—
But when her cheek's in smiles array'd,
An angel shines in Kitty!

The Opera House let others throng,
To list to "Zitti, zitti;"—
Give me a simple English song
Pour'd forth by lovely Kitty.

Though grave the members who compose
A Commons-House Committee;
Their dry debates they'd quickly close,
If once they gazed on Kitty.

My worn-out pen will scarcely write;
My ink is thick and gritty;—
Or I'd compose from morn till night
In praise of lovely Kitty. G. F.

There is something very pretty in the following Poem which is from the same pen.

THE MILL.

How sweet it is in summer to shake off drowsy sleep,
And to stroll along, the fields among, as day begins to peep;
Before the sun has yet begun to rear his golden head,
While the hedges yet and the flowers are wet with the dew that night has shed;
And while around the verdant ground all nature's voice is still,
Save the current strong that rolls along to turn the neighbouring mill.

Oh! then my hasty steps to some eminence I bend,
Where, far beneath, the spacious heath, and groves and fields extend;
There I inhale the balmy gale, and watch the eastern skies,
To behold from far, in his golden car, the glorious sun arise;
Till on every side the clouds divide, and high above the hill
He darts his beams, and gilds the streams, that turn the neighbouring mill.

Before his piercing glance all the vapours fade away,
And the meadows green distinct are seen beneath his glowing ray;
The birds forsake the leafy brake, and echoing far around,
O'er hills and plains, their lively strains, and mingled notes resound;
O'er the verdant mead the flocks are spread; and gaily whistling shrill,
To their daily care the swains repair within the neighbouring mill.

G. F.

We have no room for more than the titles of the following:—Stanzas suggested by the Death of Lord Byron.—Home, addressed to Eugenius on leaving England.—The Chieftain's Return.—The Enquiry of the Druids for Caractacus.—Hebrew Melody.—A Communication from "Lisson-street" (this is of too private a nature to admit of our inserting it).—I. W. H. on the Madness of Hamlet, in Opposition to Mr. W. Farren.—On the Promotion of Judges.—To Clara.—Stanzas on a Tress of Hair.—Harry Beauclerk.

THE

London Magazine.

JUNE, 1824.

MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK.*

THIS little book is not what it pretends to be, and, what rarely happens in such cases, it is much more. Under the unassuming title of Memoirs of Captain Rock, it is, in fact, a complete, though compendious History of Ireland; that is, such a history as Englishmen can read, a true summary of the measures pursued by this country towards that, divested of the barbarous names and traditional fabrications which have hitherto encumbered and obscured the subject. We have no hesitation in saying that it ought to be the manual of every one wishing for information on the affairs of Ireland; and if it be objected that the book is written in the spirit of partizanship, and should therefore be discredited, we admit the fact, while we deny the inference. It is certainly written in that spirit, but still the facts which have generated that spirit are all faithfully given, adduced from undeniable authorities, and it is utterly impossible for any one either to narrate or to read them without a similar feeling. It is not the fault of the historian that he has such details to present; but it would be worse than a fault if his condemnation of them did not follow as a corollary. A doubt might just as rationally be cast upon a history of the Inquisition, because the narrator, in transcribing it, could not forget that he was a man. Although we give the parallel merely as an illustration, we much fear that we might carry it farther—this, however, we leave to those who may peruse and reflect on the analysis which we feel it our duty to present.—With respect to Captain Rock himself, he is too well known to our Irish readers to require any description for their satisfaction—some of our friends here, however, may not be quite so *fortunate*, and to them, therefore, we give the brief information which has reached us. He is sprung from a very ancient family in Ireland, so old, indeed, that his name may be considered as in some degree symbolic of his origin. They were found by us in a flourishing state, on the invasion of Henry II. and even then, their date, like that of the Round Towers, had outlived tradition. They are almost the only Irish relic which English policy has not exterminated, but, strange to say, this family seem only to have prospered the more, in proportion as that policy has expanded. There are branches from this stock in almost every part of Ireland, but the south has generally been their head quarters. It is curious enough, that not one of them ever held a situation

* Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some Account of his Ancestors. London, 1824.

under government, yet they have all lived by it, and this, notwithstanding the most constant and undisguised hostility. Indeed, amongst the vicissitudes that often befel various sects and parties during the alternate ascendancy and fall of the respective powers to which they had attached themselves, the Rocks continued prosperous and independent, disdaining the patronage of any, and profiting by the errors of all. There was ever a military mania in the family, which induced many of them to become great travellers; although they were generally in opposition, the King, for the time being, has often turned this propensity to account, and at times most graciously defrayed their expences. Indeed, the very subject of the present memoir has himself thus personally experienced the royal bounty. The connexions of the Rocks are all almost as ancient as themselves, a truth which their very names will testify. The Moonlights, the Starlights, the Thunder and Lightnings, houses whose names are taken, not from any sublunary trade or invention, but from the elements of creation itself, are all intimately related to them. We cannot now go more minutely into particulars respecting the family itself; the great, general outlines which distinguish them are all eloquently detailed in this volume; which rather surprises us by its learning and its genius, knowing as we do how utterly despised such trifles have ever been by the most ancient families in Ireland. The present narrative was entrusted to the editor, by its author, a short time before his travels, under the following circumstances. The editor was sent to the south of Ireland, in the enviable situation of Missionary, by a society of old ladies, who generously assemble at the City of London tavern, for the purpose of civilizing that country. Travelling with this object in the mail coach, he became acquainted with a very communicative gentleman, disguised like Bob Logic, in a pair of green spectacles, with whom he held many conversations on the state of the south, little suspecting then that he was in company with no less a personage than the celebrated Captain Rock himself. Their subsequent recognition, and the receipt of the manuscript are well told, but for the particulars, we must refer our readers to the work itself, and hasten to more important matter. There is much and just ridicule thrown by this description on the absurd associations formed here by well-meaning but very ignorant persons, for the amelioration of Ireland. By the bye, among the most prominent of these we observed lately an account of a society formed for the purpose of printing and distributing the Bible in the *Irish language*, together with a list of many thousand copies which had already gone forth: this is very laudable, no doubt, and would be very useful *if the people could read*,—a trifling circumstance, which seems totally to have been overlooked by these Bible distributors; we will venture to assert without the fear of contradiction, that not one in half a million of the Irish peasantry, nor one in one hundred thousand of the Irish gentry could read one page of the language in which these bibles are printed, even though they were promised the fee simple of the island for the achievement. A very cursory perusal, indeed, of this book, will at once clearly account for the present barbarism of that country, and as clearly show that its civilization is out of the reach, not merely of any club or conventicle, but, we fear, even of those who ought to be most interested, both by duty and conscience, in its accomplishment. It is no easy matter either for the ministers of church or state to counteract the evil which seven such centuries as the last have been generating in Ireland.

The book begins, as memoirs ought to do, with some account of the family of its subject, the antiquity of which the author supposes to be coeval with that of the numerous and respectable race of the Wrongheads in England. For the first eleven hundred years, however, after the Christian æra, they gave but little promise of that enterprising spirit which has since distinguished them. This is imputed to the purity in the administration of public justice which then prevailed, and which is illustrated by the following authentic anecdote. "The chief judge,

on all solemn and interesting occasions, had a kind of collar placed round his neck, which possessed the wonderful power of contracting or relaxing, according to the impartiality of the sentence pronounced by him, and which pinched most inconveniently, when an unjust decision was uttered. It was called from one of their most just judges, Moran's collar; even to this day (says O'Halloran), in litigation between the people, *by the judgment of Moran's collar* is a most solemn appeal. The use of this collar has been since discontinued, on account of the risk of strangulation to which it exposed many honourable judges, and the collar itself was supposed to be lost; but, to the inexpressible joy of all lovers of Irish curiosities, it was again discovered a short time since, and is at present, I understand, worn on all occasions by the Chief Justice of Ireland, with the greatest possible ease and comfort to himself." A beautiful, and, we believe, a well deserved compliment to Chief Justice Bushe. What a blessing it would be if this collar could be multiplied! The origin of the family name is next, according to rule, inquired into, and an antiquarian suggestion is humourously hazarded, no doubt with as much reason, and certainly with more ingenuity, than graver etymologies which have cost many a midnight. "An idea exists in certain quarters, that the letters of which the name of Rock is composed are merely initials, and contain a prophetic announcement of the high destiny that awaits, at some time or other, that celebrated gentleman, Mr. Roger O'Connor, being, as they fill up the initials, the following awful words—Roger O'Connor, King!" Whatever may have been the antiquity of the family, or the derivation of the name, there can be no doubt, however, as to their occupation since the reign of Henry II. having been exclusively warlike; so much so, indeed, that the author of the present narrative enthusiastically exclaims—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

of which one of the family has given this truly spirited and classical translation—

Through Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster,
Rock's the boy to make the fun stir.

The manner, it seems, in which English legislation commenced in Ireland, was by merely inflicting a small fine for the murder of an Irishman; and several cases actually occur in "the books" in which the plea to such an accusation is, that the deceased was *a mere Irishman.* Captain Rock gives one so far back as the reign of Edward II. in which Richard de Wayley's being accused of the murder of one J. Mac Gillimovry, pleads, after admitting the death, "that he could not commit felony because the deceased was *a mere Irishman, and not of free blood.*" The following bitter lines on this subject are addressed by the author "to a certain personage, whose hatred of an Irishman is, at least, equal to his love of a guinea;" who this "personage" is, it will be perhaps safer for our readers to guess than for us to demonstrate.

Oh, had'st thou lived when ev'ry Saxon clown
First stabb'd his foe, and then paid half a crown;
With such a choice in thy well-balanced scale,
Say, would thy avarice or thy spite prevail?

We really know of no excuse for this barbarous enactment at the time when it took place, because there was then plenty of game in the country, and there was no necessity, as in later periods, to hunt the human species merely for amusement. We speak, of course, only of the earlier ages of the English sway, because fully aware that in latter times the diminution of the red deer and partridges might be urged in mitigation, with quite as much grace, as many excuses which we have heard for subsequent acts, less sanguinary perhaps, but certainly not more wise. Captain Rock dates, and with reason, the distinction of his family from the days of this enactment. A few of the laws which were passed previous to the reformation, in order *to conciliate the Irish, and induce them to incorporate freely with their invaders,* are here given; it at once annihilates the argument of those who affect to justify those penal enactments on re-

ligious grounds, that at this time oppressor and oppressed were of the same persuasion.

Love had *not* taught our Harry to be wise,
Nor gospel light *yet* beam'd from Boleyn's eyes.

In the reign of Edward III. it was promulgated "by royal mandate, that no mere Irishman should be admitted into any office or trust in any borough, city, or castle, in the King's land." Next, by the statutes of Kilkenny, it was enacted that "marriage, nurture, or gossipred with the Irish should be considered and punished as HIGH TREASON!" It was also made highly penal in the English to "permit their Irish neighbours to graze their lands, to present them to ecclesiastical benefices, or to receive them into monasteries or religious houses." It was made penal also "to entertain their bards who perverted the imagination by romantic tales." We remember in our own times hearing of a poetic revenge being taken by one of the last of the bards, poor Carolan, upon a porter called O'Flynn, who refused him the access to which he considered himself traditionally entitled—On leaving the door of the inhospitable mansion, he immediately struck up his harp to the following witty and bitter impromptu. Those who know the energy and comprehensiveness of the Irish language will readily believe that it does not gain by the translation.

What a pity Hell's gates were not kept by O'Flynn,
So surly a dog would let nobody in.

The reader will not be surprised to hear that the natives, ground down by these infamous enactments, were weary of their birth-place, and desired to leave it—he will, however, doubtless, scarcely credit the fact that, though their country was thus rendered intolerable to them as a residence, they were, by a statute of Henry IV, actually forbidden to emigrate. "Those whom the English refused to incorporate with as subjects, they would yet compel to remain as rebels or as slaves. We have heard of a bridge of gold for a flying enemy, but an Act of Parliament to compel him to stand his ground could only have been passed by an Irish Legislature." It was in the eleventh year of this reign enacted, that "no Irish enemy should be permitted to depart from the realm." Irish enemy was the current appellation given by the invaders to the people, amongst whom they came to settle. Thus those who remained were excluded from every constitutional privilege or human right, and those who attempted to escape from the unnatural helotry were condemned as criminals! Suffering under such impolitic and oppressive infliction, this people over and over again appealed to the Kings of England for protection. The appeals and the answers are on record. Such was the British policy up to the period of Henry VIII. whom we find, with the utmost simplicity, expressing his surprise that "his subjects of this land should be so prone to faction and rebellion, and that so little advantage had been hitherto derived from the acquisitions of his predecessors, notwithstanding the fruitfulness and natural advantages of Ireland." "Surprising, indeed (exclaims Captain Rock), that a policy, such as we have been describing, should not have converted the whole country into a perfect Atlantis of happiness—should not have made it like the imaginary island of Sir Thomas More, where 'tota insula velut una familia est!' Most stubborn, truly, and ungrateful must that people be, upon whom, up to the very hour at which I write, such a long and unvarying course of penal laws, confiscations, and insurrection acts, has been tried, without making them in the least degree in love with their rulers!" Under such circumstances, it is not much to be wondered at that the Captain formed a treaty offensive and defensive with the Mac Cartys, and O'Briens, and all those whom the title of Mac or O proved to be genuine Milesian—a title, it appears, which precludes the success of any alien intruder.

Per *Mac* atque *O* tu veros cognoscis Hibernos;
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest.

thus translated by one of our celebrated poets:

By Mac and O
You'll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
For if they lack
Both O and Mac,
No Irishmen are they.

Such were the acts by which the people of Ireland were prepared for the reformation. Under any circumstances, a total and radical change in the religion of a country is not easily effected; but when that change was advocated by those who had grown hoarse in shouting the war-cry against the selected converts, there was no wonder that it was "fiercely and at once rejected." The hands which erected the altar of Protestantism in Ireland were red with the blood of the natives, and those who survived naturally shrunk from what they considered not the shrine of peace, but the sanctuary of murder. Many who preached the reformation in that country, indeed, set about the good work rather with the fury of renegades than the zeal of Christians. Let us hear what Leland says on this subject. Leland is the "only *Irish* authority" on which Captain Rock rests, but he says (and says very truly, unless the character of the Fellows of Trinity College Dublin was much more liberal in Leland's time than it is now), that this historian "was sufficiently protected against any undue partiality to his country by a fellowship in the university of Dublin, a Prebend in St. Patrick's cathedral, and a Chaplaincy at the Castle—all good securities against political heterodoxy." "Under pretence," says he, "of obeying the orders of the state, they (that is, the advocates of the reformation), seized all the most valuable furniture of the churches, which they exposed to sale without decency or reserve. The Irish annalists pathetically describe the garrison of Athlone issuing forth with a barbarous and heathen fury, and pillaging the famous church of Clonmacnoise, tearing away the most inoffensive ornaments, so as to leave the shrine of their favourite saint, Kieran, a hideous monument of sacrilege." These Vandal reformers even burned the venerated crozier of St. Patrick,—an act of barbarism as useless as it was inhuman. There was but one body of men in Ireland who grasped with, at least an apparent, cordiality the bloody hand of the Reformation—strange and almost incredible to relate, that body was the bishops! "Most of the temporal Lords," adds Leland, "were those whose descendants, even to our own days, continue firmly attached to the Romish communion; but *far the greater part of the prelates were such as quietly enjoyed their sees by conforming occasionally to different modes of religion.*" This discreditable versatility, however, did not extend beyond the church; the laity were stedfast in their faith, and Captain Rock at once triumphantly vindicates his Milesian, and gratifies his anti-Saxon prejudices by the declaration that "the obstinate perseverance of the Irish in their old belief is not perhaps more remarkable than the readiness with which the people of England veered about from one religion to another during the three reigns that succeeded the reformation;" "they were (says he, quoting Loyd), during the interval between Mary's accession and her first parliament, like the Jewish children after the captivity, speaking a middle language, between Hebrew and Ashdod." The Captain, of course, is no great friend to the statesmen and bishops of any country; but, to do him justice, he is impartial in his animosity, and, lest those of England should sneer at the harlequinade just described as having been so nimbly performed by the Irish prelacy, he declares, quoting good authorities as he goes—that the great reformer Latimer changed his opinion no less than eight different times!—that Cranmer's faith was continually changing, he being at one time a persecutor of all who denied transubstantiation, a stickler for pilgrimages, purgatory, &c. and at another denouncing all such principles as heretical—that many eminent and excellent worthies contrived, notwithstanding the very opposite interests that prevailed in the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, to hold situations of trust under all those sovereigns, and, though last not least, that Sir Anthony St. Leger, who had been entrusted with the government of Ireland, when the new regulations of divine worship were to be established in the reign of Edward, was again made Deputy in the time of Mary, when these same re-

gulations were to be all abolished!! What a picture is this of human consistency! Little then is it to be wondered at that Captain Rock should usher in the reign of the regal reformer himself with the following paragraph of bitter jocularity. "Henry VIII. who was as fond of theology as of dancing, executed various *pirouettes* in the former line, through which he, rather unreasonably, compelled the whole nation to follow him: and, difficult as it was to keep pace with his changes, either as believer, author, or husband, or to know which of his creeds he wished to be maintained, which of his books he wished to be believed, or which of his wives he wished not to be beheaded, the people of England, to do them justice, obeyed every signal of his caprice with a suppleness quite wonderful, and danced the hays with their monarch and his unfortunate wives through every variety of mystery and murder into which Thomas Aquinas and the executioner could lead them." Popery, however, as England still remembers, made a desperate, though fortunately an ineffectual rally in this country during the reign of Mary, and it certainly is a singular and striking circumstance, that this period, every hour of which might be counted by blood-drops in England, was in Ireland an "interval of peace and quietness." Nay, such, says Ware, was the tranquillity of the time that "several English families, *friends to the reformation*, fled to Ireland, and there enjoyed their opinions and worship, without notice or molestation." A strange fact! That the only part of the kingdom in which the reformers found safety and toleration, was precisely that in which they had forfeited every claim to both! .... The reign of Elizabeth presents however a very different scene—a scene of wholesale robbery and extermination! The Queen herself seems to have been at length conscience-struck at the conduct of her Viceroys, and exclaimed, on receiving some representation of grievances, "Alas, how I fear lest it be objected to us, as it was to Tiberius, by Bato, 'You, you it is that are in fault, who have committed your flocks, not to shepherds, but to wolves.'" There was but little wonder that she should thus express herself, when we find, under the government of Lord Grey, the comfortable assurance given her, that "little was left in Ireland for her Majesty to reign over but carcasses and ashes!" That the Viceroy himself was nothing loth in prosecuting this system of benevolence, we may collect from his butchering in cold blood the garrison of Smerwick in Kerry, consisting of seven hundred men, who had surrendered to him *on mercy!* They were first disarmed and then murdered, and the English reader will start, we doubt not, when he hears that the head butcher on the occasion stands eminent in the annals of his country—"it is not without pain,(says Leland,) that we find a service, so horrid and detestable, committed to Sir Walter Raleigh!" The effect of this policy in Munster, the most beautiful and richest part of Ireland, is best described by Spenser the poet, in his tract on the state of that unfortunate country. "Notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, yet, ere one year and a half, they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynns, they came creeping forth upon their hands, for *their legs could not bear them*; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; *they did eat the dead carrions, yea, and one another soon after; insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves*, and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there withal; that in short space there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man or beast!!!" Who would imagine that in the midst of such scenes the "Fairy Queen" was written? Time, and Vandalism, in Ireland more ruinous than time, have left some traces still of the castle, in which the poet, by the redemption of his genius endeavoured to atone for the depravity by which he was surrounded." Into the rebellion, the effect of which is thus piteously described, was the Earl of Desmond driven by Elizabeth's governors, who "had long looked with a watchful eye, (says

Spenser,) on his immense possessions, and thinking him too tempting as an enemy to be suffered to remain as a friend, *wrung him into undutifulness.*" Their inhuman policy was successful —five hundred and seventy four thousand six hundred and twenty-eight acres were on this occasion the wages of blood. In Ulster and Munster the same system was adopted. "In these provinces, the soldiers, (says Morison,) encouraged by the example of their officers, every where cut down the standing corn with their swords, and devised every means to deprive the wretched inhabitants of the necessaries of life. Famine was judged the speediest and most effectual means of reducing them. The like expedient was practised in the northern provinces. The governor of Carrickfergus, Sir Arthur Chichester, issued from his quarters, and for twenty miles round reduced the country to a desert. Sir Samuel Bagnal, with the garrison of Newry, proceeded with the same severity and laid waste all the adjacent lands." Captain Rock has left it out of the power of any partizan of the "good Queen Bess" to screen her from a participation in these sanguinary measures. The very best evidence is produced against her—*herself*. "Be not dismayed (said she, on hearing that O'Neal meditated some designs against her government), *tell my friends, if he arise it will turn to their advantage; there will be estates for them who want.*" Indeed, it appears that her fears, as expressed above, of being assimilated to Tiberius, were perfectly understood by her political advisers. It would be difficult for any profligate minister to give more odious counsel to the Roman monster than that which Elizabeth unblushingly received and basely acted on. "Should we exert ourselves (say her deputies, in a dispatch addressed to their royal mistress), in reducing this country to order and civility, it must soon acquire power, consequence, and riches. The inhabitants will be thus alienated from England; they will cast themselves into the arms of some foreign power, or perhaps erect themselves into an independent and separate state. *Let us rather connive at their disorders:* for a weak and disordered people never can attempt to detach themselves from the crown of England!" The reign of James I. seems to have inspired the Irish with some hopes of amelioration, but certainly those hopes were founded on very slender grounds, arising, as they did, from the ambiguous toleration of a monarch who declared, that "he was loth to *hang a priest* only *for religion-sake* and saying mass." James however, pedant and coxcomb as he undoubtedly was, was still an honest bigot; and, lest the matter should remain at all in doubt, he forthwith issued a proclamation, from which the following is an extract: "Whereas his Majesty is informed that his subjects of Ireland have been deceived by a false report, that his Majesty was disposed to allow them liberty of conscience and the free choice of a religion; he hereby declares to his *beloved* subjects of Ireland, that he will *not* admit any such liberty of conscience as they were made to expect by such report!!" Immediately after this, to prove to his "*beloved*" subjects that he was in earnest, James banished the priests—denounced all who harboured them—forbade the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion—forced the Roman Catholics to attend Protestant worship on appointed days, and, to cap the climax of his oppressions, established Roman Catholic inquisitors, whose duty it was to inform against their own brethren who in any way infringed upon the penal statutes! Well and truly might James tell his beloved that he would not allow them liberty of conscience. Having thus settled all controversial points on the subject of religion like a true theological disputant, he then paternally set about the regulation of their civil concerns. "After (says Captain Rock) some centuries of hints from the people themselves, it was at last found out by the Attorney General of King James, that my countrymen were by nature fond of law and justice; but, as both together would have been too much for their unenlightened minds, it was so contrived as to give them the former without the latter; and it is a curious proof of the '*amari aliquid*,' which has always mingled with even the benefits we have received from England, that the first use made of the English law, on its first regular introduction into Ireland, was to rob thousands of the unfortunate na-

tives of their property. Under pretence of a judicial inquiry into defective titles, a system of spoliation was established throughout the whole country, and the possessions of every man placed at the mercy of any creature of the crown, who could detect a flaw or failure in his title." By way of rendering this state process quite impartial, every jury who refused to find a title in the king was fined in the star-chamber and committed to prison. Of course, as we may suppose, juries in general were rather deaf to arguments in favour of the possessor: but, for the honour of human nature, we are glad to subjoin that on some occasions, all personal considerations were merged in the noble principles of justice; the unavailing struggle however only added to the victims those men who had dared conscientiously to vindicate them. In one case, *a whole county* was swept into the treasury by this process. "In the year 1611 (says Leland) on the seizure of the county of Wexford, when, upon a commission to inquire out his Majesty's title to the county, the jury offered their verdict of '*ignoramus*' to the king's title, the commissioners refused to accept it, and bound the jury to appear before them in the Exchequer court, where, when five of them still refused to find the title in the king, the commissioners committed them to prison!" Captain Rock, upon this subject, has converted a jest of Fielding's into rhyme, which, if the critic should say has not the poet's fire, the historian may vindicate by adding, that it wants his fiction.

The Irish had long made a deuce of a
clatter,
And wrangled, and fought about *meum*
et tuum,
Till England stept in and decided the
matter,
By kindly converting it all into *suum*.

It is a curious fact that this reign, marked, as we see it was, by religious persecution and civil rapine, was yet distinguished by the absence of almost all popular commotion! The annalists are grievously posed to account for this anomaly, and the solutions attempted by some of them, both English and Irish, are ludicrous in the extreme. Mr. O'Halloran declares that, because King James was a descendant of Milesius, they bore it all *in honour* of their ancestor! "Like the Irishman lately, (adds Captain Rock,) who was nearly murdered on St. Patrick's day, but forgave his assailant, *for the sake of the Saint!*" Sir John Davies on the other hand (he was the King's Attorney-General), takes a different, but certainly not less novel view of the matter. He says that "the multitude, being brayed, as it were in a mortar, with sword, famine, and pestilence together, (a blessed compound!) submitted themselves to the English government, received the laws and magistrates, and most gladly embraced King James's pardon and peace in all parts of the realm with *demonstrations of joy and comfort!*" Now, that our friends on the other side of the water have been sometimes accused of a little intellectual confusion we are aware, but still it is clear that they must be greatly improved in this respect since the days of Sir John Davies. We would not venture this upon our own authority, but having personally conferred with several Irish gentlemen who have come over here to study the law, they declared, one and all, that there are now very rare instances, at least, in their counties, of persons who consider that "being brayed in a mortar with sword, famine, and pestilence *together*," is at all contributory to personal comfort. To be sure, we have not asked them what they thought of any of these ingredients *separately*. Indeed, the Irish are monstrously improved since the Union. To whatever cause this alarming tranquillity is attributable, it seems to have created much dejection in the family of the Rocks—the following fine ode was composed on the occasion, the translation of which is modestly described as by no means conveying the abrupt and bursting energy of the original.

RUPES sonant carmina. *Virgil.*

Where art thou, Genius of Riot?
Where is thy yell of defiance?
Why are the Sheas and O'Shaughnessies
quiet?
And whither have fled the O'Rourkes and
O'Briens?

Up from thy slumber, O'Brannigan!
Rouse the Mac Shanes and O'Haggerties!

Courage, Sir Corney O'Toole—be a man again—
Never let Heffernan say—"What a braggart 'tis!"

Oh! when rebellion's so feasible,
Where is the kern would be slinking off?
CON OF THE BATTLES! what makes you so peaceable?
NIAL THE GRAND! what the devil are you thinking of?....

The reign of Charles I. represented in Ireland by the splendid but infamous Strafford, aggravated as far as it was possible the atrocities of James. His government in Ireland was, on a small scale, a perfect model of despotism, combining all the brute coercion of the East with all the refined perfidy and machiavelism of the West, and giving full rein to talents of the noblest breed, in the most unbounded career of oppression and injustice. In one of his letters he asserts, "now the King is as absolute here as any prince in the whole world can be." There was, however, a lustre thrown round the bad acts of this man by "those rare abilities of his, of which (says Lord Digby) God gave him the use, but the Devil the application." We must let Captain Rock himself epitomise the sway of Cromwell—we have not the vanity to think ourselves capable of improving language which patriotism seems to have inspired and genius polished. "As if no possible change of circumstances could exempt this wretched people from suffering, after having been so vigorously persecuted and massacred under the Royal government, as rebels, they were now still more vigorously persecuted and massacred under the parliamentary government, as royalists; and what with the Lords Justices on one side, and Cromwell and Ireton on the other, assisted by a pestilence which was the least cruel enemy of the whole, they were at last reduced to a state very nearly realizing that long-desired object of English policy—their extirpation. Little more indeed was left of the Catholic population than was barely sufficient to give life to the desolate region of Connaught, into which they were now driven like herds of cattle by Cromwell, under the menace of a proclamation, that, 'all of them who, after that time, should be found in any other part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child, might be killed by any body who saw or met them;'—while their estates, which at that time constituted at least nine tenths of the landed property of the country, were divided among his officers and soldiers, and among those adventurers who had advanced money for the war. Such was Cromwell's way of settling the affairs of Ireland—and, if a nation *is* to be ruined, this perhaps is as good a way as any. It is at least more humane than the slow, lingering process of exclusion, disappointment, and degradation, by which their hearts are worn out under more specious forms of tyranny." Cromwell was afraid, we suppose, that his Christianity might be suspected if he deviated from the Gospel conduct of his legitimate predecessors; and, to put all suspicion out of the question, he determined to improve on it. He actually set the price of five pounds upon *the head of a priest*, being the exact sum at which he had previously rated *the head of a wolf!* Cromwell, who, like the devil, could quote scripture to his purpose, told his troops that they were to treat the Irish as Joshua treated the Canaanites, and accordingly "all the spoils of the cities and the cattle they took for a prey unto themselves, and every man they smote with the edge of the sword, until they had destroyed them; neither left they any to breathe." Acting, no doubt, upon this scripture principle, he promised the garrison of Drogheda quarter, and, on their surrender, began a massacre which lasted five days! "I wish, (said he, after narrating this exploit to parliament,) *that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of* THIS MERCY *belongs*."—When the usurpation of Cromwell closed, it was supposed, as a matter of course, that the Irish, who were the last defenders of the Royal cause, would have received their merited remuneration. It would seem however to be really their fate to be equally ill-treated whether they were loyal or rebellious! The very first act of Charles II. on his restoration, was to declare that they had been conquered by *his Majesty's protestant subjects* (Cromwell, Ireton, and Co.), and that their estates became vested in the crown!!—"Thus, (exclaims Lord Clare, in his speech

on the Union,) seven millions eight hundred thousand acres of land were set out to a motley crew of English adventurers, civil and military, nearly to the total exclusion of the old inhabitants of the island. And thus, a new colony of new settlers, composed of all the various sects which then infested England—Independents, Anabaptists, Seceders, Brownists, Socinians, Millenarians, and Dissenters of every description, many of them infected with the leaven of democracy, poured into Ireland, and were put into possession of the ancient inheritance of its inhabitants."—The reign of James II. was more disastrous, if possible, to the Irish than any which preceded it, and disastrous solely from their loyalty. James, as is well known, took refuge in Ireland, making in that country his last stand against his son-in-law—or rather his last run from him; for had James stood his ground as he ought, his case would have been far from desperate. But James did not choose to put "his life upon a cast," nor would he stand any "hazard" whatsoever. "Change Kings with us (exclaimed a captain in Sarsfield's regiment,) and we'll fight it over again with you." The Irish Catholics have attached to this monarch a very homely appellation, in consequence of his conduct at the battle of the Boyne. The situation of the Irish at the revolution of 1688 may well be considered by Captain Rock as anomalous. "If they were loyal to the King *de jure*, they were hanged by the King *de facto*; and if they escaped with life from the King *de facto*, it was but to be plundered and proscribed by the King *de jure* afterwards.

Hac *gener* atque *socer* coeant mercede suorum.—*Virgil.*

In a manner so summary, prompt, and high-mettled,
'Twixt father and son-in-law matters were settled.

"In fact, most of the outlawries in Ireland were for treason committed the very day on which the Prince and Princess of Orange accepted the crown in the Banqueting-house; though the news of this event could not possibly have reached the other side of the channel on the same day, and the Lord Lieutenant of King James with an army to enforce obedience was at that time in actual possession of the government! So little was common sense consulted, or the mere decency of forms observed, by that rapacious spirit which nothing less than the confiscation of the whole island could satisfy."

After James's departure the people maintained a brave but ineffectual struggle; it was terminated by the capitulation of Limerick on the faith of articles, by which the Roman Catholics were guaranteed liberty of conscience and security of property. These articles were solemnly ratified under the great seal of England. The wax was not cold, however, when the foundation of the penal code was laid, and acts were passed for disarming the papists—for banishing the regular clergy out of the kingdom—for preventing Catholics from intermarrying with Protestants, and a variety of others which it is revolting to remember, and would be still more so to repeat! This was followed by the additional confiscation of one million, sixty thousand, seven hundred and ninety-two acres! It is stated as a curious fact, that at the time of the capitulation of Limerick, William had actually a proclamation prepared and about to be promulgated, offering to the Catholics the free exercise of their religion, half the church establishment of Ireland, and the moiety of their ancient properties! "This was called (says Leland) the *secret proclamation*; because, though printed, it was never published, having been suppressed on the first intelligence of the treaty of Limerick." The Catholics, however, have no great cause to regret this suppression, unless they can attach more credit to the naked promise of a King than to his signature, backed by the great seal of England. The conscience which swallowed a treaty would not have been very apt to strain at a proclamation. Captain Rock, however, certainly does seem to attach to King William a character for liberality, for which, in his Irish conduct at least, we confess we do not see the justification. The reason given is contained in this extract from a letter written by him to the Emperor *before his expedition to England.* "I ought to entreat your Imperial Majesty to be assured, that I will employ all my credit to provide

that the Roman Catholics of that country may enjoy liberty of conscience, and be put out of fear of being persecuted on account of their religion." Unfortunately, however, the promises of men out of office, and their practice in it, are very different things, nor can we see any thing in William's conduct to Ireland after his accession to incline us, against the scripture precept, to put "faith in princes." That the Irish Protestants estimate his friendship more highly than the Irish Catholics have any cause to do his faith, appears from the fact that he is to this day the idol of the Orangemen. A standing toast of their lodges (if indeed that can be well called a *standing* toast which is seldom given until they are unable to stand) is contained in the following very pious and patriotic sentence—"Come, my boys—I give you the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from Pope and Popery, James and slavery, wooden shoes and brass money—here, my boys, here's bad luck to the Pope, and a hempen rope to *all papists*"—(*nine times nine on their knees*)!!! The reigns of Anne and George I complete the account of Captain Rock's ancestors. This period is lightly passed over, as being chiefly occupied in the perfection of the penal code, which they brought at last to so high a degree of polish as to extort for it from Burke the following no very enviable eulogium—"It was truly a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the impoverishment, oppression, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." The following prayers of petitions, extracted from the journals of the Irish House of Commons, prove how completely *Christianity* had at that time infused its divine spirit into all classes, however humble, of the people. One was presented by the *protestant porters* of Dublin, against one Darby Ryan, "a captain under the late King James and *a papist*, notoriously disaffected, who bought up whole *cargoes of coals, and employed those of his own persuasion to carry the same to his customers!*" Another from the Dublin hackney coachmen prayed the House "that it might be enacted, that none *but protestant hackney coachmen might have liberty to keep and drive hackney coaches!*" Swift, with inimitable humour, improves upon this by gravely declaring that, if the *Dublin cries* are allowed to continue "*they ought to be only trusted in the hands of protestants, who had given security to the government.*" These were followed up by a proposal actually made in the Irish House, "which," says Captain Rock, "I know not how to describe, except by saying, that it deserves, perhaps, *par excellence*, the designation of a *penal* law, and by referring for the atrocious particulars to Curry, Plowden, and other historians." On the subject of this proposal, which *materially interested* the Roman Catholic clergy, we cannot possibly be more minute than the delicacy of the Captain has precluded him from being. We may, however, just add, that if it was intended in aid of their canonical vow of celibacy, the "wisdom of our ancestors" never yet devised a measure more pertinent to its purpose. The cabinet of England rejected it with indignation.

Captain Rock, the present autobiographer, was born in the year 1763, on the very day "on which good father Sheehy, the parish priest of Clogheen, was hanged at Clonmell on the testimony of a perjured witness, for a crime of which he was *as innocent as the child unborn.*" As tithe matters seemed likely to occupy much of the attention of the family, and as he happened to be a *tenth* son, it struck his father that the ancient Irish mode of dedicating the tenth child to the service of the church might be revived in his person with considerable propriety. He accordingly had him christened *Decimus*, and resolved, if his talent lay that way, to bring him up exclusively to the tithe department. Another motive which induced him to this step was, the existence of the following prophecy in the family, to which, like a good catholic, he clung tenaciously in the days of his dejection.

As long as Ireland shall pretend,
Like sugar loaf turn'd upside down,
To stand upon its smaller end,
So long shall live old ROCK's renown.

As long as popish spade and scythe
Shall dig and cut the * Sassanagh's tithe,
And popish purses pay the tolls
On heaven's road for Sassanagh souls—
As long as millions shall kneel down
To ask of thousands for their own,
While thousands proudly turn away,
And to the millions answer "nay"—
So long the merry reign shall be
Of Captain Rock and his family.

The education of the Captain is ushered in by a chapter on the various public boards and institutions, for the instruction of youth, established by the government in Ireland, which those who wish for much amusing information on that subject would do well to read; they are summed up by the author as one of the means of effectually "benighting, beggaring, and brutalizing the Irish people." His own immediate tuition was entrusted to one of the *indigenous* pedagogues of the soil usually denominated "hedge-schoolmasters," from the antiquity of the place in which the academy was held—namely, the open air. Captain Rock thinks his school ought rather to have been denominated a university, because "the little students having first received the rudiments of their education in a ditch, were from thence promoted in due time, to graduate under the hedge." The following humourous account of the *abduction* of a schoolmaster is given as a custom formerly by no means uncommon—a similar account is indeed to be found in Lady Morgan's Sketches in Ireland. "A few miles from our village, on the other side of the river, there was a schoolmaster of much renown and some Latin, whose pupils we had long envied for their possession of such an instructor, and still more, since we had been deprived of our own. At last, upon consulting with my brother graduates of the hedge, a bold measure was resolved upon, which I had the honour of being appointed leader to carry into effect. One fine moonlight night, crossing the river in full force, we stole upon the slumbers of the unsuspecting schoolmaster, and carrying him off in triumph from his disconsolate disciples, placed him down in the same cabin that had been occupied by the deceased Abecedarian. It is not to be supposed that the transfluvian tyros submitted patiently to this infringement of literary property—on the contrary, the famous war for the rape of Helen was but a skirmish to that which arose on the *enlevement* of the schoolmaster; and, after alternate victories and defeats on both sides, the contest ended by leaving our party in peaceable possession of the pedagogue, who remained contentedly amongst us many years, to the no small increase of Latin in the neighbourhood. Such, gentle reader, is the unceremonious way in which matters of love, law, and learning are settled among us. Whether the desired object be cattle, young ladies, or schoolmasters, *abduction* is the process resorted to most commonly." The principal books which these worthy preceptors select as manuals for their young pupils, are given in an accurate catalogue: the reader will not fail to remark, that "Moll Flanders" is amongst them. By the bye, this book seems to be particularly obnoxious to the Roman Catholic clergy—whether it is from their habitual continence we know not, but one and all, they have met and disclaimed poor Moll Flanders!—"Come one, come all," however, the authority of Captain Rock is not to be disputed. In whatever odour Moll may now be, it clearly appears that she was once a favourite—this seems the age, however, for great men to forego their *predilections*.

The state of Ireland, from the revolution, till, in fact, the year 1782, is described as one of complete dependence upon England. The Irish parliament was a kind of "chapel of ease" to that of Westminster—every bill was subject to the censure of a Privy Council, and the revision of an English Attorney General—in short, the country had as little to do with the proceedings of the legislature, as "a corpse has with the inquest the coroner holds over it." Government, however, was obliged to keep some of the great families in pay, so as to exhibit some decent show of debate and disquisition, but, in time, these "undertakers," as they were called,

* The Irish term for a protestant or Englishman.

became so exorbitant in their demands, that it was necessary to recruit others into the corps of corruption. Lord Townshend bought over as many patriots as were necessary, and the names of Loftus, Beresford, &c. showed the old stipendiaries, the Leinsters, Ponsonbys, and Shannons, that *business* might be done without them. The pension list was accordingly swollen 65000*l.* a year beyond the sum vested in the discretion of the crown. It would be tedious, if not endless, to enumerate all the artifices by which talent was corrupted, and corruption strengthened, but some slight idea of it may be formed from the fact, that "under the administration of Lord Harcourt, for the purpose of recruiting the treasury bench against the meeting of parliament, five earls, seven viscounts, and eighteen baronets, were all made in one day!" Let the annals of parliamentary management match that if they can. We cannot wonder that "the venality, peculation, and extravagance exhibited in the higher departments of the state soon spread through the lower. A *concordat* of mutual connivance was established throughout—and clerks, with a salary of 100*l.* a year, entertained their principals with fine dinners and claret, out of the perquisites. In the ordnance department, it was found in Lord Buckingham's time, that the arms, ammunition, and military accoutrements, condemned as useless, *were stolen out at one gate, brought in at the other, and charged anew to the public account!!!*" The time, however, was at last come when Ireland was to exhibit something of the port and show of freedom — while the American struggle was in progress, England, who had been strong in oppressing Ireland, found out that she was too weak to defend her—the fleets of France and Spain rode in the channel, and the British cabinet were obliged to concede to the Irish volunteers the task of defending their country from invasion. The danger was averted—but a warning voice arose amongst the people, and, under the guidance of Grattan, the volunteers held their arms in their hands till they extorted for their country a free trade, and an independent legislature. The Irish people naturally hailed this æra as the birth-day of their glory—but, alas, it only gleamed and vanished, and in the words of its creator, he who "sat by the cradle of that independence, followed its hearse." The reflections excited at this period in the bosom of Captain Rock are thus feelingly and beautifully described. "And here—as a free confession of weaknesses constitutes the chief charm and use of biography—I will candidly own that the dawn of prosperity and concord, which I now saw breaking over the fortunes of my country, so dazzled and deceived my youthful eyes, and so unsettled every hereditary notion of what I owed to my name and family, that—shall I confess it? I even hailed with pleasure the prospects of peace and freedom that seemed opening around me; nay, was ready, in the boyish enthusiasm of the moment, to sacrifice my own personal interest in all future riots and rebellions, to the one bright, seducing object of my country's liberty and repose. This I own was weakness; but it was a weakness '*plus fort que moi.*' I ought to have learned better from the example of my revered father, who, too proud and shrewd to cheat himself with hope, had resolved to make the best of his only inheritance—despair. I might have learned, better too, even from the example of our rulers—who not only have never indulged in any castle-building for Ireland themselves, but have done their best to dispel as soon as formed the bright 'dreams into the future' of others. But I was young and enthusiastic, and this must be my excuse. When I contemplated such a man as the venerable Charlemont, whose nobility was to the people like a fort over a valley —elevated above them solely for their defence; who introduced the polish of the courtier into the camp of the freeman, and served his country with all that pure, platonic devotion, which a true knight in the times of chivalry proffered to his mistress; when I listened to the eloquence of Grattan, the very music of freedom—her first fresh matin song, after a long night of slavery, degradation, and sorrow — when I saw the bright offerings which he brought to the shrine of his country, wisdom, genius, courage, and patience, invigorated and embellished by all those

social domestic virtues, without which, the loftiest talents stand isolated in the moral waste around them, like the pillars of Palmyra, towering in a wilderness; when I reflected on all this, it not only disheartened me from the mission of discord which I had undertaken, but made me secretly hope that it might be rendered unnecessary; and that a country which could produce such men, and achieve such a revolution, might yet, in spite of the joint efforts of the government and my family, take her rank in the scale of nations, and be happy!" These visions, however, were soon dispelled by old Rock, the father, who thus in prophetic language drew aside the curtain which hung between him and futurity, and showed the actual features of the country in its hour of national jubilee and triumph. The sketch is indeed given with the hand of a master. "A parliament emancipated, it is true, from Poyning's law, but rotten to the heart with long habits of corruption, and ready to fall at the first touch of the tempter—a conspiracy against the very existence of this parliament, meditated even now in the birth-hour of her independence, and only reserved, like Meleager's billet, till the fit moment of her extinction arrives—an aristocracy left free by this measure, without the restraints of an appellate jurisdiction, to give the fullest swing to their tyranny and caprice—five-sixths of the population still shut out from that boasted constitution, whose blessings, like the 'sealed fountain' of Solomon kept exclusively for his own private drinking, are still reserved for a small privileged *caste* alone—a spirit of intolerance even among those self-styled patriots, who 'think it freedom when themselves are free,' and who, though standing in the fullest sunshine of the constitution, would not believe in the *substance* of their liberty if they did not see it cast a shadow of slavery over others—an established church rising rapidly into power and wealth, and wringing her wealth from the very vitals of those whom her power is employed in oppressing and persecuting: such are the principal ingredients of which this happy country is composed at present, and such the materials of future discord on which the dynasty of the ROCKS may confidently calculate, for the long continuance, if not perpetuation, of their reign." Soon after this speech, which proved his last, old Rock departed this life, having been wounded in a skirmish with some parish officers, who had seized the cow of a poor woman for church rates, and were driving it off in triumph to the pound, amid the lamentations of her little ones. The description of old Rock must, by no means, be omitted. It is a painting for which every individual peasant of the old Milesian race may have sat, and is given with infinite truth and humour. "My father's character was an assemblage of all those various ingredients that meet and ferment in the heads and hearts of Irishmen. Though brave as a lion, his courage was always observed to be in the inverse proportion of the numbers he had to assist him; and though ready to attempt even the impossible when alone, an adequate force was sure to diminish his confidence, and superiority in numbers over the enemy was downright fatal to him. The pride which he took in his ancestry was the more grand and lofty, from being founded altogether on fancy—a well authenticated pedigree, however noble, would have destroyed the illusion. I was indeed indebted for my first glimmering knowledge of the history and antiquities of Ireland, to those evening conversaziones round our small turf fire, where, after a frugal repast upon that imaginative dish 'potatoes and point,' my father used to talk of the traditions of other times —of the first coming of the Saxon strangers among us—of the wars that have been ever since waged between them, and the *real* Irish, who, by a blessed miracle, though exterminated under every succeeding Lord Lieutenant, are still as good as new, and ready to be exterminated again —of the great deeds done by the Rocks in former days, and the prophecy which foretells to them a long race of glory to come—all which the grandams of the family would wind up with such stories of the massacres committed by Black Tom (Lord Strafford), and Old Oliver, as have often sent me to bed with the dark faces of these terrible persons flitting before my eyes. His hospitality was

ever ready at the call of the stranger; and it was usual with us at meal time (a custom still preserved among the cottiers of the south) for each member of the family to put by a potatoe and a drop of milk, as a contribution for the first hungry wanderer that should present himself at the door. Strangers, however, to be thus well received, must come to pass through our neighbourhood, not to settle in it; for, in the latter case, the fear of their dispossessing any of the actual occupants by offering more to the agent or middle man, for the few acres each held of him at will, made them objects, far more of jealousy than of hospitality—and summary means were always taken to quicken their transit from among us. When oppression is up to the brim, every little accident that may cause it to overflow is watched with apprehension; but where this feeling did not interfere, hospitality had its full course, and a face never seen before, and never to be seen again, was always sure of the most cordial welcome. Of my father's happy talent for wit and humour, I could fill my page with innumerable specimens—all seasoned with that indescribable sort of vernacular relish which Cicero attributes to the old Roman pleasantry. But half the effect would be lost unless I could 'print his face with the joke;' besides, the charm of that Irish tone would be wanting, which gives such rich effect to the enunciation of Irish humour, and which almost inclines us to think, while we listen to it, that a brogue is almost the only music to which wit should be set. That sort of confused eddy, too, which the back-water of wit's current often makes, and which in common parlance is called a *bull*, very frequently, of course, occurred in my father's conversation. It is well known, however, that this sort of blunder among the Irish is as different from the blunders of duller nations, as the bull Serapis was from all other animals of the same name; and that, like him, if they do not quite owe their origin to celestial fire, they have, at least, a large infusion of lunar rays in them."

We are sorry we cannot give the entire of this description, but the length to which our analysis has gone renders it impossible. Much of this volume is devoted to a detail of the privations which the Irish Catholics endure, and into this discussion we do not mean to follow it. The Roman Catholics themselves seem inclined, as far as they can, to rivet their fetters still closer. The port which they have of late assumed seems to savour far more of defiance than supplication; they really force even their friends to inquire, if, prostrate as they pretend to be, they can get up a mock parliament of their own, institute inquiries into the courts of justice, levy taxes in the shape of Catholic rent, vote most insulting and almost libellous addresses, and frame memorials vituperating the heir apparent to the throne—what would they not do in their hour of prosperity and triumph? The truth is, such conduct goes far to justify the assertion made some nights since in parliament, that their emancipation would drive Protestantism totally out of Ireland. If a man insults you when on his knees, it is not very difficult to guess what he will do if you suffer him to get upon his legs. Advocates as we are for the concession of any boon consistent with the safety of the constitution, we would not yield it to those, who, like the beggar in Gil Blas, second their petition with a blunderbuss at our breast. There is not any difference between the sullen bigot of adversity, and the sanguinary tyrant of prosperity, except that of situation. In saying thus much, however, upon this important subject, we cannot avoid adding, that the details here given of the tithe system, the conduct of the church itself, and of some of its apostles in particular, are but little likely to uphold the credit of the Protestant establishment. Prominent amongst these, are the insults which the Protestant clergy are too frequent in flinging upon their Roman Catholic brethren. Alluding, upon this subject, to an unfortunate member of an antithesis used in his first charge by the present archbishop of Dublin, Captain Rock indignantly exclaims, "But what will those haughty ecclesiastics, who pronounce Catholicism to be 'a church without a religion'—what will they say, when, by the operation of causes which seem as progressive as time itself, this people of Catholics whom they

insult so wantonly—whose number is at this moment as great as that of the Protestants of England in 1688, and who are, in spite of misery and Malthus, every hour increasing—shall, like the disloyal waves dashing round the feet of Canute, encroach still further on their sacred precincts—when this 'church without a religion,' shall have left them a church without a laity, and when one who inquires 'where is the Protestant people of Ireland,' may receive nearly the same answer as that inspecting Colonel, who, on asking 'where is the Donegal light troop,' was answered by a solitary voice 'Here I am, your honour!'"

Some very curious instances are given of the determination of the Irish clergy not to divulge by any official document the enormous wealth of their church, and, among these, not the least amusing, is the pleasant "second thought" of Doctor Beaufort. This gentleman, it seems, had intended in his Ecclesiastical Map of the Church to mark the church lands with a particular colour, but finding the space through which this sacred line meandered, so vast, "he thought it wiser, like Dogberry, to 'give God thanks and make no boast,' and published the map without its betraying accompaniment!" On the tithe system the Captain is most eloquent, and after giving a detail of its atrocities enough to make one's hair, like Sir Thomas Lethbridge's wig, stand on end with horror, he breaks forth into the following joyous apostrophe, "All hail, most ancient and venerable tithes, by whatever name ye delight to be called, prædial, mixed, or personal! Long may ye flourish with your attendant blessings of valuators, tithe-farmers, and bishops' courts, to the honour and glory of parsons Morritt, Morgan, &c. and to the maintenance for ever of the church militant, as by law (and constables) established in Ireland!"

Having now given our readers some general idea of this volume, our limits warn us to conclude. It is full of instruction and amusement—an entertaining and melancholy volume, which Englishmen ought to be ashamed and Irishmen afraid to read, but which the enemies of both will dwell on with pleasure, and (it may be, if things change not) with profit also. *Dii avertite!*—Although the work is published anonymously its author is understood to be Mr. Moore the poet—he may now add to his name the title of historian, and certainly deserves the credit of having preserved "in amber" not merely the worms, but the more noxious political reptiles of his country.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

1.

O LADY come to the Indies with me,
And reign and rule on the sunny sea;
My ship's a palace, my deck's a throne—
And all shall be thine the sun shines on.

2.

A gallant ship and a boundless sea,
A piping wind and the foe on our lee;
My pennon streaming so gay from the mast,
My cannon flashing all bright and fast.

3.

The Bourbon lilies wax wan as I sail,
America's stars I strike them pale;
Let kings rule earth by a right divine,
Thou shalt be queen of the fathomless brine.

4.

Thy shining locks are worth Java's isle,
Can the spices of Saba buy thy smile;
The glories of sea, and the grandeur of land,
All shall be thine for the wave of thy hand.

GERMAN EPIGRAMS.

No. III.

AN EPIGRAM.

An Epigram should be an arrow,
Pointed and narrow:
Or like a sword,
A bright sharp word;
Or—as it was in classic days,
A spark—a flash—a meteor blaze,
Enlightening but not burning with its rays.

Klopstock.

A FINE EAR.

Thou hast most delicate organs, friend, I know;
Thou hearest the grass of spring-time grow
In the fair land of song—yet when the breeze
Rustles and agitates the laurel trees,
Shaking each bough and leaf;
Then—thou art deaf.

Klopstock.

TO A CRITIC.

You will not print your book, but mine abuse:
Print yours—and say of mine whate'er you chuse.

Rammler.

Send you my works? Nay, hang me if I do—
You'll sell them, but you'll never read them through.

Rammler.

Was it my book you read? You had the skill
To make it seem your own, you read so ill.

Rammler.

TO A GREY-HAIRED BELLE.

Those hazel ringlets are her own—she said;
And so they are—Mac Alpine's bill was paid.

Rammler.

TO AN AUTHOR.

You ask me why I fail'd to send
My book to you, admiring friend!
Why, faith, I thought that if I did it,
You'd send me *yours*, and bid me read it.

Rammler.

TO MY WIFE.

One general law guides nature from above,
"Bloom, children, bloom, then bear your fruit and die."
But the bright orange tree and thou, my love!
Bloom in full sweets, and blooming, fructify.

Gemmingen.

He who can what he will is a fortunate man:
He is wiser and greater who wills what he can!

Weisse.

TOAST.

Away with healths, and fill your glasses,
And drive the cheerful wine about;
We'll think of toasts, and songs, and lasses,
When our o'erflowing bowl is out.

Lessing.

TOM'S SATIRES.

Tom publish'd satires 'gainst his friend, 'tis said—
If that be *published,* which is never read.

Lessing.

SLEEP.

Lovely sleep! thou beautiful image of terrible death,
Be thou my pillow-companion, my angel of rest!
Come O sleep! for thine are the joys of living and dying:
Life without sorrow, and death with no anguish, no pain.

Schmidt.

TO A CLASSIC.

Yes! thou hast talent—thine the golden store
Of all the Grecian, all the Roman lore.
But thou wilt fail—for in thy classic schools
Thou hast not learnt, my friend, to tolerate fools.

Schmidt.

RALPH AND I.

You always evil speak of me,
I good, whene'er I talk of thee.
Yet, strange, whate'er we say or do,
The world believes not me, nor you.

Kirk.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience paid old Nunks a visit,
"O 'tis you, informer! is it?
One of those that won't be quiet—
Rogue be gone! I'll have no riot."

Kirk.

TO CLIMENE.

Thy ivory teeth, thy auburn hair,
Thy rosy cheeks are thine, my fair!
And thou wert charming couldst thou buy
A ray for thy lack-lustre eye.

Kirk.

TO A TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

Hopest thou to go unpunish'd, Ned?
Because thou only stabb'st the dead!

Kirk.

AN EXAMPLE.

Were I to call thee booby, Sam!
I should not epigrammatize;
But 'twere a pungent epigram
To call thee—*wise.*

Kazner.

TO A LONG NOSED LADY.

Would you be kiss'd—your lips say so—
But your long nose says plainly—No!

Murr.

TO GENERAL * *

Your head is bald—but don't with Fortune quarrel,
She only shows you how it wants a laurel.

Murr.

ALCHEMISTS.

How many an alchemist has proved an ass,
And brought his gold to copper and to brass.

Murr.

ON THE ANCIENTS.

Why should I distract my head,
Seeking what the ancients said?
Why consult them—I can't see
That they e'er consulted me.

Nicolay.

Your map of travels—just to catch the unwary—
As if there were no Paterson, nor Carey.

Clodius.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

O cruel girl! I did but steal one kiss,
And you have stolen away my heart for this.

Kretschmann.

You gave a kiss—a kiss that best of blisses,
And left a longing for a hundred kisses.

Kretschmann.

Dick is no fool, friend! be assur'd,
However it may strike you;
But you are one, upon my word,
And he is very like you.

Kretschmann.

HELVETIUS ON HIS DE L'ESPRIT.

For my book's sake I should be glad
If it more truth and reason had;
But for the world's sake, I confess,
I should be well pleased had it less.

Engelschall.

John, on the sacred Christian law,
Says he would your attention fix;
So th' other day a Jew I saw
Discoursing o'er a crucifix.

Jacobi.

TO A FLOWER.

O spring perfuming—privileged blossom,
Sweet is thy destiny;
For thou wert born on Flora's bosom—
On Mary's breast dost die.

André.

TO CLEANTHUS.

If speaking ill a crime must be,
O none should ever speak of thee!

Eschenburg.

THE COCK.

With what delight
He crows at morning,
And struts at night—
And walks among his partlets, scorning
All that surround him! See how great,
In all the majesty of pomp and state—
He only wants a star and garter bright!

Döring.

COMPARISON.

In Shakspeare *is* the holy glow
Which in Voltaire *appears:*
The bard of Ferney talks of tears;—
The tears of Shakspeare flow.

Claudius.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION.

Voltaire and Shakspeare, of their lays
My mind this notion keeps:
"I weep," the bard of Ferney says;—
But Shakspeare weeps.

J. B.

RICHARD THE THIRD,

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENTS.

———In bicipiti somniâsse Parnasso
Memini.—*Persius.*

I WAS engaged, a short time since, in looking over some Cambridge Prize Compositions, among which were imitations, in Greek iambic metre, of speeches from Coriolanus and Henry the Eighth. While considering these ingenious attempts to invest British poetry with the tragic garb of ancient Athens, I was led into a fanciful speculation on the manner in which Æschylus or Sophocles would probably have arranged the materials employed by Shakspeare in the construction of his matchless scenes. This meditation lasted so long, and proceeded so far, as to become rather a dream than a reverie, and it terminated in a kind of illusion, such as Corelli is said to have experienced when the Devil (as he fancied) came before him in the form of a musician, and regaled him with a strain of inconceivable harmony. The spirits that waited on my visionary hour were of a purer class. It seemed to me that the three renowned masters of Grecian tragedy were, by some unknown means, personally assembled, and holding a poetical conference, of which I was permitted to be a hearer. They had tasked themselves, in a fit of sportive rivalry, to produce, each after his own manner, a dramatic poem, founded on the scenes of Shakspeare; and it was agreed that the experiment should be made on Richard the Third.

To attempt more than a general outline of these extraordinary prolusions would, I fear, be thought presumptuous, even if my remembrance of them were more perfect. Corelli, I believe, after awaking from his dream, could never recollect one note of all that the fiend had fiddled to him. My mind, though somewhat more tenacious, has preserved few and indistinct traces of its visionary entertainment; and, while endeavouring to recal the phraseology of particular passages that appear at times to float across my memory, I have found myself unconsciously recurring to the old and well-known pages of the Grecian drama. My only aim therefore in the following sketch will be, to convey a general notion of the manner in which, as I imagined, each poet successively applied himself to the subject, drawing from it such materials, and imparting to these such form, colour, and arrangement, as were most agreeable to his own temper of mind and peculiar bent of genius.

It will readily be supposed that dramatists of the ancient school would not undertake to present in one fable the variety of incidents and multitude of characters comprehended in an English historical play. Euripides, as I thought, allowed himself the widest range; and, in following his modern master, he must be considered either to have crowded an unreasonable number of events into a short space of time, or to have dispensed in some measure with the unities; I need not say that such freedoms are by no means unprecedented, even in the small portion of Greek tragedy that has descended to modern ages.

The drama of Euripides took its name, and derived its chief interest, from Elizabeth, the widow of Edward IV. The scene was laid in London, near the Tower. As usual, the poet ushered in his fable with a long prologue, which was delivered by the Ghost of Henry VI. He began by apostrophising his ancestor Bolingbroke, lamenting the day when that rebellious chief disembarked on the shores of England, and laid the foundation of so many national woes, so many public and private crimes, and such unquenchable hatred and mutual carnage among his kindred and descendants. He touched upon the vicissitudes of the civil war; the death of York, the prowess of his three sons; the murder of Prince Edward at Tewksbury, and the imprisonment and death of Henry himself. Entering more fully into the transactions immediately connected with

this drama, he related the marriage of Edward IV. with the widow Elizabeth, and the mischiefs which arose from that alliance; the poet of course not omitting to reflect with his usual severity upon the female sex as the source of all evils. The character and ambitious projects of Richard were then disclosed; the murder of Clarence, Edward's death, and the defenceless situation of his royal progeny were all shortly described; and the Ghost, after presaging further crimes and calamities, withdrew, announcing the approach of Elizabeth.

The queen entered, leading in her younger son, and bewailing the death of her husband. A messenger was introduced, and communicated the arrest of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, at Pomfret. The queen, alarmed, and bursting into fresh lamentations, determined on taking sanctuary, and was confirmed in her resolution by the sympathising Chorus, which in this scene performed the short and obsequious part assigned by Shakspeare to the Archbishop of York.* The manner in which Elizabeth bemoaned her children's danger, the untimely fate of their royal sire, and her own altered and forlorn condition, gave this part of the tragedy a resemblance to the opening of Euripides's Hercules Furens, where Megara, in the absence of the demi-God her husband, whom she supposes lost to her for ever, ineffectually takes refuge, with her children, in Jupiter's temple, from the tyranny of Lycus.

Euripides found a chorus already designed, in that scene of Shakspeare's play where the three Citizens (to whom no other business is allotted) confer upon the aspect of the times, compare their several recollections of former days, and give vent to their common forebodings.† These were precisely the topics embraced in the lyrical strain that followed Elizabeth's departure, and the descant concluded with a slight amplification of these lines:—

Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.—
But leave it all to God.

In the ensuing scene Richard and Buckingham entered, having just conducted the young king to his apartments in the Tower. A consultation followed on the expediency of withdrawing Elizabeth and her son from their sanctuary, and Buckingham urged at great length, and with added subtlety, the arguments assigned to him by Shakspeare,‡ for violating the sacred retreat, if gentler means should fail. The chorus, like Shakspeare's Cardinal, made a show of opposition, but the design proceeded notwithstanding.

As to the character of Richard, it must at once be acknowledged that neither Euripides nor the other Grecian dramatists appeared to conceive, much less to have the power of conveying, any perfect idea of that wonderful creation. Indeed, the qualities of Richard, as we see them finally developed in the play that bears his name, after tracing them through the busy scenes of Henry VI, are entirely beyond the scope of Greek tragedy; and to compare a tyrant of the Athenian stage with the "proud, subtle, sly, and bloody," the satirical, testy, superstitious, aristocratic, impetuous, lion-mettled usurper of our historic drama, would be to contrast an ancient monochromatic drawing with the masterpiece of a Venetian colourist.

Euripides, as I thought, gave more variety to the character, and threw into it a larger share of the peculiarities that distinguish the original, than either of his competitors. His Richard showed alternately the smooth and almost ironical hypocrisy of Polymestor,§ the insulting ferocity of Lycus,|| and the brave, uncompromising violence of Eteocles.¶

After deciding on the conduct to be used towards Elizabeth and the younger prince, Richard and Buckingham were joined by Hastings, exulting at the downfal of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan. In the ensuing scene Richard gave intimation of his ambitious projects, which Buckingham favoured and Hastings opposed. An altercation followed, and the con-

* Rich. III. Act ii. Sc. 4. † Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 3. ‡ Ibid. Act iii. Sc. 1.
§ Hecuba. || Hercules Furens. ¶ Phœnissae.

ference ended with mutual reproaches and threats. The Chorus, adverting to the fate of Rivers and his companions, apostrophised the castle of Pomfret in verses founded on that speech of Shakspeare beginning—

O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers! *

and described, in stirring and elevated strains, the captivity and death of Richard II.

The Duchess of York now entered, and after exchanging salutations with the chorus, announced her intention of visiting the young king, her grandson, in the Tower. She was quickly followed by Elizabeth, who related with strong anxiety that her younger son had been separated from her, and conveyed into the fortress. The matrons demanded admission and were refused, Elizabeth in vain exclaiming—

I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

and the Duchess

I am their father's mother, I will see them. †

Grief, indignation, and alarm, prevailed by turns in the scene that followed, and Elizabeth despondingly recollected the prophecy of Henry's widow, that she should die,

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen. ‡

Richard and Buckingham then presented themselves on the Tower walls, armed, and displaying that affected panic which, in Shakspeare, forms the cloak of their revengeful and ambitious enterprises. A hurried and eager dialogue (in trochaic verses) ensued, resembling that passage of Euripides in which Orestes and his friend appear on the palace walls at Argos, and threaten to set the building on fire. The Duchess expostulated with her son, as Jocasta pleads with Eteocles in the Phœnissae; and was answered in the same fiery strain of impatience. Hastings entered and was invited to a parley in the Tower; he passed the gates, and his exclamation behind the scenes, with the taunting answer of his enemies, announced that he was arrested and led to death.

The Chorus, in a short ode, bewailed the melancholy condition of old age in these restless and bloody times; invoked heaven for deliverance, and wished they could mount the sunbeam, or be wafted on the cloud (winged child of ocean) to some remote northern isle, or to those tranquil coasts where Brittany looks out toward the blessed gardens of the west. This mention of Brittany introduced a panegyric upon Richmond, with a glance at his past fortunes and the possibility of his future exaltation.

Elizabeth, rejoining the Chorus, informed them that the mass of citizens, perverted by some evil influence, had resolved on deposing Edward's son and advancing Richard to the throne. The Chorus hinted apprehensions for the young king's safety. Buckingham entered, and the alarmed mother assailed him with passionate entreaties that he would procure her access to the princes. He retired into the Tower, promising with apparent sincerity to interfere in her behalf, and to bring back, if possible, some tidings of comfort. A short lyrical dialogue ensued between Elizabeth and the Chorus; Buckingham re-appeared, but with averted eyes and faultering speech; and it was after much solicitation that he told, with some slight change of circumstance, the tale which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Tyrrel. It will easily be supposed that Euripides bestowed on this description all the tenderness, all the natural grace and moving sweetness that render his pathetic scenes so irresistibly enchanting—Elizabeth cast herself upon the earth, exclaiming that the curse of Henry's Queen had now reached its mark; and Buckingham hurried out, resolving to separate himself for ever from the counsels of Richard.

The Chorus, with a calmness truly admirable, began their lyric descant by relating how Matilda, daughter of Henry I, came over the seas to England and disputed the crown with the usurper Stephen for her son, the young Plantagenet. That Euripides should have introduced this cold and far-fetched exordium at such a juncture will not seem extraordinary to

* Rich. III. Act iii. Sc. 3. † Rich. III. Act iii. Sc. 8. Rich. III. ib.

those who recollect that in the Phœnissae, when Eteocles has furiously driven Polynices from his presence, and each has vowed his brother's destruction, in the hearing of their afflicted mother, the Chorus instantly commences an old story of Cadmus and a heifer. It may be remembered too that in the Electra of this poet, when Orestes has gone forth to kill Ægisthus, the expecting Chorus fills up the interval of time with a "hoar tradition," (ἐν πολιαῖσι φήμαις) about a golden-fleeced lamb that appeared once at Argos. Conformably to these and similar precedents, the citizens of the present drama reviewed in a lofty, but abrupt and desultory strain, some leading incidents in the history of the house of Anjou, and at length, descending to recent calamities, and glancing from the untimely fate of Prince Edward the heir of Lancaster, to the violence just perpetrated on young Edward of York, concluded with the reflection—

Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

The Duchess of York now entering, united her wailings to those of Elizabeth, and their effusions of sorrow were almost as affecting as the lamentations of Andromache the mother, and Hecuba the grandmother, of Astyanax, when that royal infant is put to death by the victorious Greeks.* Richard then presented himself, and informed the Chorus that he was going to assume publicly the regal state which had devolved upon him, and should afterwards proceed to quell the insurrection already commenced in favour of Richmond. Although it appeared even more abrupt in this place than in the corresponding scene of Shakspeare, Euripides could not forbear introducing the suit preferred by Richard to Elizabeth for the hand of her daughter, as this incident gave occasion for a subtle and elaborate harangue, and for several keen reflections on the weakness and mutability of women. Some of the dialogue was so nearly parallel to Shakspeare's, that it might have passed for a moderately free translation; the long and artful speech of Richard, beginning

Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.—
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother.†

was in no respect altered, except that a few of the thoughts were amplified and a little refined upon: and the quick, tart alternation of speeches one line in length——

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
K. Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last? &c.‡

was of course retained, as suiting perfectly with the fashion of the Greek stage. Elizabeth at last appeared subdued by Richard's persevering solicitation, and gave a half unwilling consent, acknowledging with a candour not unprecedented among the heroines of Euripides, that female constancy is seldom proof to the allurements of flattery and of interest. The bitter sneer

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!

could not with propriety be uttered in Elizabeth's presence; but the dialogue was so managed as to preserve the whole spirit of the sarcasm. I am not, however, certain whether Euripides intended to represent the Queen as really won by Richard's adulation; or as temporizing with the tyrant, like Medea in that exquisite scene, where she affects to be reconciled with Jason.§ Richard now gave the signal for departure, commanding all to attend him; and the drama closed with renewed but softened lamentation of the females, intermixed with a few votive strains from the Chorus, who implored Heaven for a favourable issue of the past transactions, and invoked peace to heal and renovate the land.

* Eurip. Troades. † Rich. III. Act iv. Sc. ‡ Rich. III. ib.
§ Eurip. Medea.

Sophocles constructed his tragedy (which was called, Richard at Bosworth) on a simpler and more confined plan. His scene was laid in the country adjoining the field of battle. A soldier of Richard's army opened the drama. He announced himself as having

Descry'd the number of the traitors *

in Richmond's camp; rejoiced in the fortunate end of so dangerous a mission, and expressed impatience to find out the King, or some chief of the royal army. A Chorus (aged inhabitants of the country) then entered, with whom the soldier exchanged inquiries, and some brief articles of information. Richard himself was now seen approaching; he reproved the Chorus for their officious curiosity, and proceeded to examine the emissary, who replied concisely to his questions on the appearance, condition, and movements of the hostile force. In the course of this dialogue, the hearer was prepared for an innovation on Shakspeare's play, in the appearance of Buckingham before Richard, previous to that nobleman's execution. A messenger presently reported that the captive peer had arrived in the camp, and Richard commanded that he should be brought into the royal presence. Meantime the Chorus lamented, in sonorous and energetic verse, the state of a once happy realm that has "been mad and scarr'd herself"† with civil war; the bloodshed and famine that desolate her provinces; the "spoiling" of her "summer fields and fruitful vines;"‡ the disunion of friends; the suppression of music and the dance, and sweet familiar converse; the scattering of kindred, and the cessation of love.§

Buckingham was introduced in bonds, and a stern dialogue ensued between him and the King. Sophocles's Richard was a statelier and more sententious personage than the tyrant pictured by Euripides, and bore a considerable resemblance to Creon, in the Œdipus Coloneus, and Antigone, who accompanies every act of violence with an appeal to law and justice, and dogmatises with an edifying gravity while he entombs the living and exposes the dead. Buckingham, when about to be led off, remarked (as in Shakspeare||) that the day of his death is that on which he once

-Wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most he trusted,

if ever he proved treacherous to Edward's children or family. This drew a taunting reply from Richard, on the unerring accuracy with which fate hunts out the devoted man. Pursuing the same train of thought, Buckingham observed that Queen Margaret, too, had prophesied his destruction by Richard's means.¶ The superstitious tyrant shuddered at this suggestion, recollecting that he himself was included in the Queen's awful curse. He urged on the conversation eagerly, and yet with dread (like the ill-fated monarch in Sophocles's Œdipus Tyrannus), and he was reminded that

A bard of Ireland told him once,
He should not live long after he saw Richmond.**

At this period a messenger entered, and related in a few animated lines that Richmond's forces had advanced, and were taking up a position in the immediate neighbourhood. The King roused himself at the news. Buckingham was led to death, and a hasty summons dispatched to the leading nobles of the army.

A short ode was sung by the Chorus, expressing fearful expectation; and, alluding to the prophecies just cited, they longed to interrogate the prescient spirit of Margaret, or to hold converse with some gifted dreamer, in forest or cavern of the rainy west, if so they might ascertain the issue of these gathering troubles.

In the ensuing scene, Richard, with Stanley, and some other personages who remained mute, appeared busy in warlike preparation. Sophocles, availing himself of the hints thrown out by Shakspeare, again represented the usurper's mind as haunted by appalling predictions. It recurred to his memory that

* Rich. III. Act v. Sc. 2. † Ibid. Act v. Sc. 3. ‡ Ibid. Act v. Sc. 1.
§ Ἐρώτων δ' ἀπέπαυσεν, ὤ μοι. -*Soph. Ajax*, 1206.
|| Rich. III. Act iv. Sc. 6. ¶ Ibid. ** Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 2.

——Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.*

Stanley, on being appealed to, said the prediction was still current in England. This remark drew down the tyrant's wrath and jealousy in full violence upon the speaker; he had already intimated a suspicion of Stanley; he now glanced again at the circumstance that Richmond was the "wife's son" of that nobleman; and vehemently declared that the younger Stanley should be answerable for his father's fidelity.†

The Chorus attempted conciliation, with the usual bad success. Richard addressed some lines of exhortation to his followers, spoke slightingly of Richmond's expedition, and sternly warned the Chorus not to intrude upon the camp, or obstruct the preparations for battle by their useless presence. He retired, again cautioning Stanley to beware, lest by his misconduct his son should fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.‡

The Greek poet, as I recollect, translated these words literally from the English. On Richard's withdrawing, Stanley imparted to the Chorus (which is bound to keep all men's counsel, "ille tegat commissa") his determination to communicate with Richmond in spite of the king's threats; and he went forth with that intention.

The Chorus expatiated on parental affection, as displayed both in human feelings and in the brute instincts of inferior animals; and they moralized on the restless temper of man, who cannot be withheld even by this bond of nature from indulging the aspirations of his soul. Nor was their song unmarked by that warm interest in the passing action which continually animates the Chorus of Sophocles, even in its lyrical excursions. They prayed that Stanley's heir might escape the ruthless destiny which had cropped so many fair blossoms of mightier families; they alluded to the rising graces and premature fate of Rutland, and King Henry's Edward, and the royal offspring of Elizabeth; and they closed their song with the favourite Greek simile of the bereaved nightingale.

Whether the scene now changed, as in Sophocles's Ajax, or the subsequent action took place on the ground hitherto occupied by Richard's party, I cannot clearly recollect; but Richmond next entered, and was joined by Stanley. The dialogue between them opened like the corresponding one in Shakspeare;§ Stanley invoked Fortune and Victory to sit on the adventurer's helm, and promised him such aid as he might dare to render. Richmond then described the dream in which he was saluted and cheered with auguries of success, by the shades of all those whom Richard had put to death. There was much of the majestic, and something of the terrible, in this recital, which was perhaps unseasonably prolonged; but the practice of the Greek theatre is known to have allowed great latitude in this respect. Stanley departed; and, after a short preparatory scene, the battle was supposed to be commencing. The Chorus, who, if we presume a change of scene, may be imagined to have shifted their ground in obedience to Richard's order, lamented in desponding strains the nothingness of old age, and their incapacity to mix as formerly in martial conflict. Sorrow, fear, curiosity, and abhorrence of the unnatural slaughter now raging near them, alternately swayed their thoughts; but at length a burst of hope, a sudden swell of prophetic exultation seemed to change the whole current of their song, and never, as I thought, had the lyric verse of Sophocles appeared more crowded with cheerful and brilliant imagery, than when the Chorus hailed in anticipation the glorious and welcome sun that should dart his rays upon their green hills and glistening streams, and find them all untroubled by a hostile presence.||

A messenger from Richmond's army approached, and being eagerly questioned, related at great length the prowess and death of Richard, and the discomfiture of his forces, intelligence which elicited some pious

* Rich. III. Act iv. Sc. 2.
† Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 4.—Act v. Sc. 2.
‡ Ibid. Act v. Sc. 2.
§ Ibid.
|| See the chorus, *Sophoc. Antigone*, 100, &c.

but not very sorrowful reflections from the Chorus. Richmond entered triumphant, attended by Stanley, and at this late period of the tragedy, Elizabeth, a sad and majestic personage, was introduced to greet the conqueror, and receive, with dignified acquiescence, his proposal to espouse her daughter. Sophocles, as usual, wound up his play with a few sober lines from the Chorus, who prayed that Heaven would

> Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
> With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days.*

But of the three great dramatic rivals, Æschylus appeared to enter with the liveliest zeal and most congenial ardour into the conceptions of Shakspeare. War, with its pomp and tumult, supernatural terrors, the distraction and crimes of two old and kingly houses, and the dark, resistless influence of a solemn imprecation, were subjects well fitted to arouse the genius which bestowed on Greece the Agamemnon, Furies, and Seven Chiefs. The language, too, in Shakspeare's Richard, very often bears the vivid and impetuous character which Æschylus imparted to his own; the expressions, like his, show a mind impatient to discharge its burden; an imagination daring, restless and precipitate, leaping boldly from thought to thought, ever braving difficulty, ever grasping at the remote, and bending the repugnant to its purpose. Æschylus named his tragedy from Margaret of Anjou. That princess appeared only once on the stage; but the awful ascendancy of her character, acknowledged in a greater or less degree by all the other personages, and the fatal influence of her malediction, perpetually felt or dreaded, gave her almost the importance of an immediate sharer in the whole action. The stage was supposed to represent Bosworth Field, Richard's tent standing in the foreground, and (as appeared by some fine touches of incidental description) the whole royal encampment lying in prospect beyond. The time was the evening before Bosworth fight; and to this period was transferred (with some impropriety, perhaps) the sublime scene of Shakspeare, in which Elizabeth and the Duchess of York assail the tyrant on his march with clamorous reproaches.

Margaret herself opened the drama with a strain of gloomy exultation over the "waning of her enemies;" and Æschylus adopted the figure of Shakspeare:

> So now prosperity begins to mellow,
> And drop into the rotten mouth of death.†

She reviewed with dismal triumph the calamities and destruction of those whom she had cursed in her hour of anguish, dwelling with peculiar force on Edward's death, his Queen's degradation, and the murder of his children; and she hailed the approaching hour that would bring with it the full accomplishment of her malediction. Elizabeth next entered, invoking her slaughtered sons, her

> —Unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets,

to

> Hover about her with their airy wings,

and hear her lamentation. She was joined by Richard's mother, the Duchess of York; and the exclamation given to that lady by Shakspeare—

> Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
> Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
> Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
> Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
> Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!‡

was closely copied by the Greek poet. In short, Æschylus went hand in hand with his original, through the whole of this magnificent scene, both in thought and, allowing for a few necessary deviations, in language also. He did not neglect the bold image conveyed in these lines (and expressed a little before in terms yet stronger,)

> That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
> To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood.
> . . . .
> Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.

And he imitated (for a Greek poet

* Rich. III. Act v. Sc. 3. † Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 4.
‡ Ibid. So Æschylus—*πεπωκώς βρότειον αἷμα Κῶμος.*—*Agam.* 1199, 1200.

could not literally translate) that passage unexcelled even by Æschylus himself, in glowing and terrific eloquence,

—But at hand, at hand
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence;
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

A sound of arms and warlike music announced Richard's approach: the Queen and Duchess prepared to confront him, but Margaret withdrew, uttering a solemn and bitter farewell to the tyrant, as to one whose living face she would never behold again.

A Chorus formed of warriors attending on the King's person (and afterwards stationed about his tent), now poured upon the stage, invoking Victory and Fortune to baffle their adversaries, and sweep back the billow of invasion. Richard had begun to address his followers, when the appearance of the two matrons, pale, squalid, and in mourning weeds, astonished and disturbed the Chorus. "Who intercepts me?" was the impatient demand of Richard; and his mother then broke silence in Shakspeare's words. The women became "copious in exclaims," till, overwhelmed with their reproachful lamentations, the monarch cried "a flourish, trumpets!" and drowned their voices with the "clamorous report of war." A short dialogue followed, concluding with the Duchess's solemn farewell, and keen maternal curse.*

The interval between this and the ensuing scene was filled with a lofty and elaborate descant of the Chorus, who confessed with awe and grief that the fierce avenging spirit (ὁ παλαιὸς δριμὺς ἀλάστωρ.—*Agam.* 1512), who had followed the house of Anjou from of old, was not yet laid asleep, but thirsting for new sacrifices. They deduced the late calamities immediately from the murder of Richard II, but more remotely from the malediction laid by Henry, the first crowned Plantagenet, on his guilty and rebellious children. They asked how long the family of York should live "the thrall of Margaret's curse," (an expression like that of Æschylus, ὕμνος ἐξ Ἐριννύων δέσμιος φρενῶν. *Eumenides*, 340, 341,) and concluded with a determination to cherish hope, be steadfast in their fidelity, and await the will of Heaven.

In the following scene Richard appeared engaged with Norfolk in drawing "the form and model of his battle." Æschylus took occasion from a short speech in Shakspeare's tragedy † to introduce here a delineation of the appearance, characters, and warlike qualities of the hostile leaders, with an account of their stations in the field and of the forces under their command. The detail was not unlike those given in the Persae and Seven Chiefs. Richard commented like Eteocles on each description, and expressed, as in Shakspeare's play, his scorn of the base and "vagabond" Bretons. Æschylus, I thought, went even beyond Shakspeare in portraying the contempt so naturally felt by Richard, an old and hardy soldier, for the unwarlike breeding of Richmond.

The King now issued some commands, and, the night being far advanced, prepared to pass an hour in sleep. Before he retired within his tent, it was communicated that Buckingham had paid the penalty of his insurrection, an event in which the Chorus once again acknowledged the fatal efficacy of Queen Margaret's curse. In the ensuing ode they moralized on the blindness of those who, like the imprudent nobleman just put to death, forsake ancient alliance and make shipwreck of their fortunes by precipitately shifting their course. While commiserating this new victim of civil discord, they were alarmed by unusual sounds from the royal tent, and Richard burst forth upon them, distracted, and exclaiming that he was beset by horrible phantoms.

* It will easily be believed that the rude and untimely pun of Richard about "Humphrey Hour," was not adopted by the Greek imitator of this scene. Yet the practice of playing on names was not despised by Æschylus and his contemporary tragedians; and Shakspeare himself never quibbled more audaciously than Æschylus, where he says that *Helen* was rightly so named, because she was Ἑλένας, ἕλανδρος, ἑλέπτολις.—*Agam.* 692, &c.

† Act IV. Sc. 5.

Æschylus, as it seemed to me, had so contrived this scene that the mere reader or hearer might, at his discretion, imagine the Spectres actually exhibited on the stage, or suppose them only present to the disturbed fancy of Richard. It is well known that the poet wanted neither courage to introduce phantoms visibly on the scene, as in the Persae and Eumenides, nor address to make the audience sympathise with a personage, who, like Orestes in the Choëphoræ, saw forms invisible to all beside. In the present scene, Richard, by his earnest and hurried exclamations, imperfectly but strongly indicated the figures, aspects, and demeanour of his dreadful visitants; and the manner in which Æschylus would conceive the apparitions of Henry VI, of Anne, and of the young princes, may be imagined by those who recollect his Darius issuing from the earth amidst the prostrate and awe-struck Persians, his Clytemnestra pointing to her wounds as she rouses the slumbering Furies, or those shadowy forms of murdered children which Cassandra (in his Agamemnon) sees sitting at the gate of the Atridae. Repeated and earnest expressions of awe and terror burst from the Chorus; and the Tyrant's agitation was at last wound up to a giddy whirl of thoughts and words, as vehement as the frenzy of Io.* At this pitch of passion the avenging terrors left him, and his mind gradually sank into calmness. And now the hour was come when—

—Flaky darkness breaks within the East.†

Norfolk and another leader of Richard's army entered to receive his orders, and the king retired to "buckle on his armour."

The Chorus, still agitated by the recent horrors, poured forth a supplication to the shades that had disturbed the king's repose, entreating that their angry and vengeful influences, their Ἐριννύες, might not in the ensuing battle "sit heavy" ‡ on the royal breast. They wished that earthquake or lightning would remove from heaven's view the Tower, the fatal prison of Henry, of Clarence, and of Edward's children; and they gave this fortress in their description all the visionary and mysterious terrors bestowed by Æschylus on the ensanguined house of Atreus.§ They observed that no power can charm back the life-blood once fallen to earth,|| but that expiation, with the favour of heaven, might yet be made; they prayed therefore for an auspicious end of this day's conflict, and a brighter season after the present gloom, deducing, in a manner somewhat fanciful and obscure, the connexion between prosperity at one period and humiliation at another.

The king re-appeared, looked forth upon the ranks, now nearly formed for battle, and addressed some ardent words of exhortation to his attendant chiefs. A messenger announced that "the enemy had passed the marsh." Æschylus could not express more nobly than by adopting Shakspeare's manner the swell and mounting of Richard's fiery spirit at the well known moment of onset; but the stirring appeal

Fight, Gentlemen of England! fight, bold Yeomen!

was beyond the reach of a Grecian poet, nor do I think his language could have furnished him with terms productive of any similar effect. To an English ear, even the cry Ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε ¶ at the battle of Salamis, appears insipid in comparison.

After Richard's departure the messenger continued with the Chorus, who guarded their monarch's tent. While he was briefly describing to them the advance of Richmond's force, the first crash of conflict was heard without. Then the Chorus divided themselves into separate groups, impatiently straining their sight to catch some glimpse of the battle, striving with anxious ears to gather intelligence from the confused din of the armies, and each party alternately conveying in short energetic bursts of description, the news or the conjecture, the hope, fear, or triumph of the moment. Every verse re-

* Æsch. Prometheus. † Rich. III. Act v. Sc. 2.

‡ A similar form of expression is used in the Seven Chiefs, l. 698, where Eteocles declares that his father's curse ξηροῖς ἀκλαύστοις ὄμμασι προσιζάνει, or, as we should say,

Sits heavy on his parched and tearless eyes.

§ Æsch: Agamemnon, 1197, &c. || Ibid. 1026. ¶ Æsch. Persae, 400.

sounded with the clang of armour, the rush of arrows, the neigh and trampling of steeds, the ringing of harness, and the fiery call of trumpets.*

At length a second messenger reported that the king, after enacting "more wonders than a man," had fallen by a thousand wounds in the thickest press of battle. Æschylus appears to have thought it too much honour for Richmond, a novice in war,—

—— One that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow.†

to conquer with his own hand the redoubted Richard, the valiant son of York and his fellow soldier in so many hard fought fields. The Greek poet had no public prejudice to consult, no reigning family to flatter; and, as he did not kill his tyrant on the scene, he was not under the necessity of sacrificing to stage effect by slaying him in single combat.

Richmond and some of his partizans now entered proclaiming anew that "the Boar" was dead, and announcing that his followers, discouraged by this event and the previous defection of Stanley, had yielded, fallen, or been dispersed. The victor gave orders for securing the royal tent, which the Chorus, still faithful to their charge, indignantly prepared to defend. They were checked, however, by assurances that no hope remained of successful opposition. Richmond, who appeared not to be a favourite with Æschylus, pronounced a tame speech of exhortation and self-applause, and the Chorus after hinting the advantages of moderation, submitted sullenly to the conqueror.

* I justify this phrase by the authority of Æschylus, who says, in describing the battle of Salamis, that at day-break the trumpet with its loud call, ἀϋτῇ,—ἐπέφλεγεν, *fired* all the coast.

† Rich. III. Act v. Sc. 2.

SPECIMENS OF SONNETS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF ITALY.

* *

MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

Giunto è già il corso della vita mia
Per tempestoso mar con fragil barca
Al comun porto, ove a render si varca
Conto e ragion d'ogni opra trista e pia;
Mà l'alta affettuosa fantasia,
Che l'arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
Conosco or ben quanto sia d'error carca,
E quel che mal suo grado ognun desia.
Gli amorosi pensier, già vani e lieti,
Che fien or, s'a due morti m'avvicino?
D'una so certa, e l'altra mi minaccia.
Nè pinger, nè scolpir fia più che queti
L'anima volta a quell' Amor divino
Che aperse in croce, a prender noi, le braccia.

My wave-worn bark through life's tempestuous sea
Has sped its course, and touch'd the crowded shore,
Where all must give account the Judge before,
And as their actions merit, sentenced be.
At length from Fancy's wild enchantments free,
That made me Art as some strange God adore,
I deeply feel how vain its richest store,
Now that the one thing needful faileth me!
Vain dreams of love! once sweet, now yield they aught
If earn'd by them a two-fold death be mine,
This—doom'd me here, and that—beyond the grave?
Nor painting's art, nor sculptor's skill e'er brought
Peace to the soul that seeks that friend divine,
Who on the Cross stretch'd out his arms to save.

GIO. BARTOLOMEO CASAREGI.

Lungi da quel che piace al volgo insano
Men vo sovente, e in erma parte io seggio
E degli antichi imperj, a mano a mano,
L'immenso spazio col pensier passeggio.
Scorro l'Assiro e 'l Perso, e quivi invano
Di lor vaste cittadi un 'orma io chieggio;
Quinci al Greco passando ed al Romano,
Poco di lor grandezza, o nulla, io veggio.
Nini, Ciri, Alessandri, omai sorgete
A vendicar sì gran ruine; e voi,
Trionfatori Cesari, ove siete?
Ah che pur polve e' sono: e, se gli eroi
Fondatori di regni affondi in Lete,
Tempo distruggitor, che fia di noi?

Oft the dull joys that maddening crowds enchain
I fly, and, seated in some lonely place,
Traverse in thought the wide-extended space
Where ancient monarchs held successive reign.
I range o'er Persia and Assyria's plain,
And of their mighty cities find no trace;
And when t'ward Greece and Rome I turn my face,
What scanty relics of their power remain!
Arise, proud Asia's lords, avenge the wrong;
Up, Philip's son! great Cæsars, where are ye,
To whom the trophies of the world belong?
Dust are they all—if such their destiny,
Who founded thrones, and heroes ranked among,
Say, Spoiler Time, what ruin threatens me?

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA.

Alma gentil, che pria che l'uman velo
Vestisse, colle sacre e nitid'acque
Al biondo Apollo tal mondarla piacque
Che ben, com' ei, paresse nata in Delo!
Se dentro al pensier mio fallace un zelo
Di contar vostre lode al mondo nacque,
E poi nel mezzo dell' ardor suo giacque,
E pigro e neghittoso e pien di gelo,
Lasso! egli avvenne, come avvenir suole
A' suppositi figli dell' uccello
Che 'l bel Frigio al gran Giove pose in grembo:
Che sforzati a fissar gli occhi nel Sole,
Come soggetto mal capace, in quello
Splendor gli oscuran d' un perpetuo nembo.

O thou, whose soul from the pure sacred stream
(Ere it was doom'd this mortal veil to wear,)
Bathed by the gold-hair'd God, emerged so fair,
That thou like him in Delos born didst seem!
If zeal, that of my strength would wrongly deem,
Bade me thy virtues to the world declare;
And in my highest flight, struck with despair,
I sunk unequal to such lofty theme;
Alas! I suffer from the same mishap
As the false offspring of the bird that bore
The Phrygian stripling to the Thunderer's lap:
Forced in the sun's full radiance to gaze,
Such streams of light on their weak vision pour,
Their eyes are blasted in the furious blaze.

BUONACORSI DA MONTEMAGNO.

Non mai più bella luce, o più bel Sole
Del viso di costei nel mondo nacque;
Nè 'n valle ombrosa erranti e gelid' acque
Bagnar' più fresche e candide viòle;
Nè quando l'età verde aprir si vuole,
Rosa mai tal sovra un bel lito giacque;
Nè mai suono amoroso al mio cor piacque
Simile all' onorate sue parole.
Dal bel guardo vezzoso par che fiocchi
Di dolce pioggia un rugiadoso nembo,
Che le misere piaghe mie rinfresca:
Amor s' è posto in mezzo a' suoi begli occhi,
E l' afflitto mio cor sì tiene in grembo,
Troppo ardente favilla a sì poca esca.

Oh! never rose a light, or sun more fair
Than the soft beams that in her features play,
Never, 'mid streams that through dark vallies stray,
Did violets fresh more snowy lustre wear;
Never, when opening buds first scent the air,
Did fairer rose a verdant bank array;
Never did sounds of love such bliss convey,
As when her accents wake my trembling care.
From her mild gracious looks a dewy shower
Seems to distil with drops of softest rain,
And cool the wounds of my sore-stricken frame:
In midst of her bright eyes Love makes his bower,
And in his lap does my lorn heart detain,
Too scanty fuel for so fierce a flame!

GALEAZZO DI TARSIA.

Tempestose sonanti e torbid' onde,
Tranquille un tempo già, placide e quete,
Voi foste al viver mio simile, e sete
Simili alle mie pene ampie e profonde
Spalmati legni, alme vezzose e liete
Ninfe, ed ogn' altra gioja a voi s'asconde,
A me ciò che facea care e gioconde
Queste luci, quest' ore egre inquiete.
Lasso! verrà ben tempo che ritorni
Altra stagion che rallegrarvi suole,
Onde diversa fia la nostra sorte:
A me serene notti, o chiari giorni,
O che si appressi o si allontani il Sole,
Non fia che 'l mio tiranno unqua m'apporte.

Tempestuous, loud, and agitated sea!
In thy late peaceful calm and quiet, thou
Didst represent my happy state, but now,
Art picture true of my deep misery!
From thee is fled each joyous thing, the glee
Of sportive Nereid, and smooth-gliding prow;
From me—what late made joy illume my brow,
And these sad present hours so drear to be.
Alas! the time is near, when will return
The season calm, and all thy waves be gay,
And thou this fellowship of woe forsake:
The mistress of my soul can never make
Serene the night for me, or clear the day,
Whether the sun be hid, or cloudless burn.

OLD LETTERS.

I KNOW of nothing more calculated to bring back the nearly-faded dreams of youth—the almost obliterated scenes and passions of our boyhood—and to recall the brightest and best associations of those days—

> When the young blood ran riot in the veins,
> And boyhood made us sanguine—

nothing that more easily conjures up the alternate joys and sorrows of maturer years—the fluctuating visions that have floated before the restless imagination in times gone by, and the breathing forms and inanimate objects that wound themselves around our hearts, and became almost necessary to our existence, than the perusal of old letters. They are the memorials of attachment—the records of affection—the speaking trumpets through which those whom we esteem hail us from afar. They seem hallowed by the brother's grasp, the sister's kiss, the father's blessing, and the mother's love. When we look on them, the friends whom dreary seas and distant leagues divide from us are again in our presence. We see their cordial looks, and hear their gladdening voices once more. The paper has a tongue in every character it contains—a language in its very silentness. They speak to the souls of men like a voice from the grave, and are the links of that chain which connects with the hearts and sympathies of the living an evergreen remembrance of the dead. I have one at this moment before me, which, although time has in a degree softened the regret that I felt at the loss of him who penned it, I dare scarcely look upon. It calls back too forcibly to my remembrance its noble-minded author—the treasured friend of my earliest and happiest days, the sharer of my puerile but innocent joys. I think of him as he then was—the free—the spirited—the gay—the welcome guest in every circle where kind feeling had its weight, or frankness and honesty had influence; and, in an instant, comes the thought of what he now is; and pale and ghastly images of death are hovering round me. I see him, whom I loved, and prized, and honoured, shrunk into poor and wasting ashes. I mark a stranger closing his powerless lids—a stranger following him to the grave—and I cannot trust myself again to open his last letter. It was written but a short time before he fell a victim to the yellow fever in the West Indies, and told me, in the affecting language of Moore, that

> Far beyond the western sea
> Was one whose heart remember'd me.

On hearing of his death, I wrote some stanzas which I have preserved—not out of any pride in the verses themselves, but as a token of esteem for him to whom they were addressed, and as a true transcript of my feelings at the time they were composed. I make no apology for inserting them here. Those who have never loved, nor lost a friend, will be backward in perusing them—those who *have*, will recur to their own feelings and not withhold their sympathy.

1.

Farewell! farewell! for thee arise
  The bitter thoughts that pass not o'er;
And friendship's tears and friendship's sighs
  Can never reach thee more.
For thou art fled, and all are vain
To call thee to this earth again.

2.

And thou hast died where strangers' feet
  Alone towards thy grave could bend;
And that last duty, sad but sweet,
  Has not been destined for thy friend:
He was not near to calm thy smart,
And press thee to his bleeding heart.

3.

He was not near, in that dark hour
  When reason fled her ruin'd shrine,
To soothe with pity's gentle power,
  And mingle his faint sighs with thine:
And pour the parting tear to thee,
As pledge of his fidelity.

4.

He was not near, when thou wert borne
  By others to thy parent earth,
To think of former days, and mourn
  In silence o'er departed worth:
And seek thy cold and cheerless bed,
And breathe a blessing for the dead.

5.

Destroying Death! thou hast one link
  That bound me in this world's frail chain;
And now I stand on life's rough brink,
  Like one whose heart is cleft in twain;
Save that at times a thought will steal
To tell me that it still can feel.

6.

Oh! what delights,—what pleasant hours,
  In which all joys were wont to blend,
Have faded now, and all hope's flowers
  Have wither'd with my friend.
Thou feel'st no pain within the tomb,
But they alone who weep thy doom.

7.

Long wilt thou be the cherish'd theme
  Of all their fondness—all their praise—
In daily thought and nightly dream—
  In crowded halls and lonely ways;
And they will hallow every scene
Where thou in joyous youth hast been.

8.

Theirs is the grief that cannot die,
  And in their hearts will be the strife
That must remain with memory
  Uncancell'd from the book of life.
Their breasts will be the mournful urns
Where sorrow's incense ever burns.

But there are other letters whose perusal makes us feel as if receding from the winter of the present to the spring-time of the past. These are from friends whom we have long known, and whose society we still enjoy. There is a charm in contrasting the sentiments of their youth with those of a riper age: or rather, in tracing the course of their ideas and following them up to their full developement; for it is seldom that the feelings we entertain in the early part of our lives entirely change—they merely expand, as the grown tree proceeds from the shoot, or the flower from the bud. We love to turn from the formalities and cold politeness of the world to the "Dear Tom," or "Dear Dick," at the head of such letters. There is something touching about it;—something that awakens a friendly warmth in the heart. It is shaking the hand by proxy—a vicarious "good morrow." I have a whole packet of such letters from my friend G———, and there is scarcely a dash or a comma in them that is not characteristic of the man. Every word bears the impress of freedom—the true *currente calamo* stamp. He is the most convivial of letter-writers—the heartiest of epistlers. Then there is N——— who always seems to bear in mind that it is "better to be brief than

tedious," for it must indeed be an important subject that would elicit from him more than three lines, nor has his rib a whit more of the *cacoëthes scribendi* about her.*

But there are letters differing in character from all that I have yet mentioned—fragments saved from the wreck of early love—reliques of spirit-buoying hopes—remembrancers of joy. They perchance remind us that that love has set in tears—that those hopes were cruelly blighted—that our joy is fled for ever. When we look on them we seem to feel that—

No time
Can ransom us from sorrow.

We fancy ourselves the adopted of misery—Care's lone inheritors. The bloom has gone off from our lives. For my own part, I have but one written token of her whom I loved in my youth. It is one of consolation, and yet of sorrow, for I received it on the evening after we had parted for ever. If the reader will listen to the "story of my love," he will not feel surprised that the sight of this letter should even now fill me with emotions which I cannot and would not control.

It was on a beautiful July evening that I wandered from the small, but romantic village of R—— in the south of France. I turned from the high road, and struck into a retired and sheltered path. As I strolled onwards, the last faint streak of twilight disappeared, and the shadows from the trees threw an air of gloom over the face of the scene, which gave it double interest in my eyes. After roaming for some time, I at length reached the extremity of the path, and beheld—not a bower, nor temple, with a shrine of flowers, to which the winds pay homage—not the cot of humble industry, with its woodbined front, and cheerful hearth, and smiling faces, which my busy imagination had pictured, but a solitary mound of earth, strewed with a few sweet flowers. At one end, was the fragment of a simple cross, and at the other a wild rose-tree, bearing neither flower, nor blossom, nor bud, nor leaf. It was, as I afterwards heard, the grave of a young soldier, who had borne bravely and honourably the dangers and the toils of many battles—but the faithlessness of the maiden he loved subdued the spirit which never bowed before. He died broken-hearted, and left none to weep for him, save an aged mother, whose palsied hands had gathered the scattered flowers that I saw on his grave. They were the first—the last—she ever placed there, for she died whilst strewing them. The rose-tree was supposed by the peasantry of the place to have been secretly planted by the maiden who deserted him, as it never bloomed, although many flowers near it were in all the pride of freshness and beauty. How could the roses bloom upon his grave, when planted by her hand who had blighted the rose of hope in his heart—that heart which proved how well it loved by dying when she smote it? On a sudden the moon, that fair and noiseless spirit who haunts the sky at night, rose in her beauty. The winds gave a last sigh to the flowers, and died upon them. The birds had gone to their rests—the grasshopper—

Chirped one good-night carol more,

and all was silent—silent as the grave near which I stood. I seated myself beside the broken cross, and gazed with mingled sensations on the scene around me and the moon which silvered it, when the voice of the night-

* I have more than once suspected them to be the hero and heroine of an anecdote, which I remember somewhere to have read of a gentleman who by mere chance strolled into a coffee-house, where he met with a captain of his acquaintance, on the point of sailing to New York, and from whom he received an invitation to accompany him. This he accepted—taking care however to inform his wife of it, which he did in these terms:

Dear Wife,
I am going to America.
Yours, truly.

Her answer was not at all inferior either in laconism or tenderness:

Dear Husband,
A pleasant voyage.
Yours, &c.

ingale and another still sweeter, roused me from my reverie. Henriette stood before me, without my having heard—

The music of her footsteps on my spirits.

Henriette had the kindest heart and the finest eyes of any girl I ever knew. Her voice stole o'er the mind like a spirit of Hope. The most simple word became music when she uttered it;

'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken;

and a smile ever lingered around her lip, as if enamoured of its ruby haunt. She was, indeed, a joyous-hearted creature, and seldom sighed —or if she did, it was for my sorrows —and not her own. We wandered homeward; I scarcely felt her arm within my own, except at times when the shadow from some lofty tree or passing cloud alarmed her, and then she drew nearer to my side. Once, indeed, her lips came so close to mine that I could not choose but press them. A kiss was not thought so great an offence in France as in England—thus she was not *very* angry: but I remarked that she did not shrink from the shadows as before.

We reached her father's residence, which was situated at the extremity of the village of R——, and I could not help noticing that Henriette appeared paler than usual, and that her hand trembled as she took the glass of Burgundy, which I presented to her. We had hitherto lived as brother and sister, guilelessly and happily together; but the kiss of that night had betrayed the state of my heart. She grew not less kind, but less familiar towards me: and I cannot say that it grieved me, for in my situation it was a sin to love her. I was a poor boy, and had neither father nor mother, nor a single relative to whom I could confide my puny cares. I had been left almost alone in the world, and the world seemed unkind to me: but, no! no! there were some few hearts that loved me the better for my misfortunes; and strove to soothe my wounded spirit with sweet words, and smiles, and hopes of happier days. I inherited a small but sufficient patrimony from my father, who appointed Mr. C——, a merchant, then residing in London, my guardian. He was a strictly honourable, but severe and money-getting man; and this at times caused him to be harsh to the sensitive child, whose disposition so widely differed from his own. For even in my tenderest years I was subject to fits of despondence, especially when I saw other children of my own age passing their summer-days (for with them the whole year seemed summer!) beneath the smiles and happy eyes of their parents. He might have weaned me from my wayward melancholy, but chose the wrong means. A kind word from his lips was all that was required; but that he never gave. It happened that M. de P——, a French gentleman, from whom he had some years before received many friendly services, during a short stay in France, arrived with his only daughter in London, and took up his residence at the house of Mr. C——. I was then nearly eleven years of age. M. de P—— conceived an interest for me, and offered to take me to France. My guardian was not sorry to be quit of me, and instantly accepted the offer; yet at parting (although he had before never shown any affection towards me) I think he was moved, for he stretched out his hand to me, and my tears fell upon it, as I kissed it. He seemed confused—perhaps I might say, abashed. He was, doubtless, surprised why I could grieve at leaving him; but at that moment all his stern treatment and unkindness were obliterated from my mind, and I remembered only the good that he had done me. In such feelings the child is richer than the man. The knowledge of the world which we obtain in maturer years but too frequently stifles, if it does not entirely subdue, them; and in proportion as it calls to life the dormant energies of the understanding, deadens the kindlier sentiments and purer virtues of the heart.

We arrived in France. Henriette, the daughter of M. de P—— was about two years my elder, and beautiful

As a young rose-bud opening slowly,
Kiss'd by the breath of May.

She was of the liveliest disposition in the world; and, by degrees, her sweet smile taught me cheerfulness. We played together—we learnt together—we wept together. Our sports, and studies, and tears were

in communion. As I advanced in years I felt how dangerous her presence became, yet had not the power to fly from it. M. de P—— was wealthy, and his daughter the sole heiress to his fortune. I scorned to wrong my benefactor by beguiling away the affections of his lovely and innocent child, for I knew that all his hopes were centred in her; and I could not, if a world had been my recompence, have destroyed them. I once hinted my wish of going to my guardian, but he would not listen to it. I was thus compelled still to hear the too fascinating voice, and meet the glances of the beautiful dark eyes, of Henriette. I had attained my eighteenth year when M. de P—— retired to his chateau near the village of R——, where we had resided but two days when I took the evening ramble to which I have alluded. From that time we were less together, for she read my feelings—and if she did not love, I am sure she pitied me. A few months afterwards the young Count de B—— came on a visit. He saw and loved Henriette. If any living being deserved her it was the Count de B——, for he had not only inherited the title of nobility, but also every qualification of the head and heart that is calculated to adorn it; yet I thought—but this perhaps was vanity—that she received his addresses more for her father's sake than her own.

On the morning that she was to leave the chateau to accompany her father and the Count to Paris, I was confined to my room by indisposition. A gentle tap at the door told me that Henriette was come to bid me adieu—and for ever. I trembled, and the pulses of my heart seemed to pause. She entered. The paleness of my cheeks appeared to startle her—"I am afraid you are not well, Charles," she uttered feebly—and took my hand. Her voice, which once so enlivened me, now almost broke my heart. I sank back in my chair, and covered my eyes with my hand. "Charles (she added), I am come on a mournful errand—we must part—perhaps for ever—and"—she burst into tears; but suddenly, as if recollecting herself, turned away to conceal them: then, assuming a more composed air, she continued: "I know and admire your feelings, and were I allowed to follow my own, I—but it is a sin to think of it *now*. No!" added she, with more firmness, "we *must* part! Forget that you ever knew Henriette. But, no! no! I do not ask that. Think of her sometimes—but think of her as of a sister—a sister who has always loved you, Charles. Seek among your own countrywomen one, who will make your days, and weeks, and years, pass as a dream of faëry. Farewell! my father (she was too kind to say her lover) awaits me." She pressed her lips for the last time against my burning forehead, and rushed out of the chamber. I sat for a moment without the power to speak or even think. My sense of feeling, as well as happiness, had fled with Henriette.

Struck to the heart, and motionless with grief,
An unobservant reckless man, I sate
And heard not—spake not—thought not of my woes.

On a sudden the sound of carriage wheels aroused me from my stupor. I was too weak to walk, but contrived to crawl on my hands and knees to the window, which overlooked the street, and supported myself by clinging to the cornice work at the side. Henriette advanced to the carriage—one foot was already on the step—she turned, and, as if involuntarily, looked towards the window of my apartment—but, on seeing me, hurried tremblingly into the coach—and our eyes never met again. M. de P—— and the Count de B—— followed—the door was closed—the postilion drove off—and Henriette was lost to me for ever. I followed the carriage with my eyes, until it became a speck on the horizon, and at length totally disappeared.

The few remaining energies which that moment of trial had called into play, now forsook me, and I sank down in a state of utter helplessness and exhaustion, both of body and mind.

Henriette,

Ea sola voluptas solamenque mali,

was dead to me, and I was again in

the world, wretched, friendless, and alone.

The letter, which I received from her on the day subsequent to her departure, is to me alternately a source of pleasure and pain. In my happier moments it makes me melancholy—in sorrow it is a comfort: I have preserved it for many years, and, come what will, it shall go down to the grave with me.

EXCERPTA ANTIQUARIA: MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES.

MAYNARD'S TWELVE WONDERS.

THIS is one of the most curious volumes published at the beginning of the seventeenth century; it is a thin folio of twenty-four leaves, including the musical notes; and is sufficiently described in the following title page.

The XII *Wonders of the World, set and composed for the Violl de Gambo, the Lute, and the Voyce to sing the Verse, all three ioyntly, and none seuerall: also Lessons for the Lute and Base Violl to play alone: with some Lessons to play Lyra-wayes alone, or if you will, to fill up the parts, with another Violl set Lute-way, newly composed by John Maynard Lutenist at the most famous Schoole of St. Julians in Hartfordshire. London, Printed by Thomas Snodham for John Browne, and are to be solde at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard in Fleetstreete.* 1611.

Maynard dedicates his musical labours to the Lady Jane Thynne of Causo-Castle in Shropshire, to whom he very gallantly and piously wishes "Nestor's yeeres on Earth, and angel's happinesse in Heaven." It seems he had formerly taught her daughters musick, and had written and composed his present work under her hospitable roof.

The twelve Wonders consist of as many songs or madrigals, the subjects being twelve moral and virtuous characters in human life, such as an honest courtier, a religious divine, modest soldier, upright lawyer, &c. Of the harmony and melody of master Maynard's musical notes we are no judges, seeing that they are unintelligible to us, but the merit in some of the lines, added to the good sense good sentiment, and good feeling that display themselves throughout these little metrical compositions, makes us think that they deserve more general notice, and that our readers will thank us for retrieving some of them from comparative oblivion.

The Courtier.

Long haue I liued in court,
 Yet learn'd not all this while
To sell poore suters smoake,
 Nor, where I hate, to smile;
Superiours to adore, inferiors to despise,
 To fly from such as fall,
To follow such as rise:
 To cloake a poore desire under a rich aray,
 Nor to aspire by vice, though 'twere the quicker way.

The Diuine.

My calling is diuine, and I from God am sent,
I will no chop-church be, nor pay my patron rent:
Nor yeeld to sacriledge, but like the kinde true mother,
Rather will loose the childe, then part it with another.
Much wealth I will not seeke, nor worldly masters serue,
So to grow rich and fat, while my poore flocke doth starue.

The Souldiour.

My occupation is the noble trade, the trade of kings;
The tryall that decides the highest right of things.
Though Mars my maister be, I doe not Venus loue,
Nor honour Bacchus oft, nor often sweare by Ioue.
Of speaking of myselfe I all occasion shunne,
And rather loue to doe, then boast what I haue done.

The Lawyer.

The law my calling is,
My robe, my tongue, my pen
Wealth and opinion gaine,
And make me iudge of men.
The knowne dishonest cause
I neuer did defend,
Nor spunne out sutes in length,
But wisht and sought an end:
Nor counsaile did bewray
Nor of both parties take;
Nor euer tooke I fee
For which I neuer spake.

The Phisition.

I studie to vphold the slippery state of man,
Who dies when we haue done the best and all wee can.
From practice and from bookes I draw my learned skill,
And not from knowne receipt, or Pothecaries bill.
The earth my faults doth hide, the world my cures doth see,
What youth and time effects is oft ascrib'd to mee.

The Batchelar.

How many things as yet are deare alike to mee!
The field, the horse, the dog, loue, armes, or liberty.
I haue no wife as yet which I may call mine owne,
I haue no children yet that by my name are knowne:
Yet if I marryed were, I would not wish to thriue,
If that I could not tame the veriest shrew aliue.

The Marryed Man.

I onely am the man,
Among all married men,
That doe not wish the priest
To be vnlinck'd agen.
And though my shoe did wring,
I would not make my mone,
Nor thinke my neighbour's chance
More happy than mine owne.
Yet court I not my wife, but yield obseruance due,
Being neither fond, nor crosse, nor iealous, nor vntrue.

The Widdow.

My dying husband knew how much his death would grieue mee,
And therefore left me wealth to comfort and relieue mee.
Though I no more will haue, I must not loue disdaine,
Penelope herselfe did suitors entertaine.
And yet to draw on such as are of best esteeme,
Nor younger then I am, nor richer will I seeme.

The Maide.

I marriage would forsweare,
But that I heare men tell
That shee that dyes a mayde,
Must lead an ape in hell.
Therefore if fortune come,
I will not mocke and play,
Nor driue the bargain on,
'Till it be driuen away.
Titles and lands I like,
Yet rather fancy can
A man that wanteth gould,
Then gould, that wants a man.

EQUITABLE LOANS.

That there is nothing new under the sun, we have been assured by very good authority, and every day's experience corroborates what the wisest of men affirmed. The Equitable Loan Company, and George Rose, of Saving Banks memory, were not, perhaps, aware that their plans had been digested and acted upon in Italy, and were recommended in England some two centuries before they were born. However, such was

the fact. In a manuscript treatise by Persons the Jesuit, written in 1596, and entitled, "A Memoriall for the reformation of England, containing certayne notes and aduertisements, which seeme might be proposed in the first Parliament and Nationall Counsell of our Country, after God of his mercy shall restore it to the Catholicke Faith," we find the following passage:

It would be of greate importance, that in every cytie or greate shire-towne, there should be set vppe a poore man's banke or treasure, that might be answerable to that which is called *monte della pieta*, in greate cities of Italy, to wit, where poore men might either freely, or with very little interest haue money vpon suretyes, and not be forced so take it vpp at intollerable vsury, as oftentimes it happeneth to the vtter vndoing of themselfes and the generall hurt of the commonwealth. And for maintenance of these bankes, some rents or stocks of money were to be assigned by the councell of reformation out of the common purse at the beginning, and afterwards diuerse good people at their deaths would leaue more, and preachers were to be put in mind to remember the matter in pulpits, and curates and confessours in all good occasions, &c.

From a great many other passages in this treatise, it seems that its professors fully anticipated the speedy restoration of the Roman Catholic religion. "God," says Persons, "will most certainly at his time appointed restore the realme of England to the Catholique faith againe, as may appeare by the euident hand he holdeth now in the worke."

There is a great deal of good sense displayed in this production of the learned Jesuit's, and the following remarks on the exercises and residence for university degrees coincide so exactly with some more modern opinions on this subject, that we are tempted to transcribe the passage.

Taking of Degrees in the Vniversityes.

The degrees of bacchelours or licentiates in Divinity, Law or Physicke were not to be given to any but after their full study of their courses, to wit of foure yeares hearing in each course, and one or two yeares more to be allowed to repeate or looke over the said courses agayne, and after often publike exercises, and trialls to be made vpon them in the meane space. And after this degree of licentiate or bacchelour, other three yeares to be assigned for like triall for them, that will pretend to proceed doctors: and all these points of triall or taking degrees to be observed with rigour, and not dispensed with, nor changed into any contributions, as is now accustomed, but very rarely and vpon some greate, and extraordinary occasion. For that by this the fame and estimation of our vniversities would be exceeding great in the world abroad, and our degrees in learning would be holden in greate account, and our country would be full of learned men, with fewer titles void of substance. And among other things a provision must be made, that such degrees as are taken abroad in some forraine vniversities of less moment for money only, or favour, without merit, may be called to examination agayne, and not allowed of in England without new approbation and that vpon merit only.

DEATH.

DEATH !—DEATH !—how well the fatal mother cried,—
(When the grim realms of pain through every bound,
Trembling, as smit with anguish at the sound,
In many a ghastly echo answering sighed,)
——And NAMED her offspring!—Thou whose choice hath tried
Sin, and its bitter consequence has found,—
The diseased heart,—the immedicable wound
Of conscience,—joy, pure hope, and holy pride
Fled from their Eden spoiled,—and the faint will
Struggling and dark, for good embracing ill
With ever worse desire,—Oh! thou hast known
How well she spake, for thy despairing breath,
Hath called thy Heaven-lost, soul-deep misery—*death*,
—And that sad cry she utter'd was thine own.

X.

ROSE'S ORLANDO FURIOSO.*

Ariosto is the chief of romancers; and he embodies in his poem the adventures of those redoubted cavaliers, with whose exploits the Spanish, Italian, and Provençal troubadours made the courts of Europe ring. We are not pledged to consider the mad pranks of Orlando as really the subject of the poem. It embraces the famous epoch, when the Saracens, having invaded France, were first vanquished by Charles Martel, and by him finally chased beyond the Pyrenees. This invasion has given birth to all those fables, by which history has been so strangely disfigured in the chivalrous romances, and which Ariosto, to borrow old Sir John Harrington's version, thus announces in his opening:

> Of dames, of knights, of armes, of love's delight,
> Of courtesies, of high attempts I speak:

among these the madness of Orlando, the adventures of Angelica, and the loves of Roger and Bradamant, are only so many grand episodes. These tales are interwoven like the twigs of a basket: but so clear and precise is the style of narration, so tissued with gay and novel images, and dressed in such free and flowing numbers, that the curiosity is irresistibly tempted forward to the unravelment of every story; and the reader never lays down one canto without feeling the want of the other, which is to succeed. It may be thought that a decided tendency to the perusal of romantic tales and adventures is necessary to produce this degree of interest; and that it must be some such person as the heroine of Mr. Hayley, in one of the few good verses he ever wrote, when by her waning taper,

> She read unconscious till the dawning day,

who can weep, laugh, love, and sigh with the "extravagant and erring" dames and cavaliers of the Furioso. We congratulate those persons who have known or felt so little of the burden of life's fretting cares and solicitudes as to feel no want of losing themselves in a tale of magic or chivalry. But they who thus profess to despise necromancers (for whom we beg to say we entertain, poetically speaking, a very high respect, not to say affection) must stand convicted of despising poetry at the same time: for the teller of the tale is a poet. He is also the most popular of poets among his countrymen, notwithstanding the tenderness which Tasso has infused into his verses, and which is so captivating to the disposition of Italians: but Ariosto is also tender; as what is he not? and he gives you wit as well as poetry: he is an arch historian, with whom you must grow familiar, if you would be thoroughly acquainted with him; and amidst his feats and his transformations, and the sighings of distrest, or the warlike encounters of errant, damsels, he maintains an air of ironical bonhommie, which leaves you in doubt whether he is in jest or earnest. There are certain readers who, when they see a poem, set immediately about discovering its moral: they have been told by Bossu, that Homer sat down to write an epic lesson on the ill effects of the divisions of princes; and they will be sure to inquire after the specific moral purpose of Ariosto. The question would be rather puzzling; but we should answer, that we have less faith in the *monendo* of poetry, than in the *delectando*. The poet's first aim is to please; and he who sits down deliberately to instruct will assuredly fail of his object. We reject of course the moral allegories which Harrington extorts from Ariosto, as did others before him from Homer. It is true that most legendary fictions have a basis of allegory. The mistake lies in supposing that the poet employs them knowingly: in imputing to him, in short, a philosophical purpose, where his object is simply poetic excitement.

Homer was the historian of heroic traditions; Ariosto of those of chivalry: both poets were masters of human character, and of the human heart; both were, though not in the same degree, satirists; and we cannot put men in action, or paint their passions,

* The Orlando Furioso, translated into English verse from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto, with notes, by William Stewart Rose. Vols. 1 and 2. Murray. London.

humours, and defects, without appealing to the moral sense. There is an instinct in the mind of man which leads him to extract a moral for himself from all that is interesting to humanity—from all which he can suppose himself to act or suffer; and thus the moral results of a poem are less the effect of design in the poet, than of the necessary tendency of the subjects which he treats, to impress the moral sense and awaken hope and fear, compassion and indignation. As a picture of men and women, though in incredible and impossible relations and circumstances, Ariosto's poem may thus be said to have a moral purpose: for every poem, partaking of an epic or dramatic character, and not studiously directed to the corruption of virtuous principles, must inevitably have one: the laws of the human mind, and the high instincts implanted in our nature, impel the poet to render good faith, generosity, and honour amiable, and vice and meanness odious. In so far also as by satirical inuendoes, or burlesque incidents, the poet throws a light on the follies and foibles of courts, or of society at large, he may be said to perform the functions of a moralist; for satire is only a vehicle for morality. But that Ariosto, without apparent set purpose of literary seduction, or the express design of pampering licentious inclinations, has committed offences against the interests of pure morals, his warmest admirers, however reluctantly, confess. He is not merely led astray by a joyous levity of temperament, nor does he offend against modesty in passages of ludicrous recital, when the temptation to wit might appear to offer a plea for loose and careless sallies; but on occasions when no such excuse can avail him, he shows an evident inclination to the licentious heightening of voluptuous details. If Petrarch reared a temple to the celestial Venus, Ariosto may be said to have burned incense in the fane of Venus the terrestrial. This is the more to be lamented, as he has described love under all its forms, and in all its circumstances and effects; and while avoiding the metaphysical coldness of Petrarch, the "unsunned snow" of whose purity has little congenial with the warmth of real passion, is not at all inferior to him either in delicacy or dignity of sentiment: we may witness the loves of Olympia, of Isabella, of Genevra, and Bradamant; the two first of these in particular may be cited as examples of whatever is most pure and exalted in the most powerful of passions. As it is, however, Ariosto must remain in the original a sealed book to the eyes of innocence; and that translator does little service to his country who does not unsparingly disentangle the fulsome weed from the * fresh and untainted flower.

In depth of thought and force of diction, it would be idle to compare Ariosto with Dante. The latter may be considered as a sort of patriarchal poet, whose venerable superiority is at once acknowledged by succeeding poetical generations. In harmony of versification, however, Ariosto surpasses Dante; as he does Tasso in variety and freedom of rythm. When the *Jerusalem Delivered* rose into notice, it became a great question among the Italian literati, whether Tasso should not bear away the palm from Ariosto. Tasso had been brutally deprest by the pedants of La Crusca, the base courtiers of Alfonso, and the miserable competitors who envied him his glory. But his indisputable merit soon raised him to the exalted station which he holds among the epic poets. Upon this, the strict observers of what are called the epic rules proclaimed Tasso as superior to Ariosto; though Tasso himself, with his native amiable modesty, always confessed (in what sense he meant to be understood is not very easy to say) that he was no more than the disciple of the poet of Ferrara. No two poets can be more unlike on a general comparison, though, as Ariosto left scarcely any style un-

* Mr. Rose has had the good sense and good feeling to pay attention to this. The third and fifth lines of the 69th stanza of the 11th canto might however have been more delicately select in the choice of words; *members* for *limbs* should be relegated to Moore's almanack. Sometimes it might have been better to modify rather than expunge: as for instance in the eighth canto, when Angelica, during her adventure with the hermit, is, through the translator's asterisks of omission, left in a situation of ambiguity, which she does not deserve.

touched, there may be accidental points of similarity—nor is there the least equality between them. He is not the greatest poet who works after rules, but he who follows with most vigour and ardency the bent of his genius, and who comprehends within his grasp of intellect the widest diversity of powers. What avails the boasted uniform majesty of Tasso, when set against the boundless variety of Ariosto? The poem of Tasso, with the exception of some romantic incidents, the spirit of which he may have caught from Ariosto, is one continued regular imitation of the classical epopæa: Ariosto borrows from the ancients as if in haste; to save himself trouble, or from the overflowing abundance of his reading: but he stamps anew whatever he borrows in the mint of his own eccentric genius, and scatters around him with a free and careless hand the wealth of his native original fancy. Few poets would have ventured to describe, in two immediately succeeding cantos, stories so similar to each other as the rescue of Angelica and Olympia, each chained to a rock and abandoned to an orc or sea-monster: and Perseus, the saviour of Andromeda, appears with more brilliant effect in the person of Rogero, bestriding his hippogriff, and combating at once both in the ocean and in the air. The names of Ariosto's heroes are to the Italians as familiar as proverbs, and his women are peculiarly his own. They are women of the age of chivalry and magic: paladins no less than ladies: they ride about in armour; exchange blows in forest solitudes; unhorse knights; and yet it is contrived with singular delicacy that they never forfeit altogether their feminine character. In this Ariosto excels Tasso; whose valorous Clorinda, with all her beauty, wants the indispensable weaknesses and gentle qualities that reveal the sex. The particular forte of Ariosto, unless we except the nativeness or arch simplicity of his humour, is his talent at description. His battles on earth, on the sea, and in the air; his storms, his sieges, and his tournaments, are full of life and motion, and splendour. His monsters and his magicians have a nature of their own; and are drawn with such a vivacity and consistency, as to impress the imagination like substantial realities. It is impossible to avoid being struck with the intense idea of beauty which Ariosto possessed: it breathes over all those delicious nooks in his poem where localities of natural scenery are introduced, and is conspicuous in his delineations of the graces of the female form. He betrays here, however, usually that exuberancy of warmth already hinted at, and loads his picture with a minuteness and circumstantiality of finishing, resembling painting in enamel: we may instance the portrait of Alcina, where she presents herself before Rogero. He is emphatically the poet of Italy: if we were to name any poem of any other country that could at all compete with the Furioso, or could serve to convey a faint reflection of the manner of Ariosto, as well as of the character of his genius, we should name the Oberon of Wieland.

Now it follows from all this, that to transport into another language a poem so vast, so varied, and so harmonious in the truest sense of the word as that of Ariosto, is one of the least easy conceivable undertakings. Much of this difficulty may be said to grow out of the language itself. The lapse of time, the influx of new customs, the rise of new inventions, are the means of introducing new words and new forms of expression: a multitude of these words and expressions become in their turn obsolete: others change their meaning entirely. A translator must be an adept in these mysteries of language: we need not add that he must be somewhat conversant with the national genius and manners. It is owing to these continual changes that Dante wearies the patience of such of his readers as have not the profound knowledge of the language necessary to the full comprehension of his sublimity and power; and there are many things in Dante's poetry which, notwithstanding the most diligent efforts of his commentators, remain totally obscure, if not unintelligible. Ariosto, indeed, lived at a time when Dante, Petrarca, Boccacio, and Machiavelli, had not only laid the foundations, but fixed the boundaries of the noble Italian tongue. By them, and by Ariosto himself, it was carried to its highest pitch of force and beauty. Now, though we do not meet in

Ariosto with those difficulties which torment the admirers of Dante (and sometimes those of Petrarch also), he is not a writer that can safely be read with half-shut eyes: we must not suffer ourselves to be led away by that simplicity of diction which pervades the Orlando, and especially the openings of the Cantos; in which the good old poet talks morals and philosophy, like Fontaine in his Fables: for this exquisite simplicity, which bears the distinctive mark of a superior genius, is precisely the rock on which a translator would be most likely to split: he has to make his author easy without vulgarity, and lively without studied point: he must hit off that rambling kind of facility, often approaching to gossip, and differing as remotely as possible from the staid and formal manner of Hoole, and at the same time preserve that flowing terseness of rhythm and purity of diction which are indispensable to a correct delineation of the original. The author of Beppo, in some of the best passages of that poem (we are too tired of Don Juan to allude to it) has caught much of Ariosto's manner at second-hand from Ricciardetto. We say the *best* passages, for the unrhythmical divisions which Lord Byron affects are opposed not merely to the harmony of Ariosto's metre, but to that of every other. Against this approximation to doggerel, under the pretext of being familiar, we would seriously caution every translator of Ariosto; but we are happy to say that of this caution Mr. Rose does not appear to stand in need.

The version of this gentleman is, upon the whole, a very successful effort: and with occasional exceptions, it is successful in the exact points on which we have already insisted, as of the highest importance to be observed. He has generally combined the garrulous ease and unpremeditated manner of the original with a terse and equable flow of numbers.

As we think this easy and idiomatic sprightliness by far the most difficult acquisition on which a translator of the Orlando has a right to plume himself, we shall select one stanza to confirm the accuracy of our opinion, and shall prefix the correspondent version of Hoole, as the contrast may assist our reader's judgment. The passage relates to Bradamant, who is following Brunello in order to recover from him King Agramant's ring.

Third Canto.

Full well she knew the man she sought to find,
So well his form was treasured in her mind:
She questions where he goes and whence he came,
While lies to all he frames; nor less the dame,
Warn'd of his arts, for falsehood falsehood deals;
Her country feigns; her name and race conceals;
While watchful on his hands her eye she bends. *Hoole*, 534.

The maid Brunello knows, as soon as found,
(So was his image on her mind imprest)
And asks him whence he came and whither bound;
And he replies and lies, as he is prest;
The dame, who is fore-warn'd and knows her ground,
Feigns too as well as he, and lies her best;
And changes sex and sect, and name and land,
And her quick eye oft glances at his hand.
Rose, stanza 76.

We add the following (but we have no room for long quotations) both as it is a fair specimen of Mr. Rose's talent for descriptive elegance, and as it affords us an opportunity of exercising our critical vocation.

Second Canto, 49.

Upwards, by little and by little, springs
The winged courser; as the pilgrim crane
Finds not at first his balance and his wings,
Running and scarcely rising from the plain,
But when the flock is launch'd and scatter'd, flings
His pinions to the wind, and soars amain:
So straight the necromancer's upward flight,
The eagle scarce attempts so bold a height.

This stanza has much merit, as well in point of choice of diction, as of imitative harmony; but the construction, and consequently the meaning, are certainly mistaken: and the force and propriety of the simile are injured accordingly. The comparison is between one single winged object with another, and it is strikingly accurate, beautiful, and happy. Now Mr. Rose loses sight of the solitary pilgrim crane, who was brought by Ariosto into opposition with the sorcerer on his winged horse, and introduces the whole army of cranes, not

flying on in their wedge-like array, as is their natural habit, but rising and instantly scattering, without seeming purpose or reason; the parallel is thus interrupted; for the fancy is confused by the unnecessary allusion to the whole flock of cranes, and diverted from the single bird. The truth is, Mr. Rose has misconstrued the verses:

E quando tutte sono all' aria sparso
Velocissime mostra l'ali sue.

Tutte does not, as the translator obviously supposes, relate to *grù* understood,* but agrees with *ali sue* in the next line; we have thus the bold hyperbole of "when *all her wings* are scatter'd to the air," and the lonely identity of the crane is preserved. Might not the lines be turned thus?

But, once her pennons launch'd, she scatter'd flings
Their plumage to the winds.

Why the sex of the crane should be changed we do not see: it contrasts better in the original with that of the Necromancer, and obviates confusion.

The following classical simile from the first Canto, stanza 42, is prettily done.

The virgin has her image in the rose
Shelter'd in garden on its native stock,
Which there in solitude and safe repose
Blooms unapproach'd by shepherd or by flock:
For this earth teems, and freshening water flows,
And breeze, and dewy dawn, their sweets unlock:
With such the wishful youth his bosom dresses,
With such th' enamour'd damsel braids her tresses.

In the note it is stated that this is translated from Catullus's beautiful comparison, in his Epithalamium on Manlius and Julia: and in a note to the tenth Canto he mentions as a successful alteration that

unapproach'd by shepherd or by flock

is much more delicate than Catullus's

Intonsus† pecori, nullo *contusus* aratro:

in which he may be right; but the probability is, that the imitation is not directly, or, at least, wholly from Catullus; who himself seems to have had his eye on a chorus of Euripides, Hippolytus, 73:

σοι τονδε πλεκτον, &c.

This garland which my hands have deftly sorted,
I bring thee, mistress! it is woven fresh
From th' unsoil'd meadow, *where no shepherd deems*
That he may feed his flocks, where never comes
The edge of iron; but the bee strays wild
O'er all th' unsullied mead, and modesty
Bathes it with river drops: the few that are
Of untaught innocence, whose lot it is
From their own happy natures to be chaste,
May gather of these flowers; the wicked never.

Nè gregge nè pastor se le avvicina

agrees better with the line in Euripides than with that in Catullus: though, after all, the coincidence may be accidental on the part of Ariosto.

In the note on this passage, p. 172, vol. ii. Mr. Rose comments on his own translation, and criticizes Ariosto for an oversight which is exclusively his own. "But he has amplified his illustration injudiciously, and after saying of the flower that

* Every other translator seems to have stumbled on the same blunder: Harrington is misled by it to change the "peregrina grue" at the beginning of the stanza into the whole flock at once. (Harrington, by the bye, reads *peregrina*, and Mr. Rose *pelegrina*.)

And as we see *strange cranes* are wont to do,
First stalk awhile ere they their wings can find;
Then soar from ground not past a yard or two
Till in their wings they gather'd have the wind;
At last they mount the very clouds unto
Triangle-wise according to their kind.

Harrington, of whom Mr. Rose pronounces that "he cannot pretend to much merit as a translator," (a quite gratuitous assumption) has shown more judgment than himself in this instance, by retaining the measure of the distance, at which the crane first rises from the ground: "un braccio o due." Hoole follows Harrington: and also miserably docks the simile.

Like cranes at once they spring
Aloft in air and shoot upon the wing.

† By a singular mishap, Mr. Rose, when he gives the passage at length, has quoted the word *ignotus*.

With this the wishful youth his bosom dresses,
With this th' enamour'd damsel braids her tresses,

he, in the next stanza, tells you it loses whatever favour it had found with heaven or man *as soon as plucked.*" Ariosto says only

Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate.

A literary friend, who had made some progress in a stanzaic version of the Orlando, and whose manuscript we have seen, translates the words, as we remember,

And love to deck their bosoms and their brows;

which is more faithful than the version of Mr. Rose; but why may not *Amano* have the sense of *optavere*? "They would fain have adorned their temples with it" if they could enter the garden. Though, after all, in what way Ariosto can be said to have injured Catullus in his sequel, passes our capability of conjecture: since Catullus uses precisely the same illustration!

Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavêre puellæ.

Cropt from the slender stem it droops and fades,
Wish'd for no more by youths, no more by maids.

In Canto x. p. 166, stanza 112, the construction, if it be not ungrammatical, at least appears so.

Upon the beach the courser plants his feet,
And, goaded by the rowel, towers in air,
And gallops with Rogero in mid seat,
While on the croup behind him sate the fair;
Who of his banquet so the monster *cheat*—

cheats surely: if Rogero also be meant as the antecedent of *who, They* would be better.

We are sorry that Mr. Rose, in his notes to the eighth Canto, p. 82, vol. ii. should give into the pedantic foppery of this age of verbal hypercriticism, and go out of his way to run a tilt at "all our most admired old versions or paraphrases:" which, in reality, notwithstanding the critical nicety and painful polish, or *laborated* ease, of modern translations, infinitely excel them in natural and spirited expression. That he should select Dryden, whose affluence of diction and ready mastery over all the resources of rhythm and powers of language laugh to scorn almost every competitor but Shakspeare, is an instance of hebetude of taste, which we should not have looked for in an ingenious scholar, who is himself a poet. Dryden's paraphrases of Horace have never been equalled, any more than the bright parts of all his other paraphrases, including Lucretius and Juvenal. In the passage which shocks Mr. Rose by the liberty taken with fortune, because it would have *offended pagan piety*, we think him decidedly wrong.

I can enjoy her when she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.

"Is this what Horace says?" asks Mr. Rose: now the question properly should be, "Is this in the spirit of Horace? or is it in the spirit of poetry?" and if all that Horace could do, did he write in English, were to tell us "I praise her when steady, when she flies from me resign what she bestowed," we have only to say that we think Dryden in this, as in a hundred other instances, has approved himself a better poet than his original. Why pick out a careless specimen from Dryden's Virgil, and omit to praise, as highly as they ought to be praised, and they cannot be praised too highly, his translation of the effects of human love in the story of Leander; his chariot-race, never yet equalled; his Sibyl "when all the God came rushing on her soul;" a line worth whole folios of verbal criticism; or his God of battles "on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood:" why is no "faint praise," at least, conceded to the dramatic freedom and impetuous sweep of his versification, and to that bold harmonious fall from one couplet to another, whereby he breaks its otherwise eternal monotony?

Vain fool and coward! cried the lofty maid,
Caught in the snare which thou thyself hast laid;
On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious sire.

"Such is the character of all our most admired old versions," is it? Then the best advice which we can give to Mr. Rose is,

Tu longè sequere et vestigia semper adora.

PAUL JONES.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

I CAN add some little to your information on the subject of Paul Jones. That little is authentic; and moreover I am enabled to give you an original account (from his first, and indeed only lieutenant), of the action with the Serapis, the Gazette account of which appeared in your last number.

In the year 1801, two of the largest frigates in the world lay near each other in the Bay of Gibraltar. It was a question *which* was the largest. Some gave it that the *American* President (Commodore Dale) had it in length, and the *Portuguese* Carlotta (Commodore Duncan) in breadth. Each commander had a wish to survey the vessel of the other, and yet these gentlemen could never be brought together. There was a shyness as to who should pay the first visit. There is no more punctilious observer of etiquette than a naval commander, jealous of the honour of his flag, on a foreign station. A master of ceremonies, or a king at arms, is nothing to him at a match of precedency. The wings of a ship are the college in which he obtains this polite acquirement, and when he comes to run up his pennant we may be sure that a very professor in the courtesies flaunts upon the quarter deck. Dale was a good humoured fellow, a square strong set man, rather inclined to corpulence, jolly and hospitable. His pride in the command and discipline of his squadron, and the dignity of his diplomatic function, as the paramount of his nation in the Mediterranean, formed a very gentle bridle on his easy intercourse and open-heartedness. Now he thought that the Portuguese commodore should "*cale vurst*" (Parson Trulliber has it so), as having been earliest at the station. This was mentioned to Duncan (a fine hard bitten little old seaman by the way), and he forthwith laid down his punctilio in a manner that put an end to all hopes of an intimacy, or of a friendly measurement of the two ships.—"Sir," said he, "as Commodore Duncan of the Portuguese navy, I would readily call first upon Commodore Dale of the American navy, but as Lieutenant Duncan of the British navy, I cannot call upon a gentleman who served under the pirate Paul Jones."

This awoke my curiosity, and the next time I was in company with Commodore Dale, he, perceiving that my conversation led that way, readily met me in it. He had been with Jones in the Ranger, as well as in the Bon Homme Richard. What follows is from his recital.

Paul Jones *wanted* (as the Bow-street runners say) Lord Selkirk, to try upon him the experiment practising on President Laurens in the Tower; and if Laurens had suffered, Lord Selkirk, or any other great man they could get hold of, would have been put to death. Lord Selkirk was only preferred as being considered by his supposed residence to be the readiest for capture. Jones was surprised and displeased at the family plate being brought on board, but the returning it would have been too serious a displeasure to his crew. It was sold by public auction at Cadiz, bought in by Jones, and sent back, as we have known.

Commodore Dale thus related the action with the Serapis. The "Bon Homme Richard" was an old East Indiaman, bought and fitted out at a French port, and so christened out of compliment to Franklin, then in Paris, one of whose instructive tales is conveyed under such a title. Having originally no ports in her lower deck, six were broken out (three on a side) and fitted with six French eleven-pounder guns. On the upper deck she had twenty-four or twenty-six of smaller calibre. She had a numerous crew, to which were added some recruits of the Irish Brigade commanded by a lieutenant—now a general officer in the British service. Fontenoy was one instance, and this action was another, of the gallantry of these unfortunate gentlemen, whom an invincible hereditary feeling had driven into the service of the French monarch. When the last of their protectors was dethroned, honour brought them gladly over to the standard of their country.

In this vessel, with the Alliance American frigate of 36 guns (a fine regular ship of war), and the Pallas

French frigate of 32, Paul Jones started on a marauding expedition, only differing from that of Whitehaven as being on a larger scale. It was his intention to amerce our north eastern ports in heavy pecuniary ransoms, or to destroy the shipping and buildings as far as could be effected. He had intelligence, or believed so, of the exact number of troops stationed in these different places. Leith was the first great object. Entering the Firth they seized upon a Scotch fishing boat. The owner was refractory, but they terrified him into the office of pilot. The wind became adverse; they reached Inchkeith, but could not weather it, and had to stand out again. Making the land next to visit Whitby and Hull, they fell in with a large convoy, which dispersed while the ships of war (Serapis 44, Capt. Pearson, and Percy 20 guns, Capt. Piercy) which protected it, stood right out to engage them. The determination was mutual; there was a deal of hailing from the Serapis to the really *strange* ship which approached her. They closed, and the Bon Homme, by Jones's order, was made fast to the Serapis. While these were thus closely engaged the Alliance worked round the two ships, pouring in raking broadsides, which Paul Jones finding equally injurious to his own ship, as intended for the Serapis, put an end to by ordering the Alliance off, and she lay by during the rest of the action, while the Pallas was engaged with the British sloop of war. The cannonade was to the advantage of the Serapis, and gradually silenced the fire of the Bon Homme. The latter wished and expected once to be boarded, the British boarders were about to enter, but returned deterred at the superior number lying waiting for them, and purposely concealed as far as might be under the gangway. Lieutenant Dale, on going below, found two of the three guns on the fighting side silenced, and the crew of the other vying with the crew of a British gun opposite which should fire first. The British were quickest, and that gun was knocked over also. He returned slightly wounded and much fatigued to the upper deck, and was seated on the windlass, when the explosion which blew up the upper deck of the Serapis all aft from the main hatchway, gave the victory to the Bon Homme. For this success they were indebted to the officer and party of their marines. Seated out on the yard, grenades were handed along, dropped by the officer into the hatchway of the Serapis, and at last caught to some ammunition.

Paul Jones, crippled and afflicted with the gout, was seated during the affair in a chair on the quarter deck. Dale boarded the Serapis with a few men. As he made his way aft he saw a solitary person leaning on the tafferil in a melancholy posture, his face resting upon his hands. It was Capt. Pearson. He said to Dale, "The ship has struck." While hurrying him on, an officer came from below and observed to Capt. Pearson, that the ship alongside was going down. "We have got three guns clear, Sir, and they'll soon send her to the devil." The Captain replied, "It's too late, Sir, call the men off, the ship has struck." "*I'll go below, Sir, and call them off immediately;*" and he was about to descend, when Dale interfering said, "*No, Sir, if you please you'll come on board with me.*" Dale told me, that if he had let that officer go below he feared that he would have sunk them, as the Bon Homme was old, settling in the water, and in fact went to the bottom that night.

Paul Jones was, in Commodore Dale's opinion, a very skilful enterprizing officer, but harsh and overbearing in disposition.

He was afterwards, as your correspondent in the last number has related, taken into the service of the Empress of Russia, and was to have had an important command against the Turks. Greig, however, and the other British officers in her service, memorialled against it. They would neither associate nor serve with him, and, if she had not got rid of him, would have left her fleets.

Wherever Paul Jones was born, I have understood, from what I thought good authority, that he was apprentice in a coal vessel, in the employ of Mr. Wilson at Whitehaven. It is told of him, that quarrelling with a fellow apprentice, he took an opportunity to anoint the lad's head with a tar brush, and then set it on fire.

✠

THE LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

If it were allowable for one who professes to write the lives of English poets to pass the name of Chatterton in silence, I should think the literature of our country more honoured by the concealment of his fate than by the record of his genius. Yet from his brief story, the young will learn that genius is likely to lead them into misery, if it be not accompanied by something that is better than genius; and men, whom birth and station have rendered eminent, may discover that they owe some duty to those whom nature has made more than their equals; and who—

> Beneath the good tho' far—are far above the great.

Thomas Chatterton was born in the parish of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, on the twentieth of November, 1752. His father, who was of the same name, and who died about three months before the birth of his son, had been writing-master to a classical school, singing-man in Bristol cathedral, and master of the free-school in Pyle-street in that city; and is related to have been inclined to a belief in magic, and deeply versed in Cornelius Agrippa. His forefathers had borne the humble office of sexton to St. Mary Redcliffe church for a century and a half, till the death of John Chatterton, great uncle of the poet.

From what is recorded of the infancy of Chatterton, parents may be satisfied that an inaptness to learn in childhood, is far from being a prognostic of future dullness. At the age of five years, he was sent to the school of which his father had been master, and was found so incorrigibly stupid, that he was rejected by the teacher, whose name was Love, as incapable of profiting by his instruction. His mother, as most mothers would have done in the like case, bitterly lamented her son's untowardness; when an old musical manuscript in French coming in his way, he fell in love, as she expressed it, with the illuminated capitals. Of this fancy she eagerly availed herself to lead him on to an acquaintance with the alphabet; and from hence proceeded to teach him to read in an old Testament or Bible in the black letter. Doctor Gregory, one of his biographers, justly observes, that it is not unreasonable to suppose his peculiar fondness for antiquities to have originated in this incident.

It is related on the testimony of his sister, as a mark of his early thirst for distinction, that being offered a present of china-ware by a potter, and asked what device he would have painted on it, he replied, "Paint me an angel with wings, and a trumpet to trumpet my name about the world." It is so usual with those who are fondly attached to a child to deceive themselves into a belief, that what it has said on the suggestion of others, has proceeded from its own mind, that much credit is seldom due to such marvels.

A little before he had attained his eighth year, he was admitted into Colston's charity school in Bristol, an institution in some respects similar to that excellent one of Christ's Hospital in London, the boys being boarded and cloathed as well as instructed in the house. In two years his dislike to reading was so thoroughly overcome, that he spent the pocket-money allowed him by his mother in hiring books from a circulating library. He became reserved, thoughtful, and at times melancholy; mixed little in childish sports; and between his eleventh and twelfth years had made a catalogue of the books he had read to the number of seventy. It is to be regretted, that with a disposition thus studious, he was not instructed in any language but his own. The example of one of the assistants in the school, named Thomas Phillips, spread a poetical emulation among the elder boys, of whom Thistlethwaite, Cary, and Fowler, figured in the periodical publications of the day. Chatterton did not escape the contagion; and a pocket-book presented to him by his sister as a new-year's gift was re-

turned at the end of the year filled with his writing, chiefly in verse. Phillips is probably the person whose skill in poetry is extolled by Chatterton in an elegy on the death of his acquaintance of that name, which has some stanzas of remarkable beauty.

Soon after his confirmation by the bishop at twelve years of age, he was prompted by the serious reflexions which the performance of that ceremony had awakened in him, to compose some lines on the Last Day, and a paraphrase of the ninth chapter of Job, and of some chapters in Isaiah. Had his life been protracted, there is every reason to believe from the process which usually takes place in minds constituted like his, that after an interval of scepticism, these feelings of piety would have returned in their full force. At the same time he indulged himself in satirical effusions on his master, and such of his school-fellows as had provoked either his resentment or his ridicule.

On the first of July, 1767, he was taken from school and apprenticed for seven years to Mr. John Lambert, attorney, of Bristol, to be instructed in the art of a scrivener. The apprentice fee was only ten pounds; he slept in the room with the foot-boy, and was confined to the office from eight o'clock in the morning, with the usual interval for dinner, till the same hour at night. His conduct was such as left his master no room for blame. He never exceeded the hours limited for his absence, except on one occasion, when he had been to spend an evening in the company of his mother and some friends. Once only he incurred correction. His old schoolmaster had received an abusive anonymous letter; and Lambert having discovered from the hand-writing, which was ill-disguised, and by the paper which was the same as that used in his office, that Chatterton was the writer, thought it necessary to check so mischievous a propensity, by inflicting on him one or two blows. Though he was compelled to pass so large a portion of time in confinement, he had much leisure left him, as his master's business frequently did not occupy more than two hours in the day. His chief employment was the copying of precedents, with which he filled a folio book of 344 pages closely written.

At the beginning of October, 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was completed; and about the same time, there appeared in the Bristol Journal, a paper purporting to be a description of the Fryars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an ancient manuscript, and signed Dunhelmus Bristoliensis. By this the public curiosity was excited; and the printer not being able to satisfy the inquiries that were made concerning the quarter from whence he had received the communication, it was with some difficulty traced to Chatterton. To the menaces of those, who first roughly demanded from him an account of the means by which the paper had come into his hands, he refused to give any reply; but on being more mildly questioned, after some prevaricating, said, that he had got it, together with several other manuscripts, that had been in the possession of his father, by whom they were found in a large box in an upper room over the chapel on the north side of Redcliffe church. That some old parchments had been seen by him in his mother's house is nearly certain; nor is it at all improbable that they might have been discovered in a neglected coffer in the church, according to the account he gave of them. But that either the description of the Fryar's passage over the bridge, or the most considerable of the poems attributed to Rowley were among them, can scarcely be credited. The delusion supposed to have been practised on the public by Macpherson, and that acknowledged to have been so by Walpole, in passing off the Castle of Otranto for a translation from the Italian, were then recent; and these examples might have easily engaged Chatterton to attempt a fraud, which did not seem likely to be more injurious in its consequences than either of them.

About the same time he became known to a Mr. Catrott, and to a Mr. Barrett, a chirurgeon at Bristol, who intended to publish a history of that city, and was then collecting materials for the purpose, To the

former he showed the Bristowe Tragedie, the Epitaph on Robert Canynge, and some other short pieces; to the latter several fragments, some of considerable length, affirming them to be portions of the original manuscripts which had fallen into his hands. From both he received at different times some pecuniary reward for these communications, and was favoured by the loan of some books. Among those which he borrowed of Mr. Barrett, there were several on medical subjects; and from him he obtained also some instructions in chirurgery. He is represented by one of his companions to have extended his curiosity at this time to many other objects of inquiry; and to have employed himself not only in the lighter studies of heraldry and English antiquities, but in the theory of music, mathematics, metaphysics, and astronomy.

He now became a contributor of prose and verse to the Magazines. Among the acknowledgments to correspondents in the Town and Country Magazine for November, 1768, one of his letters appears to be noticed; but nothing of his writing in that miscellany, the first with which he is known to have corresponded, has been discovered before the February of the following year.

The attention he had drawn to himself in his native city soon induced him to aspire after higher notice. In March he addressed the following letter to the Honourable Horace Walpole:—

Sir,—Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you in any future edition of your truly entertaining Anecdotes of Painting. In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige

Your most humble servant,
THOMAS CHATTERTON.
Bristol, March 25th, Corn Street.

This was accompanied by a manuscript, entitled "The Ryse of Peyneteyne in Englande, wroten by T. Rowleie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge:" to which Chatterton had annexed his own remarks. Walpole returned a polite answer, and asked for further communications. On the receipt of a second letter from Chatterton, Walpole repeated his wish to know more concerning Rowley and his poems; in reply to which, Chatterton took occasion to represent his own situation, that he was the son of an indigent widow, and clerk to an attorney, but that his inclinations led him to more elegant pursuits; and he intimated a hope that Walpole would assist in placing him where he might be able to gratify such propensities. His letter was accompanied by more of the Rowleian poems, and contained an assurance, that the person who had lent them to him to transcribe, possessed other valuable relics of antient poetry. Some inquiries which Walpole made, confirmed the account given by Chatterton of himself; but in answer to his solicitation for patronage, Walpole declared that he had not the means of exerting it; and recommended a sedulous attention to business, as the most certain way of recompensing his mother for her care, and of securing his own independence. He mentioned that more competent judges than he pretended to be, were not satisfied of the manuscripts being genuine; and at the same time stated their reasons for concluding them to be of another age than that to which they were assigned. Shortly after, Chatterton wrote to him two letters, which, though querulous, are not disrespectful. In the first, while he thanks his correspondent for the advice he had given him, he professes his resolution "to go a little beyond it, by destroying all his useless lumber of literature, and never using his pen again but in the law;" and in the other, declaring his settled conviction that the papers of Rowley were genuine, he asks him to return the copy which had been sent him. Owing to the absence of Walpole who was then in Paris, some time elapsed without any notice being taken of this request; and on his return Walpole found the following letter which he terms singularly impertinent.

Sir,—I cannot reconcile your behaviour to me with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, Sir; and did you not know my circumstances, you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent for a copy of the M.S. No answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige

July 24th. THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The manuscripts and letters were all returned in a blank cover, on the fourth of August, and here the intercourse was at an end. Gray and Mason were the friends whom Walpole had consulted about the manuscripts, and they had no hesitation in pronouncing them to be forgeries. It may seem strange, that with such men, the uncommon beauty of the poetry they contained did not create some interest for the author. But Gray was now in a state of health that, perhaps, left him little power of being interested in any thing; or the wonder may resolve itself into that blindness which poets, no less than patrons, too frequently discover for the excellence of their contemporaries. Chatterton himself spoke with contempt of the productions of Collins. As to Walpole he had no doubt more pleasure in petting the lap-dog that was left to his care by the old blind lady at Paris, than he could ever have felt in nursing the wayward genius of Chatterton.

During his residence in Lambert's house, his constitutional reserve had assumed an air of gloomy sullenness: he had repeatedly betrayed to the servants an intention of committing suicide; and at length a paper, entitled the last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton, which was found lying on his desk, manifested a design of perpetrating this act on the ensuing day, Easter Sunday, April 15th, 1770. On so unequivocal a proof as this appeared to be of his desperate resolution, his master no longer thought it safe to retain him.

A few months before, he had written letters to several booksellers and printers in London, and from them received assurances of protection and employment if he should remove to the capital. This decided him as to his future course. When he was questioned by Thistlethwaite as to the plan of life he intended to pursue, if the prospect which was thus held out, should fail him, he answered: "The promises I have had are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I be deceived, I will turn Methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol." It is almost unnecessary to observe, that when he thus speculated on his future proceedings, his mind had been strongly tainted with infidelity.— Towards the conclusion of April, he set forth on his ill-omened journey. He had never yet gone farther than a Sunday's walk from his native city; and at the age of seventeen, equally inexperienced and confident, without a friend or a guide, and with principles shaken and perverted, he was about to enter on a new and perilous theatre; nor could it have been difficult to divine what the event must soon be. On the 26th of April, 1770, immediately after his arrival in London, he writes to his mother, and speaks in high spirits of the encouragement he has met with from the booksellers to whom he has applied, "who," says he, "all approve of my design." On the sixth of the next month, he informs her that "he gets four guineas a month by one magazine, and that he shall engage to write a history of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum." "Mr. Wilkes had known him by his writings, since he first corresponded with the booksellers. He is to visit him the following week, and by his interest would ensure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity House." In short he is in raptures at the change in his condition and views; and talks as if his fortune were already made. He now inhabited the house of Walmsley, a plasterer, in Shoreditch, where his kinswoman Mrs. Ballance also lived.

The other letters to his mother and sisters betray the same intoxication. At the Chapter Coffee-house, he meets with a gentleman "who would have introduced him as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland in his intended general tour, had he not been unluckily incapacitated for that office by his ignorance of any tongue but his own. His present profession obliges him to frequent places of the best resort. He employs his money in fitting himself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings him in good interest. He has engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a lord (a Scotch one indeed) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches, and is to have lodging and boarding, genteel and

elegant, gratis, besides no inconsiderable premium. He is introduced to Beckford, the Lord Mayor, to whom he had addressed an Essay, and who received him with all the politeness a citizen could assume, and warmly invited him to come again. He might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but he shall not take a step to the sea while he can continue on land. If money flowed as fast upon him as honours, he would give his sister a portion of 5000*l*." The kind-hearted boy did indeed find means out of the little profits arising from his writings, to send her, his mother, and his grand-mother, several trifling presents.

In July he removed to lodgings at Mrs. Angel's, a sack-maker in Brook-steeet, Holborn. He assigned no reason for quitting those he had occupied in Shoreditch; but Sir Herbert Croft supposes, not without probability, that it was in order to be nearer to the places of public entertainment, to which his employment as a writer for ephemeral publications, obliged him to resort. On the 20th of July, he acquaints his sister that he is engaged in writing an Oratorio, which when finished would purchase her a gown, and that she might depend on seeing him before the first of January, 1771. "Almost all the next Town and Country Magazine," he tells her, "is his." He boasts that "he has an universal acquaintance; that his company is courted every where; and could he humble himself to go behind a compter, he could have had twenty places, but that he must be among the great: state matters suit him better than commercial." Besides his communications to the above mentioned miscellany, he was a frequent contributor of essays and poems to several of the other literary journals. As a political writer, he had resolved to employ his pen on both sides. "Essays," he tells his sister, "on the patriotic side, fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. On the other hand, unpopular essays will not be accepted, and you must pay to have them printed; but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance." But all his visions of emolument and greatness were now beginning to melt away. He was so tired of his literary drudgery, or found the returns it made him so inadequate to his support, that he condescended to solicit the appointment of a chirurgeon's mate to Africa, and applied to Mr. Barrett for a recommendation, which was refused him, probably on account of his incapacity. It is difficult to trace the particulars of that sudden transition from good to bad fortune which seems to have befallen him. That his poverty was extreme cannot be doubted.

The younger Warton was informed by Mr. Cross, an apothecary in Brook-street, that while Chatterton lived in the neighbourhood, he often called at his shop; but though pressed by Cross to dine or sup with him, constantly declined the invitation, except one evening, when he was prevailed on to partake of a barrel of oysters, and ate most voraciously. A barber's wife who lived within a few doors of Mrs. Angel's, gave testimony, that after his death Mrs. Angel told her, that "on the 24th of August, as she knew he had not eaten anything for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint that he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry." The stripling whose pride would not let him go behind a compter, had now drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs. On that day he swallowed arsenic in water, and on the following expired. His room was broken into, and found strewn over with fragments of papers which he had destroyed. He was interred in the burying ground of Shoe-lane work-house. Such was the end of one who had given greater proofs of poetical genius than perhaps had ever been shown in one of his years. By Johnson he was pronounced, "the most extraordinary young man that had ever encountered his knowledge;" and Warton in the History of English Poetry, where he discusses the authenticity of the

Rowleian poems, gives it as his opinion, that Chatterton "would have proved the first of English poets if he had reached a maturer age."

"He was proud," says his sister, "and exceedingly imperious;" but both she and his school-fellow Thistlethwaite, vindicated him from the charge of libertinism, which was brought against him by some who thought they could not sufficiently blacken his memory. On the contrary, his abstemiousness was uncommon; he seldom used animal food or strong liquors, his usual diet being a piece of bread and a tart, and some water. He fancied that the full of the moon was the most propitious time for study, and would often sit up and write the whole night by moonlight. His spirits were extremely uneven, and he was subject to long and frequent fits of absence, insomuch that he would look steadfastly in a person's face without speaking or seeming to see him for a quarter of an hour or more. There is said to have been something peculiarly pleasing in his manner and address. His person was marked by an air of manliness and dignity that bespoke the superiority of his mind. His eyes, one of which was more remarkable than the other, were of a grey colour, keen, and brilliant, especially when any thing occurred to animate him.

Of all the hypotheses concerning those papers which have been the subject of so much controversy, none seems more probable than that suggested by Warton, who in the History of English Poetry, admits that some of the poems attributed to Rowley might have been preserved in Canynge's chest; and in another publication allows, that Chatterton "might have discovered parchments of humble prose containing local memoirs and authentic deeds illustrating the history of Bristol, and biographical diaries, or other notices, of the lives of Canynge, Ischam, and Gorges. But that many of the manuscripts were not genuine, is proved not only by the dissimilitude of the style to any composition of the age of Henry VI. and Edward IV. and by the marked resemblance to several passages in modern poets, but by certain circumstances which leave little or no doubt of their having been fabricated by Chatterton himself." One of his companions at the time that he was an apprentice to Lambert, affirms, that he one day produced a piece of parchment on which he wrote several words if not lines, in a character that appeared to his companion totally unlike English, that he then held it over a candle to give it the appearance of antiquity, which changed the colour of the ink, and made the parchment appear black and contracted. Another person declares, that he saw him rub a piece of parchment in several places in streaks with yellow ochre, and then rub it on the ground which was dirty, and afterwards crumple it in his hand. Having concluded the operation, he said it would do pretty well, but he could do it better at home. The first part of the Battle of Hastings, he confessed to Mr. Barrett, that he had written himself.

Some anachronisms as to particular allusions have been pointed out. The irregular, or Pindaric measure as it has been called, used in the song to Ælla, in the verses on the Mynster, and in the Chorus in Goddwyn, was not employed till a much later æra. There are also in the Ælla some lines in blank verse, not introduced among us till the time of Surrey, who adopted it from the Italian.

Another criterion of a more general nature, which has not yet, at least that I am aware, been applied to those compositions, is, I think, very strongly against the antiquity of them; and that is, that the intention and purpose of the writer in the longer pieces is not sufficiently marked and decisive for the remoter ages to which they are ascribed. In the early stages of a language, before conventional phrases have been formed, and a stock of imagery, as it were provided for the common use, we find that the plan of a work is often rude and simple indeed, but that it almost always bears evident signs of having subsisted anteriorly in the mind of the writer as a whole. If we try Ælla, the longest of the poems, by this test, we shall discover strong evidence of its being modern. A certain degree of uniformity is the invariable characteristic of the earlier productions of art; but here is as much desultoriness and incoherence, as can well be possible

in a work that makes any pretensions to a plan. On this internal proof alone I should not hesitate in assigning it to Chatterton rather than to Rowley, to the one who luxuriated in an abundance of poetic materials poured out before him for his use or his imitation, rather than to the other who had comparatively but a few meagre models to work upon.

Where he is much inspired by his subject, being thrown off his guard, he forgets himself and becomes modern, as in these lines, from which I have removed nothing but the old spelling,

First Danc.

Fly, fly, ye Danes, Magnus the chief is slain;
The Saxons come with Ælla at their head;
Let's strive to get away to yonder green;
Fly, fly, this is the kingdom of the dead.

Second Danc.

O Gods! have Romans at my anlace bled?
And must I now for safety fly away?
See! far besprenged all our troops are spread,
Yet I will singly dare the bloody fray.
But no; I'll fly, and murder in retreat;
Death, blood, and fire shall mark the going of my feet.

The following repetitions are, if I mistake not, quite modern:

Now Ælla *look'd*, and *looking* did exclaim.

and,

He *falls*, and *falling* rolleth thousands down.

As is also this antithetical comparison of the qualities of a war-horse to the mental affections of the rider:

Bring me a steed, with eagle-wings for fight,
Swift as my wish, and as my love is, strong.

There are sometimes single lines, that bear little relation to the place in which they stand, and seem to be brought in for no other purpose than their effect on the ear. This is the contrivance of a modern and a youthful poet.

Thy words be high of din, but nought beside,

is a line that occurs in Ælla, and may sometimes be applied to the author himself.

Nothing indeed is more wonderful in the Rowley poems than the masterly style of versification which they frequently display. Few more exquisite specimens of this kind can be found in our language than the Minstrel's song in Ælla, beginning,

O sing unto my roundelay.

A young poet may be expected to describe warmly and energetically whatever interests his fancy or his heart; but a command of numbers would seem to be an art capable of being perfected only by long continued and diligent endeavours. It must be recollected, however, that much might be done in the time which was at Chatterton's disposal, when that time was undivided by the study of any other language but his own. We see in the instance of Milton's juvenile poems in Latin, not to mention others, to what excellence this species of skill may be brought, even in boyhood, where the organs are finely disposed for the perception of musical delight; and if examples of the same early perfection be rarer in our own tongue, it may be because so much labour is seldom or ever exacted at that age in the use of it.

Tyrwhitt, whose critical acumen had enabled him to detect a supposititious passage in a tragedy of Euripides, was at first a dupe to the imposture of Chatterton, and treated the poems as so decidedly genuine that he cited them for the elucidation of Chaucer; but seeing good grounds for changing his opinion, as Mr. Nichols * informs us, he canceled several leaves before his volume was published. Walpole was equally deceived; though his vanity afterwards would not suffer him to own that he had been so. Mr. Tyson, in a letter to Dr. Glynn,† well observed, that he could as soon believe that Hogarth painted the cartoons, as that Chatterton wrote Rowley's poems: yet (he adds) they are as unlike any thing ancient, as Sir Joshua's flowing contour is unlike the squares and angles of Albert Durer.

The poems that were written after his arrival in London, when his mind was agitated by wild speculations, and thrown off its balance by noise and bustle, were, as might be ex-

* Illustrations of Literature, vol. i. p. 158.
† Nichols's Literary An. vol. viii. p. 640.

pected, very unequal to those which he had produced in the retirement of his native place. Yet there is much poignancy in the satires. The three African eclogues have a tumid grandeur. Heccar and Gaira is the best of them.

The following verses are strong and impassioned:

The children of the wave, whose pallid race
Views the faint sun display a languid face,
From the red fury of thy justice fled,
Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.
Fear with a sicken'd silver tinged their hue.
The guilty fear where vengeance is their due.

Many of the pieces, confessedly his own, furnish descriptions of natural objects, equally happy with those so much admired in the Rowleian poems.

When golden Autumn, wreath'd in ripen'd corn,
From purple clusters pour'd the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.
With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls,
The gurging rivulet to the vallies hies,
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread;
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes a dusky light congeal'd and dead,
His robe a tinge of bright ethereal blue.

His train a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor,
Whilst rising whirwinds, blasting keen and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

The lofty elm, the oak of lordly look,
The willow shadowing the babbling brook,
The hedges blooming with the sweets of May,
With double pleasure mark'd the gladsome way.

In "Resignation," from which these lines are taken, there is a fine personification of Hope, though the application of it is designedly ludicrous.

See Hope, array'd in robes of virgin white,
Trailing an arch'd variety of light,
Comes showering blessings on a ruin'd realm,
And shows the crown'd director of the helm.

With him poetry looks best, when she is

All deftly mask'd as hoar antiquity.

Scarcely any of these later poems are free from grammatical incorrectness or ambiguity of expression. Some are debased by the more serious faults of ribaldry and profaneness. His irreligion, however, seems to have been rather the fluctuating of a mind that had lost its hold on truth for a time, than the scepticism of one confirmed in error. He acknowledges his dependence on a Creator, though he casts off his belief in a Redeemer. His incredulity does not appear so much the offspring of viciousness refusing the curb of moral restraint, as of pride unwilling to be trammeled by the opinions of the multitude. We cannot conceive that with a faculty so highly imaginative, he could long have continued an unbeliever, or, perhaps, that he could ever have been so in his heart. But he is a portentous example of the dangers to which an inexperienced youth, highly gifted by nature, is exposed, when thrown into the midst of greedy speculators, intent only on availing themselves of his resources for their own advantage, and without any care for his safety or his peace.

Some years ago the present laureat undertook the office of editing his works for the benefit of his sister, Mrs. Newton. It is to be lamented, that a project so deserving of encouragement does not appear to have been successful.

ROYAL POETS.

VERSES WRITTEN BY KING HENRY VI. AND KING HENRY VIII.

THE power of poesy is by no means a royal qualification. The bay-tree will flourish in a garret, but it withers on a throne of marble. Were Time, or Time's treasurer—Oblivion, prevailed on to display the poetic furniture of his shelves and depositaries, there would, probably, but few of the articles be found impressed with the crown and sceptre.

Kings have been historians; witness Julius Cæsar and Frederic of Prussia. Kings have been orators; witness the same Cæsar and Pericles, amongst many others. They have been, even to a respectable degree, mathematicians, metaphysicians, theologians; such as Charles XII. James I. and Henry VIII. Nay, the law has had its imperial expounders; the long robe has been garnished with ermine, and the professional wig has restrained its curls with a diadem. In as much as legislation may be considered as the nobler branch of the law, kings have been lawyers. We have an illustrious instance here in our own Alfred; not to go so far back as Justinian, Numa, or Solomon. Peter the Great was a mechanician, Frederic the Great a musician; the one could build a ship for his amusement, the other compose a waltz; the one could direct a vessel better than any pilot in his dominions, the other could play a march better than any piper in Prussia. There is scarcely any science or art which may not boast a royal professor of some note, but the one we have excepted,—the Art of Poetry. Whether princes in general have despised the Muse, or have been of her despised, may be a question. We are rather inclined to suspect the latter member of the alternative to be the true answer. And for this reason: By the very nature of their education, and their manner of life, princes are less subject to those impressions and excitements which are the most fruitful source of poetry. The circumstances of their situation are often such as to nourish in them the faculties of oratory, legal subtlety, &c.; and frequently exact from them a knowledge of those arts which may be turned to practice. But the nature of poetry is abstract, and not only a king, but less worldly men, may live all their lives, without finding the least necessity to cultivate their genius in this unprofitable art, or any encouragement in surrounding circumstances to incite them towards displaying it. This is, however, an especial truth with regard to princes. As for the necessity,—it is but seldom that kings have an opportunity, like Alfred, of entering an enemy's camp as a minstrel; and seldomer still that they find themselves in the humour to take advantage of it. As for the encouragement,—all the poetic faculty with which a prince can be gifted, must be born with him; he can imbibe nothing of it from education, or experience. For, first; the face of nature is seldom familiar to them; her beauties are generally regulated for the eye of royalty by a brown-bill or a pruning-hook; and instead of God, it is his majesty's gardener, whose works are worshipped. At all events, the diversities of nature do not continually revolve before him; neither has he time nor opportunity for a minute inspection of her latent charms, her secret operations, or her more rustic features. Hence is his mind barren of natural imagery, the great store from which poetry is furnished with all that is beautiful, magnificent, and impressive. Again; the world of the heart becomes, alas! invisible, according as the spectator mounts above his fellow-mortals. It is covered with a dense atmosphere formed by the noxious breath of adulation, hypocrisy, and falsehood, which conceals it from his view; and when he ascends to the eminence of a throne, the world beneath appears dim and distorted through the haze of artifice and dissimulation which floats between him and his footstool. The sycophant, who in the fervor of loyal servility, will kiss the hem of his robe, will not pay the object of his idolatry the simple respect of speaking to him in the language of truth and of the heart.

We have been led into these reflections by the circumstance of having accidentally met with some verses of our ancient kings, which, although curious as such, and moreover of some intrinsic beauty, are not sufficient either in quantity or merit, to refute our opinion as to the humble pretensions of Earth's rulers towards the sovereignty of one poor turf in the domains of Parnassus. A single flower, and that almost hidden in the obscurest angle of those realms, owns itself the property of King Henry VI.; it is emblematic of the temper and condition of its royal master:—

Kingdom's are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy [game]
Which vice doth still provoke;
Pomp, unprompt; and fame, a flame;
Power, a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rocke
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood.

The pious and contemplative disposition of this monarch, well betrays itself in these verses; they are not inelegant, and were written probably about 40 years after the time of Chaucer. The author of such unambitious sentiments might well be supposed to utter those congenial lines which the poet has given him:—

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about a day,
How many days will finish up a year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs into a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this, how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
Henry VI. Part 3.

It is more than probable, that the poet had never seen his royal brother's verses, yet how admirably has he hit off the same melancholy and philosophic strain, which it appears Henry himself had indulged. What a pity this unfortunate monarch was not born to a crook instead of a sceptre!

Lest we should not find, even so unfit an opportunity as this is, we beg leave to subjoin here two sentences written by the same Henry, and preserved by one who had taken him prisoner in the wars of York and Lancaster:—

Patience is the armour and conquest of the godly: this meriteth mercy, when causeless is suffered sorrow.

Nought else is war but fury and madness, wherein is not advice but rashness; not right but rage, ruleth and reigneth.

These breathe the same mild and amiable spirit; they confirm that character which their author has received from history: more of the saint than the soldier, less of the prince than the philosopher.

King Bluff, as he had a finger in every thing; so had he a foot (a gouty one we confess) on the hill of Poesy; he was the landlord of so much ground there, as produced one weed of a proud carriage, but of little fragrance,—the *Turk's Cap,* probably:—

The eagle's force subdues each bird that flies;
What metal can resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes,
And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?
The hardest stones are pierced thro' with tools;
The wisest are, with Princes, made but fools.

So much for the Royal Polygamist and his despotic verses. "Fools," indeed, to allow a son of clay like themselves, to insult them in poetry, as if prose were not sublime enough to express the greatness of their insignificance!

The Emperor Adrian had undoubtedly a soul for poetry; the pathetic lines which he wrote whilst on his death-bed, have never been equalled, though frequently imitated by those who would blush to be compared with him as poets:—

> Animula, vagula, blandula,
> Hospes, comesque corporis,
> Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
> Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
> Nec, ut soles, dabis joca?

The diminutives and titles of endearment which the dying Emperor applies to his soul, give these verses a prettiness, yet of a melancholy sort, which no translation into English can attain. It is worth while remarking, that the epitaphs—*pale, stiff,* and *naked,* cannot be preserved except when the national mythology allows the spirit to be material, or at least, visible, as was the case with Paganism. It is so likewise, perhaps, with vulgar, but certainly not with true and philosophical Christianity.

But of Royal Poets, David is at once the most ancient and most illustrious; the Sacred Minstrel can alone, of all the sceptred race, be said to have enjoyed in its highest degree, the gift of poetic inspiration, unless the Song of Solomon be properly so entitled. In one of his Psalms there is a description which far exceeds in point of sublimity the highest flights of profane imagination; the Muse of Homer or of Shakspeare, in her loftiest hours, would not have dared to utter such magnificent language as this:—

> Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because He was wroth. . . .
>
> He bowed the heavens also and came down: and darkness was under his feet.
>
> And he rode upon a cherub and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
>
> He made darkness his secret place: his pavilions round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. . . .
>
> The Lord also thundered in the heavens: and the Highest gave his voice, hailstones and coals of fire.
>
> Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings and discomfited them.
>
> Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered: at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

Poetry of such tremendous sublimity as this, renders all other composition mean and grovelling. It transcends, by an infinite measure, Virgil's description of Jupiter striking Mount Athos with a thunderbolt, in his Georgics. Milton, whose temerity in the sublime is remarkable, and whose subject often inspires him with more than mortal strength of imagination, appears tame and feeble beside the poet of God.

History informs us, that Alexander the Great usually slept with Homer and his sword under his pillow. It is probable, however, that the martial and adventurous nature of these works procured them this honour, not their poetical merit. But as to Alexander himself, he was certainly no poet—at least if he was, history has forgot to mention it. Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens, is said to have collected the scattered verses of Homer, a better proof of his taste than Alexander has left us of his; nevertheless there is a great difference between the compiler and composer of verses. One or two instances more than those we have given, might be cited to increase the miserable band of Poets Royal;* in examining their pretensions, however, it is but fair to own that they are very humble, and indeed (except in the sacred examples) should be so.

* James I. of Scotland, author of King's Quair and Christ's Kirk of the Green, wears his laurel like a true soldier of Calliope.

NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

No. IV.

FALSE DISTINCTIONS.

The petty distinctions current in conversation and criticism—are all false when they happen to regard intellectual objects: and there is no mode of error which is so disgusting to a man who has descended an inch below the surface of things: for their evil is—first, That they become so many fetters to the mind; and secondly, That they give the appearance of ambitious paradoxes to any juster distinctions substituted in their places. More error is collected in the form of popular distinctions than in any other shape: and as they are always *assumed* (from their universal currency), without the mind's ever being summoned to review them, they present incalculable hindrances to its advance in every direction. What a world of delusion, for example, lies in the hollow distinction of *Reason* and *Imagination*. I protest that I feel a sense of shame for the human intellect, and sit uneasily in my chair, when I hear a man summing up his critique upon a book, by saying, "that in short it is addressed to the imagination and not to the reason." Yet upon this meagre and vague opposition are built many other errors as gross as itself. I will notice three:

1. *That women have more imagination than men.*—This monstrous assertion, which is made in contempt of all literature, not only comes forward as a capital element in all attempts * to characterize the female sex, as contradistinguished from the male, but generally forms the *theme* on which all the rest is, but a descant. A friend, to whom I was noticing this, suggested that by *Imagination* in this place was meant simply the *Fancy* in its lighter and more delicate movements. But even this will not cure the proposition: so restricted even, it is a proposition which sets all experience at defiance. For, not to be so hard upon the female sex as to ask—Where is their *Paradise Lost*? Where is their *Lear* and *Othello*?—I will content myself with asking, where is the female *Hudibras*, or the female *Dunciad*? Or, to descend from works of so masculine a build, to others of more delicate proportions, where is the female *Rape of the Lock*? Or, to adapt the question to the French literature, Where is the female *Ver-Vert*? † And the same questions may be put, *mutatis mutandis*, upon all other literatures past or current. Men are shy of pressing too hard upon women: however much our sisters may be in the wrong (and

* See for instance those which occur in the works of Mrs. Hannah More—a woman of great talents, and for whom I feel the greatest respect personally, having long had the pleasure of her acquaintance: her conversation is brilliant and instructive: but this has nothing to do with her philosophy.

† This little work of Gresset's occupies the same station in the French literature that the *Rape of the Lock* does in ours. For playful wit, it is the jewel of the French *Poésies Légères*. Its inferiority to the *Rape of the Lock*, however, both in plan and in brilliancy of execution, is very striking,—and well expresses the general *ratio* of the French literature to ours. If in any department, common prejudice would have led us in this to anticipate a superiority on the part of the French. Yet their inferiority is hardly any where more conspicuous.—By the way, it is very remarkable, that the late Mr. Scott, who had expressly studied the French literature, should have had so little acquaintance with a writer of Gresset's eminence, as is argued by the fact of his having admitted into the London Magazine a mere prose abstract of the *Ver-Vert*, without any reference to the French original. This is the more remarkable, because there existed already in the English language, a metrical version of the *Ver-Vert* (a bad one, I dare say), which is reprinted in so notorious a book as Chalmers's Poets. The prose abstract is not ill executed according to my remembrance: but still an *abridgment* of a jeu d'esprit, in all parts elaborately burnished, is of itself an absurdity: to strip it of verse is no advantage: and to omit the recommendation of a celebrated name, seems to argue that it was unknown.

they generally are in the wrong), in their disputes with us, they always take the benefit of sex—which is a stronger privilege than benefit of clergy. But, supposing them to waive *that* for a moment, and imagining this case—that the two sexes were to agree to part and to "pack up their alls," and each sex to hoist on its back its *valuable* contributions to literature, then I shall be so ungallant as to affirm, that the burthens would be pretty well adapted to the respective shoulders and physical powers which were to bear them; and for no department of literature would this hold more certainly true, than for the imaginative and the fanciful part. In mathematics there exist works composed by women—to reprieve which from destruction men would be glad to pay something or other (let us not ask too curiously *how* much): but what poem is there in any language (always excepting those of our own day) which any man would give a trifle to save? Would he give a shilling? If he would, I should suspect the shilling exceedingly; and would advise a rigorous inquiry into its character. I set aside Sappho and a few other female lyric poets; for we have not sufficient samples of their poetry: and for modern literature I set aside the writers of short poems that take no sweep and compass, such as Lady Winchelsea, Madame Deshouliéres, &c. &c. But I ask with respect to poems solemnly planned, such as keep the poet on the wing and oblige him to sustain his flight for a reasonable space and variety of course,—where is there one of any great excellence which owes its existence to a woman? I ask of any man who suffers his understanding to slumber so deeply and to benefit so little by his experience, as to allow credit to the doctrine that women have the advantage of men in imagination;—I ask him this startling question, which must surely make him leap up from his dream. What work of imagination owing its birth to a woman can he lay his hand on (—I am a reasonable man, and do not ask for a hundred or a score, but will be content with one,) which has exerted any memorable influence, such as history would notice, upon the mind of man? Who is the female Æschylus, or Euripides, or Aristophanes? Where is the female rival of Chaucer, of Cervantes, of Calderon? Where is *Mrs.* Shakspeare?——No, no! good women: it is sufficient honour for you that you produce *us*—the men of this planet—who produce the books (the good ones, I mean). In some sense therefore you are grandmothers to all the intellectual excellence that does or will exist: and let *that* content you. As to poetry in its *highest* form, I never yet knew a woman—nor will believe that any has existed—who could rise to an entire sympathy with what is most excellent in that art. High abstractions, to which poetry *κατ' ἐξοχην* is always tending, are utterly inapprehensible by the female mind: the concrete and the individual, fleshed in action and circumstance, are all that they can reach: the τὸ καθ' ὁλε—the ideal—is above them. Saying this, however, I mean no disrespect to female pretensions: even intellectually they have their peculiar and separate advantages, though no balance to ours: they have *readier* wits than men, because they are more easily impressed and excited: and for *moral* greatness and magnanimity, under the sharpest trials of danger, pain, adversity, or temptation,—there is nothing so great that I cannot believe of women. This world has produced nothing more heroic and truly noble than Mrs. Hutchinson of Nottingham Castle, and Madame Roland: and we may be assured, that there are many Hutchinsons and many Rolands at all times *in posse*, that would show themselves such, if ordinary life supplied occasions: for their sakes I would be happy to tell or to believe any reasonable lie in behalf of their sex: but I cannot and will not lie, or believe a lie, in the face of all history and experience.

2. *That the savage has more imagination than the civilized man:*

3. *That Oriental nations have more imagination (and according to some a more passionate constitution of mind) than those of Europe.*——As to savages, their poetry and their eloquence are always of the most unimaginative order: when they are figurative, they are so by mere necessity; language being too poor amongst savage nations to express

any but the rudest thoughts; so that such feelings as are not of hourly recurrence can be expressed only by figures. Moreover it is a mistake to suppose that merely to deal in figurative language implies any imaginative power: it is one of the commonest expressions of the over-excitement of weakness; for there are spasms of weakness no less than spasms of strength.—In all the specimens of savage eloquence which have been reported to us (as that of Logan, &c.), there is every mark of an infantine understanding: the thoughts are of the poorest order; and, what is particularly observable, are mere fixtures in the brain—having no vital principle by which they become generative or attractive of other thoughts. A Demosthenical fervor of *manner* they sometimes have; which arises from the predominance of interrogation—the suppression of the logical connexions—the nakedness of their mode of *schematising* the thoughts—and the consequent rapidity with which the different parts of the harangue succeed to each other. But these characteristics of manner, which in the Athenian were the result of exquisite artifice, in them are the mere *negative* product of their intellectual barrenness. The Athenian *forewent* the full developement of the logical connexion: the savage *misses* it from the unpractised state of his reasoning faculties: the Athenian was naked from choice and for effect; the savage from poverty. And, be the *manner* what it may, the *matter* of a savage oration is always despicable. But, if savages betray the *negation* of all imaginative power (= 0), the oriental nations betray the *negative* of that power (= — imagination). In the Koran I read that the pen, with which God writes, is made of mother-of-pearl, and is so long, that an Arabian courser of the finest breed would not be able to gallop from one end to the other in a space of 500 years. Upon this it would be said in the usual style of English criticism—"Yes: no doubt, it is very extravagant: the writer's imagination runs away with his judgment." Imagination! How so? The imagination seeks the illimitable; dissolves the definite; translates the finite into the infinite. But this Arabian image has on the contrary translated the infinite into the finite. And so it is generally with Oriental imagery.

In all this there is something more than mere error of fact; something worse than mere error of theory; for it is thus implied that the understanding and the imaginative faculty exist in insulation—neither borrowing nor lending; that they are strong at the expense of each other; &c. &c. And from these errors of theory arise practical errors of the worst consequence. One of the profoundest is that which concerns the discipline of the reasoning faculties. All men are anxious, if it were only for display in conversation, to "reason" (as they call it) well. But how mighty is the error which many make about the constituents of that power! That the fancy has any thing to do with it—is the last thought that would occur to them. Logic, say they, delivers the art of reasoning; and logic has surely no commerce with the fancy. Be it so: but logic, though indispensable, concerns only the *formal* part of reasoning; and is therefore only its *negative* condition: your reasoning will be bad, if it offends against the rules of logic; but it will not be good simply by conforming to them. To use a word equivocally for instance, i. e. in two senses, will be in effect to introduce four terms into your syllogism; and that will be enough to vitiate it. But will it of necessity heal your argument—to exterminate this dialectic error? Surely not: the *matter* of your reasoning is the grand point; and this can no more be derived from logic, than a golden globe from the geometry of the sphere. It is through the fancy, and by means of the *schemata* which that faculty furnishes to the understanding, that reasoning (good or bad) proceeds, as to its positive or *material* part, on most of the topics which interest mankind: the *vis imaginatrix* of the mind is the true *fundus* from which the understanding draws: and it may be justly said in an axiomatic form—that "Tantum habet homo discursûs, quantum habet phantasiæ."

On this doctrine however at another time: meantime I would ask of any reader, to whom it appears

wonderful,—For what purpose he supposes the fancy to exist? If a physiologist meets with a part in the human body (as the spleen, e. g.) whose uses he is unable to explain, he never allows himself to pronounce it a superfluity, but takes it for granted that it performs some useful functions in the animal œconomy which will appear on further knowledge. But, as to the fancy, to judge by the language of most men, it should seem to make a part of our intellectual system simply for the sake of being resisted by the understanding, or of furnishing an object of invective to moralists.—If however the reflecting reader is forced to acknowledge that such an estimate is childish and absurd as applied to any intellectual faculty, he may perhaps endeavour to make himself more particularly acquainted with the purposes of this; which in that case he will find as various and as important as those of any other whatsoever. (N. B. I have here used the words Fancy—Imagination—Imaginative power—as equivalent to each other: because it was not necessary for the present purpose to take notice of them in any other relation than that of contradistinction to the formal understanding, or *logos*.)

MADNESS.

I AM persuaded myself that all madness, or nearly all, takes its rise in some part of the apparatus connected with the digestive organs, most probably in the liver. That the brain is usually supposed to be the seat of madness has arisen from two causes; first, because the brain is universally considered the organ of thought, on which account any disease which disturbs the thinking principle is naturally held to be seated there; secondly, because in dissections of lunatics some lesion or disorganization of the brain has been generally found. Now, as to the first argument, I am of opinion that the brain has been considered the organ of thought chiefly in consequence of the strong direction of the attention to the head arising out of the circumstance that four of the senses, but especially that the two most intellectual of the senses, have their organs seated in that part of our structure. But, if we must use the phrase "organ of thought" at all, on many grounds I should be disposed to say that the brain and the stomach-apparatus through their reciprocal action and reaction jointly make up the compound organ of thought. Secondly, as to the *post-mortem* appearances in the brains of lunatics, no fact is better ascertained in modern pathology than the *metastasis*, or translation to some near or remote organ, of a disease which had primarily affected the liver; generally from sympathy as it is called, but sometimes in the case of neighbouring organs from absolute pressure when the liver is enlarged. In such cases the sympathetic disorder, which at first is only apparent, soon becomes real and unrealizes the original one. The brain and the lungs are in all cases of diseased liver, I believe, liable beyond any other organs to this morbid sympathy: and, supposing a peculiar mode of diseased liver to be the origin of madness, this particular mode we may assume to have as one part of its peculiarity a more uniform determination than other modes to this general tendency of the liver to generate a secondary disease in the brain. Admitting all this, however, it will be alleged that it merely weakens or destroys the objections to such a theory: but what is the positive argument in its behalf? I answer—my own long experience, and latterly my own experiments directed to this very question, under the use of opium. For some years opium had simply affected the tone of my stomach: but as this went off and the stomach, by medicine, ad exercise, &c. began to recover its strength; I observed that the liver began to suffer. Under the affection of this organ I was sensible that the genial spirits decayed far more rapidly and deeply; and that with this decay the intellectual faculties had a much closer sympathy. Upon this I tried

some scores of experiments, raising and lowering alternately for periods of 48, 60, 72, or 84 hours the quantity of opium. The result I may perhaps describe more particularly elsewhere: in substance it amounted to this, that as the opium began to take effect, the whole living principle of the intellectual motions began to lose its elasticity, and as it were to petrify; I began to comprehend the tendency of madness to eddy about one idea; and the loss of power to abstract—to hold abstractions steadily before me—or to exercise many other intellectual acts, was in due proportion to the degree in which the biliary system seemed to suffer. It is impossible in a short compass to describe all that took place: it is sufficient to say that the power of the biliary functions to affect and to modify the power of thinking according to the degree in which they were themselves affected, and in a way far different from the action of good or bad spirits, was prodigious; and gave me a full revelation of the way in which insanity begins to collect and form itself. During all this time my head was unaffected. And I am now more than ever disposed to think that some affection of the liver is in most cases the sole proximate cause, or if not, an indispensable previous condition of madness.

ENGLISH PHYSIOLOGY.

In spite of our great advantages for prosecuting Physiology in England, the whole science is yet in a languishing condition amongst us; and purely for the want of first principles and a more philosophic spirit of study. Perhaps at this moment the best service which could be rendered to this subject would be to translate, and to exhibit in a very luminous aspect, all that Kant has written on the question of teleology or the doctrine of Final Causes. Certainly the *prima philosophia* of the science must be in a deplorable condition, when it could be supposed that Mr. Lawrence's book brought forward any new arguments in behalf of materialism; or that in the old argument which he has used (an argument proceeding everywhere on a metaphysical confusion which I will notice in a separate paper) there was any thing very formidable.—I have mentioned this book, however, not for the purpose of criticising it generally, but of pointing out one unphilosophic remark of a practical tendency, which may serve to strengthen prejudices that are already too strong. On examining certain African skulls Mr. Lawrence is disposed with many other physiologists to find the indications of inferior intellectual faculties in the bony structure as compared with that of the Caucasian skull. In this conclusion I am disposed to coincide: for there is nothing unphilosophic in supposing a scale of intellectual gradations amongst different races of men, any more than in supposing such a gradation amongst the different individuals of the same nation. But it is in a high degree unphilosophic to suppose, that nature ever varies her workmanship for the sake of absolute degradation. Through all differences of degree she pursues some difference of kind, which could not perhaps have co-existed with a higher degree. If therefore the negro intellect be in some of the higher qualities inferior to that of the European, we may reasonably presume that this inferiority exists for the purpose of obtaining some compensatory excellence in lower qualities that could not else have existed. This would be agreeable to the analogy of nature's procedure in other instances: for, by thus creating no absolute and entire superiority in any quarter—but distributing her gifts in parts, and making the several divisions of men the complements as it were of each other, she would point to that same intermixture of all the races with each other which on other grounds, *à priori* as well as empirical, we have reason to suppose one of her final purposes, and which the course of human events is manifestly preparing.

X. Y. Z.

ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY
"TO BE OR NOT TO BE."

TO BE OR NOT TO BE, that is the question.

THIS celebrated soliloquy has been so highly extolled as a fine specimen of right reasoning proceeding from a vigorous and virtuous mind, that any attempt to treat it as an incongruous assemblage of intruding thoughts, springing from a morbid sensibility, will probably alarm the prejudices of those who have held it in veneration; but as a great outrage against popular opinion has already been committed in speaking of Hamlet as a man suffering mental aberrations, possibly the minor offence, of contrasting a former soliloquy in the same play with that which is the subject of present remark, and pointing attention to the unsoundness of Hamlet's arguments in the latter, *as evidence of the progress of his disease*, may be considered as adding but little to the original transgression.

When Hamlet is first left alone, and before he is informed of his father's murder, he displays a distrelish of life, but controls his feelings by the pious reflection that, "THE EVERLASTING HAD FIXED HIS CANON 'GAINST SELF SLAUGHTER."

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter—God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

It may be observed, that Shakspeare has seized the first opportunity to represent Hamlet as a man IMPRESSED WITH THE TRUTHS OF REVEALED RELIGION. At the time Hamlet thus moralized, the theory, which he afterwards cherished, and which ultimately produced mental alienation, had not entered his mind; consequently his opinions on a future state proceeded from a full and free exercise of his intellectual faculties; and as his train of reasoning was sound, so his conclusions are justified by religion and philosophy. How far the same praise can with justice be given to his second soliloquy on the same subject, *after* he had received the awful communication of his father's murder, remains to be considered. On the first visitation Hamlet promises that the Ghost's commandment "all alone shall live within the book and volume of his brain, unmixed with baser matter;" and so anxious is he to take full revenge on the murderer, that when it is in his power to "*do it pat*," he rejects the opportunity, lest by killing the king when AT PRAYER he should send him to HEAVEN instead of to HELL.

-And am I then revenged
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is *fit* and *seasoned* for his passage?
No.
Up sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of SALVATION in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at HEAVEN,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As HELL WHERETO IT GOES.

Those, who are of opinion that Hamlet is in the full enjoyment of a vigorous and virtuous mind throughout the whole play, must needs admit his *religious* creed to have been a very singular one, since it made the Amighty fix his canon 'gainst *self-slaughter*, but not against *murder*, and murder too in malice of the deepest dye, seeking not only to kill the *body* of the victim, but his *soul* also. Indeed, the only canon against self-slaughter is that which says "Thou shalt do no *murder*." This, Hamlet, when he was of sound mind, properly construed to mean,—Thou shalt not take the life of any human being—and not merely—one man shall not kill another. This was a wholesome construction of the commandment—all men being creatures of the same Maker, who holds the lives of all—and the continuance or extinction of any, is not a question between mortal and mortal; or affecting the right of either, but be-

tween the man and his God, to whom all are due. The canon in terms expressing a commandment against *murder*, and that commandment having been construed by Hamlet himself in the first soliloquy to extend to self-slaughter, it would be difficult to believe that the same man, if he were in the same state of mind, could subsequently infer that the canon applied to self-slaughter *only*, and *not* to murder, in the ordinary acceptation of the word—yet Hamlet comes to this conclusion, and thinks it "perfect conscience" to kill his uncle, and that it is "to be damn'd," to let him live any longer:

This is more strange than such a murder is.

Having promised to take vengeance on his uncle, he determines to *assume* madness, the better to gratify his revenge and to provide for his own safety, of which he is thenceforth *remarkably careful*, having a strong *motive* for which to live. Indeed there is no circumstance affecting Hamlet that should prompt him to entertain a thought of self destruction; on the contrary, revenge towards his father's murderer and the usurper of his throne—love for the fair Ophelia, and the ambition of reigning, all concurred to render life desirable. On each of these points Hamlet is very explicit in the course of the play. That he sought revenge, and loved Ophelia, will not be questioned; and that he was anxious to *reign*, is made perfectly clear by his urging "the stepping between him and his hopes," as one of the causes for which he hated his uncle.

He that hath killed my king and whored my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage, is't not perfect *conscience*
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Thus, so far from wishing to die *after* he had received the Ghost's commandment, Hamlet was anxious to preserve his own life, and to take the life of the king.

As evidence of Hamlet's wish for life, it has been observed that, when he had an *opportunity* of dying without being *accessary* to his own death, when he had nothing to do but, in obedience to his uncle's command, to allow himself to be quietly conveyed to England, *where he was sure of suffering death*, instead of amusing himself with meditations on mortality, he very wisely consulted the means of self-preservation, turned the tables upon his attendants, and returned to Denmark.

Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I, to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
MY FEARS *forgetting manners*, to unseal
Their grand commission, where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, *not to stay the grinding of the axe,*
My head should be struck off.
* * * * * * *
Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had began the play; I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair;
——————— Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Horatio. Ay, good my lord.
Hamlet. An earnest conjuration to the King (of England),
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should THE BEARERS* *put to sudden death,*
NOT SHRIVING-TIME ALLOW'D.
* * * * *
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of the Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscribed it, gave it the impression, placed it safely,
The changeling never known: now the next day
Was our sea fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hamlet having every motive to wish for life, and being extremely

* Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who were his school-fellows and friends, who, for anything that appears in the play, were perfectly ignorant of the king's design.—This was either the cunning of madness, or a most cold-blooded murder.

anxious for its preservation, is nevertheless found debating on suicide in the third act of the play, as if his condition were so desperate, that he saw no possibility of repose but in the *uncertain* harbour of death.

Will it be believed, that the studious and virtuous prince, who in the first scene considered this world as an unweeded garden, and looked to other realms for a more blissful state of being, but was deterred from seeking those realms by his steady belief in the revelation which awards punishments for those who shall be guilty of self-slaughter, could be so entirely divested of his religious impressions, and, indeed, of his philosophy, as to utter in the third act a soliloquy in which his very *existence* in a future state is made a subject of doubt? Will it find belief, that in two acts such a change in the mind of man could be wrought without supervening *malady* to *effect* the change! Nay, that the same man could talk of "*salvation*" through "*prayer*," of "*heaven*," and "*hell*," "*no shriving-time allowed*," and *afterwards* speak of his mother's offence as a deed which from the sacred ceremony of

——— CONTRACTION plucks
The very soul: AND SWEET RELIGION MAKES
A RHAPSODY OF WORDS.

If the images in the soliloquy were connected, and the train of reasoning consistent, still the mere *debating* of such a question by a scholar, who believed in a "canon 'gainst self-slaughter," and salvation through prayer, would induce an opinion that disease *alone* could have strained his mind to such a consideration; but when the soliloquy *itself* shall be found to be false in metaphor, incongruous in reasoning, and impotent in conclusion; when "sweet religion" is *indeed* "made a rhapsody of words," it must *force* a belief, that the poet *intended* to mark the growth of Hamlet's mental disorder, by contrasting the *present* with the *former* state of his thoughts *in the two soliloquies*. It may not be unimportant to call to recollection the *period* at which Shakspeare wrote the play of Hamlet. Is it probable that an author, in *the reign of Elizabeth*, when England was straight-laced in religious bands, should draw a scholar and a prince *confessing* that the Everlasting had fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter, but *doubting* the truth of revelation, and the existence of a future state? Would Shakspeare, considering *for whom he wrote*, have put such arguments into the mouth of a man whom he meant to represent as in his right senses; and, that too after he had deviated from the historical fact, by making him a *Christian* instead of a *Pagan*? It is confidently contended that he would *not*, but, on the contrary, that he has *designedly* given an unconnected train of reasoning to Hamlet, in the following soliloquy, on *purpose* to display the unsoundness of his intellect.

To be or *not to be*,—that is the question.
Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind to *suffer*
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by *opposing*, *end* them? To die—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to:—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to *dream!* aye, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this *mortal* coil,
Must give us pause:—*There's the respect*
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the *dread* of something *after* death,—
The *undiscover'd* country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns—*puzzles the will;*
And makes us rather bear those *ills* we *have*,
Than fly to OTHERS *that we know not of!*
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And *thus* the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

The question is TO BE, that is, to

exist—or, *not* TO BE, that is, to *cease* to exist, which Hamlet in a paraphrase thus explains:

> Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind to *suffer*
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or to take arms *against* a sea of troubles
> And by *opposing*, *end* them?

Here the inquiry is, whether it is nobler to *continue* to *be* and *endure* the ills of life, or *cease* to *be* and *get rid* of them?—the consideration goes no further than to ascertain whether 'tis *nobler* to *suffer* ills than to *end* them by an act of violence. Now it is a very curious fact, that Hamlet, instead of debating the question which he has taken so much pains to explain, drops it altogether, and proceeds to consider a *perfectly distinct question*—not whether it is *nobler* to *suffer* than to *end* the ills, but whether it is *possible* to end them,—a problem which could only be solved by Hamlet's *belief*, but of which that belief would furnish an *immediate* solution. If Hamlet did *not* believe in a *future state*, he could not doubt that death *would* terminate the ills of life, for if there were no *future state*, there could be no *future ills*; and, putting *religion* out of the argument, there could be no *question* on the propriety of *terminating* evils rather than *enduring* them.

If Hamlet *did* believe in the truth of revealed religion, and that

> The Everlasting *had* fix'd his canon 'gainst self-slaughter,

he must have felt assured that he could *not* terminate his sufferings by an act of suicide. In neither event, therefore, could any advantage be derived from reasoning; as the *want* of a belief in a future state would have *prevented* a doubt in the *one* case, and the *revelation* would have *satisfied* doubt in the *other*. Thus the only point on which Hamlet seems to have debated, namely, whether in death he should rest from his misery? could not be settled or explained by reasoning or discussion; and the question originally proposed stands altogether unanswered, and unconsidered. But, to endeavour to make a chain of reasoning in Hamlet's own way,—"To die" is "no more" than "to sleep," "and by a sleep to say we end the heartache,—a consummation devoutly to be wished." Now Hamlet knew well enough that sleep would *not* always end the heartache, as we frequently *dream* in our *sleep* of that which oppresses us when we are *awake*. This, afterwards, occurs to Hamlet, and he accordingly says, "aye, *there's the rub*;" for what *dreams* may come in that sleep of death *must give us pause*.

"THERE'S *the respect*," he adds, "*that makes calamity of so long life*." For who, he asks, would *bear* the whips and scorns of time, if it were so easy to get rid of them that even a bare bodkin would effect the object? who would bear the burdens of life, if it were not for the dread of something after death—if ignorance of the future—the *undiscovered* country, did not puzzle the will? Thus, so far from weighing whether it was *nobler* to *suffer* or to take arms *against* calamities, he asks who would be so silly as to endure them if it were possible to oppose them successfully?

All *religion* is quite kicked out of doors in the debate, but *philosophy* rejects his conclusion as unsound, when he declares that "it is better to suffer the *ills* we *have*, than fly to OTHERS *that we know not of*." To pursue Hamlet's own metaphor,—suppose a man suffering under *extreme pain*, on being advised to go to *sleep*, should say, "*No*, although it is probable that sleep would give me *ease*, yet, as it is possible that I might *dream* of *other* pains, I think it is better by remaining awake, to make certain of torments that are almost insupportable, than take the chance of dreaming in sleep of *other* torments of which I have at present no conception. I admit that in coming to this determination, I am unswayed by any *belief* that I shall ever dream at *all*, and am altogether *ignorant* whether dreams would cause me *pain* or *pleasure*." Would a man in his *senses* argue thus? or would his hearers believe in his sanity if he should add, "*Thus* conscience makes *cowards* of US ALL," and "*thus* the natural colour of my *courage* (a singular instance of courage certainly to be frightened with the fear of a dream) is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of my thought," and *thus* "enterprises of great pith and moment *with this regard* (that is, with this contemplation of the fear of a dream)

their currents turn awry and lose the name of action." It certainly would be extremely difficult to paint as a metaphor on canvass—*Enterprises of pith, taking regard of the fear of a dream, and turning their currents awry.* This is merely trying the force of Hamlet's reasoning by ordinary rules; for as *he* turns religion out of doors, it would be unfair to try the merits of his soliloquy by Christian tenets. Christians do not doubt as to their existence in a future state (nay *philosophers*, since the days of Plato, have not doubted). Christians have a *higher motive* than the fear of *other* evils to make them suffer their afflictions with patience. *They* do not consider the future as an *undiscovered* country, nor talk of *conscience* making *cowards of us all;* on the contrary, they believe that a *good* conscience will make a man *brave*. Indeed it is difficult to find out what *conscience* has to do with the matter. *Sane* Christians do not use such arguments, nor did Hamlet himself when *he* was sane, as is clearly shown by his first soliloquy.

It would be tedious to pursue this consideration further,

Thus it remains and the remainder thus.

Hamlet in the first act describes all the uses of this world as "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" and, fancying that he has nothing to do in life, wishes for death, but is fully impressed with a belief in a future state, and in the punishments awarded against self-murderers. At this period he is studious, religious, and virtuous.

The appearance of his father's spirit unsettles his reason. "His dead corse in complete steel," makes a communication which "shakes his disposition with thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul." Thenceforth his mind takes "a more horrid hent;" but in the third act he endeavours *to recover his original train of thought*—and to be, if possible, *his former self*. THIS IS A VERY COMMON EFFORT WITH THOSE WHO HAVE SUFFERED MENTAL ABERRATIONS; and the result is the same in most cases, the sufferer either reasons *correctly* on *false* premises, or makes *erroneous deductions* from *correct* premises—SO IT WAS WITH HAMLET. Forgetting at the moment the object he had promised to accomplish, he starts for debate a question which, immediately before he was told his father's spirit was in arms, and when he was in the state of mind he wishes to resume, he had fully considered. Scarcely however has he proposed the question before he loses the connection, is unmindful of all his former impressions and religious persuasions, doubts every thing which he had previously believed, and takes up another and distinct consideration on which his reasoning and his deduction are alike defective. Nay, he even doubts whether there is an hereafter, and whether there may not be some ugly dreams in the *undiscovered* country, from whose bourne no traveller returns,—although the ghost (whose word he admits may be taken "for a thousand pounds") had returned *from* that bourne on purpose to tell him that there *is* an hereafter in which he may be "doomed for the day to fast in fires," and of which a tale *could* be told—

——— Whose lightest word
Would harrow up his soul—freeze his young blood,
Make his two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
His knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Shakspeare has been praised for the correctness of metaphor, closeness of reasoning, and soundness of deduction, displayed in this soliloquy—he is held in the *highest veneration* by the author of these remarks for a very *different* reason—for the consummate art with which he has given the appearance of rationality to the impertinence of insanity. He has proved himself a perfect master of the human mind both in its sound and morbid conditions. A less skilful poet would have thrown an extravagance into the soliloquy *foreign* to the *disease* under which Hamlet laboured; whereas the great master with pathological correctness and with exquisite judgment, has given to Hamlet "a happiness of reply that often madness hits on."

It is difficult to imagine how the poet's intention could ever have been mistaken; as, from the *first* scene of the play to the *last*, he seizes every

occasion to prepare his audience for a display of insanity by Hamlet, and when the mental eclipse has commenced, loses no opportunity in which he can fix their belief in the nature of the malady. He makes him melancholy in the first scene for the loss of his father, brings a ghost *six times* from the grave to *goad* him to a *murder*, and actually makes Horatio, *prophet-like*, warn Hamlet not to follow the ghost, lest he should—

——— Assume some other horrid form
Which might deprive his Sovereignty of reason,
And draw him into madness.

Lord Ogleby would say "If this be not plain the devil's in it."

W. Farren,

CONCLUSION OF THE

HISTORICO-CRITICAL INQUIRY

INTO THE ORIGIN

OF THE

ROSICRUCIANS AND THE FREE-MASONS.

APPENDIX.

I. That the object of the elder Free-masons was not to build Lord Bacon's imaginary Temple of Solomon:—

This was one of the hypotheses advanced by Nicolai: the House of Solomon, which Lord Bacon had sketched in his romantic fiction of the island of Bensalem (New Atlantis), Nicolai supposed that the elder Free-masons had sought to realise; and that forty years afterwards they had changed the Baconian house of Solomon into the scriptural type of Solomon's Temple. — Whoever has read the *New Atlantis* of Bacon, and is otherwise acquainted with the relations in which this great man stood to the literature of his own times, will discover in this romance a gigantic sketch from the hand of a mighty scientific intellect, that had soared far above his age, and sometimes on the heights to which he had attained, indulged in a dream of what might be accomplished by a rich state under a wise governor for the advancement of the arts and sciences. This sketch, agreeably to the taste of his century, he delivered in the form of an allegory, and feigned an island of Bensalem, upon which a society, composed on his model, had existed for a thousand years under the name of Solomon's house; for the law-giver of this island, who was also the founder of the society, had been indebted to Solomon for his wisdom. The object of this society was the extension of physical science; on which account it was called the College of the Work of Six Days. Romance as all this was, it led to very beneficial results; for it occasioned in the end the establishment of the Royal Society of London, which for nearly two centuries has continued to merit immortal honor in the department of physics. Allegory, however, it contains none, except in its idea and name. The house of Solomon is neither more nor less than a great academy of learned men, authorised and supported by the state, and endowed with a liberality approaching to profusion for all purposes of experiment and research. Beneficence, education of the young, support of the sick, cosmopolitism, are not the objects of this institution. The society is divided into classes according to the different objects of their

studies: but it has no higher and lower degrees. None but learned men can be members; not, as in the masonic societies, every decent workman who is *sui juris*. Only the exoteric knowledge of nature, not the esoteric, is pursued by the house of Solomon. The book of the Six Days is studied as a book that lies open before every man's eyes; by the Free-masons it was studied as a mystery which was to be illuminated by the light out of the East. Had the Free-masons designed to represent or to imitate the house of Solomon in their society, they would certainly have adopted the forms, constitution, costume, and attributes of that house as described by Bacon. They would have exerted themselves to produce or to procure a philosophical apparatus such as that house is represented as possessing; or would at least have delineated this apparatus upon their carpets by way of symbols. But nothing of all this was ever done. No mile-deep cellars, no mile-high towers, no lakes, marshes, or fountains, no botanic or kitchen gardens, no modelling-houses, perspective-houses, collections of minerals and jewels, &c. were ever formed by them either literal or figurative. Universally the eldest Free-masonry was indifferent with respect to all profane sciences and all exoteric knowledge of nature. Its business was with a secret wisdom in which learned and unlearned were alike capable of initiation. And in fact the *exoterici*, at whose head Bacon stood, and who afterwards composed the Royal Society of London, were the antagonist party of the Theosophists, Cabbalists, and Alchemists, at the head of whom stood Fludd, and from whom Free-masonry took its rise.*

II.—That the object of the elder Freemasons and the origin of the master's degree, had no connexion with the restoration of Charles II.:—

This is another of the hypotheses advanced by Nicolai, and not more happy than that which we have just examined. He postulates that the elder Free-masons pretended to no mystery; and the more so, because very soon after their first origin they were really engaged in a secret transaction, which made it in the highest degree necessary that their assemblies should wear no appearance of concealment, but should seem to be a plain and undisguised club of inquirers into natural philosophy. What was this secret transaction according to Mr. Nicolai? Nothing less than the restoration of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Charles II., to the throne of England. The members of the Masonic union, says he, were hostile to the parliament and to Cromwell, and friendly to the Royal family. After the death of Charles I. (1649) several people of rank united themselves with the Free-masons, because under this mask they could assemble and determine on their future measures. They found means to establish within this society a "secret conclave" which held meetings apart from the general meetings. This conclave adopted secret signs expressive of its grief for its murdered master, of its hopes to revenge him on his murderers, and of its search for the lost word or logos (the son), and its design to re-establish him on his father's throne. As faithful adherents of the Royal family, whose head the Queen had now become, they called themselves *sons of the widow*. In this way a secret connexion was established amongst all persons attached to the Royal family, as well in Great Britain and Ireland as in France and the Netherlands, which subsisted until after the death of Cromwell, and had the well-known issue for the royal cause. The analogies alleged by Nicolai between the historical events in the first period of Free-masonry and the symbols and mythi of the masonic degree of master are certainly very extraordinary; and one might easily be led to suppose that the higher object of masonry had

* There is besides in this hypothesis of Nicolai's a complete confusion of the *end* of the society with the *persons* composing it. The Free-masons wished to build the Temple of Solomon. But Lord Bacon's House of Solomon did not typify the *object* of his society: it was simply the *name* of it, and means no more than what is understood at present by an academy, i. e. a circle of learned men united for a common purpose. It would be just as absurd to say of the Academicians of Berlin—not that they composed or formed an Academy—but that they proposed, as their secret object, to build one.

passed into a political object, and that the present master's degree was nothing more than a figurative memorial of this event. Meantime the weightiest historical reasons are so entirely opposed to this hypothesis, that it must evidently be pronounced a mere conceit of Mr. Nicolai's:—

1. *History mentions nothing at all of any participation of the Free-masons in the transactions of those times.* We have the most accurate and minute accounts of all the other political parties—the Presbyterians, the Independents, the Levellers, &c. &c.: but no historian of this period has so much as mentioned the Free-masons. Is it credible that a society, which is represented as the centre of the counter-revolutionary faction, should have escaped the jealous eyes of Cromwell, who had brought the system of *espionage* to perfection, and who carried his vigilance so far as to seize the *Oceana* of Harrington at the press? He must have been well assured that Free-masonry was harmless; or he would not have wanted means to destroy it with all its pretensions and mysteries. Moreover it is a pure fancy of Nicolai's that the elder Free-masons were all favourably disposed to the royal cause. English clubs, I admit, are accustomed to harmonize in their political principles: but the society of Free-masons, whose true object abstracted from all politics, must have made an exception to this rule then, as certainly as they do now.

2. *The masonic degree of master, and indeed Free-masonry in general, is in direct contradiction to this hypothesis of Nicolai.* It must be granted to me by those who maintain this hypothesis that the order of the Free-masons had attained some consistence in 1646 (in which year Ashmole was admitted a member), consequently about three years before the execution of Charles I. It follows therefore upon this hypothesis that it must have existed for some years without any ground or object of its existence. It pretended as yet to no mystery, according to Nicolai (though I have shown that at its very earliest formation it made such a pretension): it pursued neither science, art, nor trade: social pleasure was not its object: it "masoned" mysteriously with closed doors in its hall at London; and no man can guess at *what* it "masoned." It constituted a "mystery" (a guild)—with this contradiction *in adjecto,* that it consisted not of masters, journeymen, and apprentices; for the master's degree, according to Nicolai, was first devised by the conclave after the execution of Charles I. Thus far the inconsistencies of this hypothesis are palpable: but in what follows it will appear that there are still more striking ones. For, if the master's degree arose first after the execution of Charles I. and symbolically imported vengeance on the murderers of their master and restoration of his son to the royal dignity, in that case during the two Protectorates and for a long time after the abdication of Richard, the mythus connected with that degree might indeed have spoken of a murdered master, but not also (as it does) of a master risen again, living, and triumphant: for as yet matters had not been brought thus far. If to this it be replied that perhaps in fact the case was really so, and that the mythus of the restored master might have been added to that of the slain master after the restoration,—there will still be this difficulty—that in the masonic mythus the two masters are one and the same person who is first slain and then restored to life; yet Charles I. who was slain, did not arise again from the dead; and Charles II. though he was restored to his throne, was yet never slain,—and therefore could not even metaphorically be said to rise again.* Suiting therefore to neither of these kings, the mythus of the masonic master's degree does not adapt itself to this part of history. Besides, as

* Begging Professor Buhle's pardon, he is wrong in this particular argument—though no doubt right in the main point he is urging against Nicolai: the mere passion of the case would very naturally express the identity of interest in any father and son by attributing identity to their persons, as though the father lived again and triumphed in the triumph of his son. But in the case of an English King, who never dies *quoad* his office, there is not only a pathos but a philosophic accuracy and fidelity to the constitutional doctrine in this way of symbolizing the story.

Herder has justly remarked, what a childish part would the Free-masons be playing *after* the restoration! With this event their object was accomplished: to what purpose then any further mysteries? The very ground of the mysteries had thus fallen away; and, according to all analogy of experience, the mysteries themselves should have ceased at the same time.

But the Free-masons called themselves at that time *Sons of the Widow* (i. e. as it is alleged, of Henrietta Maria the wife of the murdered king); and they were in search of the lost word (the Prince of Wales). This, it is argued, has too near an agreement with the history of that period—to be altogether a fiction. I answer that we must not allow ourselves to be duped by specious resemblances. The elder Free-masons called themselves *Sons of the Widow*, because the working masons called and still call themselves by that name agreeably to their legend. In the 1st Book of Kings, vii. 13, are these words:—"And King Solomon sent and fetched Hiram of Tyre, a widow's son of the tribe of Napthali." Hiram therefore, the eldest mason of whom anything is known, was a widow's son. Hence therefore the masons of the 17th century, who were familiar with the Bible, styled themselves in memory of their founder *Sons of the Widow*; and the Free-masons borrowed this designation from them as they did the rest of their external constitution. Moreover, the masonic expression *Sons of the Widow* has the closest connexion with the building of Solomon's Temple.

Just as little did the Free-masons mean, by *the lost word* which they sought, the Prince of Wales. That great personage was not lost, so that there could be no occasion for seeking him. The Royal party knew as well where he was to be found as in our days the French Royalists have always known the residence of the emigrant Bourbons. The question was not—where to find him, but how to replace him on his throne. Besides, though a most majestic person in his political relations, a Prince of Wales makes no especial pretensions to sanctity of character: and familiar as scriptural allusions were in that age, I doubt whether he could have been denominated *the logos* or *word* without offence to the scrupulous austerity of that age in matters of religion. What was it then that the Freemasons really *did* mean by the lost word? Manifestly the masonic mystery itself, the secret wisdom delivered to us under a figurative veil through Moses, Solomon, the prophets, the grand master Christ, and his confidential disciples. Briefly they meant the lost word of God in the Cabbalistic sense; and therefore it was that long *after* the Restoration they continued to seek it, and are still seeking it to this day.

III. That Cromwell was not the founder of Free-masonry:—

As Nicolai has chosen to represent the elder Free-masons as zealous Royalists, so on the contrary others have thought fit to describe them as furious democrats. According to this fiction, Cromwell with some confidential friends (e. g. Ireton, Algernon Sidney, Neville, Martin Wildman, Harrington, &c.) founded the order in 1645—ostensibly, on the part of Cromwell, for the purpose of reconciling the contending parties in religion and politics, but really with a view to his own ambitious projects. To this statement I oppose the following arguments:

First, it contradicts the internal character and spirit of Free-masonry—which is free from all political tendency, and is wholly unintelligible on this hypothesis.

Secondly, though it is unquestionable that Cromwell established and supported many secret connexions, yet the best English historians record nothing of any connexion which he had with the Free-masons. *Divide et impera* was the Machiavelian maxim which Cromwell derived, not from Machiavel, but from his own native political sagacity: and with such an object before him it is very little likely that he would have sought to connect himself with a society that aims at a general harmony amongst men.

Thirdly, how came it—if the order of Free-masons were the instrument of the Cromwellian revolution—that the royalists did not exert themselves after the restoration of Charles II. to suppress it?

But the fact is that this origin of Free-masonry has been forged for

the purpose of making it hateful and an object of suspicion to monarchical states. See for example "The Free-masons Annihilated, or Prosecution of the detected Order of Free-masons," Frankfort and Leipzig, 1746. The first part of this work, which is a translation from the French, appeared under the title of "Free-masonry exposed," &c. Leipz. 1745.

IV. That the Scotch degree, as it is called, did not arise from the Intrigues for the restoration of Charles II.:—

I have no intention to enter upon the tangled web of the modern higher masonry; though, from an impartial study of the historical documents, I could perhaps bring more light, order, and connexion into this subject than at present it exhibits. Many personal considerations move me to let the curtain drop on the history of the modern higher masonry, or at most to allow myself only a few general hints which may be pursued by those amongst my readers who may be interested in such a research. One only of the higher masonic degrees, viz. the Scotch degree which is the most familiarly known and is adopted by most lodges, I must notice more circumstantially—because, upon some statements which have been made, it might seem to have been connected with the elder Free-masonry. Nicolai's account of this matter is as follows:—

After the death of Cromwell and the deposition of his son, the government of England fell into the hands of a violent but weak and disunited faction. In such hands, as every patriot saw, the government could not be durable; and the sole means for delivering the country was to restore the kingly authority. But in this there was the greatest difficulty; for the principal officers of the army in England, though otherwise in disagreement with each other, were yet unanimous in their hostility to the king. Under these circumstances the eyes of all parties were turned upon the English army in Scotland, at that time under the command of Monk who was privately well affected to the royal cause; and the secret society of the king's friends in London, who placed all their hopes on him, saw the necessity in such a critical period of going warily and mysteriously to work. It strengthened their sense of this necessity—that one of their own members, Sir Richard Willis, became suspected of treachery; and therefore out of the bosom of their "secret conclave" (the masonic master's degree) they resolved to form a still narrower conclave to whom the Scotch, i. e. the most secret, affairs should be confided. They chose new symbols adapted to their own extremely critical situation. These symbols imported that, in the business of this interior conclave, wisdom—obedience—courage—self-sacrifice—and moderation were necessary. Their motto was—*Wisdom above thee.* For greater security they altered their signs, and reminded each other in their tottering condition not to stumble and—*break the arm.*"

I do not deny that there is much plausibility in this hypothesis of Nicolai's: but upon examination it will appear that it is all pure delusion without any basis of historical truth.

1. Its validity rests upon the previous assumption that the interpretation of the master's degree, as connected with the political interests of the Stuarts, between the death of Charles I. and the restoration of his son, is correct: it is therefore a *petitio principii:* and what is the value of the *principium,* we have already seen.

2. Of any participation on the part of a secret society of Free-masons in the counsels and expedition of Gen. Monk—history tells us absolutely nothing. Even Skinner preserves a profound silence on this head. Now, if the fact were so, to suppose that this accurate biographer should not have known it—is absurd: and, knowing it, that he should designedly suppress a fact so curious and so honourable to the Free-masons amongst the Royal party—is inexplicable.

3. Nicolai himself maintains, and even proves, that Monk was not himself a Free-mason. In what way then could the society gain any influence over his measures. My sagacious friend justly applauds the politic mistrust of Monk (who would not confide his intentions even to his own brother), his secrecy, and the mysterious wisdom of his conduct; and in the very same breath he describes him as surrendering himself

to the guidance of a society with which he was not even connected as a member? How is all this to be reconciled?

Undoubtedly there existed at that time in London a secret party of Royalists—known in history under the name of the secret Conclave: but we are acquainted with its members, and there were but some few Free-masons amongst them.—Nicolai alleges the testimony of Ramsay—"that the restoration of Charles II. to the English throne was first concerted in a society of Free-masons, because Gen. Monk was a member of it." But in this assertion of Ramsay's there is at any rate one manifest untruth on Nicolai's own showing: for Monk, according to Nicolai, was not a Free-mason. The man, who begins by such an error in his premises, must naturally err in his conclusions.*

4. The Scotch degree, nay the very name of Scotch masonry, does not once come forward in the elder Free-masonry throughout the whole of the 17th century; as it must inevitably have done if it had borne any relation to the restoration of Charles II. Indeed it is doubtful whether the Scotch degree was known even in Scotland or in England before the third decennium of the eighteenth century.

But how then did this degree arise? What is its meaning and object? The answer to these questions does not belong to this place. It is enough on the present occasion to have shown how it did *not* arise, and what were *not* its meaning and object. I am here treating of the origin and history of the elder and legitimate masonry, not of an indecent pretender who crept at a later period into the order, and, by the side of the Lion—the Pelican—and the Dove, introduced the Ape and the Fox.

V. The Free-masons are not derived from the order of the Knights Templars:—

No hypothesis upon the origin and primitive tendency of the Free-masons has obtained more credit in modern times than this—That they were derived from the order of Knights Templars so cruelly persecuted and ruined under Pope Clement V. and Philip the Fair of France, and had no other secret purpose on their first appearance than the re-establishment of that injured order. So much influence has this opinion had in France that in the first half of the 18th century it led to the amalgamation of the external forms and ritual of the Templars with those of the Free-masons; and some of the higher degrees of French masonry have undoubtedly proceeded from this amalgamation.—In Germany it was Lessing, who if not first, yet chiefly, gave to the learned world an interest in this hypothesis by some allusions to it scattered through his masterly dialogues for Free-masons. With many it became a favourite hypothesis: for it assigned an honourable origin to the Masonic order, and flattered the vanity of its members. The Templars were one of the most celebrated knightly orders during the crusades: their whole Institution, Acts, and Tragical Fate, are attractive to the feelings and the fancy: how natural therefore it was that the modern masons should seize with enthusiasm upon the conjectures thrown out by Lessing. Some modern English writers have also adopted* this mode of explaining the origin of Free-masonry; not so much on the authority of any historical documents, as because they found in the French lodges degrees which had a manifest reference to the Templar institutions, and which they naturally attributed to the elder Free-ma-

* Andrew Michael Ramsay was a Scotchman by birth, but lived chiefly in France where he became a Catholic, and is well known as the author of "the Travels of Cyrus," and other works. His dissertation on the Free-masons contains the old legend that Free-masonry dated its origin from a guild of working masons, who resided during the crusades in the Holy Land for the purpose of rebuilding the Christian churches destroyed by the Saracens, and were afterwards summoned by a king of England to his own dominions. As tutor to the two sons of the Pretender, for whose use he wrote "The Travels of Cyrus," Ramsay is a distinguished person in the history of the later Free-masonry. Of all that part of its history, which lay half a century before his own time, he was however very ill-informed. On this he gives us nothing but the cant of the later English lodges, who had lost the kernel in the shell—the original essence and object of masonry in its form—as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century.

sonry, being ignorant that they had been purposely introduced at a later period to serve an hypothesis: in fact the French degrees had been originally derived from the hypothesis; and now the hypothesis was in turn derived from the French degrees.—If in all this there were any word of truth, it would follow that I had written this whole book of 418 pages to no purpose: and what a shocking thing would that be! Knowing therefore the importance to myself of this question, it may be presumed that I have examined, it not negligently—before I ventured to bring forward my own deduction of the Free-masons from the Rosicrucians. This is not the place for a full critique upon all the idle prattle about the Templars and the Free-masons: but an impartial review of the arguments for and against the Templar hypothesis may reasonably be demanded of me as a negative attestation of my own hypothesis. In doing this I must presume in my reader a general acquaintance with the constitution and history of the Templars, which it will be very easy for any one not already in possession of it to gain.

1. It is alleged that the masonic mystical allegory represented nothing else in its capital features than the persecution and overthrow of the Templars, especially the dreadful death of the innocent grand-master James Burg de Mollay. Some knights together with Aumont, it is said, made their escape in the dress of masons to Scotland; and, for the sake of disguise, exercised the trade of masons. This was the reason that they adopted symbols from that trade; and, to avoid detection, gave them the semblance of moral purposes. They called themselves *Franc Maçons:* as well in memory of the Templars who in Palestine were always called Franks by the Saracens, as with a view to distinguish themselves from the common working masons. The Temple of Solomon, which they professed to build, together with all the masonic attributes, pointed collectively to the grand purpose of the society—the restoration of the Templar order. At first the society was confined to the descendants of its founders: but within the last 150 years the Scotch masters have communicated their hereditary right to others in order to extend their own power; and from this period, it is said, begins the *public* history of Free-masonry. (See "The Use and Abuse of Free-masonry by Captain George Smith, Inspector of the Royal Military School at Woolwich, &c. &c. London, 1783." See also, "Scotch Masonry compared with the three Vows of the Order and with the Mystery of the Knights Templars: from the French of Nicolas de Bonneville.")

Such is the legend, which is afterwards supported by the general analogy between the ritual and external characteristics of both orders. The *three* degrees of masonry (the holy masonic number) are compared with the triple office of general amongst the Templars. The masonic dress is alleged to be copied from that of the Templars. The signs of Free-masonry are the same with those used in Palestine by the Templars. The rights of initiation, as practised on the admission of a novice, especially on admission to the master's degree, and the symbolic object of this very degree, are all connected with the persecution of the Templars, with the trial of the knights, and the execution of the grand-master. To this grand-master (*J*ames *B*urg) the letters I and B, which no longer mean Jachin and Boaz, are said to point. Even the holiest masonic name of Hiram has no other allusion than to the murdered grand-master of the Templars. With regard to these analogies in general, it may be sufficient to say that some of them are accidental—some very forced and far-sought—and some altogether fictitious. Thus for instance it is said that the name *Franc Maçon* was chosen in allusion to the connexion of the Templars with Palestine. And thus we are required to believe that the eldest Free-masons of Great Britain styled themselves at first Frank Masons: as if this had any warrant from history: or, supposing even that it had, as if a name adopted on such a ground could ever have been dropped. The simple fact is—that the French were the people who first introduced the seeming allusion to Franks by translating the English name *Free-mason* into *Franc Maçon;* which

they did because the word *libre* would not so easily blend into composition with the word Maçon. So also the late Mr. Von Born, having occasion to express the word Free-masons in Latin, rendered it Franco-murarii. Not to detain the reader however with a separate examination of each particular allegation, I will content myself with observing that the capital mythus of the masonic master's degree tallies but in one half with the execution of the grand master of the Templars, or even of the Sub-Prior of Montfaucon (Charles de Monte Carmel). The grand-master was indeed murdered, as the grand-master of the Free-masons is described to have been; but not, as the latter, by treacherous journeymen: moreover the latter rose from the grave, still lives, and triumphs: which will hardly be said of James Burg de Mollay. Two arguments however remain to be noticed, both out of respect to the literary eminence of those who have alleged them, and also because they seem intrinsically of some weight.

2. The English word *masonry*.—This word, or (as it ought in that case to be written) the word *masony* is derived, according to Lessing, from the Anglo-Saxon word *massoney*—a secret commensal society; which last word again comes from *mase*, a table. Such table societies, and compotuses, were very common amongst our forefathers—especially amongst the princes and knights of the middle ages: the weightiest affairs were there transacted; and peculiar buildings were appropriated to their use. In particular the *masonies* of the Knights Templars were highly celebrated in the 13th century: one of them was still subsisting in London at the end of the 17th century—at which period, according to Lessing, the public history of the Free-masons first commences. This society had its house of meeting near St. Paul's Cathedral, which was then rebuilding. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, was one of its members. For 30 years, during the building of the Cathedral, he continued to frequent it. From this circumstance the people, who had forgotten the true meaning of the word *massoney*, took it for a society of architects with whom Sir Christopher consulted on any difficulties which arose in the progress of the work. This mistake Wren turned to account. He had formerly assisted in planning a society which should make speculative truths more useful for purposes of common life: the very converse of this idea now occurred to him—viz. the idea of a society which should raise itself from the praxis of civil life to speculation. "In the former," thought he, "would be examined all that was useful amongst the true; in this all that is true amongst the useful. How if I should make some principles of the *masony* exoteric? How if I should disguise that which cannot be made exoteric, under the hieroglyphics and symbols of *masonry*, as the people pronounce the word; and extend this masonry into a free-masonry, in which all may take a share?" In this way, according to Lessing, did Wren scheme; and in this way did Free-masonry arise. Afterwards however, from a conversation which he had with Nicolai, it appears that Lessing had thus far changed his first opinion (as given in the *Ernst und Falk*) that he no longer supposed Sir Christopher simply to have modified a *massoney*, or society of Knights Templars which had subsisted secretly for many centuries, and to have translated their doctrines into an exoteric shape, but rather to have himself first established such a *massoney*—upon some basis of analogy however with the elder *massoneys*.

To an attentive examiner of this conjecture of Lessing's, it will appear that it rests entirely upon the presumed identity of meaning between the word *massoney* and the word *masony* (or masonry as it afterwards became, according to the allegation, through a popular mistake of the meaning). But the very meaning and etymology ascribed to *massoney* (viz. a secret club or *compotus*, from *mase* a table) are open to much doubt. Nicolai, a friend of Lessing's, professes as little to know any authority for such an explanation as myself; and is disposed to derive the word *massoney* from *massonya* which in the Latin of the middle age meant first a club (*clava*, in French *massue*),—secondly, a key (*clavis*), and a se-

cret society (a club). For my part I think both the etymologies false: *massoney* is doubtless originally the same word with *maison* and *magione;* and the primitive etymon of all three words is clearly the Latin word *mansio* in the sense of the middle ages. It means simply a residence, or place of abode; and was naturally applied to the dwelling-houses of the Templars. Their meetings were held *in mansione Templariorum*, i. e. in the massoney of the Templars. On the suppression of the order, their buildings still remained and preserved the names of Temples, Templar mansions, &c. just as at this day we find many *convents* in Hanover though they are no longer occupied by monks or nuns; and in Italy there are even yet churches to be found which are denominated *de la Mason*, which Paciaudi properly explains by *della Magione*, these churches having been attached to the dwellings of the Knights Templars. It is therefore very possible that a Templar *Massoney* may have subsisted in London in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's church up to the end of the 17th century. Some notice of such a fact Lessing perhaps stumbled on in the course of his reading: he mistook the building for a secret society of Templars that still retained a traditional knowledge of the principles peculiar to the ancient order of Knights Templars: next he found that Sir Christopher Wren had been a frequenter of this *massoney:* he therefore was a Knight Templar: but he was also an architect; and by him the Templar doctrines had been moulded into a symbolic conformity with his own art, and had been fitted for diffusion amongst the people. Such is the way in which a learned hypothesis arises: and on this particular hypothesis may be pronounced what Lessing said of many an older one—Dust! and nothing but dust!—In conclusion I may add, what Nicolai has already observed, that Lessing was wholly misinformed as to the history and chronology of Free-masonry: so far from arising out of the ashes of the Templar traditions at the end of the 17th century, we have seen that it was fully matured in the 46th year of that century, and therefore long before the re-building of St. Paul's. In fact Sir Christopher Wren was himself elected Deputy Grand-Master of the Free-masons in 1666; and in less than 20 years after (viz. in 1685) he became Grand-Master.

3. *Baphomet.*—But, says Mr. Nicolai, the Templars had a secret; and the Free-masons have a secret; and the secrets agree in this, that no uninitiated person has succeeded in discovering either. Does not this imply some connexion originally between the two orders: more especially if it can be shown that the two secrets are identical? Sorry I am, my venerable friend, to answer - No: sorry I am, in your old days, to be under the necessity of knocking on the head a darling hypothesis of yours which has cost you, I doubt not, much labour of study and research—much thought—and, I fear also, many many pounds of candles. But it is my duty to do so: and indeed, considering Mr. Nicolai's old age and his great merits in regard to German literature, it would be my duty to show him no mercy, but to lash him with the utmost severity for his rotten hypothesis,—if my time would allow it. But to come to business. The Templars, says old Nicolai, had a secret. They had so. But what was it? According to Nicolai, it consisted in the denial of the Trinity, and in a scheme of natural religion opposed to the dominant Popish Catholicism. Hence it was that the Templars sought to make themselves independent of the other Catholic clergy: the novices were required to abjure the divinity of Christ, and even to spit upon a crucifix and trample it under foot. Their Anti-Trinitarianism Mr. Nicolai ascribes to their connexion with the Saracens, who always made the doctrine of the Trinity a matter of reproach to the Franks: he supposes that during periods of truce or in captivity, many Templars had by communication with learned Mohammedans become enlightened to the errors and the tyranny of Popery: but, at the same time strengthening their convictions of the falsehood of Mahometanism, they had retained nothing of their religious doctrines but Monotheism. These heterodoxies

however, under the existing power of the hierarchy and the universal superstition then prevalent, they had the strongest reasons for communicating to none but those who were admitted into the highest degree of their order—and to them only symbolically. From these data, which may be received as tolerably probable and conformable to the depositions of the witnesses on the trial of the Templars, old Mr. Nicolai flatters himself that he can unriddle the mystery of mysteries—viz. Baphomet (Baffomet, Baphemet, or Baffometus); which was the main symbol of the Knights Templars in the highest degrees. This Baphomet was a figure representing a human bust, but sometimes of monstrous and caricature appearance, which symbolized the highest object of the Templars: and therefore upon the meaning of Baphomet hinges the explanation of the great Templar mystery.

First then Mr. Nicolai tells us what Baphomet was *not*. It was not Mohammed. According to the genius of the Arabic language out of Mohammed might be made Mahomet or Bahomet, but not Baphomet. In some Latin historians about the period of the Crusades, Bahomet is certainly used for Mahomet, and in one writer perhaps Baphomet (viz. in the Epistola Anselmi de Ribodimonte ad Manassem Archiepiscopum Remensem, of the year 1099, in Dachery's Spicilegium Tom. ii. p. 431—"Sequenti die aurorâ apparente altis vocibus *Baphomet* invocaverunt; et nos Deum nostrum in cordibus nostris deprecantes impetum fecimus in eos, et de muris civitatis omnes expulimus." Nicolai, supposing that the cry of the Saracens was in this case addressed to their own prophet, concludes that *Baphomet* is an error of the press for *Bahomet*, and that this is put for *Mahomet*. But it is possible that *Baphomet* may be the true reading: for it may not have been used in devotion for Mahomet, but scoffingly as the known watch-word of the Templars). But it contradicts the whole history of the Templars—to suppose that they had introduced into their order the worship of an image of Mahomet. In fact, from all the records of their trial and persecution, it results that no such charge was brought against them by their enemies. And moreover Mahometanism itself rejects all worship of images.

Secondly, not being Mahomet, what *was* it? It was, says Mr. Nicolai, Βαφη μητης, i. e., as he interprets it, the word *Baphomet* meant the *baptism of wisdom;* and the image so called represented God the universal father, i. e. expressed the *unity* of the divine being. By using this sign therefore under this name, which partook much of a Gnostic and Cabbalistic spirit, the Templars indicated their dedication to the truths of natural religion.

Now, in answer to this learned conceit of Mr. Nicolai's, I would wish to ask him

First, in an age so barbarous as that of the 12th and 13th centuries, when not to be able to read or write was no disgrace, how came a body of rude warriors like the Templars to descend into the depths of Gnosticism?

Secondly, if by the image called Baphomet they meant to represent the unity of God, how came they to designate it by a name which expresses no attribute of the deity, but simply a mystical ceremony amongst themselves (viz. the baptism of wisdom)?

Thirdly, I will put a home question to Mr. Nicolai; and let him parry it if he can: How many heads had Baphomet? His own conscience will reply—Two. Indeed a whole-length of Baphomet is recorded which had also four feet: but, supposing these to be disputed, Mr. Nicolai can never dispute away the two heads. Now what sort of a symbol would a two-headed image have been for the expression of unity of being? Answer me that, Mr. Nicolai. Surely the rudest skulls of the 12th century could have expressed their meaning better.

Having thus upset my learned brother's hypothesis, I now come forward with my own. Through the illumination which some of the Templars gained in the east as to the relations in which they stood to the Pope and Romish church, but still more perhaps from the suggestions of their own great power and wealth opposed to so rapacious and potent a

supremacy, there gradually arose a separate Templar interest no less hostile to the Pope and clergy of Rome, than to Mahomet. To this separate interest they adapted an appropriate scheme of theology: but neither the one nor the other could be communicated with safety except to their own superior members: and thus it became a mystery of the order. Now this mystery was symbolically expressed by a two-headed figure of *Baphomet:* i. e. of the Pope and Mahomet together. So long as the Templars continued orthodox, the watchword of their undivided hostility was *Mahomet:* but, as soon as the Pope became an object of jealousy and hatred to them, they devised a new watchword which should covertly express their double-headed enmity by intertwisting the name of the Pope with that of Mahomet.* This they effected by cutting off the two first letters of Ma*homet* and substituting *Bap* or *Pap*—the first syllable of *Papa*. Thus arose the compound word Baphomet; and hence it was that the image of Baphomet was figured with two heads, and was otherwise monstrous in appearance. When a Templar was initiated into the highest degree of the order, he was shown this image of Baphomet, and received a girdle with certain ceremonies which referred to that figure. At sight of this figure in the general chapters of the order, the knights expressed their independence of the church and the church creed, by testifying their abhorrence of the crucifix and by worshipping the sole God of heaven and earth. Hence they called a newly initiated member a "Friend of God, who could now speak with God if he chose," i. e. without the intermediation of the Pope and the church. Upon this explanation of Baphomet, it becomes sufficiently plain why the secret was looked upon as so inviolable that even upon the rack it could not be extorted from them. By such a confession the order would have exposed itself to a still more cruel persecution, and a more inevitable destruction. On the other hand, upon Mr. Nicolai's explanation, it is difficult to conceive why, under such extremities, the accused should not have confessed the truth. In all probability the court of Rome had good information of the secret tendency of the Templar doctrines; and hence no doubt it was that Pope Clement V. proceeded so furiously against them.

Now then I come to my conclusion, which is this: If the Knights Templars had no other secret than one relating to a *political* interest which placed them in opposition to the Pope and the claims of the Roman Catholic clergy on the one hand, and to Mahomet on the other,—then it is impossible that there can have been any affinity or resemblance whatsoever between them and the Free-masons: for the Free-masons have never in any age troubled themselves about either Mahomet or the Pope: Popery† and Mahometanism are alike indifferent to the Free-masons, and always have been. And in general the object of the Free-masons is not political. Finally it is in the highest degree probable that the secret of the Knights Templars perished with their order: for it is making too heavy a demand on our credulity—to suppose that a secret society never once coming within the light of history can have propagated itself through a period of four centuries—i. e. from the 13th to the 17th century, in which century it has been shown that Free-masonry first arose.

X. Y. Z.

* Those who are acquainted with the German Protestant writers about the epoch of the Reformation, will remember the many fanciful combinations extracted from the names Pabst (Pope) and Mahomet by all manner of dislocations and inversions of their component letters.

† In rejecting Roman Catholic candidates for admission into their order—the reader must remember that the Free-masons objected to them not *as* Roman Catholics, but as persons of intolerant principles.—*Translator.*

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

On entering the Great Room, we were agreeably surprised by finding that the pictures were not this year piled up to the ceiling—that the unhappy race of Ladies and Gentlemen who act the Gods at the Academy, no longer hang "so very high up" that no friend could recognise their old familiar faces. This gives a wonderful relief both to the room and the critics, of which we are very thankful to avail ourselves. It has been remarked that the Exhibition is deficient in general interest, compared with former years: perhaps it is so; there is a want of large pictures by the principal artists, which usually give a grand appearance to the room, but their absence does not derogate from the actual interest; and while such paintings as some of those which we proceed to enumerate adorn its walls, we cannot think the collection on the whole greatly inferior to any that has preceded it.

No. 1.—*Portraits of Lady Anne Coke, and her Son.* Hayter.—We had the good fortune to see the lady herself enter the room immediately under her portrait, while we were looking at it; and if our remarks appear harsh, it may be in part attributed to the opportunity of comparison which this incident afforded us. Many other portraits, if they were confronted with their originals, would very likely make them blush for their "counterfeit presentment;" but a thousand to one it would arise from an opposite cause to that which we have reason to reprehend in the present instance. This portrait is deficient in elegance, and in gentleness of expression: it looks older than the lady; and more imagination is required than we possess, to see "Helen's beauty" in that brow. The child is ill drawn, and meagre, but Mr. Coke may not on this account think it the less interesting. The back ground wants repose; the drapery is bad; and the picture altogether wants taste. Mr. Hayter has another picture,—No. 28,—*The Portrait of the Earl of Surrey, in his Robes, as first Page at the Coronation,* which, though somewhat deficient in point of colour, is yet very forcible in effect, and a fine picture compared with No. 1.

No. 12.—*Stirling Castle,* by W. Collins, RA. is a clever picture—the sunshine effect is good, and the sky particularly beautiful. Many of our landscape painters, as we have often noticed, are too fond of throwing a drab tint into their pictures, and this may be considered a fault in the one before us.

No. 13.—*Venus with Cupid, attended by the Graces.* T. Stothard, RA.—There is an air of formality in this composition which carries the mind back to the period of the revival of art under the ancient German and Italian masters; if this be considered as a mark of merit, it must be admitted on the other hand that the art in the interim has made no advancement, so far as this picture is concerned. The gentle innocence of unconscious nudity is admirably preserved in this beautiful groupe of figures; the design is very simple, graceful, and pure; and the colour is good in a peculiar way, which those who are acquainted with Mr. Stothard's paintings will understand: but the picture is too slight and unfinished, and the extreme blueness of the sky gives it a raw effect.

No. 14.—*Edward the Third, Queen Isabella, and the Earl of March,* by H. P. Briggs, is a well-painted picture, but incomprehensible as a subject without its title—there are so many similar scenes to which the same action and character would be equally appropriate. The great merit of this painting is its power of light and shade; it is very broad and effective. What it chiefly wants is elevation of sentiment; there is no poetry in the conception. The artist has very likely fallen into this error from his desire to produce energetic character; but it unfortunately gives his figures, and particularly the Queen, an air of vulgarity.

No. 23.—*Soothsayer, a celebrated Race Horse.* J. Ward, RA.—Mr. Ward's horses are, as usual, most excellent.—No. 80, *Ferrets in a Rabbit Warren,* is a very spirited little sketch: the ferrets are beautifully painted. We cannot so much admire No. 127, the *Portrait of Col. Sir*

John Leicester, Bart. exercising his Troop of Cheshire Yeomanry.—The costume wants taste; it is too fine and glittering; and there is such a quantity of trappings about the person of the rider, in contact with the dapple grey of his horse, as quite distracts the eye. We could hardly persuade ourselves at first that the cavalry in the back ground were innocently performing so many prodigies of valour; and the martial aspect of the gallant commander, which is an excellent likeness, keeps up the illusion: he seems as much in earnest as his horse—but we suppose the catalogue contains the Gazette account.—No. 357, *The Portrait of Copenhagen, the Horse rode by the Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo,* is Mr. Ward's best picture: the horse is, indeed, most beautifully painted.

No. 38.—*Portrait of Lord Stowell.* By Sir Thomas Lawrence, PRA.—This picture is flat in its effect, but the head is finely painted. By the by, the Phrenologists would do well to look at this head, and consider whether their decisions are not a little contradicted by those of his Lordship. To aid their inquiry, there is a very good bust of Lord Stowell, by Behnes (1013), containing in a more tangible form all the same characteristics.

No. 59.—*Portrait of H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester,* by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is a most successful picture, and in our opinion one of the finest portraits ever exhibited in the Academy. The effect is forcible, from its extraordinary breadth, and the absence of shade, yet all this is attended with extreme delicacy of execution; the arms are beautifully and exquisitely painted. No artist can surmount the difficulties which stand in the way of his art better than Sir Thomas. In this portrait, there is no ostentation, no display, no jewelry:—the attitude is very simple, easy, and dignified; and the character has all the attributes of high rank without pretending to any thing. —No. 98, the *Portrait of the Earl of Clanwilliam,* by the same hand, does not possess much interest. The next, No. 99, *Portraits of the Children of Charles B. Calmady, Esq.* is not only a first-rate performance, but may vie in expression with any picture of a similar subject of any age—nay, we much doubt whether its equal is to be met with in the world. The vivacity of the boy is quite surprising, his eyes are particularly clear and transparent, and have really the look of life, while all the muscles of the face, and especially those about the eyes, are in full play, and have that shifting, supple, momentary expression which belongs to a happy child in perfect health, and possessing exuberant spirits. We wonder how the artist could succeed in transferring to his canvass the perpetually varying graces of such a character, for it would be impossible to arrest the attention of a child like this long enough to fix any thing from nature: the power must be in the *imagination.* But if this be so, and the President could succeed so well in the higher department of art as this picture evidently proves he could, how much reason have we to regret that he has not the honourable ambition to rise above the level even of the first portrait painter of the age, and vindicate his better genius. The hair of the girl is painted with consummate skill—the drapery is in the florid scattered style peculiar to this painter, but perhaps in this instance it is not inconsistent with the sentiment of the picture—we cannot however commend it. The colour is generally very beautiful, but the mouth of the boy is too red and coarse, for the juicy, luscious character of such a mouth.——— We have not often seen a more remarkable triumph over the general incapacity of painting to exhibit *speaking* grace, and intellectual animation, than in No. 119, *The Portrait of Mrs. Harford,* by Sir Thomas Lawrence: the beauty of this countenance is its expression, and it so engages the mind that we turn from it as reluctantly as if the lady were actually addressing us. We can now believe what one of our poets has said:

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter.

This lady speaks to the spirit, and it seems to comprehend her meaning. The other parts of this picture are not very remarkable;—tasteful, but slightly executed.—No. 291, *The Portrait of Sir William Curtis,* is

very characteristic of the hearty old baronet; but Sir Thomas has lengthened his neck considerably,—an uncomfortable operation when it takes place in real life. The head is vigorous, the other parts are slight—this is reversed, we believe, in the original.

No. 107.—*Portrait of a Young Lady in the Florentine Costume of* 1500. H. Howard, RA.—When we see want of patronage compel a man of Mr. Howard's genius to descend to portrait painting, we blush for our country. But there appears to be no help for it. Remonstrance or Recommendation would be alike thrown away on those who have the means but want the mind to give encouragement to the highest department of art. The truth, we fear, is, that as a nation we have not the soul to admire historical pictures. Those which are bought up are purchased from some less pure motive than the love of the art: ostentation, or cupidity, or the love of that fame which belongs to the possessor of what is generally esteemed valuable, seem in general to be the main spring of that dubious zeal for the cause which is displayed in the high prices given for old pictures. Quitting history, Mr. Howard has here presented us with a picture having all the merit of one of the highest class. Simple in the extreme, it is in admirable contrast with No. 99, as to style; and not inferior to it in any respect. It pleases, from possessing the very opposite qualities; resembling, both in expression and colour, the works of the earliest painters, and particularly of Leonardo da Vinci:—we have heard that it is a portrait of Miss Howard, the artist's daughter.

No. 56.—*Lord Acheson in the Dress worn by the Pages at the Coronation.* T. Phillips, RA.—We have here a daring attempt of the artist to fill his canvass entirely with colour, but he has certainly not succeeded in producing the effect he intended. The prodigious quantity of red gives the picture a heavy appearance; and its extreme heat is not relieved, as it ought to be, by pearly tints or cool draperies. The head wants roundness, and the colour of the flesh is sacrificed to the dress and the back ground. The masses of drapery, however, are grand in design, and had they been more broken it might have made an effective picture.—No. 65, *The Portrait of Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland,* by the same artist. From the lowness of its tone, the effect of this picture will not be fully understood till it is taken out of the exhibition; this, however, is not the fault of the picture, but of the room, the walls of which are so deep and distant from the windows, that all the pictures are thrown into half tint. Mr. Phillips's portraits generally suffer from this circumstance, because they are all too much toned down for the Exhibition: but it unfortunately happens in the case before us, that the disadvantage arising from this peculiarity is increased by the picture being placed in close contact with the President's portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester. We cannot say much in praise of No. 96, *Portraits of the Three younger Daughters of C. Lyell, Esq.* by the same artist; but his *Portrait of a Gentleman,* No. 204, is very finely coloured, and his best picture.

No. 60.—*Love taught by the Graces.* W. Hilton, RA.—In these allegorical pictures, Mr. Hilton displays a fine poetic fancy, by means of which he contrives to insinuate some pleasing or useful truth into the mind, while he gratifies the eye with the rich and luxuriant colour in which such subjects allow him to indulge. The moral of his "Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children," who were pursuing them, in every way, with as much eagerness as "children of a larger growth," gave that picture a deep and almost melancholy interest, independent of its great merit as a picture. The present has similar power of mind in its conception. The embodying of a thought in this manner resembles the method used by Pythagoras, to convey his prudential maxims; viz. *Eat not the Heart, abstain from Beans,* &c. which had a literal sense interesting enough to those common minds which sought no farther knowledge, while the initiated were taught by them to *shun unavailing regret,* and to *avoid popular elections.* The figures in this picture are beautiful, graceful, and vigorously painted—the colour is deeper in tone than we remember to have observed in any former produc-

tion of this artist. And, except that one of the Graces is perhaps of too Asiatic a cast, we know not what to object to. This picture, which is certainly one of the most striking of the Exhibition, is purchased, we have heard, by Mr. Phillips, MP.

No. 74.—*Portrait of the Bishop of Durham.* By W. Owen, RA.—This is an old picture—we remember it many years ago. The drapery and the sleeves have been newly put in, the necessity for which we are not surprised at, considering the length of time they have been in wear. Some of the clergy began to think the lawn was everlasting, and regarded the renewal, we thought, with woful faces. It is deeply to be regretted, that a man of Mr. Owen's great talents should be unable to practise his art. He was in great request, and high repute, and had just taken a large house, when the calamity befel him three or four years ago, which deprived him of the use of his hands, and reduced him to the necessity of lying constantly on his back, in which situation he contrives to amuse himself with drawing. The loss is a great one to the artist; but it is also severely felt by the Academy.

No. 83.—*Portrait of Sir Anthony Carlisle.* M. A. Shee, RA.—This is Mr. Shee's best picture: it is an excellent likeness;—the distribution of light and shade is very judicious; and there is very little of this artist's peculiar manner in the execution.

No. 84.—*Portrait of Madame Riego.* J. Hayes.—This is truly the portrait of a widow, evidently of a noble mind, entirely abstracted from the world and dwelling intensely on the memory of her husband. Though merely a head, and the countenance not particularly beautiful, it forms a deeply pathetic picture, and would be useful as a study in the cabinet of any despotic prince. Mr. Hayes is an artist of considerable ability and much promise—we have noticed his works for some time, and are glad to see him coming forward. He had a clever picture in the Exhibition last year; and this is still better.

No. 95.—*Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess.* C. R. Leslie, RA.—They must have dull feelings who are not delighted with the contemplation of this picture: the more we look at it, the more we are surprised and pleased. It is wonderfully skilful in composition, singularly chaste in colour, and beautifully executed. We have heard it objected to the Duchess that she wants animation, and does not sufficiently enter into the mirth of the scene; but, in our opinion, there is a decorum in this which evinces great discernment and delicacy of mind in the painter. Her countenance is very beautiful, and though placid is full of enjoyment, but it is intellectual joy. Her sunny smile does not dwell on the mouth alone, but diffuses a light over all her features, and shows that kind of pleasure, which an intelligent mind feels when it is gratified, and which is well contrasted with the excessive risibility, which the same story excites in the uneducated negro girl, whose laughing mouth is indeed most admirably painted. Mr. Leslie has shown equal judgment also in his portraiture of Sancho, making him not so mirthful himself, as the cause of it in others. There is a sly hit at a part of poor Sancho's character in the half-picked bone sticking out of his pocket. We were much struck with the remarkable elegance of the female figures, particularly of the one who leans over Sancho:—but we must find some fault, and will therefore add, that the Duenna is perhaps a little too rigid. As a picture of familiar life, it is no inconsiderable praise to say, that it is far removed from all vulgarity; and that the artist has the rare merit of being highly humourous without bordering on caricature.

No. 110.—*Smugglers offering run Goods for Sale or Concealment.* D. Wilkie, RA.—This great favourite of all who visit the Exhibition, has not much exerted himself this year. We have only this small picture, and another intitled *The Cottage Toilette*, neither of them prominent subjects. Mr. Wilkie has lately fallen into the imitation of Rembrandt,—he has deserted the freshness of nature to take up with depth of tone; but we prophesy that he will quit this style ere long, for he has certainly not yet accomplished all that he wishes to do.

No. 113.—*The Widow.* W. Mulready, RA.—The artist has shewn very bad taste in the choice of the subject of this picture. A man of

Mr. Mulready's acknowledged powers should be more careful how he employs them. There is great merit in the painting, but it cannot redeem the faults of caricature and a disgusting subject.

No. 116.—*King William the Third, Lord Coningsby, and the First Earl of Portland.* A. Cooper, RA.—This picture is not placed in so conspicuous a situation as it deserves; indeed, we have remarked that all Mr. Cooper's pictures this year are unfavourably hung; they are so much below the eye, that they cannot be understood. Works of this class are entitled, we should think, to better treatment.

No. 126.—*The Oriental Love Letter.* H. W. Pickersgill, A.—A very pretty thought has been wrought up here into a most pleasing picture. It is beautifully arranged, but rather vapid in colour; so many pale reds and pale blues rendering it weak. Mr. Pickersgill is a rapidly improving artist, and this is one of his best pieces.

No. 158.—*Portrait of Lady Caroline Macdonald.* J. Jackson, RA.—The friends of this lady, who is unfortunately dead since the portrait was sent to the Exhibition, endeavoured to get it withdrawn, but without success: as the portrait of a young and beautiful woman, it exhibits therefore a sad memorial of the uncertainty of life, and is the more affecting from being strongly in contrast with those feelings which it was intended to gratify. The picture is broad and of a good colour; but we are almost tired of Mr. Jackson's eternal hat and feathers. He has outvied the Chapeau de Paille.

No. 160.—*Rochester, from the River below the Bridge.* A. W. Callcott, RA.—Mr. Callcott painted this river scene for Mr. Phillips, the purchaser of Mr. Hilton's picture. We wish that some one would give Mr. Callcott a commission for a genuine landscape: these river and sea pieces all so much resemble each other. A landscape from his pencil, now that Turner has relinquished the high ground on which he formerly stood, would fill up a vacuum which is felt in the present Exhibition, and would redound, we are sure, to the very great credit of the artist. The present picture is one of Mr. Callcott's most successful performances. The atmospheric tints are true, beautiful, highly wrought, and perfect in effect. The boats are elegantly grouped, but we think they want breadth: the effect is, perhaps, too much scattered. Had they been all dark, and more in masses, it would have been better.

No. 161.—*Amorett delivered by Britomart from the Spell of Busyrane.* H. Fuseli, RA.—This old picture affords a very admirable specimen of Mr. Fuseli's extraordinary powers. It has less extravagance than is usual with him. The tone of colouring is particularly grand, and more historic than is usually seen in the Academy.

No. 180.—*A Boat passing a Lock.* J. Constable, A.—The character of Mr. Constable's style is peculiarly English. This Landscape is very fresh, clear, and pure in colour, and deep in tone; and the distance is very clever; but it wants breadth. We lament to see that Mr. Constable has not reformed that spotty manner of laying on his colour, which makes it seem as if it had been *dredged* upon the canvass.

No. 192.—*A Modern Picture Gallery*, by W. F. Witherington, is a very pleasing and amusing picture. It is filled with beautiful copies of many of the leading pictures of the English school, and is a perfect gallery in itself.—The yellow of the frames of the imaginary pictures is too violent, and the supposed real objects are too little distinguished from those in the pictures; but perhaps the desire to give greater distinctness to the copies has been the cause of this; they are very finely executed.

No. 197.—*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, or the Patient in Spite of Himself.* G. S. Newton.—There is much merit in this piece, but it borders too closely on caricature: on the whole, it is not equal to this artist's former productions.

No. 213.—*Pandora*, by W. Etty, is a very extraordinary picture, remarkable for its fine execution and colour,—some bits of which are exquisite, though the flesh is too brown. Its fault is a want of common sense,—the figures are doing nothing; there is no purpose in them. The cloud on which they rest is like white marble. The shadows are hard and dense that fall upon it, and

the finger of Pandora touching it, is turned back as if pressed upon a table.—After Mr. Etty's return from Italy, it was indiscreet in him to send out a picture so hastily got up;—it may prejudice his interest.

No. 251.—*Stage Coach Travellers.*—Mr. Rippingille has shown great discrimination of character in this picture, but the execution is inferior to the conception. It is deficient in mechanism, hard in manner, and opaque. He will do well to study the masters of the Dutch school. The story is admirably told.

No. 285.—*Lord Patrick Lindesay and Lord Wm. Ruthven compelling Mary Queen of Scots to sign her Abdication*, by W. Allan, has been painted with great care, but is not effective. The colours are cold, and the heads are some of them transferred from other characters to which they seem more properly to belong.

No. 288.—*Persuasion*, and No. 296.—*The Morning Lecture*, by T. Clater, are cleverly painted pictures, familiar and yet not gross. He is an improving young artist.

No. 350.—*Sunset at Sea after a Storm.* F. Danby.—We remember—indeed it would be difficult to forget, a very affecting picture by this artist, about three years ago, of a Girl tearing a Love Letter, and throwing the fragments into a dark stream: the subject before us is one, if possible, of still deeper pathos. Through the gloom which hangs over the ocean, a raft is seen, with some exhausted mariners faintly attempting to guide it with the oars; some of their companions are dying around them, and a shark is waiting for his prey. The setting sun is of a blood red, and glares upon the waters with a tremendously grand effect. There is evidently no hope. The conception of this scene displays astonishing imagination. We are not so well satisfied with the upper part of the picture,—the sky is too stringy.

Four of the principal places in the Great Room are occupied with very uninteresting common-place landscapes, by the two Messrs. Daniells. This we mention for the sake of condemning the principle which would appear to govern the conduct of the arranging committee. We cannot suppose that it proceeds from want of judgment.

We need not detain our readers long with the architectural drawings and miniatures. Mr. Cockerell's Athens is interesting, as giving a good idea of an ancient city—and Mr. Gandy's (Jun.) cork model of a church is very clever.—Messrs. Ross, Robertson, Denning, Rochard, and Engleheart, Mrs. Green, Miss Anne Sharpe, and Miss Jones, excel, as usual, in miniatures. The Drawings of Family Groupes, by A. E. Chalons, are particularly good, and some of the Enamels also deserve praise. But the gem of the room is Mr. Wilkie's Sketch of Commodore Trunnion, which is admirably characteristic, and a drawing of great spirit.

SCULPTURE.

No. 983.—*A Bacchante asleep*, by R. W. Sievier, is a well designed figure.—No. 987, *Pysche*, by R. G. Freebairn, is good, but rather affected in attitude.—No. 995, *Bust of Mr. Liston*, by S. Joseph, is very like, and, we must add, not *particularly handsome:* it is Liston, divested of all his comicality.—No. 1005, *Bust of J. G. Lambton, Esq.* by W. Behnes, is a good portrait, and well executed.—No. 1007, *Statue in Marble of the Infant Son of Thomas Hope, Esq.* by the same artist, is meagre in form.

The Model Academy is rich this year in grand subjects.—1006, The *Statue of the late Dr. Cyril Jackson*, is very dignified, and a most majestic figure. This is Mr. Chantrey's chief work, but it is placed in a wretched situation. What a disgrace it is to the Academy that this branch of the art, in other respects so highly patronized, is not provided with a better room for its exhibition! One of the finest heads that Chantrey ever produced is here lost for want of proper light and shade. 1010. *Statue of the late James Watt*, by the same artist, though essentially different from the former, being represented in ordinary costume, and having no masses of drapery to give it dignity, possesses a high degree of merit. The figure is very simple and interesting, and the head is deeply marked with a fine thoughtful character.—1008. *Statue of the late Countess of Liverpool*, by the same, is perhaps not equal to the preceding; but it displays, nevertheless, the usual ability of the artist.

1009. *A Nymph, Statue in Marble,*

by R. Westmacott, RA.,—though an ideal figure, is deficient in grace, and true simplicity: it is beautifully finished.—1019. *Bust in Marble of H. Fuseli, Esq. KRA.* by E. H. Baily, RA. as a likeness is singularly characteristic, but we regret that Mr. Baily has nothing in the Exhibition of a higher class.—1028, *The Pastoral Apollo, a Marble Statue*, by J. Flaxman, RA. is beautifully conceived, but imperfect in outline. This statue we believe is unfinished.—1032. *Adam consoling Eve*, by J. Sconlar, is clever in composition, but the forms are not good.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

We very well remember seeing (for the memories of critics are longer than the Swiss giantess) the name of John Kemble underlined in the bills of Covent Garden Theatre, for the part of Falstaff: this memorable promise was given a short time previous to the great tragedian's retirement from the stage, and much curiosity was excited on the occasion. But whether from a self-misgiving, or from the judicious persuasion of friends, John Kemble and John Falstaff never swelled together under the same waistcoat. It was well that he never played the part: complete success in such a character would have injured him as a tragedian, and partial success or failure would have clouded the lustre of his setting sun! Mr. Charles Kemble, the brother (and a brother worthy of the name) of the gone Coriolanus, has had the same Falstaff fever, and, indeed, with greater virulence, for in the latter it has come to its height, and the lamps have seen him in his white hairs. His performance of Falstaff will not, in our opinion, add much to his popularity—"quite the reverse."—In the first place, an audience goes not to see Falstaff—but Charles Kemble; and then he is surrounded by a host of his friends—Falconbridge—Edgar—Charles Surface—Don Felix—Macduff,—and Romeo; and, let Falstaff strive as he will, the cluster will not be put aside or forgotten. Mr. Kemble has a fine conception of the part, but he is unable to fill up his own outline. He "walks under his huge legs" (the Irish must please to look on this tenderly) with forced difficulty and vigorous imbecility. You see that he is not really helpless. His voice, too, maintains not its disguise of hoarseness throughout the play,—but lean sounds mingle with the fat ones, and Falstaff therefore speaks but at intervals. On the whole we could wish that Mr. C. Kemble had left the Knight of the Buck-basket to other men. His humour is not fat enough.

The play has been got up at a vast expense, and with great labour and care—as the bills very profusely inform us. Medals, tombstones, and illuminated MSS. have been ransacked for absolute helmets and caps, and indisputable breeches. Those who wish to see the real men of the time, as far as looks go, should not omit this exhibition. It is a far better picture than any at Sir Thomas Lawrence's theatre.

Cooper makes a *melancholy* Prince Hal!

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

This house has been putting Munden to the concern as a *wheel horse;* and as it is the last season of his appearing in harness, the red and flaming appeals in the play-bills, with his own inimitable acting, have had their due effect. The last day of this month is the last of Munden's professional existence,—unless he is flattered into "more last words of Mr. Baxter." We shall see him, and speak of him as he *has been* when next we write.

The Spirit of the Star still hovers over deserted benches. Kean has been ill-used, and Braham abused, by the Manager, if report whisper correctly. Mr. Elliston really should not *speak so* to his company.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

On Saturday the 24th of April Madame Pasta made her appearance at the King's Theatre, which seven years ago she left with the discredit attached to a second rate singer, whom nobody would ever care to hear again. Nature, it was universally thought, was against her, and she was condemned to distance and oblivion by the polished judgment of the British public. But Madame Pasta, it seems, was determined neither to bend submissively to such a verdict, nor even to acquiesce without an effort in the apparently more irreversible decree of Nature. If the Goddess had refused to her that physical attribute which goes so far in the constitution of a singer as to induce the Italians to compute upon it as ninety-nine out of the hundred requisites, she had at the same time gifted her with the intellectual power that has a mastery over, and can even supply, that which, malgré les Signors, should seem to be an endowment of far less value than they estimate it. Certain it is, that she has contrived to make mind superior to matter; she has set a great example of what industry and study can effectuate; and, in spite of a voice contracted in compass, volume, and even quality, there are few singers who have made more successful or more touching appeals to the feelings than Madame Pasta.

The best judges are of opinion that her style, in so far as respects the delivery of the voice, and in point of grandeur, is inferior to Madame Colbran Rossini; while, however, her tone on the whole, though rather acidulous in certain notes, is rounder and fuller, and consequently falls upon the ear more agreeably. She has evidently more power. Her compass is from A to C or D, seventeen or eighteen notes. Colbran's *portamento* is really superb, certainly the finest we ever heard, and its delicacy and finish are so distinctly visible by the formation of the mouth and lips, that a singer can hardly receive a finer lesson than first accurately observing their position and movement during the utterance of the note, and afterwards endeavouring to obtain the same conformation; the very effort (for we have seen it made) will carry conviction to the mind.—But to Madame Pasta. One of her chief excellences arises out of what, in others, is a defect. Her scale is of different qualities, by which she contrives with singular art to vary the lights and shades of her tone and expression. Her sensibility is as exquisite as her judgment is mature; and, far from seeking to take the mere sense of the auditor by surprise, she wins her easy way to the heart by an expression as plain as it is just and captivating. As she came out in *Otello*, and has played in *Tancredi* only since, she has sung nothing besides Rossini's Music, which is in itself florid enough in all conscience. But her singing is more judicious and less figurate than the manner of the present day, yet her comparatively plain style is not the effect of the want of science, but of a purity of thought and expression which are her own. We may doubt whether her praises have not been a little exaggerated, but she is unquestionably very great, even considered relatively to singers of the first class. As a proof of her originality, may be mentioned her "*Oh quante lagrime*," (in *Otello*,) to which she gave a beautifully pathetic effect, by taking it slower than it was sung by her truly admirable predecessor, Madame Camporese. In the grand entrata of Tancredi, "*O patria*," and the far-famed aria which follows, "*Di tanti palpiti*," she also made her success by marking the grandeur and transition of the strong passions exhibited in the brief but rapid sketch, rather than by varying the notation of passages, in themselves sufficiently florid and melodious. Yet she can execute with neat and polished articulation; but she takes the more certain aim, and addresses herself directly to the heart.

On the 1st of May Madame Ronzi di Begnis resumed her duties (after her accouchement) at this theatre in her favorite part of *Fiorilla*, in *Il Turco in Italia*. Her vivacity, feeling, and facility are so well known, that it is needless to enter into

any description. Her voice, however, is mellowed a little by rest; and, as the greatest of her defects appears to be a slight sharpness in her upper notes, when she forces them, which she does in a way peculiar to herself in a volata, she may be said to be improved. Never certainly did any singer make a more sudden advancement than Madame di Begnis in her performance of *Elena*, in *La Donna del Lago*. She is a great favorite with the English public, and was warmly greeted.

This Opera also introduced Signor Remorini, a bass, who has enjoyed a good share of reputation on the Continent. His voice is powerful, somewhat limited in compass, but coarse though flexible, and upon the whole not calculated for those expressive passages of tenderness and pathos, which are now more frequently than formerly assigned to his species of voice. The music in the part of *Selim* is, however, generally speaking very figurate.

The benefit of Madame Caradori (who is married to an Englishman of the name of Allan) introduced Signor Garcia as *Il Don Giovanni*, and the Signora herself, as *Zerlina*. Ambrogetti was brought hither by Mr. Ayrton, during his very successful year of management for Mr. Waters, almost expressly to play this part; and it will be recollected that, in the trial between Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Waters, Signor Ambrogetti was examined. He therein stands recorded, in the questions of the counsel and his own answers, as the most perfect representative of the Libertine that Europe had known. There was, however, a vulgar confidence in his delineation, which, though it might pass with the *Zerlinas* of Italy, or the soubrettes of France, would scarcely have recommended him to the good graces of the Donna Elviras, the Comtessas and Marchesas, whom *Leporello* enumerates in his *Catalogo*. The same coarseness was more apparent in his representation of the Count *Almaviva*, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*; yet Ambrogetti made a strong impression upon the public. Garcia, however, has made a stronger, for he supported the character with all his animation, and with a superiority of manners, that has set him as far above his great competitor in the acting, as his voice and science must do in singing. Never, perhaps, did any man maintain so high a place in a musical theatre with so little real musical qualifications, either from nature or from art, as Ambrogetti; scarcely ever did a man enjoy or obtain more from both than Garcia.

Signora Caradori is now known as a singer of exceedingly high finish and very delicate taste, though her volume is very inadequate to fill the vast space of the Opera House. She sang the airs of Zerlina exquisitely, though failing in force.

Rossini's new Opera, *Ugo, Re d'Italia*, is advertised as being speedily to be brought out, but the truth we believe to be, that it is not yet above half written. Yet the Maestro must be in Paris very shortly, if he keeps his engagements there; and a few weeks will empty London. We doubt, however, from the information we have received, whether it can be produced before the middle of June, and then with the imperfections which such haste must inevitably entail upon a composition so rapidly put together; except, indeed, he has recourse to new modelling his old works; and for *arie di baule*, his want of foresight, and his abundant confidence in his own fertility when pushed to the minute, leave him heinously unprovided. Which of his heroines he is writing for is not yet known. He has an ample choice—Catalani, Colbran, Pasta, and Di Begnis. In the mean time *Romeo e Giulietta* is getting up for Pasta. Giulietta is one of her most favourite characters, and Rossini's lively biographer mixes his encomiums upon her performance of it with a very elaborate detail of her qualifications as a singer. Hearing her is even to effect a reformation in the taste of the composer himself, for he says

After having heard her in the prayer of *Romeo e Giuglietta*, that touchstone for the talents of a singer; after having observed the fine shades which she can impart to her *portamento di voce*, the power of her accentuation, the admirable skill with which she can unite and sustain a long musical period; I have no doubt but that he would consent to sacrifice to her a portion of his system, and consent to be more economical in the use of that multitude of little notes by which his cantilenas are overcharged.

Fully convinced of the feeling and good taste of Madame Pasta, of which she gives such unequivocal proofs in the *fioriture* of her song, and persuaded how much more certain the effect of that pleasure is, which is produced by the native feeling and *spontaneous* invention of a singer, Rossini would doubtless leave the embellishments of his song to the genius and inspiration of this great singer.

All the musicians in Europe will agree that the sooner he hears Madame Pasta the better, and more especially those who are enamoured of his genius when displayed in such traits as *Mi manca la voce*, or *Questo cor ti giura amore*.

Madame Catalani seems to have vanished strangely from the boards of the King's Theatre, and to have appeared no less strangely between the plays and farces of benefit nights to roar out *Rule Britannia* to the great delight of John Bull. A heavy declension this, and one in every way (except as it shows her good nature) unworthy such exalted talents. But this we suspect comes from grasping more than the arms can hold or the strength support. Madame Catalani, it was said, was to play ten nights before and ten nights after Easter, but she has not performed half a dozen. And yet she is to have a benefit! for what services we ask, in the name of right and justice? This is one of the most impudent specimens of experimental extortion that was ever tried. What! after sharing no less than half the amount of the receipts at the doors besides other emoluments—demand a benefit for four or five nights' performance? We trust such cupidity will be mortified—or rather, we should say, we hope the public are not such fools as thus to encourage the demands even of the first of the vocal tribe. For we cannot blame Catalani, if she can treat successfully with managers upon such terms. But they must ruin our public entertainments eventually. See what has been the fate of the latest proprietor of the oratorios! He has been ruined more by the inordinate demands of the singers than by the want of public attendance. It cannot be too often repeated that the rewards of favourite individuals in public life have risen to a pitch that never could have been anticipated, and that never can be fairly earned by any degree of known talent, without sacrifices of other kinds that are either injurious to the general effect of the performance or ruinous to the conductors—neither of which things ought to be allowed to happen from such a cause.

These observations naturally lead us to an innovation of another kind, and one which appears to be totally at variance with British notions of the powers and privileges of the Aristocracy, and not less disgraceful to those who can consent to be the agents of its introduction. Signor Rossini *advertises* that he intends to give two Concerts at Almack's, under the patronage of certain titled ladies—the names of subscribers to be sent to the Signor, and thence transmitted to the lady patronesses, who will give vouchers, which are to be exchanged for tickets at a guinea a piece. Several persons of fortune, education, and respectability, not quite clearly perceiving that this is a means of excluding all but those whom these titled managers may choose should breathe the same air with themselves—a mode of keeping out *improper people*, as they would phrase it, (the Marchioness Conyngham stands at their head) sent for vouchers, and were rejected. This has occasioned such a sensation, that it is apprehended other persons of fashion, who are not quite so exclusive, will demand an explanation, and that there will be some interruption at the next Concert, which will be very shocking to "ears polite." If the Aristocracy entertain a serious intention of bringing themselves (the few) into a dangerous degree of contempt with the nation (the many), they cannot adopt a readier mode; and such a division, they need scarcely be told, will go dreadfully against the powers that be. We hope, however, that these poor rich women will be taught a useful lesson of moderation? One of the most curious parts of the first Concert is the announcement of Catalani and Rossini, for Cimarosa's celebrated duet, *Se fiato in corpo avete*. It is written for two *bass* voices, and is, of course, sung by two men in *Il Matrimonio segreto*, and relates to the exchange of one daughter for another, which the lover solicits of the old man, the father. What can in-

duce such a choice for such singers, we are wholly at a loss to understand. On whatever other grounds it may rest, one is pretty obvious—a perverted and vitiated taste.

We perceive Master Aspull has announced a *second* benefit. This seems to be *troppo—troppo San Antonio.*

The benefit Concerts have been continual during this month. One of the best attended was M. Sapio's, and what redounds even more to his reputation was, that he stood prominently out by the side of Braham and Sinclair—owing to his manly style—the fine quality of his voice, and his (comparatively) plainer style. A younger brother, M. A. Sapio, appeared for the first time as a bass. He has a fine round tone, a good deal of flexibility, and altogether much promise. Miss Paton's singing seemed to confer more general pleasure than that of any other person—Braham in *Kelvin Grove* (*O che gusto!*) excepted. The Misses Cawse did themselves credit in Paer's *Vederlo sol bramo*, and the youngest sung *La ci darem*, with Ambrogetti. The effect was derived (as it must be) from the dramatic manner of Ambrogetti, but the initiation of such a mere child into such a scene was revolting alike to sound taste, and to the moral sense. They are, however, girls of extraordinary promise.—We have attended several of the concerts which are past, and have looked over the various bills which are to come, but we perceive scarcely any novelties. At the Philharmonic on the 10th of May, Madame Szimanowski, a Polish lady, played a concerto on the pianoforte, in a very good style.

A young Frenchman, a harp player of very extraordinary execution, has, we understand, lately been invited to this country by M. Erard. It is said that he will make it necessary both for Bochsa and Dizi to renovate their practice. Young Leist, the German Pianist, a child of eleven years and a half old, is also come to England. His performance is truly wonderful. He extemporizes with perfect ease, yet with a degree of feeling that is perceptible in every note he plays. The frequency of such instances leads us to inquire how it happens that musical talent is often so much sooner ripened, than ability applied to any other of the fine arts?

The Royal Academy of Music has had a dinner to collect its friends, and to recruit its exhausted finances. About 850*l.* were thus gathered. Surely if the advantages of the design, and a judicious management of the funds, were made apparent, there would be no occasion for having recourse to such a means of collecting money—a means which seems to be *infra dignitatem*, when it is considered who are the patrons, directors, managers, and subscribers to an institution which has for its object the advancement of *national* art.

NEW MUSIC.

The publications are numerous, but not of primary note:

Pauvre Madelon, a French air, with an introduction, and ten variations, for the pianoforte, by J. B. Cramer.

Mr. Cramer is usually most successful in the composition of variations, and although he does not display as much genius and invention in their construction as some of his cotemporaries, he manifests an elegance of taste, and an ease and gracefulness of style that can be more universally felt and understood. The piece before us has not the sentiment of many of his earlier works, it is altogether lighter, but it gives ample scope for finished, delicate, and playful execution.

Mr. Calkin's *Divertimento, introducing a Spanish Waltz*, has a good deal of merit as an easy lesson. It is somewhat difficult to unite simplicity of construction and intrinsic excellence: thus the earliest reading lessons for children are usually absolute nonsense, or, at best, a mere transcript of their own prattle. In music it is as desirable to cultivate the taste, while the hand is forming for execution, as it is necessary to strengthen the mind even in the earliest stages of literature.

Mr. Peile, in his *Variations on the air, Aurora che sorgerai*, has departed so much from his subject, that in many parts it is hardly possible to recognize it. There is ability in the piece, but not enough to overcome this defect.

The fifth number of *Les Belles Fleurs*, consists of Waters of Elle, with variations. This collection of duets for the flute and pianoforte, is of a kind to suit the taste and ability of players in general, particularly of the first instrument. The parts are constructed with attention to its character, and the difficulties are sufficiently limited, without the interest being ever allowed to languish.

Mr. Coggin's Six Divertimentos are so many proofs of poverty of imagination. We are aware that they are only arrangements, and these intentionally adapted in the easiest way, but surely the two instruments need not have proceeded almost entirely in unison. Neither is the selection of the best or most interesting kind, although the airs bear the names of Mozart, Beethoven, &c.

The third number of Mozart's Grand Symphonies, arranged by Hummel, has appeared, also Andreas Romberg's overture to Don Mendoza, arranged by Mr. Horncastle.

A translation of Monsieur Catel's *Treatise on Harmony*, written and composed for the use of the pupils at the Royal Conservatory of Music, in Paris, is just published. In the preface, the author observes, that "this method not only teaches the nature of the chords, but also their use, it saves the pupil the trouble of loading his memory with a numerous series of isolated combinations, which, considered as so many different chords, render harmony difficult to be understood, and intricate in practice. This treatise not only teaches harmony, but the first principles of counterpoint." The character of the work is sufficiently described in this extract, and we have only to add, that it has been adopted and printed for this school of national instruction, which, at this moment, perhaps takes precedency of all other similar institutions.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

We are sorry to have to commence our abstract this month with an account of the defeat of the British troops, and that in a quarter where it was little to have been expected—on the coast of Africa, and by a race of semi-barbarians, called Ashantees. This nation had, it seems, of late made many incursions on the British territory, near Cape Coast Castle, and in one of these had taken an English sergeant prisoner, whom they first murdered, and afterwards mutilated in a savage manner. Sir Charles M'Carthy, our governor at Sierra Leone, could not, of course, overlook this insult to the national flag, and prepared an expedition for an incursion into the Ashantee territory. The expedition was formed into three bodies, to arrive from three several points, and then co-operate. Before, however, the junction could be formed, an Ashantee force, amounting to between 10 and 15,000 men, attacked the division under the command of the governor, consisting of about four thousand men, and completely overwhelmed them. The battle was fought on the 21st of January, and lasted from two in the afternoon until six, at which time our ammunition failing, the British were surrounded and completely destroyed. The havock appears to have been dreadful; out of fourteen British officers, only one, a Lieutenant Erskine, is said to have escaped! All the rest, including Sir Charles himself, who was known to have been wounded twice during the action, were either killed or made prisoners. The fate of the Governor is quite uncertain; he had not been heard of subsequent to the battle, and those who know the sanguinary character of these people would even prefer his death to his captivity. They are said to relax from their rule of refusing quarter only for the enjoyment to be derived from the protracted torture of their victims. Such is the melancholy account which first arrived here through a Barbadoes paper, and which, though not yet confirmed officially, has still been corroborated through so many different channels, that it would be only trifling with our readers were we to affect to doubt it. It is but little consolation to add, that these savages suffered in proportion. We grieve to subjoin that the enterprising Belzoni has also fallen a victim to this fatal climate; he died at Benin, of dysentery, after every thing had been arranged for his progress into the interior. It is difficult to say what remuneration these arid desarts of Africa can ever make to us for the continual sacrifice of British enterprise and genius.

In several of our late numbers, we have alluded to the long promised, and as long protracted amnesty of Ferdinand; and in our last, we prophesied its postponement till "the Greek Kalends." Little, alas! did we dream what the cunning of Le-

gitimacy could effect—little did we anticipate that the amnesty was then actually in progress of publication, and yet that our prophecy was about to be fulfilled to the letter! This special example of Royal clemency has just appeared, and really one would suppose that its long delay had been occasioned by its having been submitted to the Irish Cabinet for approval—it is very like the merciful system attributed by Captain Rock to the Hibernian statesmen, and savours strongly of the admirable precision of that country. By this famous amnesty all are pardoned—except those who are to be punished, and none are to be punished except those who are pardoned! This is literally the meaning of this State paper, by which France pretends to fulfil her liberal professions, while at the same time Spain gluts her most ultra animosities. That our readers may see we do not overstate the fact, we shall just name the exceptions by which the general ostensible principle of mercy is not merely clouded, but completely overcast. Those excepted from the amnesty are—1. The chiefs of the insurrection of the isle of Leon.—2. The members of the Cortes who proclaimed the deposition of the King at Seville.—3. The chiefs of the military insurrection in different parts of Spain.—4. The assassin of Vernessa, the judges of Elio, and the authors of the massacres in the prisons of Grenada! Such is the document which, under the name of mercy, is neither more nor less than a libel on humanity, because it excites hope for no other purpose than that of inflicting despair. By this it appears, that all who deserve, in fact, to live, not in Spain, but to live at all, are carefully rejected. The brave and noble Mina—the eloquent Arguelles—the bold and patriotic Galliano, and a thousand others of the same stamp and quality, must crimson more deeply the scaffold on which Riego expiated a life of honour by a death of torture, if they dare to set their foot upon the soil which their virtues in vain struggled to emancipate! Who would imagine that the very men who are the objects of this bloody and bigoted exclusion, are the master spirits to whom this crowned ingrate owes the power of persecution! This characteristic amnesty is accompanied by another precious document, which well deserves indeed to be its companion. By it, ignorance is legitimated in Spain along with Ferdinand. A list of all books imported must be furnished by the booksellers, and none are to be licensed until after previous examination—prohibited books must be delivered up, no matter by whom possessed, to the ordinary of the diocese, within two months, under a heavy fine—detached leaves and wrappers, paintings, engravings, and all arts of design, come under this prohibition! Thus, having banished every living liberal thing from Spain, the only chance of an escape from priestcraft and servility is by anticipation swindled away from the rising generation. Surely, however, to suppose that such things can exist and prosper, would be to doubt the existence of a Providence. With respect to the part which France is playing in this tragic farce, she cannot deceive herself so far as to believe that she is imposing upon any body. The murderous amnesty under whose insulting mercies she pretends to yield the continuance of her troops in Spain for the protection of its author, is a juggle as palpable as it is atrocious, and has, indeed, only one redeeming quality about it—namely, that it is likely to leave some trace upon the memory of those to whom the absence of foreign bayonets shall commit hereafter the vindication of their country.

In Portugal, also, it would appear as if the legitimacy of that country was afraid of being outtravestied in Spain. The infant, Don Miguel, and his august mother, the no less august sister of the still more august Ferdinand, have been exceedingly busy for the last month, in endeavouring to persuade Don John, the King, that the only way to save his life was to imprison him; a royal mercy, by the way, of some of our Holy Allies, who are often humanely pleased to commute the sentence of death for twenty or thirty years of incarceration. This grand manœuvre commenced on the 30th of April, by the assemblage of a large body of troops in one of the squares of Lisbon, the confinement of the King in the palace of Bemposta, and the arrest of a

multitude of persons, amongst whom were several of the ministers, with Count Palmella at their head. Don Miguel issued some proclamations on the occasion, the chief burthen of which was that he had discovered a grand conspiracy against the house of Braganza, which had been fomented by the Freemasons. The conclusion of one of these proclamations runs thus, and we give it because it really concentrates the pith of the entire of them, and is a fair specimen of the style and genius of their author—"Soldiers—be worthy of me, and Don Miguel your commander will be worthy of you! Long live our Lord the King! Long live the Roman Catholic religion! Long live her Most Faithful Majesty! Long live the Royal family! Long live the nation! Die all infamous Freemasons!" We need not inform our classical readers that a great part of the above is stolen almost verbatim from the works of Mr. Fitzgerald, one of our most loyal and celebrated modern poets. The Queen, "her Most Faithful Majesty," must have been pretty well aware before hand of all these proceedings, as she repaired to Lisbon from a distant palace, under the idea of hearing this hopeful slip of legitimacy proclaimed Regent. In this, however, she was disappointed; the ambassadors seem to have interfered, and liberated the King and his ministers. There were also some ridiculous letters published by Don Miguel, representing all the grievances of Portugal, foreign and domestic, as the work of the Freemasons. There are various versions of the termination of this affair, but none of them official—we shall probably have the denouement in our next. It is remarkable enough, however, that some of the French official journals which highly lauded the constitutional conduct of the French ambassador at first, have suddenly turned round and attempted to justify Don Miguel. Though some of the reports say that the English party have since got into favour with the King, and even that Marshal Beresford has been appointed to the command of the army, this conduct of the French press, in durance as it is, gives the whole scheme very much the air of a Parisian contrivance. We know by what plots and counter plots, cordons sanitaires, &c. these gentry contrived to work themselves into possession of the strong holds and sea-ports of Spain. Happy are they to whom experience teaches wisdom; it is high time indeed for England to look sharp ere her ancient enemy and very expensive friend proves to her, in Portugal as in Spain, that she is willing to save her the trouble. There was a rumour on Change that a seventy-four gun British ship had been ordered immediately to Lisbon—it is, however, merely a rumour.

Although there is no foreign news from South America, still a circumstance has occurred at home which is very likely soon to furnish us with some details from that quarter—the departure of the Ex-Emperor Iturbide for Mexico. Our readers are aware that after the deposition or abdication of this military adventurer, he made this country his domicile. The people over whom he formerly governed had guaranteed to him the payment of a handsome annual stipend, which, we believe, was punctually paid to him. Suddenly, however, in pursuance of a well-concealed and well-concerted scheme, he departed from England, contriving with a few followers to get himself transferred from a steam boat off the Isle of Wight, whither he pretended to go on a pleasure excursion, on board a larger vessel. His immediate views are, no doubt, his own personal aggrandisement, though he has left a letter behind him, declaring that his sole object is to heal the dissensions of his country—a declaration easily made and easily forgotten. Iturbide's sway, while it lasted, was an iron one, and no friend of freedom can wish for his restoration—his adherents are known to be the priests and soldiers, men generally adverse to every cause which has liberty for its object. The rumour here is, that he is gone as an instrument in the hands of France and Spain. Indeed, the Journal des Debats, in commenting on the circumstance, says that it is probable he is gone to prepare the way for a legitimate prince—"the ways of Providence are so strange." It is in our mind quite as strange that the British Cabinet do not, at once, by an acknowledgment of the independence

of those states, frustrate speculations which certainly mean us no good.

Our differences, whatever they may be, with his legitimacy of Algiers, have not yet been settled, and that port continues in a state of blockade.

With sincere regret we have to announce that the last arrivals from Greece brought an account of the death of Lord Byron, on the 19th of April, at Missolonghi. The fatal disorder was a cold, attended with inflammation, which terminated thus on the tenth day. This event took place on the festival of Easter, and converted the mirth of all Greece into mourning. His Lordship was justly beloved, and popular amongst that gallant people, to whom he devoted his talents, his fortune, and, as it appears, his life. This is not the place for us, merely relating the fact, as is our duty, to expatiate upon the genius and character of the deceased —in order, however, to record the deep and honourable sense which Greece entertained of her misfortune, we give the notice issued by the provisional government on the occasion.

The present days of festivity are converted into days of bitter lamentation for all. Lord Noel Byron departed this life to-day, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in consequence of a rheumatic inflammatory fever, which had lasted for ten days. During the time of his illness, your general anxiety evinced the profound sorrow that pervaded your hearts. All classes, without distinction of age or sex, oppressed by grief, entirely forgot the days of Easter. The death of this illustrious personage is certainly a most calamitous event for all Greece, and still more lamentable for this city, to which he was eminently partial, of which he became a citizen, and of the dangers of which he was determined personally to partake, when circumstances should require it. His munificent donations to this community are before the eyes of every one, and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him, with the purest and most grateful sentiments, our benefactor. Until the dispositions of the National Government regarding this most calamitous event be known, by virtue of the decree of the Legislature, No. 314, of date the 15th October,

It is ordained, 1. To-morrow, by sunrise, thirty-seven minute guns shall be fired from the batteries of this town, equal to the number of years of the deceased personage. 2. All public offices, including all Courts of Justice, shall be shut for three following days. 3. All shops, except those for provisions and medicines, shall also be kept shut; and all sorts of musical instruments, all dances customary on these days, all sorts of festivities and merriment in the public taverns, and every other sort of public amusement, shall cease during the above-named period. 4. A general mourning shall take place for twenty-one days. 5. Funeral ceremonies shall be performed in all the churches.

A. Mavrocordato.

Giorgio Praidi, *Secretary*.

Missolonghi, 19*th April*, 1824.

The Congress of the United States has passed a law, abolishing arrest and imprisonment for debt.

Our domestic news is, as usual, almost narrowed to the parliamentary abstract; this, however, we have endeavoured to render as faithful as our limits will allow.

In reply to some questions put to Mr. Canning by Sir James Mackintosh, respecting rumours which had become prevalent of the appearance of a large French force at the Brazils, Mr. Canning stated, that it was true, that a few French ships coming from different destinations had arrived at that station, but that he had forwarded an inquiry on the subject to the French government, and had no doubt of being soon able to give a satisfactory explanation. In a few nights afterwards the right hon. gentleman stated that he had received the expected answer from the French government, accounting for every ship which had appeared at Rio Janeiro, and most satisfactorily explaining their different destinations. There were only two, instead of eight frigates, and of these two, one was now on its way home. There were two British line-of-battle ships placed there merely for the protection of our commerce in those seas, and there was no foreign station in which the British naval force did not out-number that of every power in the world.

A motion was made by Mr. Maberly, for the grant by parliament of a million of money, in order to promote the employment of the poor in Ireland. This sum he wished to be allotted to the increase of the fisheries and the cultivation of flax. He meant that this loan should be repaid by those to whom the advances were made, and a security given for the discharge; the entire to be under the

superintendence of a commission. This was supported by many members, who argued that such grants had been useful in England, where they had been applied to the progress of public works, and that, by a parity of reasoning, Ireland must be benefited by a similar measure; it was also argued, that there was now manifested a disposition to work among the people of that country, which ought to be taken advantage of, and that the object of the motion being to stimulate local industry, it might, if attained, render future eleemosynary grants unnecessary. The motion was resisted by government, on the ground, that though such a grant might afford a passing relief, still, in the end, it would entail injury and disappointment. Such a plan would, in fact, make the landed gentlemen of Ireland debtors to the crown, which must place them in a situation of ultimate inconvenience. After some debate, the motion was lost by a majority of 85 to 33.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward what is technically termed the budget, which was, in fact, very little more than a recapitulation of the financial statement made by him on the opening of the session. He stated, however, that the plan for reducing the 4 per cent stock, to 3½ per cent, had so far succeeded, that out of 75 millions, there was only a dissent to the amount of between 6 and 7 millions. This he meant to be paid off by exchequer bills, payable, both principal and interest, by the sinking fund, which fund would be compensated by a transference to it of the stock paid off at 3 per cent. The accounts connected with the reduction of the silk duties had been made up, and the loss to the revenue was found to be 500,000*l.*, a larger deficit than was anticipated, but by no means to be balanced against the benefit which would be finally derived by the trade. He also proposed to lower the interest on exchequer bills at the next issue from 2*d.* to 1½*d.* a-day, which would save the country next year 230,000*l.* on 30 millions of bills. The floating debt was 34,000,000, but the odd four millions were to be provided for by a charge on the produce of the consolidated fund in each quarter. This statement brought on a conversation, in which Mr. Hume strongly contended against the complication of the finances and the fruitlessness of the sinking fund.

Mr. Hume prefaced a motion for an inquiry into the state of the Irish church establishment, by a speech of considerable labour and research. He stated, that the root of the evil under which Ireland groaned was, in his opinion, to be found in religious intolerance, in the Irish church establishment, in the amount of its revenues, and the manner in which they were collected. The Protestant establishment, protected as it was by all the advantages of wealth and power, seemed, by the last returns, to consist of 1,289 benefices. By the returns in the "Clerical Guide," the numbers appeared to be 4 archbishops, 18 bishops, 33 deans, 108 dignitaries, 178 prebends, 52 vicars choral, 107 rural deans, and 512 minor canons, &c.! The population of Ireland consisted of seven millions; one million of which was Protestant, half of that number being Dissenters; and the other six millions Catholic! According to the best calculation which could be made, the value of church property in Ireland amounted to 3,200,000*l.* The result of all the inquiries which he had formed upon this subject was, that the Protestant clergy, even thus paid, performed their duties in a very inefficient manner. According to a return on the table, it appeared that the number of parishes having benefices was 2,234. In 1818, the total number of incumbents was 1,289; out of this number, 758 were resident and 531 were non-resident; the non-residents therefore formed a considerable proportion of the whole number of incumbents. The honourable member instanced a number of parishes in the south of Ireland where there were in the aggregate only 18 or 20 Protestant families for the celebration of divine worship, for whom the Catholics in those parishes paid tithe to the amount of 7000*l.* annually. It was therefore no great wonder if they occasionally broke out into acts of outrage. The greatest act of disgrace, however, which the government committed on the subject of the Church in Ireland, was the depriving the poorer clergy of the pittance which had been allotted to

them for the improvement of their revenues, and the giving of it to the rich. By the papers laid before parliament it appeared that the payments made as first fruits, in Ireland, amounted to 911*l.* It appeared that the sees of England paid in first fruits, in seven years, 5,999*l.* and in the same time the tenths amounted to 8,854*l.*; making together, 14,853*l.*; while, in the same time in Ireland, where the clergy paid no tenths, the whole amount of first fruits did not exceed the sum of 911*l.* being about one-sixteenth of the sum paid in England; and taking the Irish church to be three times as rich as that of England, the proportion, to the value of livings, would be about one forty-eighth of the sum which England paid. Such a difference was not only a disgrace to the Irish church, but to the government which could tolerate such partiality. Its effects were evident in the overgrown wealth of the clergy and in the poverty of the people—the last three primates of Ireland had died, as he was informed, worth about 800,000*l.* each, although very poor when they attained their dignity, and some of these enormous riches were amassed when thousands of Irishmen were dying of famine around them. The hon. member concluded by moving a resolution—" that it was expedient to inquire whether the present church establishment of Ireland was not more than commensurate to the services to be performed, both as regarded the number of persons employed and the incomes they received."—This statement was met on the part of government by a mere denial of the facts, and a refusal to institute any inquiry as to whether they were true or not. It was insisted on that the church was not quite so rich as was represented, that its members performed their duties punctually, and that the number of non-resident clergymen had been greatly exaggerated. One member declared that the revenues of the church were as sacred as private property, and that the bishops ought to have incomes sufficient to place them among " *the nobles of the land!*" Mr. Leslie Foster declared, that by the act of Union the House had no right to enter into the proposed inquiry, which would do infinite mischief in the discussion. These were the chief topics urged in defence of the Irish church; but of course we can do no more than generalize the debate; after a very able reply from Mr. Hume, the house divided, when there appeared, for the motion 79—against it 152—majority 73.

A petition having been presented, from some " separatists in Ireland," praying to be relieved from the taking of oaths, upon some religious scruples, Mr. J. Williams remarked on the gross inconsistency of the law in allowing the affirmations of Quakers in civil cases and rejecting them in criminal prosecutions. He gave notice of a bill next session to remedy this anomaly.

The duty on salt is to be discontinued. Mr. Wodehouse having brought forward a motion, the object of which was to " continue the duty on salt in order to enable his Majesty's government to give a more efficient relief to the country in the next session of parliament by the remission of the duty on windows of low rateable houses," the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that, in his statement at the commencement of the session, he had informed the house, that if a strong general feeling should be manifested in favour of this duty, means might be devised of affording some relief to the public—this general feeling had not been made manifest, and therefore he in justice considered himself bound to adhere to the law as it now stood; under these circumstances, therefore, he did not think that he should be justified in continuing this duty a moment longer than the period prescribed by the law. This declaration was received with loud cheers, and Mr. Wodehouse withdrew his motion.

Mr. Richard Martin moved a resolution for the increase of the salaries of certain officers of state, and also of the judges of the land. The motion, not being seconded, fell to the ground; it elicited however a statement from Mr. Peel, that a proposition for increasing the salaries of the judges had recently been under the consideration of the crown. Their emoluments were at present insufficient to support the situation which they held in the country, and fluctuated in a degree according to the fees which they received—it was

clear, that the emoluments of the judges ought neither to be precarious nor derived from uncertain fees, and the public interest required that such an addition should be made to the salaries of the judges, as would induce men in the prime of life and of full mental vigour to accept the situation. Mr. Hobhouse added that, if such a proposition was made, he would immediately submit another, namely, that there should be no promotion on the bench; and unless the recommendation for an increase of salary were coupled with this provision, he would, however painful to his feelings, individualise the instances which had suggested this course to him.

The second reading of a bill to provide for the repairs of the Derry cathedral having been moved by Sir George Hill, it met the marked opposition of many members on each side of the house; it was the peculiar duty of the Irish church to repair their own edifices, and they were greatly injured in public opinion by such attempts to shift the expense on others. Mr. Dawson, Under Secretary of State, said he hoped this debate would bring the Dean and Clergy of Derry to a proper sense of their duty. Upon this, Sir G. Hill withdrew the bill. (We cannot here avoid remarking, that the diocese of Derry has been always considered the richest in Ireland; its income has been estimated at between 16 and 20,000*l.* a year!)

Lord Althorp, in much the most crowded house of the session, brought forward his motion for a committee to inquire into the state of Ireland. The difficulties with which this subject was beset were the more formidable, inasmuch as they were the growth of centuries, and could not be removed by any sudden, violent, or undigested process: and the difficulty of the case was enhanced by the fact, that the greater part of the evils were such as could not be provided for by any legislative enactments. He was persuaded, however, that a general report of that house, setting forth the true interests of the country, might be productive of much good. The principal points to which the Noble Lord wished the attention of the committee to be directed were —the state of the law between landlord and tenant—the existence of middle-men—the employment of capital—the immense local taxation arising from grand jury presentments —the church establishment—the proceedings of Orange and Catholic lodges —and the disabilities under which the Roman Catholic population laboured. The Noble Lord expatiated at great length on all these different subjects; and after a pointed appeal to Mr. Canning for his co-operation, concluded by moving for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the state of Ireland, and report the same to the house. This proposition was met by Ministers, not so much by any direct negative to the motion, as by a limitation of its objects. These objects they considered as too complex and extensive; and the Secretary for Ireland moved as an amendment the appointment of a select committee, to inquire into the nature and extent of the disturbances which prevailed in the districts now subject to the insurrection act. This amendment called forth a lengthened debate, in which various members stated their views and remedies with respect to the grievous and savage situation in which the people of Ireland are plunged, a fact which seemed to be agreed upon by all parties. On a division there appeared, for the amendment 184, against it 136; majority 48.—Mr. F. Buxton has obtained leave to bring in a bill which has caused great commotion at Lloyd's. The bill goes "to repeal so much of the act of the 6th of Geo. I. c. 8, as restricts partnerships and societies from insuring ships and goods, and from lending money upon bottomry." The measure was opposed chiefly upon the ground, that it invaded the monopoly of two chartered companies who had paid for their charters, and of Lloyd's. It was, however, on the other hand, contended, that these companies might continue their course as usual, and that the public would be benefited by the advantages to be derived from competition.

Mr. Calcraft made an ineffectual motion for the total repeal of the leather tax—in support of the motion, it was stated, that out of 900,000*l.* collected from the people by means of this tax, only 300,000*l.* went into the treasury. On a divi-

sion however, there appeared for the motion 55, against it 71.

A petition, detailing charges against the Duke of Manchester, governor of Jamaica, for conduct alleged to be of a most arbitrary and oppressive character, was presented to the House of Commons from two free-men of colour, natives of Kingston in that island. It stated that, in September they were thrown into prison as aliens and dangerous persons, but were afterwards released by an order of the Supreme Court, on full proof adduced of their being British born subjects. That previously to their discharge, bail had been offered for them by six freeholders, and a memorial in their behalf signed by the principal merchants and chief public functionaries in the island. That subsequently, on the 29th of November, they were, while peaceably engaged at home, torn from their families, on the same charge, by order of the Duke, hurried on board a guard-ship, kept in solitary confinement, and transported next day to St. Domingo, where they were turned on shore, destitute, and only saved from the horrors of a Haytian prison by the humanity of some British merchants who relieved them!! Mr. Wilmot Horton declared a total want of information on the subject, and promised that the necessary inquiries should be forthwith instituted; he said that a committee of the local legislature had declared these persons to be engaged in a treasonable conspiracy with the rebellious slaves, but admitted that, in reference to this treatment, every thing depended upon whether they were aliens or not.

A petition from Mr. Soane the architect complained that the report of a committee of the house had unjustly reflected on his merits as an architect, and interfered with the accommodation of the courts of law, newly erected at Westminster. It was admitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the Lords of the Treasury were responsible for Mr. Soane's design.

In the House of Lords there have been but few debates, and those not of very peculiar interest. The Marquis of Lansdowne had introduced a bill tending to the relief of Unitarians from some conscientious difficulties under which they now labour with respect to the marriage ceremony. It was, however, lost on the motion for its committal by a majority of 105 to 66. The Bishops appeared divided on the subject.

The same Noble Lord has brought in a bill to place the Roman Catholics of Great Britain on the same footing as the Roman Catholics of Ireland. (We hope it will not infuse the same folly into them.)

The Alien bill, after some discussion, has passed this house. Lord Gage moved an ineffectual amendment, "to allow expelled aliens to remove to whatever country they chose at their own expense."

A motion for an inquiry into the state of Ireland met the same fate as that in the House of Commons, namely, a limitation to the situation of the disturbed districts.

Our readers cannot fail to have remarked the great portion of the attention of the Legislature which that unfortunate country has occupied during the last month. We are sorry to observe, that every day's experience seems more and more to justify the call for interference. The fact is, and it is useless to deny it, the whole island seems sunk into the most savage and deplorable barbarism! What will our readers think of the fact of TWO AND TWENTY MURDERS having been committed in one district of Kilkenny within two years, *without one single murderer having been brought to justice!!!* This is stated on the authority of Mr. Serjeant Goold, sitting on the Bench of Justice. A commentary on this would be an insult.

With respect to the Roman Catholics, their blessed "Association" have just transmitted a petition to their advocates, which has done more to justify the clamours of those opposed to them, than any argument of their enemies for half a century. This petition, affecting to supplicate for relief, has the audacity to demand a remodelling of the Jury system —*a disfranchisement of corporations, and an interference with the temporalities of the Protestant Establishment!!* Really this is showing the cloven foot a little too soon. Pretty Legislators indeed the framers of such a document would make! We will venture to say, a proposition so ab-

surd, so impudent, and so suicidal, their bitterest enemies could not frame for them. No wonder that Lord Grey and Mr. Brougham, to whom they had committed the precious document, wrote word back, that they could by no means go the length of it.—But the worthies in full conclave voted, that it should remain as it is, and be thus presented even by the men who have declared their personal disapprobation of it. Really such men should, like the pugilists, go into a state of training, before they aspire to the privileges which are the professed object of their most insane exertions.

AGRICULTURE.

The early part of the month was very cold, and the north and east winds which prevailed greatly retarded vegetation. The rain which has since fallen has, however, much improved the appearance of wheat on good lands, while that on cold soils looks very sickly. Barley sowing has at length terminated, after more trouble than was almost ever remembered. This crop also looks thin and sickly upon cold wet lands in consequence of the rain, which has changed the appearance of the crops generally, and where the seed has been sown in a damp state. The grub and wireworm have committed depredations both upon the spring corn, oats, and barley. Beans have come up much better than was expected, but the hoeing has been a good deal retarded by the same universally operating cause—the duration of the heavy rains. Peas look well. The breadth of the potatoe crop will not be so large this year as last, owing to the small profit made by the growers last winter. Grasses look very luxuriant, and the meadows are fast coming to feed. The fallows for turnips work badly, and the farmers are in general very backward. In the south there have been a vast many ewes lost by the sellon, a disease in the bowels, producing finally mortification; and tegs have been found to die very rapidly from being taken from turnips to pasture. There is still a great demand for good horses, both for saddle and draught, and these fetch high prices. Wool still continues in demand, but the prices are very fluctuating. The hop trade is dull. The vines looked flourishing, but the late cold winds, it is feared, will check their growth.

The supply of Smithfield market has been limited, and consequently both beef and mutton have risen in value. The former is now selling at from 3*s*. 8*d*. to 4*s*. 8*d*. and mutton fetches from 4*s*. 4*d*. to 5*s*. 2*d*. per stone. The country markets are still higher for both. Lamb is lower.

The corn market has undergone very little alteration during the last four weeks. At one period the prices in some measure declined from the effect of Mr. Huskisson's proposition for grinding foreign corn. This year will in all probability solve the grand problem which has so often been discussed —whether or not this country grows sufficient for its own consumption. If the kingdom is proved to produce sufficient to feed its people in a year, admitted on all hands to be deficient, the price of corn must come down to a level with that of the continent. Because if a deficient crop will supply the wants of the kingdom, there must be an overplus in an average crop, the price of which overplus having only the same markets as the continent for its sale, must be regulated by the price of the foreign market. If, on the other hand, the growth is not sufficient, the ports must open, and the market will be glutted to the ruin of the English farmer for several years to come

It is to be hoped that the government will not disturb the natural operation of things by any partial enactments; because, as it is the consumers in general who are so deeply injured by the fluctuations which arise from the uncertainty attendant upon the present corn laws, this question, which involves so much that is important to the kingdom, ought to be fairly decided. The country will then know whether it can rely on its own growth for food, or whether it must look to its continental neighbours for a portion of its support.

The ports are now shut for wheat until the 15th of next August, and, if any conclusions can be drawn from present appearances, they will not even then be opened. This opinion is formed from the following facts. The supply of wheat to Mark-lane, from February 1st to May 1st in this year, was less than during the same period last year, by about 10,000 quarters, while the supply of flour had decreased about 40,000 sacks. The sales, however, actually made from December to May in 1823 and 1824, leave only a difference of 459 quarters in favour of the present year. It appears, therefore, that the millers have done the same quantity of business, and that the relative supply must be nearly the same. The only difference between the supply of the two years is this, that the millers, foreseeing a rise, bought largely both before and after the harvest of 1822, and having sent into the market 40,000 sacks of flour more in 1823, than at the same period in 1824, in the expectation of the rise, it is fair to suppose that the stocks of wheat are larger than they were at this time last year. The provincial millers also bought largely about the same period, and thus diminished the quantities of wheat that would otherwise have been sent into Mark-lane in the first part of the season,

while in the latter part of the year their shipments of flour were much larger. It ought also to be borne in recollection, that in seasons so highly favourable (the rise having been continual) millers always manufacture as much flour as possible, because, whether their make is small or large, their standing expenses are still the same. From the short time that must elapse before harvest, the probability from these facts, as well as from the general appearance of Mark-lane, it is fair to suppose, is that the bakers in the metropolis are supplied with, or have contracted for, flour for the greater part of the next six weeks, when there is the largest consumption. There is, therefore, no appearance of scarcity, but on the contrary there is every reason to believe, from these circumstances, and from the known quantity of wheat still in the country, that the supply will fully meet the demand. The impossibility, notwithstanding the late small arrivals, to keep up the price of flour in Mark-lane also fully justifies this opinion. There will be then no alternative, if the crop proves any thing like an average crop, but that corn must come down to a level with the price of the continent, including the expense of transport.

The average arrivals, during the last four weeks, have amounted to about—wheat 6232 quarters; barley 2479 quarters; oats 11271 quarters; English flour 6084 sacks; foreign flour 379 bolls; peas 429 quarters; while the average prices in the twenty-four maritime districts were, May 19—wheat 64*s.* 9½*d.*, barley 26*s.* 2½*d.*; oats 25*s.* 7½*d.*

May 22.

COMMERCE.

May 18, 1824.

Cotton.—The market has been very steady for the last four weeks, and the demand good. The sales have on an average exceeded 3000 bales per week at good prices without any remarkable fluctuations. The East India has been chiefly taken on speculation and the Boweds for exportation. This latter description has been in increasing demand, and an advance of ⅛*d.* to ¼*d.* per lb. took place in the middle of this month. Last week the sales amounted to about 2800 bales, all in bond, viz.—1200 Bengals, 5⅜*d.* ordinary to 6⅛*d.* good fair; 300 Surats, 6*d.* middling to 6⅜*d.* good fair; 10 Bourbons, 10¾*d.*; 550 Pernams, 10⅞*d.* to 11*d.* fair; 30 Ceara, 11*d.*; 120 Paras, 9½*d.* to 9⅝*d.* good fair; 300 Boweds, 8⅜*d.* to 8⅝*d.* middling and fair; 8⅞*d.* to 9*d.* good; 60 Orleans, very good 10½*d.* 90 Carthagenas, 6⅞*d.* to 7*d.*; 10 Berbice, 11¼*d*; the Americans were taken entirely for export; the East India for home use, export, and on speculation; and Bengals have in some instances been sold at ⅛*d.* reduction. At Liverpool likewise the market has been favourable. The sales have amounted in four weeks, ending May 15, to 48,150 bags, the arrivals to about 43,400 bags.

Sugar.—Towards the close of last month the stocks of Sugar in the warehouses were reduced to 12,000 casks, and it was reported that considerable business was done, taking this low state of the stock into calculation. In the week ending the 4th instant, the market was rather heavy, and though good parcels, being scarce, maintained their prices, the inferior descriptions were dull, and the holders being very anxious to sell, rather lower prices were submitted to: notwithstanding the smallness of the stock, the expectation of numerous arrivals kept the market heavy. There having been no fluctuations worth noticing, we subjoin the account of the market during the last week.

There were very few good Sugars on sale last week; one or two parcels of fine quality realised rather higher prices, 66*s.* to 66*s.* 6*d.*; the quantity of good offering was however so limited, that few sales were effected; the low brown qualities, on the contrary, were so pressed upon the market, and the holders so anxious to effect sales, that a reduction of fully 1*s.* per cwt. was submitted to, brown Jamaica selling at 54*s.*

Several parcels of newly landed Sugars are on sale this morning; the market, however, continues languid, and only the good descriptions are inquired after: there is no alteration whatever in the prices since Friday.

In the Refined market there was little alteration to notice; there were considerable inquiries, but the sales effected were not extensive; the prices were unvaried.—Molasses were 26*s.* 6*d.*

The only demand for Refined for export is small parcels for the Mediterranean; the chief purchases are still made by the wholesale grocers; there are no alterations in the currency this morning.—Molasses steady at 26*s.* 6*d.*

In Foreign Sugars no purchases by private contract were reported.

By public sale on Wednesday, 500 chests of Havannah Sugars; all the white sold, good strong 38*s.* to 38*s.* 6*d*; brown and yellow taken in 25*s.* to 25*s.* 6*d.*

The Havannah Sugar went off to-day at very full prices; the Brazil 1*s.* to 2*s.* lower; 229 chests Havannah, white good, 35*s.* to 36*s.* ordinary 30*s.* to 32*s.*; middling white Brazil, 30*s.* to 32*s.*

An important bill now before Parliament allows the importation of Sugars from the Mauritius at the same duty as from the West Indies.

Coffee.—The market, which continued

heavy for some time after the date of our last report, though, without reduction in the prices, seems to have received a considerable impulse at the beginning of this month by the arrival of favourable accounts from Holland, Antwerp, &c.; some effect has been produced by the establishment of a great trading company at Amsterdam, and of a West Indian joint stock company here. On the 4th, there were no less than four public sales, which completely established a market currency, at an advance of 2*s.* to 3*s.* on St. Domingo, and of 3*s.* to 5*s.* on Brazil, Demerara, and Berbice. This improvement caused very extensive sales to be brought forward on the following week, which, though the biddings continued every day till a late hour, had very little effect on the prices; the advance being nearly maintained. Very great sales were made also in the course of last week, but this immense quantity being forced upon the market has not caused the prices to decline; nay, middling, or fine, with colour, sold rather higher; only the very ordinary British plantation was uncommonly heavy at a reduction of 2*s.* per cwt. There were again five public sales brought forward this forenoon, and they continued selling up till a very late hour (half-past 3 o'clock); the market is exceedingly firm, and the greater proportion of the extensive sales are disposed of; good to fine ordinary St. Domingo 63*s.* to 64*s.* 6*d.*; coloury fine Coffee still rates high; fine middling Jamaica sold 100*s.* to 101*s.* 6*d.*; the very ordinary qualities and Demerara are the only Coffees which sell low.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—At the latter end of April, great alarm was caused in the spirit market by four extensive failures, which caused a complete stagnation for a time; in the following week, to the surprise of every body, a government contract for 100,000 gallons was announced, which, though it did not raise the prices, rendered the holders rather firmer; it was taken on the 11th instant at very low rates, viz. 75,000 gallons at 1*s.* 3¼*d.*; and 25,000 at 1*s.* 3*d.* Brandy has been and remains very heavy; free on board to arrive 2*s.* 7*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.*; Pale Geneva, 1*s.* 7*d.* and 1*s.* 8*d.*

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The demand for Tallow continues limited, there is not the slightest variation in the prices; new yellow candle Tallow, 34*s.* 3*d.* to 34*s.* 6*d.*; old, 32*s.* 6*d.* to 33*s.* 6*d.*—Hemp steady; St. Petersbugh, clean, for parcels here, 35*l.* 10*s.* to 35*l.* 15*s.*—In Flax there is little alteration to notice.—Tallow for June and July delivery, 35*s.*; for July and August shipments, 36*s.* 3*d.*; free on board, 29*s.* 10*d.*—Hemp for July and August shipments, 35*l.* 10*s.*

Spices—Went off very heavily at the Company's sale on the 10th inst. excepting Nutmegs, which being taxed so low as 2*s.* 6*d.* attracted many speculative buyers.—A considerable parcel of Pimento ordinary to good, sold to-day in public sale, 7⅛*d.* to 7¾*d.*

Indigo—Has continued in good demand, at advancing prices, and though the rates at the late sale were from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* above those of the preceding; a premium of 4*d.* to 6*d.* is now to be obtained.

RETROSPECT

OF THE COMMERCE OF GREAT BRITAIN

FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

Having had occasion in our usual monthly reports to notice with satisfaction, the evident determination of the Government steadily to persevere in the gradual introduction of a system of commercial legislation, conformable to the enlarged and enlightened notions of modern times, it will not be necessary for us precisely to travel again over the same ground, though we cannot deny ourselves and our readers the pleasure of pointing out, as far as we are able, the beneficial effects which have already resulted from this liberal policy. Previously to the opening of the present session, it was well understood that the prosperous state of the revenue would enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose in his budget a very considerable reduction in the public burdens, and to afford additional facilities to commerce by an abolition of duties. Speculation was, of course, at work in conjecturing what might be the taxes that would be removed, and every class of contributors was ready to produce arguments to prove that the burden ought to be taken off its own shoulders. In truth, had the Chancellor of the Exchequer listened to all the advice given him, and to all the petitions presented, he might have cut the matter short by repealing all the taxes at once. There was, however, it must be owned, a very

general wish for a total repeal of the assessed taxes, because they bring the contributors into direct collision with the officers of government appointed to collect them; whereas import duties, it is said, merely affect the price of the commodity, and leave the consumer ignorant what part he pays to the government. This however is true but in part, for the importer of goods of every kind, who cannot have them till he has paid the duties, comes into full as direct contact with the officers of government as the payer of assessed taxes. We believe it probable, however, that the Chancellor may have hesitated in the choice of the means of affording relief to the subject. The whole question, in fact, resolves itself into the following propositions:—1st. The wants of the country have hitherto required a certain revenue to cover them. 2d. To raise this revenue certain imposts are levied. 3d. Either the wants of the country being diminished, a smaller revenue will suffice; or, 4th. Circumstances have arisen to render the imposts more productive. Hence it is evident, 5th. That an opportunity is afforded of lessening the weight of taxation; and the question then remains, How can this be most conveniently done?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has apparently thought that though abolishing the assessed taxes would undoubtedly leave money in the pockets of the contributors, yet the granting facilities to commerce by the repeal of heavy duties would be found still more advantageous to them; that it would enable them to purchase certain articles of necessity, utility, comfort, or even luxury, at much lower prices; that it would give increased spirit to our manufacturers, by enabling them more successfully to compete with their foreign rivals; that it would ultimately increase the revenue, instead of reducing it, and would thus afford the government the means either of proceeding farther in the same system, or of abolishing any taxes that might be held particularly obnoxious. It is with great pleasure we find that this expectation is in a fair way of being realised, as our readers will perceive from the following statement. The revenue of the customs, from the 5th of January to the 15th of May, 1824, has produced about 3,200,000*l.* being 154,000*l.* more than the corresponding period of last year. Of this increase, no less than 80,000*l.* has arisen in the last six weeks, which is the more remarkable, because within that period several duties have ceased, particularly the extra duty on coals brought coastwise to London, which has been repealed since April 5, and produced 120,000*l.* per annum, and the duty on silk which produced 500,000*l.* (the newspapers say 700,000*l.*) per annum, having ceased on the 25th of March. It remains to be seen what effect will be produced on the revenue by the repeal of the duties on foreign wool, producing near 400,000*l.* which cease in October next. Thus far, however, we find that the revenue is increasing, notwithstanding the repeal of duties to so great an extent. It is also to be expected that foreign powers will readily meet our government in affording reciprocal facilities to the navigation of the subjects of each party. Thus official notice having been given by His Majesty's order to the Swedish government, that Swedish merchantmen coming from Sweden, laden with Swedish goods, the importation of which is permitted, shall from the 1st of June this year be placed on the same footing with respect to import and export duties as English vessels, the King of Sweden has ordered the same advantages to be given to English vessels in Swedish ports. Those goods however are excepted which are imported in ships belonging to the British colonies, or in English ships coming direct from those colonies. A convention of a similar nature has been concluded with the city of Hamburg; Russia still persists in its old system of high duties and rigorous prohibition; and an Imperial Ukase, published at the beginning of the year, even commands a considerable increase in the duties of customs on foreign goods, particularly colonial produce of every description, and cotton manufactures. A very important treaty not yet laid before parliament, has been concluded with the King of the Netherlands, relative to the possessions and commerce of the two states on the Continent of India, and the Indian Archipelago; the advantages or disadvantages of which will, doubtless, be fully discussed when it comes before the public in an official form, by those who are every way qualified to judge of them. Nothing is yet determined relative to the South American States; we have merely learned that our consuls have been very well received at Mexico, &c. Some alarm has been excited by exaggerated statements of a French naval force at Rio de Janeiro, which were, however, soon quieted by the declarations of Mr. Canning. The war with Algiers (if war it may be called) has led to no result that has come to our knowledge. Some fears were caused a few days ago by accounts from Alexandria, of the arrival of some Algerine men of war in that part, which it was apprehended might capture some of the English merchantmen lying in that port, if they should venture to lea before the arrival of a sufficient F force. cember

Sugar.—During the month the market and the beginning of Januaces as tend- reports constantly note th6t find, in pointing to rise, though wece took place; but of fact, that any ad

on the contrary, there was in general a decline of about 1*s.* per cwt. after the middle of December. At the beginning of January, considerable business was done in Muscovades, about 800 hogsheads being sold daily, which, considering the season, and the small stock in hand, was a large quantity, but the market soon became dull, and the weekly deliveries so insignificant, that the stocks in the warehouses rapidly accumulated. Unfavourable news from Jamaica caused a momentary impulse to be given to the market, and the holders demanded 1*s.* per cwt. advance. This, though not immediately acceded to, was however generally maintained, even after the first interest excited by the news from Jamaica had subsided; the refiners too were firm, and expected higher prices, but the buyers being unwilling to accede, little business was done. It is observable that through the whole of February, and the first three weeks of March, the printed prices remained unchanged, without any indication of a rise or fall, so that it is evident the fluctuations were inconsiderable, and not worth particularising in this summary. At the end of March, a decline of 1*s.* to 2*s.* per cwt. took place; which was partly to be ascribed to the disappointment of the West India merchants, who had expected that some measures favourable to their interests would be adopted by government. In this languid state the market remained till the third week in April, when the demand considerably revived, and extensive purchases were made considering the reduced stock; the buyers accordingly became more firm, and a general opinion was entertained that Muscovades had reached the lowest point of depression; a general improvement of 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* took place. At the end of April the purchases in refined goods were considerable, and the holders firm; no brown lumps could be obtained in quantity under 76*s.*; in goods suitable for the wholesale grocers the purchases reported were considerable; some few molasses were purchased at 25*s.* 6*d.*, but towards the close of the month 26*s.* was the only price reported.

The inquiries after foreign sugars did not lead to any extensive sales; some purchases of white Rios were reported, middling to fine 31*s.* to 34*s.*—The public sale of 2479 bags East India sugars went off 1*s.* to 2*s.* lower.

Bengal, grey, 23*s.* to 26*s.* 6*d.*; white, ordinary to fine, 28*s.* to 34*s.*

Siam, grey, 23*s.* to 24*s.* 6*d.*; ordinary to good white, 25*s.* to 29*s.* 6*d.*

At another East India sale on the 30th, the sugars sold rather higher than at the previous private sales. The prices of sugars have on the whole scarcely undergone any change for this last month; there being but a very limited quantity of Muscovades offering for sale, the business done has been inconsiderable.

Coffee.—The general decline in coffee during the last six months has been very considerable, as will appear from the comparative statement which we shall insert below. From the beginning of December the prices began to fall, except of Berbice, which inclined to be high. At the end of that month, and the commencement of January, the market was so extremely depressed that there were no public sales for two weeks before January 6, and no private sales reported. On that day there were indeed two sales, at which all descriptions were lower, except coloury Jamaica, which being scarce, sold very high in proportion, viz. at 109*s.* 6*d.* to 110*s.*; even Berbice declined, and in another week fell again from 6*s.* to 8*s.* per cwt., and Jamaica from 4*s.* to 5*s.* The market remained nearly in a state of stagnation till the middle of February, the sales both public and private being inconsiderable; and though there was some inquiry for the purpose of executing continental orders, the limits fixed were so very low, that the orders could not be executed. A temporary improvement took place at the close of February, but it was of short duration. It seems hardly worth the while in this place to trace the trifling fluctuations during the months of March and April, the general tendency being to a decline. On referring to our monthly report for May, it will be seen that an improvement has taken place. We subjoin from the printed price current, the comparative view of the prices.

Coffee per Cwt. in Bond.

	Dec. 2.		April 27.	
Jamaica.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Triage	40	to 60	40	to 50
Ordinary	70	— 75	54	— 56
Good	78	— 82	59	— 64
Fine	84	— 95	66	— 75
Middling	98	—106	81	— 88
Good	107	—112	uncertain.	
Fine	uncertain.			
Very fine	ditto.			
Dominica.				
Triage	40	— 60	uncertain.	
Ordinary	70	— 75		
Good	78	— 82		
Fine	84	— 95	81	
Middling	98	—106	86	— 87
Good	107	—112		
Fine				
Berbice, Demerara, &c.				
Triage	60	— 70	40	— 55
Ordinary	70	— 84	56	— 58
Good	85	— 92	60	— 68
Fine	93	—102	66	— 70
Middling	104	—108	75	— 85
Good	109	—122	uncertain.	
Fine	uncertain.			
St. Domingo.				
Good ordinary	77	— 81	59	— 63

Cotton.—The market, which was languid during great part of December, revived in the last week of that month, and above 7000 bales were sold, chiefly to speculators, and mostly India Cotton, which advanced fully ⅛d. The following were the prices: 550 Pernams, 10½d. to 11⅛d. fair to good; 110 Bahia, 10⅛d. good fair; 20 Boweds, 8½d. good fair; 3200 Surats, 5⅞d. to 6¼d; ordinary to middling fair, 6⅜d. to 7¼d. fair to good; 1000 Madras, 5¾d. to 6½d. ordinary to fair, 6⅝d. to 6¾d. good fair; 2100 Bengals, 5¼d. to 6d. very ordinary to middling fair, 6⅛d. to 6½d. fair to good; 50 Egyptian, 10¾d. fair, all in bond; and, duty paid, 40 West India, 9d.

A considerable sale (11,606 bales) being declared at the India House for Feb. 6, no great fluctuations took place previously, but there was some improvement in the week preceding. The attendance of buyers at this sale was by no means numerous, and it went off without briskness.

Bengal—8040 bales Company's, taxed at 5½d.; 7983, middling to fair, 5⅝d. to 5¾d.; 57, good fair, 5⅞d. to 6d.; 441 bales, privilege, not taxed, 441, fair, 5⅝d. to 5¾d.

Madras—83 bales, Company's taxed at 5½d.; 68, middling to fair, 6d. to 6⅝d.; 15, prime, 8d.; 631 bales, privilege, not taxed; 214, middling, 5⅝d.; 413, fair, 6d. to 6⅜d.; 4, damaged, withdrawn.

Surat—2307 bales, privilege, not taxed, 277; ordinary and middling, 5¼d. to 5¾d.; 770; fair, 5⅞. to 6d.; 830, good fair, 6⅛d. to 6¼d.; 430, damaged, 1d. to 5⅛d.

Bourbon—104 bales, privilege, not taxed, 78, fine, 10d. to 10½d.; fleecy and bright, 9½d. to 9¾d.; middling, 8⅞d. to 9⅛d.; 26, damaged, 7d. to 10d.

The market improved after the sale, and an advance of ⅛d. was obtained. The demand has been for these three months past very satisfactory, and the prices steady, rather tending to advance; especially Boweds, which are become scarce, and are wanted for exportation. The quantity sold at Liverpool in six months, ending 15th of May, was 288,694 bags. The arrivals in the same period were 237,605 bags.

Saltpetre and Spices.—There was a public sale on the 16th of January, the result of which is stated in our February number. The India sale of the 9th of February was as follows:—

Pepper—704 bags, Company's black, sold at 5⅜d. to 5¼d.; 3417 bags, private trade, do. sold at 4⅞d. to 6⅛d.; 205 bags, Company's white, sold at 15⅛d.

Saltpetre—1000 tons, Company's, sold at 21s. 6d. to 22s.; 477 bags, private trade, sold at 21s. 6d. to 23s.

Cinnamon—421 bales, 1st quality, sold at 6s. 7d. to 6s. 9d.; 220 bales, 2d quality, sold at 5s. 7d. to 5s. 9d.; 44 bales, 3d quality, sold at 4s. 7d.

Mace—4 casks, 1st quality, sold at 5s. 1d.

Nutmegs—167 casks, ungarbled, sold at 3s. 1d.; Bencoolen, sold at 3s. 2d. to 3s. 3d.

Cloves, Bourbon—sold at, 2s. 2d. to 2s. 7d.; Bencoolen, sold at, 3s. 9d.

Cassia Lignea—sold at, 7l. 10s. to 7l. 17s.

And the sale on the 10th of May was as follows.

Saltpetre—5 tons, Company's, sold at 21s. 6d.; 613 tons, private trade, sold at 20s. to 21s. 6d.

Pepper—181 bags, Company's black, sold at 4⅞d. to 5d.; 4234 bags, private trade, sold at 4⅞d. to 6¼d.; 231 bags, Company's white, sold at 13⅞d. to 15¼d.

Cinnamon—550 bales, 1st quality, sold at 6s. 8d. to 7s. 9d.; 315 bales, 2d quality, sold at 5s. 7d. to 5s. 10d.; 120 bales, 3d class, sold at 4s 7d. to 4s. 8d.; Malabar, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 5d.; coarse, private trade, 2s. 2d. to 2s. 6d.

Cloves, Bourbon—1077 bags, sold at 1s. 10d. to 2s. 1d.; Bencoolen, private trade, 2s. 11d. to 3s. 2d.

Mace—36 casks, 1st quality, sold at 4s. 7d; private trade, sold at 2s. 8d. to 3s. 2d.

Nutmegs—500 ungarbled, sold at 2s. 7d. to 2s. 9d.; private trade, 2s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.

Cassia Lignea—sold at 6l. 6s. to 7l. 8s.

Ginger—sold at 18s. to 19s. 6d.

Sago—sold at 18s. to 19s. 6d.

Indigo—has greatly improved since our last general report.—Each sale at the India House has been at higher prices than the preceding, and the Indigo has also borne a premium afterwards.

The sale of 5709 chests in the last week in April, was as follows:—101 chests from 12s. to 13s. per lb.; 805, 11s. to 12s.; 1514, 10s. to 11s.; 872, 9s. to 10s.; 155, 8s. to 9s.; 298, 7s. to 8s.; 248, 6s. to 7s.; 897, 5s. to 6s.; 541, 4s. to 5s.; 65, under 4s.; 22 bags, warehouse sweepings, 2s. 4d. to 2s. 10d.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—Tallow was much depressed in December, and even fell to 33s. 3d. and 33s. 6d. it afterwards recovered a little, as yellow candle tallow was at the end of the month at 34s. 9d. In January we find no remarkable fluctuation, and 35s. at the very beginning of February seems to have been the highest price; the market continued much depressed, and in the middle of March the holders were ready to sell at 34s. News from St. Petersburg stating an advance there caused a rise here with a brisk and extensive demand at 34s. 6d. to 34s. 3d. but this demand soon subsided, yet without much change in the prices for a week or two. They afterwards declined, the market being very languid. Towards the latter end of April Tallow began to advance a little, but there was no briskness in the market, and the prices remained pretty uniformly, as they are stated in our monthly report in the present Number.—The fluctuations in

Hemp and Flax have been too insignificant to require any particular notice.

Tea.—At the India House sale in December the Boheas sold nearly 1*d.* lower than in September; common Congou ½*d.* higher; the better qualities 1*d.* *per lb.* cheaper. Boheas bore a premium of ½*d.* after the sale. At the beginning of January there was news from China, which announced an expected interruption of the Tea trade, and had the effect of advancing Twankay 1½*d.* *per lb.* other descriptions did not rise in the same degree, but the market was much firmer, and it was difficult to buy at the previous prices. At the March sale, which began on the 2d, and ended on the 12th, the prices were better than at the preceding sale, and seemed to advance as the sale proceeded. Boheas fully 1½*d.* *per lb.* higher. The price 2*s.* 5½*d.* to 2*s.* 6d. Congous ½*d.* higher, from 2*s.* 7½*d.* to 3*s.* 7*d.* Towards the close of the sale much agitation was caused by reports of a misunderstanding with the Chinese, and Teas of which the stock here was small advanced materially; Twankay 2*d.* *per lb.*; common Hysons were also much in demand; low Congous rose ½*d.* after the sale. Before the end of March advices were received from China of the 9th of December, which stated that, though the differences were not adjusted, the trade was uninterrupted. This and the new arrivals caused the market to become heavy, and there was a gradual decline of 1*d.* 1½*d.* and 2*d.* discount on the prices at the sale; at this moment (May 25) Twankay is at 3*d.* discount.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There has been considerable interest in the spirit market during part of the last six months. In December there was much inquiry for strong Rums, which did not indeed much affect the prices of lower qualities, nor was the business done very extensive, but the market grew firmer, and was evidently improving and at the beginning of January was very brisk; there was considerable speculation, and strong Jamaica rose within ten days 3*d.* per gallon: Leeward Islands likewise improved. The causes of this improvement were, an expectation that the duty on Rum and other spirits would be very materially reduced; the low prices here; the reduction of the stock in the Colonies, by the increased demand for North and South America; and the advancing prices of grain. In the second week of January, 3000 puncheons were sold, and though less business was done the week following, the advance was maintained, and towards the close of the month the demand became brisk and extensive, the sales amounting in the last week to above 4000 puncheons, Leewards 2*d.* per gallon higher; Jamaica, especially strong, 2*d.* to 4*d.* higher; the market was further enlivened by the declaration of a government contract of 100,000 gallons, 80,000 of which were to be very strong for Captain Parry's expedition. The Corn market at the end of the following week being very heavy, and the government contract being taken on very low terms, caused the trade to become more slack, but without reduction in the prices. Meantime, Brandy had advanced, and was on the 10th of February 3*s.* per gallon, free on board, to arrive. At the end of the month, the market became languid, partly from extensive failures, which were expected to throw large quantities upon the market, and partly from the measures of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, not fully answering the expectations which the West India merchants had entertained. A government contract of 100,000 gallons, advertised for March 16, did not give any impulse to the trade, and being taken so low as 1*s.* 4⅜*d.* tended still further to depress it, and in fact, a complete stagnation followed. Brandy also became much depressed. In this languid state the market continued for some weeks, when on the fourth week of April great alarm was caused by the declaration of four large failures, which almost put a stop to all business. The very unexpected declaration of a government contract for 100,000 gallons had a favourable effect, though it was certain that it would be taken very low, and in fact, it was effected at 75,000 gallons at 1*s.* 3⅞*d.*; and 25,000 gallons at 1*s.* 3*d.* on an average. The market did not much vary afterwards, but became rather firmer, and fewer parcels were pressed for sale. The government having resolved not to allow duties on the deficiencies as they are called on the old stock, except from the 1st of March, created a considerable sensation, and made the old Rums unsaleable at prices 1*d.* to 2*d.* under those newly landed. These latter, on account of their exclusive privileges, are now (25th) much in request, those of fine marks and of proper strength, worth 2*d.* to 3*d.* a gallon more than the old. Brandies which had fallen to 2*s.* 8*d.* have improved 2*d.* to 3*d.* on account of unfavourable reports from France of the weather, and the appearance of the vines, 2*s.* 10*d.* is said to have been refused: Pale Geneva, 1*s.* 7*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.*

Oils.—In January there was a great demand for fish oils, and for sperm oil, almost unprecedented; the prices, however, did not rise much, because the supplies were large in proportion. Rape cake advanced from 85*s.* to 110*s.* per ton. In February, the demand for home consumption was very great. South Sea realised 23*l.* to 23*l.* 10*s.* in public sale, and the holders soon asked 24*l.* and 25*l.* Sperm was also in great demand, and only the extensive arrivals prevented a great advance.

Seed oils were heavy. In the following months of March and April much business was done, with some fluctuations in prices; seed oils improved. In the second week of May, South Sea sold 21*l.* 10s. to 23*l.* Greenland for this season is nominally at 20*l.* to 21*l.* There have been large purchases of rape oil at 32*l.* to 33*l.*

THE FUNDS.

View of the Fluctuations of the principal Stocks, viz. Bank, 3 per Cent. Consols, and 4 per Cent. of 1822.

BANK STOCK.—At the end of *November*, 224.—*December* 2d, 225, 1¼, rising gradually to the 9th, 226; 12th, 227; 16th, 228¾, 9, near which it remained for the rest of the month, having only once fallen (on the 19th,) to 228; 31st, 230½—*January* 2d, 232½; 9th, 233; 10th, 235, falling to 234¼; 17th, 239, 236½, advancing with occasional fluctuations till the 30th, when it closed at 240.—*February* 3d, 238¾; 5th, 236¼; 10th, 239½, declining to 236½ on the 14th; 18th, 238, 9; with some fluctuations (none below 237¾) to the 29th, 239¼, 238¾.—*March* 2d, 239, 240½, at which it closed, and re-opened in *April* 6, at 241¾, 4, ex div.; the fluctuations were inconsiderable, the price never exceeding 245, 245¼; closing on the 30th, at 243½.—*May*. There has been a great decline from the 4th, 244; to 10th, 241½; 14th, 240; 20th, 236; 25th, 232¼ ½.

THREE PER CENT. CONSOLS.—At the end of *November*, 84½.—*December* 3, shut.—*January* 7, re-opened at 86, ex div. They have since gradually and steadily advanced to the 22d, 90.—*February* 10th, 92⅜, 91⅞; 14th, 92⅜; declined to 26th, 91; but rose again to the 28th, 92½.—*March* 1st, 93¼; 5th, 94½; 10th, 92⅞; 16th, 93⅜; 27th, 95; fluctuating between ½ above and below 95.—*April* 8, 96¼; near to which price they remained till *May* the 19th, 95¾; which is the price on the 25th.

FOUR PER CENTS. OF 1822.—*December* 3d, 101⅞ ½; shut from that time, till they re-opened. —*January* 7th, at 105⅞ ex. div., they gradually advanced to 106⅝.—*February* 15th, 107, 6⅞.—*March*. They occasionally rose above 108, but fluctuated between that and 107; and fell on the 10th to 106½, which is the lowest they have been at; the 27th, 107¼.—*April* 2 rose to 108; fluctuated at a ¼ above and below 108; reaches the 26th, 109; did not fall below 108 and a fraction till *May* the 11th, 107⅞; between which and 108 and a fraction they have since remained.

The measure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce the Old 4 per Cents. and transfer them to the 3½, naturally had some effect on the price of that stock. The holders, who had the option of assenting, or being paid off, have almost all assented; the stock to be reduced was 75 millions.

Foreign Funds.—The abundance of capital has led to the negociation of various other foreign loans, such as a Mexican, Greek, &c. The Chili and Colombian have maintained a respectable price. The Chili 6 per Cent. Bonds which in December were 67, 68, have been as high as 83, and are now 80. The Colombian 6 per Cent. ditto in December at 59, were in January at 65.—February 17, 73; they declined to 64½ 23d March; rose to 91 on the 30th; and after various fluctuations, are now at 86. The obstinate refusal of the King of Spain to recognise the loan of the Cortes has wholly depreciated Spanish bonds. The 5 per Cents. of 1821 are at about 21. New Spanish 1823 at 15.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Elements of Vocal Science, being a Philosophical Inquiry into some of the Principles of Singing; with a Prefatory Essay on the Objects of Musical Acquirements. By R. M. Bacon, Esq.

Alterations made in the London Pharmacopœia, 1823, fully stated, with Introductory Remarks and Schemes illustrative of all the Formulæ influenced by Chemical Action.

Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Vol. 4.

Key to the Science of Botany. By Mrs. Selwyn.

A New System of Cookery and Confectionary. By Mr. Conrad Cooke.

Typographia, or the Printer's Instruc- By J. Johnson.

Saint Patrick's Mission, or Ecclesiastical Retrospect of Hibernia.

An Account of the Yorkshire Musical Festival, held in September last, by a Member of the Committee of Management.

Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem; a Picture of Judaism in the Century which preceded the Advent of the Messiah. Translated from the German of F. Strauss, with Notes and Illustrations, by the Translator.

The Works of Vicesimus Knox, D.D. in Seven Volumes Octavo, with an engraved Portrait, by Ward.

Five Years' Residence in the Canadas: including a Tour through the United States of America, in 1823. By E. A. Talbot, Esq. of the Talbot Settlement, Upper Canada. In 2 Vols. 8vo.

An Excursion through the United States and Canada, during the Years 1822 and 1823. By an English Gentleman.

The Human Heart.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

History and Biography.

Prior's Life of Burke. 1 vol. 8vo. 16*s.*

Fine Arts.

A Selection of Ancient Coins, chiefly of Magna Græcia and Sicily, from the Cabinet of Lord Northwick; engraved by Henry Moses, with Descriptions by George Henry Nochden, LLD Part I. 4to. 15*s.*

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Pearson's Practical Astronomy. Vol. I. Royal 4to. 6*l.* 3*s.*

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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Charles Hawkins, Rector of Kelston, Somersetshire, and Vicar of Coaley, Gloucestershire, to the Prebend of Barnby Moor, in the Cathedral of York.—The Hon. and Right Rev. Henry Ryder, DD. Lord Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, underwent the ceremony of installation, in the Cathedral of Litchfield, April 27.—The Rev. Reginald Chandos Pole, MA. of St. Mary's Hall, has been promoted to the Rectory of Radbourn, Derbyshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Edward Pole, BCL.—Rev. Thomas Cooke, MA. Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Malmesbury, has been instituted to the Vicarage of Brigstock-cum-Stanion, vacant by the death of the Rev. Talbot Keene.—Rev. R. Roberts, MA. Vicar of Haverhill, Suffolk, to the Vicarage of Blyton, Cambridgeshire.—Rev. Robert Jarratt, BA. Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been instituted to the Vicarage of Lockington-cum-Hemington, in Leicestershire.—The King has presented the Rev. William Chester, MA to the Rectory of Walpole St. Peter, in the county of Norfolk and Diocese of Norwich, void by the death of the Rev. John Cross Morphew.—The Rev. William Benn, Curate of Middleton, is presented by the Vicars Choral to the Living of Kilmovlan, in the room of the Rev. George Vincent, resigned.—The Rev. Michael Fitzgerald, PP. of Drumcolliher, is promoted to the parish of Askeaton, vice Hanlon, deceased. The Rev. Mr. Shannahan, late Curate, succeeds Mr. Fitzgerald at Drumcolliher.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has been pleased to appoint the Rev. W. E. L. Faulkner, MA. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Rector of St. John's, Clerkenwell, one of his Domestic Chaplains.—The Rev. Samuel Seyer, MA. to the Rectory of Filton, Gloucestershire, on the presentation of Mrs. Manley.—The Reverend William Spooner, MA. to the Rectory of Acle, Norfolk.—The Rev. R. Downes, to the Vicarage of Leamington Priors, Warwickshire.

OXFORD.—The Rev. George Chandler, DCL. some time Fellow of New College, is appointed Canon Bampton's Lecturer for the year 1825.—The Rev. John Thornton, some time Fellow of Wadham College, and now Rector of Wisborough-green, in the Diocese of Chichester; and the Rev. Thomas Prince, Fellow of Wadham College, and Chaplain to the British Residents at Brussels, have been admitted Doctors in Divinity.

CAMBRIDGE:—Robert Bentley Buckle, Esq. BA. of Sidney College, is elected Mathematical Lecturer of that Society.—Thomas Worsley, BA. of Trinity College, is elected a Clerical Fellow of Downing College.—The Rev. Henry Freeland, Rector of Hasketon, in Suffolk, is appointed alternate Morning Reader of St. Philip's Chapel, Westminster, and on the same day, alternate Afternoon Lecturer of the same Chapel

BIRTHS.

April 22.—At Westwood, near Southampton, the lady of Rear-Admiral Otway, a son.

25. The Hon. Mrs. Carleton, a daughter.

26. At Woolwich, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Parker, a daughter.

27. In Saville-row, Mrs. Vernon Smith, a son.

— At Barton-house, Warwickshire, the lady of Henry Paxton, Esq. a daughter.

May 4.—In Streaton-street, Lady Jane Peel, a daughter.

— Lately, the Marchioness of Blandford, a son.

6. In Berkeley-square, the Countess of Jersey, a daughter.

— In Bernard-street, Russell-square, the lady of Edward Holroyd, Esq. a son.

7. At Woo' ich, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Payne, Royal / tillery, a son.

9. At W lwich, the lady of Capt. Russell, R. A. a son.

10. In Grosvenor-square, Lady Charlotte Calthorpe, wife of the Hon. Frederick Calthorpe, a daughter.

13. The lady of Samuel Crawley, MP. a son.

— At Harewood-house, Hanover-square, the Hon. Mrs. Lascelles, a son.

— At Ibornden, the lady of C. Tylden Pattinson, Esq. a son.

— Lately, the lady of Sir E. F. Stanhope, Bart. a son.

— The Hon. Mrs. Bland, a son.

17. In Hill-street, Berkeley-square, the lady of A. W. Robarts, MP. a daughter.

— At Stratfield Turgis, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir Guy Campbell, Bart. a son.

21. At East Barnes, Lady Wheelen, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

April 19.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Edward Hoare, Esq. eldest son of Sir Joseph Wallis Hoare, Bart. to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Harvey Barritt, Esq. of Garbrand Hall, Surrey.

21. At Thornham, Suffolk, by the Rev. Brydges Henniker, Rector, John Heaton, Esq. of Plasheaton, Denbighshire, to the Hon. Elizabeth Anne Henniker, eldest daughter of Lord Henniker.

23. By Special License, at the Duchess of Argyle's, Upper Brook-street, Lord Francis Conyngham, to Lady Jane Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesea. After the ceremony, her Grace gave a most sumptuous entertainment, and the new-married pair set off for Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park.

24. At Millbrook, near Southampton, Lieut. Orlando Orlebar, RN. son of the late Richard Orlebar, Esq. of Hinwick-house, Bedfordshire, to Helen, only daughter of the late Admiral Aplin.

— At Marylebone Church, by the Lord Bishop of Ely, the Rev. Wm. White, MA. Vicar of Stradbrooke, Suffolk, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Sergeant Marshall, of Teddington.

May 1.—At St. James's, by the Dean of Canterbury, Signor Bertioli, to Finetta Caroline Goff, of Hackney.

3. By Special License, George Dyer, Esq. of Clifford's Inn, to Mrs. Mather, relict of the late Thos. Mather, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

4. At Gosport, by his father, the Rev. Rich. Bingham, jun. to Frances Campbell, daughter of the late James Barton, Esq. of Mount Pleasant, in the Island of Jamai

— At St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Rev. T. F. Luttrell, the Rev. Alex. Fownes Luttrell, Rector of Quinstockhead, Somersetshire, to Jane, youngest daughter of Wm. Leader, Esq. MP. of Putney Hill, Surrey.

5. The Rev. Sir Thomas Miller, Bart. to Martha, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Holmes, of Bungay, Suffolk.

6. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Dr. Thos. Rees, of Upper Kennington Green, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Jacks, Esq. of the same place.

— At Camberwell, the Rev. W. Swete, second son of the late Rev. John Swete, of Oxton House, Devonshire, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of David Gordon, Esq. of Abergeldie, NB. and Dulwich Hill, Surrey.

6 At St Pancras, Lieut Arthur Davies, RN to Elizabeth, second daughter of Geo Matcham, Esq and niece of the Right Hon Earl Nelson
— At Liverpool by the Rev W Parker, Thomas Parker, Esq of Browsholme, Yorkshire and Alkincoats Lancashire, to Mary, second daughter of Wm Molyneux Esq of Liverpool
— The Rev J Peel son of Sir Robert Peel, Bart to Augusta, daughter of John Swinfen, Esq of Swinfen House Staffordshire
10 At Hampstead, Charles Holford, Esq to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Edward Foller, Esq
— At Marylebone Church, Philip Saltmarshe, Esq of Saltmarshe, Yorkshire, to Harriet, youngest daughter of Robert Davison, Esq of Kilnwick Percy, in the same county
12 At St George's, Hanover square the Marquis of Exeter, to Isabella, daughter of Wm Poyntz, Esq of Grosvenor place
— By the Rev John Taylor, Rector of Hainford, Thomas Blake, Esq of Doctors' Commons to Maria Emily, youngest daughter of Thomas Cubitt, Esq of Honing Hall, Norfolk
13 At Walton upon Thames, the Rev R A St Leger, of St Cross near Exeter to Charlotte second daughter of Sir John Frederick, Bart of Burwood Park
16 By Special License St George's, Hanover square, by the Dean of Durham, Sir Francis Vincent Bart to Miss Herbert, daughter of the Hon Mrs Herbert of Grosvenor street After the ceremony they set off for Lord Rob Spencer's seat, Woolbeding.
— At the Isle of Wight, John George Campbell, Esq Lieut 71 R foot younger son of Lieut -Col John Campbell of Shawfield NB to Ellen, fourth daughter of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, Bart of Swainston Isle of Wight
17. At St Pancras Captain Caulfield eldest son of Colonel Caulfield, of Benown, Ireland to Anne Jovell, eldest daughter of James Lucy, Esq of St Leonard's Nazing, Essex
18 At Clapham Samuel Wilson, Esq of White Hall, Essex, to Mrs Devis, widow of the celebrated painter

ABROAD.

At Paris, at the Hotel of the British Ambassador, Theodore Dickens Esq of the Inner Temple barrister at law to Maria, daughter of J Bridgeman, Esq of Versailles

DEATHS.

April 28 —In Soho square, Richard Payne Knight, Esq a gentleman well known in the literary world, as one of the most eminent Greek scholars of the present day He has bequeathed his matchless collection of medals, drawings, and bronzes, worth at least 30,000l to the British Museum, among the drawings is a volume of Claude's, which Mr Knight purchased for 1,600l. of a person who a few days before had given 3l for it.
29. In Weymouth street, Portland place, James Woods, Esq Registrar of his Majesty's mixed commission for the abolition of slavery, Sierra Leone.

May 1.—The Rev Francis Thomas Hammond, Rector of Wydford, Herts
— At the Episcopal Palace, Chichester, aged nearly 90 the Rev Dr Buckner Bishop of that See, to which he succeeded in 1798 on the decease of Bishop Sir W Ashburnham, Bart His Lordship was son of Richard Buckner, Esq for many years steward to the Duke of Richmond, to whom the Bishop and his brother, the late Admiral Charles Buckner, owed their advancement in life
— Margaret, wife of Charles Adams, Esq of Spencer Lodge, Wandsworth Common, and eldest daughter of Sir L H Maclean, MD of Sudbury, Suffolk.
Lately, at Eaton Lodge, near Norwich, Mrs Yallop.
2. In Russell Place, Archibald Cullen, Esq. of the Middle Temple, one of his Majesty's Counsel, and youngest son of the late celebrated Dr. Cullen.
At his house in Park Crescent, Portland Place, after a lingering illness, John Brickley Cowell, Esq. in his 64th year.

6 In Edward street, Portman Square, Thomas Catton, Esq
— At Brompton, aged 81 Captain Toyer, RN
7 At Falmouth Major Mitchell aged 85
— Mrs Fairfax of Southampton row Russell Square, widow of Capt W Fairfax formerly Commander of the Hon East India Company's ship, Hindostan
8 Louisa, wife of Witney Melbourne West, Esq of Hammersmith, only daughter of Sir Michael Crome, Bart of Teddington Park, Bedfordshire, and grand daughter of Lord Roth Earl of Cavan
10 At Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire, Thomas, second son of John Wright, Esq in his 21st year
11 At Thavies Inn, Robert Munro, of Novar, St. Thomas in the East, Jamaica
— In Henrietta street, Brunswick Square, Mr. Samuel John Neele, of the Strand
15 In her 18th year, Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of the late Hon William Grey
— At Mrs Horne's, Russell Square, where she was on a visit, Mrs James, wife of John James, Esq of Ewhurst, Surrey
Lately, Francis Maseres, Esq MA FRS Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer
18 At Islington in his 81st year, the Rev Geo Strahan, DD Prebendary of Rochester Rector of Kingsdown, Kent, and upwards of 50 years Vicar of Islington

IRELAND.

In Merrion Square Dublin Mrs Brownlow widow of the Right Hon William Brownlow and mother of the Countess of Darnley, and Viscountess Powerscourt and De Vesci

ABROAD.

At Lyons the Hon William Moore, last surviving brother of the Earl of Mount Cashell
At St Petersburg Dr Charles Symonds aged 85
At Cairo G Belzoni, the celebrated traveller He was buried the next day, and the following inscription was placed upon his tomb "Here lie the remains of G Belzoni, who was attacked with dysentery at Benin on his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo November 26 and died at this place December 3, 1823" At the time of his death every thing was arranged with the King of Benin for his departure, and there is no doubt he would have succeeded He passed with the king and nobles for a native of the interior who had been in England since his youth, and was then returning home and wore a Moorish dress, and a beard a foot long The distance from Benin to Houssa is about 25 days' journey His guard was to have left him at the latter place, whence he was to have proceeded to Timbuctoo by himself
At Missolonghi, on the 19th of April the Right Hon George Gordon Byron Lord Byron He had exposed himself on the 9th to a violent rain the consequence of which was a severe cold, and he was immediately confined to his bed The low state to which he had been reduced made him unwilling to be bled and he absolutely refused to submit to that remedy. The friends near him at the time were Prince Mavrocordato, Mr Parry (who had organised the artillery and engineer corps for the Greeks at Missolonghi), Mr Bourke and Count Gamba Letters from the last mentioned gentleman conveyed the intelligence to Lord Sidney Osborne Lord Byron had latterly directed all his energies to the Greek cause and had succeeded in stirring up the inhabitants of that part of the country where he resided, to an almost inconceivable enthusiasm One letter from Corfu, dated April 23, states, that his Lordship died possessed of considerable property, having received large sums from England for the purpose of investment His title descends to George Anson Byron, Esq a Post Captain in the Royal Navy Since the arrival of the intelligence of his Lordship's decease, Mr Thomas Moore has, out of delicacy, it is said, to some of his surviving relatives, destroyed the MS containing his noble friend's auto biographical memoirs, just at the time when the public were looking impatiently forward to the announcement of its publication.
At Montreal, Canada, James Henderson, Esq son of the late Dr. Robert Henderson, Physician, of Dundee